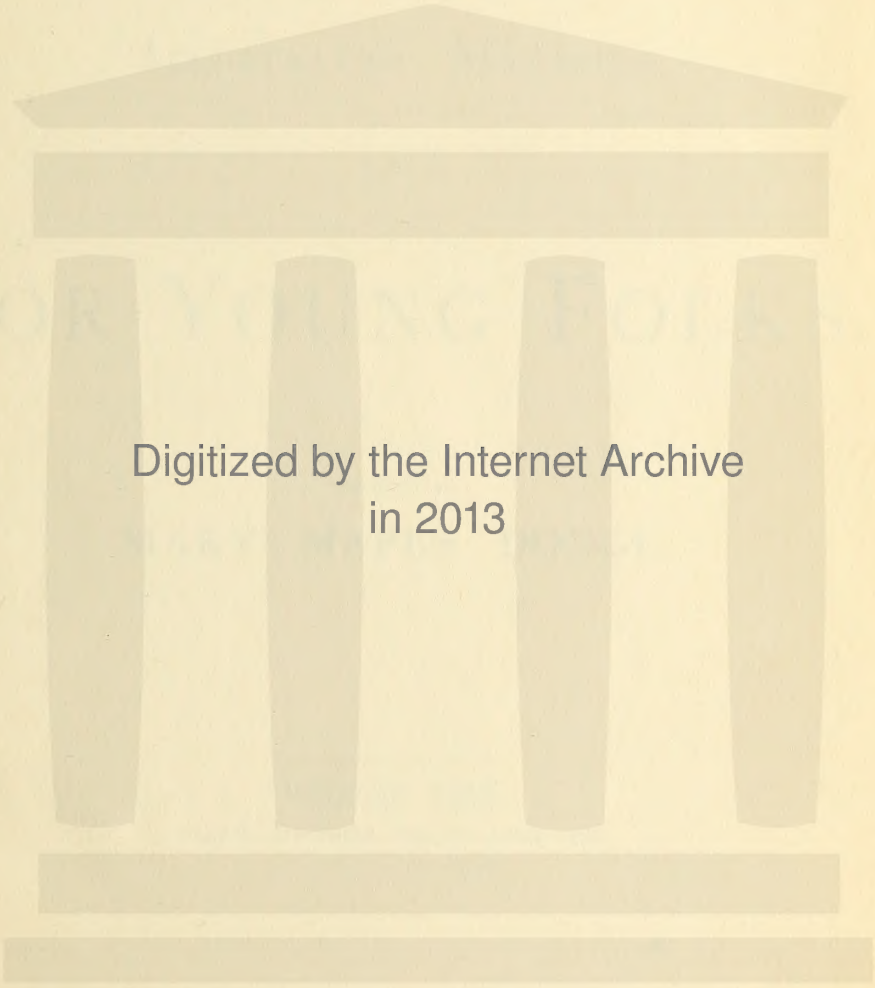
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# ST. NICHOLAS:

AN

ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

# FOR YOUNG FOLKS.

CONDUCTED BY

MARY MAPES DODGE.

VOLUME XXIX.

PART I., NOVEMBER, 1901, TO APRIL, 1902.

THE CENTURY CO., NEW YORK

MACMILLAN AND CO., LONDON.

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# ST. NICHOLAS:

## VOLUME XXIX.

### PART I.

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Beginning the New Volume:

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# ST NICHOLAS

## FOR YOUNG FOLKS

CONDUCTED BY

MARY MAPES DODGE




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**Subscription price, $3.00 a year; single number, 25 cents.** The half-yearly parts of ST. NICHOLAS end with the October and April numbers respectively, and the red cloth covers are ready with the issue of these numbers; price 50 cents, by mail, post-paid; the two covers for the complete volume, $1.00. We *bind* and furnish covers for 75 cents per part, or $1.50 for the complete volume. In sending the numbers to us, they should be *distinctly* marked with owner's name, and 54 cents (27 cents per part) should be included in remittance, to cover postage on the volume if it is to be returned by mail. Bound volumes are not exchanged for numbers.

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# ST NICHOLAS IN 1902



BEGINNING with the November issue, which opens the new volume, ST. NICHOLAS makes a new departure in the publication of serial stories. Instead of printing all long stories in monthly instalments as heretofore, these stories will appear complete in single numbers, accompanied with numerous illustrations. This will not in any way affect the variety of the volume, which will be as full as ever of short stories, interesting articles, poems, "Nature and Science," the "League," etc. But it means that during the coming year there will be as few as possible of the tantalizing "to-be-continued's." By this new plan the readers of ST. NICHOLAS will get *a complete book in many of the monthly numbers.* The first of the "complete serials," "Tommy Remington's Battle," appears in the November number. The following will appear during the coming season:

## THE BOY AND THE BARON

**By Adeline Knapp**

Will be printed entire in the December issue. This is a capital historical romance dealing with medieval life in the region of the Rhine castles. There is a charming girl character in the story.

## THE BOY RECRUITS

**By Willis B. Hawkins**

A historical story of the Civil War in our own country. A delightful character, Andy Bigelow, a sturdy veteran, teaches a brigade of boys military discipline and the full meaning of military honor. "Andy" himself is full of droll sayings, a dry humor, and quaint stories and songs. The author is an American journalist of wide experience, the friend and companion of Eugene Field.

## THROUGH FAIRYLAND IN A HANSOM CAB

**By Bennet W. Musson**

A fanciful and up-to-date story filled with ingeniously amusing situations and extremely humorous characters. Miss Fanny Y. Cory, whose admirable pictures for "Josey and the Chipmunk" will be remembered, will illustrate it.

## ANOTHER CHANCE

**By Julia Truit Bishop**

A story for girls. A narrative of American girl life at home and in a boarding-school. Girl readers from fourteen to eighteen will especially enjoy it.

## THE WYNDHAM GIRLS

**By Marion A. Taggart**

Miss Taggart is the author of "Loyal Blue and Royal Scarlet," and several other books for girls. She thoroughly understands girl nature and the girl life of to-day, and can set them forth more sympathetically than any other writer, perhaps, since Louisa M. Alcott. In her characters girl readers will find genuine "little women" very like themselves.

## SIR MARROK

**By Allen French**

The author of "The Junior Cup" here takes his readers back into the early days of English history. The story itself is a romance that might well have been included among the chronicles of the knights of the Round Table.

## THE BOYS OF THE RINCON RANCH

**By H. S. Canfield**

In Mr. Canfield's story a pair of New York boys are taken to one of the great farms of the Southwest. It is a more vivid and fascinating picture of the life there than has ever before been presented to young readers.



FROM "THE BOY AND THE BARON."

## THE CRUISE OF THE DAZZLER

**By Jack London**

A sea-story of the Pacific coast that will stir the blood of American youngsters all over the land. Its author has already made a name for himself with books portraying the "strenuous life" of hardy men on sea and shore. A few long stories may have to be printed in instalments, and Mr. John Bennett's delightful

## STORY OF BARNABY LEE

must overflow into the early numbers of the new volume. Indeed, its "best of all" chapters are yet to come.

ST. NICHOLAS IN 1902 — *Continued.*

Excellent as this list of serials is, there will be no lessening of variety in the total contents of the magazine on account of this new method of printing long stories. Short stories and clever sketches by the best writers will abound, as heretofore, as well as instructive papers and humorous verses and pictures. The list of these is so long that only a tithe of the notable contributions can be mentioned here. Among them, however, are the following:

**The Imp's Christmas Visit,** by JOSEPHINE DODGE DASKAM, whose deliciously humorous stories of the Imp and his doings are favorites with readers of ST. NICHOLAS, and with grown folk as well.

**Fun Among the Red Boys, and Stories Told by Indians** } by JULIAN RALPH.

**Sam Benson's Automobile,** by F. S. BALLARD. One of the funniest of the funny stories about the new motor-carriage.

**An Anglo-American Alliance,** by PHILIP B. SAWYER. A story of two American boys who trespassed upon a fort in Bermuda, and were brought before the English governor of the island.

**By Virtue of Phœbe's Wit** [illegible] ALICE BALCH ABBOT. [illegible] girl whose [illegible] tective."

**How Moses** [illegible] HUNTINGTO[illegible] account of t[illegible] Churchill's n[illegible] Vicksburg in[illegible] exploded und[illegible] burg in the Ci[illegible]

**Marty Brown**[illegible] BOUR. A fine [illegible] Arrival of Jim[illegible] foot-ball story.

**The Gazette's** [illegible] story of how a [illegible] the reporters in [illegible] cident to the pa[illegible]

**T. Radford's Diamond Digging,** by THOMAS A. JANVIER. An interesting New England story.

Among the literary, descriptive, and practical sketches to come are:

**A Little Talk About a Great Poet,** by KLYDA RICHARDSON STEEGE. A delightful paper introducing young readers to the simpler poems and dramatic ballads of Robert Browning.

**A Letter from Oliver Wendell Holmes,** by MRS. KATE MILNER RABB. A charming autograph letter from Dr. Holmes to a young friend.

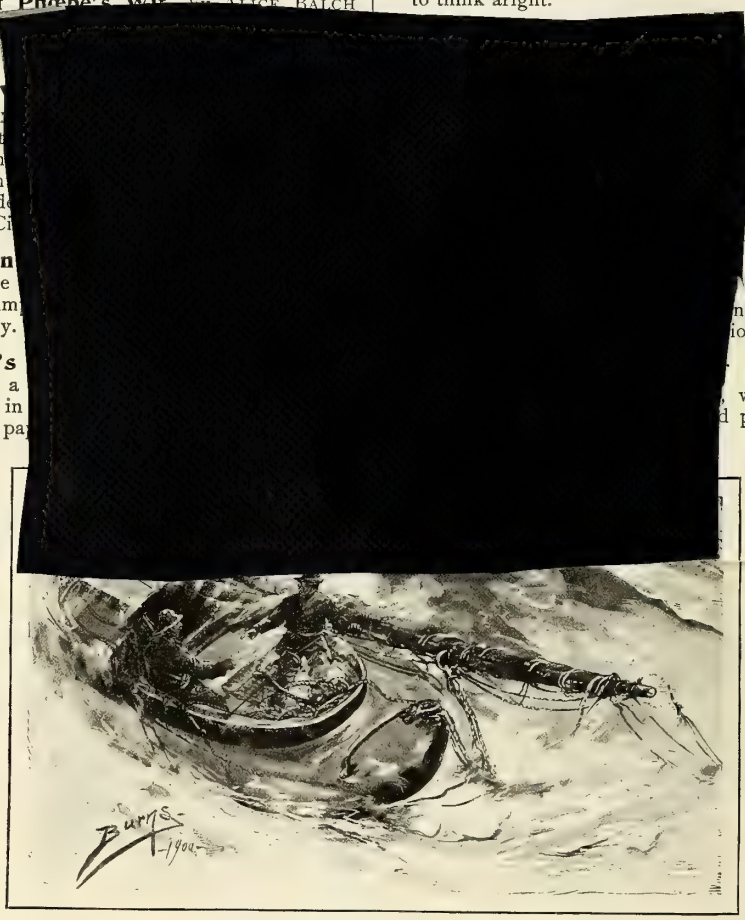
**Brain Paths,** by ETHEL D. PUFFER. A suggestive and pointed article giving valuable hints about how to think aright.

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FROM "THE CRUISE OF THE DAZZLER."

# The St. Nicholas League



"OUR HOUSEHOLD JOYS—BEAR HUNTING."
*A prize drawing by a young St. Nicholas League artist.*

Readers of ST. NICHOLAS do not need to be told anything about this very popular department, but they may like to see what the well-known artist Howard Pyle says about it. Mr. Pyle offered the young artist who made the above picture a scholarship in his School of Art. And he wrote this letter to the editor of the League:

WILMINGTON, DEL., September 23, 1901.

To the Editor of the St. Nicholas League.

Dear Sir:

I find myself much interested in the work which you are doing in the St. Nicholas League. It is not only that I am so interested in young artists and in their efforts to produce beautiful and interesting pictures; apart from this, I enjoy studying for its own sake the honest competitive effort that the prizes which you offer through the valuable pages of your magazine stimulate. I never fail, when the St. Nicholas enters the house, to turn to the leaves of the League and to look at the pictures that embellish it, wondering as to who are the boys and the girls who draw them, what they are like, what their homes are like, what are their ambitions, their desires, their aims in life. Who knows but that some great future artist, who is destined, after a while, to reach high-pinnacled altitudes, is here essaying his first unfledged effort at flight; who knows but that some future man of might may some time look back to the very page of the magazine which I hold open in my hand, and may see in it his first young work that won the glory of his first young prize in life! These are the thoughts that make the pages of the League so interesting to me.

I am, besides, more personally interested in that I have a School of Art of my own in Wilmington, Delaware, where I live and where I teach a few pupils, some three or four of whom are not older than these young people of the League, and who are now starting at the very elementary beginning of their Art studies. Hence, also, I never open the pages of the League without wondering whether I may not see in it some, as yet, unopened flower of Art that is destined to be transplanted to my own little garden.

I wish you every success in your endeavors to stimulate such young efforts in so beautiful a field of life-work, and I am

Very sincerely yours,

**HOWARD PYLE.**

ST. NICHOLAS IN 1902 — *Continued.*

# Nature and Science




FROM everywhere come letters in praise of this delightful department, especially from teachers who appreciate its usefulness in school-work.

**Miss Harriet B. S. Devan, of The Catharine Aiken School for Girls, Stamford, Conn.** "The ST. NICHOLAS responds to so many interests for children that I have been very glad to have the department of Science and Nature so fully developed, and I am sure it arouses an enthusiasm among the children to note and investigate new things for themselves."

**Mr. George F. Atkinson, Professor of Botany, Cornell University.** "I am very much pleased with the department Nature and Science."

**Dr. Francis W. Parker, President Chicago Institute, Chicago, Ills.** "I appreciate the great work you are going to do in Nature Study in ST. NICHOLAS."

**Mr. John W. Spencer, Bureau of Nature Study and Farmers' Reading Course, Cornell University, College of Agriculture.** "I am very much interested in the nature-study work in the ST. NICHOLAS, and I believe it will be a great success. The illustrations are unapproachable."

**Mr. F. J. Barhard, Superintendent of Schools of Seattle, Washington.** "You have struck the key-note."

**Mrs. George Wheeler, Chairman of the Nature Study Committee of the New York Mothers' Club.** "I had been wishing for a long time that the kind of work that you are doing could be carried out."

**Mr. Hiram U. King, The King School for Boys, Stamford, Conn.** "During the past year several copies of ST. NICHOLAS have been in constant use in my boarding school, and next year I expect more copies to be used. I have taken new interest in the magazine since the addition of the Nature and Science department."

**Mr. W. H. Walmsley, Philadelphia, Pa.** "I am greatly interested in your Nature studies in ST. NICHOLAS. It is a move in a most important direction."

**Mr. E. T. Austin, Superintendent of City Schools, Owosso, Mich.** "I wish to express my pleasure of your plan for Nature and Science in ST. NICHOLAS."

**Miss Gertrude Hastings, Teacher, Meadville, Penn.** "I have followed carefully the articles in Nature and Science in the ST. NICHOLAS, and want to say how much I have enjoyed them, and to congratulate you on the thorough scientific character of the work."

**Miss Annette M. Blount, 1750 Washington St., Boston, Mass.** "In my work as Supervisor of Nature Study in the Wellesley, Mass., Schools, I meet many children who are readers of ST. NICHOLAS. I find that they enjoy the department of Nature Study very much, and that it is very helpful to them."

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# ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XXIX. NOVEMBER, 1901. NO. 1.

## A GIFT FROM AMERICAN CHILDREN.

BY CHARLES DE KAY.

THE Marquis de Lafayette, a young noble in the army of the French king, was hardly more than a boy when he heard that the British colonies in North America would not stand the foolish rule of the king and Parliament of England any longer. Boy as he was, he had followed the troubles between the colonies and England, and saw at once that if the people in the New World of America would only fight for the right to manage their own affairs, the people in other lands, like his own country, might take courage and force their rulers to let them govern themselves.

So over he came, against the will of the French king, in a ship he fitted out with his own money—a slender, boyish-looking young man still in his teens; and well he fought for our ancestors. When he arrived they did not know much about war, and were slowly learning how to manage armies and feed large bodies of men and lead soldiers into battle. They had few cannons and guns, and little powder, and Lafayette brought them some in his ship. And through his example, and through his arguments in Paris during a brief visit home, he brought it at last to the point that French fleets and well-drilled French regiments were sent across the Atlantic. After the war, when he went back, Congress and the people and General Washington thanked him, and the children came out of school to see him pass, and hurrahed for him. Then he went to France, and his wounds and the high rank he won in America made him the idol of the people. What he told them about America made them feel that they too ought to have something to say in the government of the land, and a little later they decided that if the king and the nobles would not let them help to govern they must rule the land for themselves. Still later they decided to have a republic once and for all, a republic like ours, with a president elected from time to time, instead of a king who ruled whether he was fit to rule or not.

Lafayette came again to this country when he was old. Great rejoicings met him everywhere. Congress granted him a large sum of money and much land. The children were drawn up at the entrance to the towns where he passed in his coach, waving branches and scattering flowers, while bands of prettily dressed young girls sang songs of welcome. This pleased Lafayette more than anything else. He knew that the men of his own age, who had been his comrades in the war to free the colonies, liked him and were glad he came; but he had not imagined how the children had been taught to love him. He saw then that he would never be forgotten in the great land of North America, which was destined to contain more people than all Europe can support. He knew then that from generation to generation the children would learn

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in school and at the fireside what he had done.

So it has turned out that the children of the present day have not forgotten the boy Lafayette, who followed his own warm heart and came to the rescue of the poor colonists.

A statue of Lafayette on horseback is a proof what good memories they have.

Here is a picture of the great statue of Lafayette in bronze, seated astride of a bronze horse. It stands in the courtyard of the finest of all the old buildings in Paris, the Louvre, near the bank of the river Seine, not far from the famous old Gothic church of Notre Dame.

The Louvre is covered with sculpture, and in its halls and galleries, where the courtiers of the kings of France used to assemble, there are wonderful old paintings and statues. It has many courts, but the courtyard where this statue of Lafayette is placed is the largest of all. In the middle is a little park, with trees, bushes, and flowers. The statue that recalls Lafayette rises on its pedestal among the leaves.

What has it to do, perhaps you ask, with the children of the United States? Everything. Some years ago they gave the money for it. The school-children put the money together little by little; and when school after school added its gift to the fund, the sum grew until all that was needed was ready.

The sculptor chosen was Wayland Bartlett, an American living in France. His model was accepted by the officials in Paris who have charge of public monuments and can accept or refuse to take a statue according as they think it worthy to be placed in Paris, or not good enough. When they first heard of the Children's Monument to Lafayette, the Parisians were very much pleased, and so, when the model was accepted and it was asked where the monument should stand, the officials gave it one of the best places in the city, where all foreigners and many Parisians are sure to come, because through this courtyard, the square of the Carrousel, or merry-go-round, nearly everybody passes in order to reach the entrance to the art treasures of the Louvre. As Lafayette nearly eighty years ago had been touched by the welcome he got from the children of America, so the Parisians also were touched by the gift of the children to their city in memory of one of their famous citizens.

The Place du Carrousel inside the Louvre has on the side toward the gardens of the Tuileries nothing but a beautiful arch with pink marble columns in front and bronze figures on top; then come the gardens where the palace used to stand in which the Emperor Louis Napoleon lived, and then the fountains and gate and long vista of the street called the Champs-Élysées, until far in the distance, on higher ground, one sees another and bigger arch of triumph against the sky. So it is that the bronze statue of Lafayette, seated on the horse on the tall pedestal among the trees in the courtyard of the Louvre, seems to be signaling with the hilt of his sword to some one up that long vista, past the little arch, far up yonder by the big arch a mile away.

What did the sculptor mean by putting the sword in Lafayette's hand with the hilt upward, the point downward? The sword with point on high means war, because one strikes with the point of the sword; but when the hilt is uppermost it means peace. Perhaps the sculptor meant to say that Lafayette, although a soldier from the age of thirteen, and once in command of all the armies of France, was always on the side of justice and order and peace. He did what he could to quiet the angry passions of his fellow-countrymen and save the king and queen from death, and when Napoleon grew great, he voted against giving him unlimited power, foreseeing that he would wreck France. Lafayette always hoped that the French would imitate the Americans and be content with having thrown off the yoke of their oppressors. But the conditions in France were very different from the state of affairs in America. What was possible in a new and thinly peopled land like ours was not possible in Europe at that time. It took nearly a century before France was able to found a republic like ours, for there were too many enemies within the country and about it. In New York there is on Union Square a statue of Lafayette, modeled by a Frenchman, which shows him as he was when he first came over, full of ardor and hope. The statue in Paris is Lafayette at a later age, when he was trying



THE STATUE OF LAFAYETTE GIVEN TO THE FRENCH PEOPLE BY AMERICAN SCHOOL-CHILDREN.

to keep the French within bounds and was appealing in vain to reason. Both are good statues. Each is fitted for the city where it stands. We like to think of him as the generous youth who left wife, great position, and wealth behind him to devote himself to the cause of a little struggling nation that only asked to work out its own destiny.



# THE NEW BOY

## A FOOT-BALL EPISODE.

By S.V.R.

IT was a typical boys' school, with boys of all types and from all parts of the country. There were good boys, bad boys, handsome boys, ugly boys, interesting boys and uninteresting boys, athletic boys and bookworms; but Mr. Cushing, the headmaster, found them all worth while, and was deservedly popular in his turn. The school was out of town, just where it should be, where there was plenty of skating, tobogganing, football, baseball, and rowing. It had just reopened after the summer vacation, and the boys were beginning to swarm back. There were groups of them about the grounds and in the buildings, and a general hubbub pervaded the place. The "new boys" wandered helplessly about, not knowing what to do with themselves, and eying with envy the "old boys," who rushed back and forth, calling to one another in a jolly, intimate way, and seeming so entirely at home. A few of them made friends with one another, and walked off together down to the football field, or talked in the corridors and tried to seem at home also. Few of the old boys took any notice of them, as they were too busy and had too much to say to one another. And then, besides, the football captain had ordered all candidates down to the field, so that all the athletic crowd had disappeared.

A knot of such were hurrying along in their togs, and all talking at once. They were big fellows, some of them veterans of the previous year. They had nearly reached the field when they saw, sauntering along ahead of them, in a nonchalant manner, one of the "new boys." He wore a brown golf-suit, a cap on the back of his head, and his hands were thrust into his pockets, as he walked slowly along, swinging one leg in front of the other.

"Who 's this?" asked one of the veterans, noticing him.

"New boy. Good figure, has n't he?" said another.

"Yes. Wonder if he intends to play in that suit of clothes?"

"They 're new—he got them to come up here in."

A general snicker followed this shot, and they all turned a little to look at the target as they passed him. He glanced up also, and they saw a handsome face with a pair of dark eyes looking out curiously at them from under rather a shock of light-brown hair. He scanned them with a good-humored stare.

The crowd hurried past him, and no one spoke until they were some distance ahead. Finally Ames, the full-back, said, "I wonder how old that fellow was."

"Sixteen or so, I guess," returned Gould, the substitute tackle.

"Good-looking, was n't he?" put in Dean, who was handsome himself and always wore a nose-guard.

No answer was made to this, as they had reached the field, where Goodale, the captain, was tearing round from man to man, endeavoring to put some method into the confusion that reigned. One of the masters was there also, with the old men, and punts, drop-kicks, and place-kicks were flying from all quarters of the field.

"Here you are at last," he panted, stopping

before the arrivals. "You, Ames, go down to where Mr. Williams is, and see if you can kick a goal before those new men. We 're going to line up two scrubs in a few minutes."

Then he rushed off again, leaving the boys to find their own places.

Meanwhile the "new boy" had sauntered on and had reached the field also. He climbed leisurely on to the fence which surrounded the gridiron, and surveyed the proceedings with an interested air.

Dean soon caught sight of him, and questioned Goodale. "Has that fellow tried for anything yet?"

"What fellow?"

"That good-looking one on the fence."

"No. Who is he?"

"Don't know—some new boy."

Just then a football bounded over the fence and rolled along the ground beyond.

"Thank you!" called several voices, directed toward the new boy.

He jumped down from his perch and chased the ball. Then he picked it up, gave a lunge, and sent it flying down across the fence to the other end of the field. It was a good seventy-yard punt, and drew forth a dozen exclamations of surprise and approval.

"Jove! Look at that!" ejaculated Dean. But Goodale was already hurrying toward the new boy, who had restored his hands to his pockets and was standing with an amused smile on his lips. Goodale felt, as he approached, that, somehow, he could not use his patronizing air of captain with this fellow, and, also, that the upper hand seemed to be on the other side. Still, this prize was not to be lost.

"Look here," he began awkwardly, "want to try for full-back on the team?"

The new boy regarded him a moment, and then answered with a smile that showed a double row of handsome teeth:

"Of course I would n't mind trying."

"All right; come on. Got any togs here?"

"I have some back at the school."

"Can't you find some here? We 're going to play a scrub game in a minute. Wait and I 'll get you some."

He rushed into the building, and the new boy followed him, still with his amused smile.

Goodale appeared, in a moment, with several suits in his arms.

"Get into one of these, quick as you can," he said. "Hold on—er—er—what 's your name?"

"My name?—oh, er—Parkinson."

Goodale hurried off and told his tale to some of the boys, and then, with the help of Mr. Williams, lined up two elevens. By the time all was arranged, Parkinson came on to the field, looking quite distinguished, and, somehow, older than when in his golf-suit. All eyes were fixed on him, and no one noticed Mr. Williams's start of surprise, nor did they understand the glance Parkinson directed at him.

"Come on, Parkinson," called Goodale. "Get down there at full-back. Now, boys, stand on your toes. Play hard and fast, and let 's see what the first game of the season will show! Mr. Williams, you 'll umpire, please."

The game began, and Parkinson was playing on Goodale's eleven. The other team had the ball. They gained five yards apiece on the first two rushes, and Goodale exclaimed, "This won't do! Come, get together! Parkinson, play up more—you don't get into the interference."

One more rush, and the opposing full-back skirted the end and tore down toward Parkinson. Goodale yelled, "Nail him, nail him! Get down more!" as he ran after.

Parkinson waited calmly, and then reached out and caught the runner in a clean tackle. Goodale was beside himself in his patronizing approval. They got the ball by a fumble in the next play, and the quarter-back passed it to Parkinson. He started to the right, following the interference, when he suddenly broke to the left, and in a minute more was tearing along with a clear field ahead of him, never stopping until the touch-down was made. And when he completed the feat by stepping back and kicking the ball squarely between the goal-posts, the boys' enthusiasm knew no bounds.

The play lasted only two ten-minute halves, and during the next half Goodale did not order Parkinson about quite so much.

Immediately after the game, however, Parkinson rushed into his dressing-room, and that was the last the boys saw of him. When those

who had dressed at the building had reappeared and assembled in front to escort the hero back to school, Mr. Williams approached them, laughing.

"Whom are you waiting for, boys?" he asked.



"THE 'NEW BOY' NEVER STOPPED UNTIL THE TOUCH-DOWN WAS MADE."

"Parkinson," Goodale answered.

"Well, I would n't waste time doing that. He 's gone."

"Gone where? Back to school?"

"No. He has gone back to Cambridge. Who do you think that fellow was? Bob Forbes, the Harvard captain!"

"Forbes!" exclaimed Goodale. "Why, Mr. Williams, you 're joking. He 's Parkinson, a new boy."

"I beg your pardon. That was Bob Forbes, whom I know very well. Of course he was n't going to let you suspect by his name; but I knew what he was up to. He has just brought his little brother up here, and finding none of you knew him by sight, he played a joke on you. It 's just like him, too!" And Mr. Williams laughed till the boys joined with him.

"Do you think I ought to write and apologize?" Goodale said shamefacedly. "I was awfully flip with him."

"My dear boy, no!" Mr. Williams said. "It is the best joke of the year, and that would spoil it. At any rate, you all know Forbes now, and I 've no doubt but that he will send you all tickets during the season."

And he did.

# QUEER ERRORS OF THE EYE.

By Archibald Hobson.

We all cherish the notion that our eyes can make no mistake. "Seeing is believing" is an old and respected maxim. We depend on our sight more than on any of our other senses. Civilization has dulled for us our smell and hearing, and our taste and touch play but small parts in our life. The average person does not pride himself on his keenness of smell, hearing, touch, or taste, but he would be loath to admit that he could not "believe his own eyes." Notwithstanding, there are many cases, as we shall see, in which the eye shows itself to be but a poor judge of facts, incapable of telling to the mind a truthful story of what it sees.

In Fig. 1 the light vertical line EF looks longer than the heavy horizontal line GH, though both are of the same length. This illustrates the principle that a narrow object looks longer than a wide one of the same length, and that a vertical line looks longer than a horizontal one of the same length. Stout people look short because our eyes naturally discount their height, while thin people appear taller than they really are. Young ladies with an ambition to look stately cultivate meager, clinging effects in dress; short women select patterns having perpendicular stripes, and exceptionally tall women avoid such. Paper-hangers who understand their trade put a narrow border round the top of a low room. Large patterns in wall-paper or carpets make a room appear small and ill-proportioned.

In Fig. 2 the segment J appears easily larger than the segment I, but in reality they are identical in shape and extent, and if you were to cut out the two one would exactly cover the other.

The sides of the ladder shown in Fig. 3 appear to be closer together at L than they are at K, but they are really parallel. The effect is due to the oblique cross-hatch or section lines. Draftsmen are frequently embarrassed by illusions of this kind, which often give drawings a distorted appearance notwithstanding their technical accuracy.

If you were told that the lines MN and OP in Fig. 4 were straight and parallel you could hardly accept the statement; yet you can easily see that this is so by looking along the two lines from either end, or by measuring.

The black spots in Fig. 5 and the white spots in Fig. 6 are of the same size, but the white spots look the larger. This is due to the phenomenon of irradiation, which always makes a bright object against a dark background appear larger than it really is, owing, as Humboldt found, to the imperfect focusing of the object on the retina of the eye in such cases. By reason of irradiation the stars appear to our eyes larger than they otherwise would; and, to descend to the every-day, women well understand that in dress-goods light "polka-dots" on a dark ground look larger than dark ones on a light ground. Certain microscopic animals have markings which for a long time were taken to be hexagonal spots, giving a honeycomb appearance; but more powerful microscopes have shown these spots to be round. By partly closing the eyes and looking at Figs. 5 and 6 the spots will assume the hexagonal shape, thus illustrating this puzzling illusion.

Fig. 7 represents an adaptation of the famous illusion discovered by Professor Silvanus P. Thomson. By giving the page a slightly twirling motion similar to that used in rinsing out a dish, the cog-wheel on the left is made apparently to revolve slowly, while the wheel on the right turns rapidly in the opposite direction. This illusion is one of the most interesting and remarkable known. A variation of it is shown in Fig. 8. When this design is twirled as before, the six wheels appear to revolve rapidly, intermeshing with one another, while the central cog-wheel revolves very de-

liberately in the other direction, giving the appearance of a rather complicated piece of machinery in motion.

Printed letters show how usage has come to recognize certain peculiarities of vision, even without their being understood. The letter S, the figure 8, and the letter B appear to be symmetrical, or practically so; but if you turn the page upside down you will be surprised to see how much larger their lower parts are than their upper parts. Unskilful sign-painters and letterers do not understand this illusion, and they construct all such letters and figures symmetrical by measurements, with the result that their work will appear distorted and inartistic when finished. The cross-line in the letter A should appear about midway of the height of the letter, but in order to produce this effect it must be made considerably below that point. By a gradual process of evolution the letters and figures we use have grown into shapes that are satisfying to the eye, though they are not symmetrical.

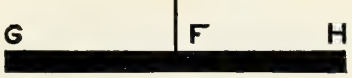


FIG. 1.

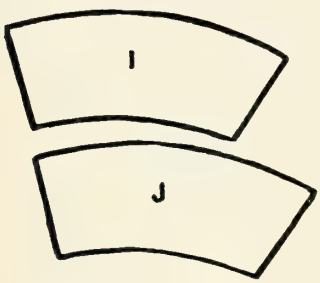


FIG. 2.

Fig. 10 shows an illusion of a very different kind. Place a visiting-card or a piece of paper with the edge along the dotted line between the bicyclists, look steadily at the figures, and then gradually bring your face closer and closer to the page, keeping both eyes open. The result will probably be that the reckless Chinaman and the timid young woman will have a collision.

In Fig. 11 we see a curious effect of the distortion of perspective. The figure of the man looking over the fence at the ball-game appears to be actually taller than that of the small boy who is peeping through the knot-hole, but in reality it is a little shorter. The illusion is due to the fact that we judge of size always by comparison. The eye sees the figure of the boy larger than that of the man, as it really is; but the man being represented farther away, the mind draws the conclusion that he must be the taller, for our daily experience is that distant objects must be larger than near ones having the same angle of extent.



FIG. 3.

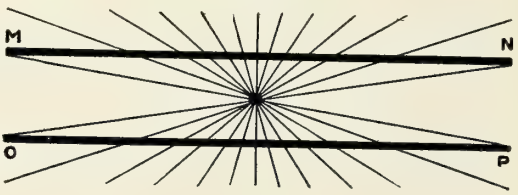
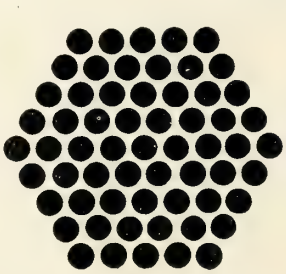
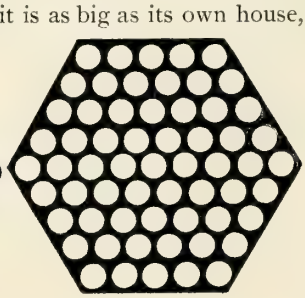


FIG. 4.

We see everything, in short, by the light of experience alone. New-born babies, while they have eyes, see not. The eye is a camera pure and simple, and, until its impressions can be developed in the consciousness, what it sees means nothing. The baby first learns to distinguish light from darkness; then it learns to recognize its mother, then its father; then it learns, perhaps, to distinguish some bright color, red it may be; then it learns to discriminate between near and far objects. It looks at the nearest house down the street and takes it to be of about the size of its Noah's ark, for so it appears to be. Later it goes to that house and discovers that it is as big as its own house,


FIG. 5.


FIG. 6.

which now, at a distance, in turn looks smaller. Gradually it makes its way from the known to the unknown, using its own experiences as stepping-stones. The eye knows no such thing as

size or distance in the abstract and apart from reasoning, but knowing one by experience, it can make a close estimate of the other.



FIG. 7.

The average woman cannot judge how much a foot is within several inches, but she can estimate a yard very closely, while with the average man the case is reversed. If some one asked you which was the longer, a horse's head from the tip of his ears to the end of his nose, or an ordinary flour-barrel, you would naturally say the barrel, though the horse's head is the longer. The eye is very easily deceived if it is called on to pass judgment on something that



FIG. 8.

has not been brought home to it by experience. The landlubber at sea greatly underestimates the distance of passing ships, having no familiar landmarks with which to make comparisons. Truthful men under oath in court often disagree widely as to observed facts, and no doubt with perfect honesty. We will not distrust our eyes, though no doubt they deceive us oftener than we realize.

The eye constantly overestimates an acute angle and underestimates an obtuse one. It is this principle on which the illusions shown in Figs. 3 and 4 depend. A right angle should be much easier to judge, but unless the eye is trained it will go astray considerably.

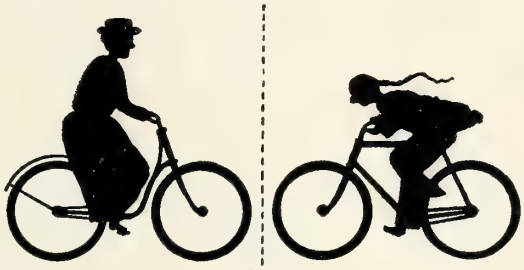


FIG. 9.

Even a carpenter, who constantly deals with right angles, will not trust himself to saw a board off without a square if he has to make an accurate fit. Beginners in drawing generally find themselves making all vertical lines lean slightly to the right. The buildings in their sketches topple quite uniformly in that direction, as shown in Fig. 10. The error becomes more evident when the drawing is turned on its side. And still a picture made with a ruler and T-square would lack the artistic quality. An artist would never use a ruler to draw a line by, for he understands that the eye demands something more than mere methodical accuracy of line and angle.

There should be an element of illusion in every picture, and the true artist is one who knows how to make allowance for this. So also in architecture. Measurements of the finest buildings left us by the ancients show us conclusively that the skillful architects of those old times understood perfectly about the illusive effects of lines on the eye, for they so designed their buildings as to counteract such defects of vision.

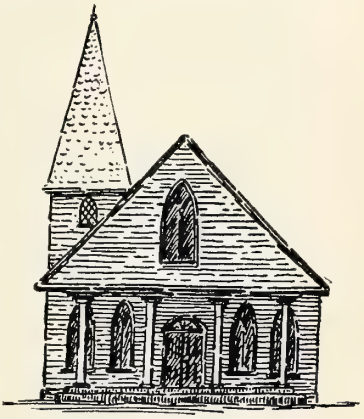


FIG. 10.




FIG. 11.

The walls, instead of being vertical, lean in; tall windows are wider at the top than at the bottom; columns swell in the middle instead of being straight; the top lines of the buildings, instead of being strictly horizontal, are considerably higher in the middle, and so on. Without doubt much of the beauty of these classic buildings was due to the recognition of such principles in their construction. Modern architects generally ignore everything of this kind and build strictly by the square, level, and plumb-line. There are fine buildings in every city that have been made to suffer in this way, for, though really well built, their walls appear to lean outward, or their cornices to sag in the middle, and so forth.

Fig. 12 is an ingenious illusion in perspective that has been used in various connections for advertising purposes. Looked at in the ordinary way it appears to be a meaningless maze of lines. But hold the page horizontally, a little below the level of the eye, and a certain order will come out of the chaos. Look first in the direction indicated by 1, then in that indicated by 2, etc.

These various instances point the moral that our eyes do not by any means always see things as they are, and that if we are not taught how to accept their reports with a "grain of salt" we shall occasionally be misled more or less.

In St. Nicholas for April, 1897, there was an article, "Seeing is Believing," upon this same subject, in which other illusions are given. Some of the ones there given are here omitted.

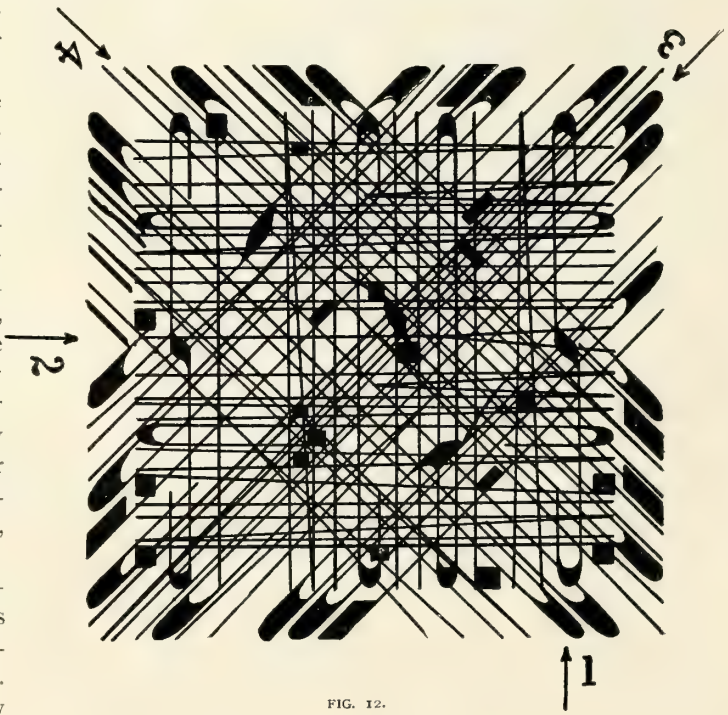



FIG. 12.

# THE HOUSE THAT JILL BUILT.

By Carolyn Wells.



This is the *House* that Jill built.



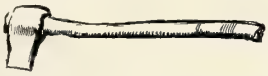
This is the *Doll* that lived in the House that Jill built.



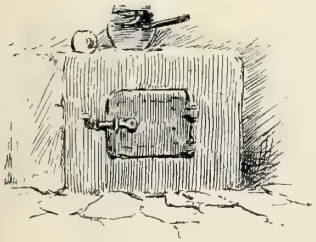
This is the *Tree* of a dusky shade that gave the Wood that heated the Oven that baked the Cake that fed the Doll that lived in the House that Jill built.



This is the *Cake* that fed the Doll that lived in the House that Jill built.



This is the *Ax* with a shining blade that chopped the Tree of a dusky shade that gave the Wood that heated the Oven that baked the Cake that fed the Doll that lived in the House that Jill built.



This is the *Oven* that baked the Cake that fed the Doll that lived in the House that Jill built.



This is the *Woodman* sober and staid who slung the Ax with a shining blade that chopped the Tree of a dusky shade that gave the Wood that heated the Oven that baked the Cake that fed the Doll that lived in the House that Jill built.

This is the *Wood* that heated the Oven that baked the Cake that fed the Doll that lived in the House that Jill built.





This is the *Horse* that pranced and neighed when he saw the Woodman sober and staid who slung the Ax with a shining blade that chopped the Tree of a dusky shade that gave the Wood that heated the Oven that baked the Cake that fed the Doll that lived in the House that Jill built.



This is the *Knight* with the red cockade who rode on the Horse that pranced and neighed when he saw the Woodman sober and staid who slung the Ax with a shining blade that chopped the Tree of a dusky shade that gave the Wood that heated the Oven that baked the Cake that fed the Doll that lived in the House that Jill built.



This is the *Lady* in gay brocade who followed the Knight with the red cockade who rode on the Horse that pranced and neighed when he saw the Woodman sober and staid who slung the Ax with a shining blade that chopped the Tree of a dusky shade that gave the Wood that heated the Oven that baked the Cake that fed the Doll that lived in the House that Jill built.



This is the *Glittering Cavalcade* that rode after the Lady in gay brocade who followed the Knight with the red cockade who rode on the Horse that pranced and neighed when he saw the Woodman sober and staid who slung the Ax with a shining blade that chopped the Tree of a dusky shade that gave the Wood that heated the Oven that baked the Cake that fed the Doll that lived in the House that Jill built.

This is the *Donkey* who loudly brayed at sight of the Glittering Cavalcade that rode after the Lady in gay brocade who followed the Knight with the red cockade who rode on the Horse that pranced and neighed when he saw the Woodman sober and staid who slung the Ax with a shining blade that chopped the Tree of a dusky shade that gave the Wood that heated the Oven that baked the Cake that fed the Doll that lived in the House that Jill built.





This is the *King* who was much dismayed to hear the Donkey who loudly brayed at sight of the Glittering Cavalcade that rode after the Lady in gay brocade who followed the Knight with the red cockade who rode on the Horse that pranced and neighed when he saw the Woodman sober and staid who slung the Ax with a shining blade that chopped the Tree of a dusky shade that gave the Wood that heated the Oven that baked the Cake that fed the Doll that lived in the House that Jill built.

# TOMMY REMINGTON'S BATTLE.*

By Burton Egbert Stevenson.

*With this opening number of its twenty-ninth volume, St. Nicholas makes a new departure by presenting to its readers a long story complete in one number — a story that heretofore would have run through five or six numbers of the magazine.*

*This first serial to be so published is by Burton Egbert Stevenson, author of "A Soldier of Virginia," "At Odds with the Regent," etc.*

*"Tommy Remington's Battle" is a very interesting portrayal of American boy life. Like many another boy of to-day, the young hero has to choose between rival attractions of study and athletics, but finds that the winning of a hotly contested football game is possible without injustice to higher claims.*

*And even more difficult and inspiring than his struggle to make a touch-down is Tommy's battle with himself and with the seeming defeat of his youthful ambitions.*

*But — read the story.*

## Chapter I.

### TOMMY REMINGTON FINDS A CIRCUS POSTER.

Miss Andrews stood in the school-house door and looked after the little figure, the last of her pupils dismissed for the day, as it tripped down the narrow path toward the group of coal-grimed houses which made the town of Wentworth; and she sighed unconsciously as it passed from sight behind an ugly pile of slack. It was not a pretty scene, this part which man had made along the river, with its crazy coal-tipples, its rows of dirty little cabins, its lines of coke-ovens, and the grime of coal-dust over everything.

It was not at the mountains nor at the river that Bessie Andrews looked, but at the grimy cabins of the miners, scattered along the hill-side, and she thought with a sigh how little successful she had been in winning the hearts of their occupants. She had come from Richmond in a flush of happiness at her good fortune in getting the school, and determined to make a success of it, but she found it "uphill work" indeed.

Her story was that of so many other Southern girls coming of families old and one time wealthy, but ruined by the Civil War; the plantation was sold, and her family had moved to Richmond in the hope that life there would be easier, but had found the battle with poverty a losing one. She tried to secure a position as teacher, and the superintendent, impressed by her earnestness, promised to keep her in mind; and one day he had sent for her.

"I have a letter here," he said, "from one of the directors of a little school near Wentworth, in the mining district. He wants me to send him a teacher. Do you think you would care for the place?"

Miss Andrews gasped. She had not thought of leaving home. Yet she could do even that, if need be.

"I think I should be very glad to have the place," she said. "Do you know anything about it, sir?"

He shook his head.

"Very little. I do not imagine the region is attractive, but the salary is fair, and the director who has written me this letter, and who seems to be a competent man, will board you without extra expense. Think it over and let me know your decision to-morrow."

There was a very tearful interview between mother and daughter that night, but it was evident to both of them that the place must be accepted.

So it was settled, and the next day the superintendent formally recommended Miss Elizabeth Andrews as the teacher for the Wentworth school. In due time came the reply, directing her to report at once for duty, and she arrived at her journey's end one bright day in late September.

She had determined from the first to make the people love her, but she found them another race than the genial, cultured, open-hearted Virginians who live along the James. Years of labor in the mines had marred their brains no less than their bodies; both, shut out from

* Copyrighted, 1901, by Burton Egbert Stevenson.

God's pure air, and blue sky, and beautiful, green-clad world, grew crooked and misshapen, just as everything must do that has life in it.

She had gone to work among them with brave face but trembling heart. There was no lack of children in the grimy cabins; it made her soul sick to look at them. She asked that she might be permitted to teach them. But she encountered a strange apathy. The parents stared at her with suspicion. She was not one of them; why should she wish to meddle? Besides, the boys must help the men; the girls must help the women—even a very small girl can take care of a baby, and so lift that weight from the mother's shoulders.

"But have the children never been sent to school?" she asked.

No, they said, never. The other teachers did n't bother them. Why should she? The children could grow up like their parents. They had other things to think about besides going to school. There was the coal to be dug.

A few of the better families sent their children, however—the superintendent, the school directors, the mine bosses, the fire bosses,—in the mines, every one is a "boss" who is paid a fixed monthly wage by the company,—but Bessie Andrews found herself every day looking over the vacant forms in the little school-house and telling herself that she had failed—that she had not reached the people who most needed her.

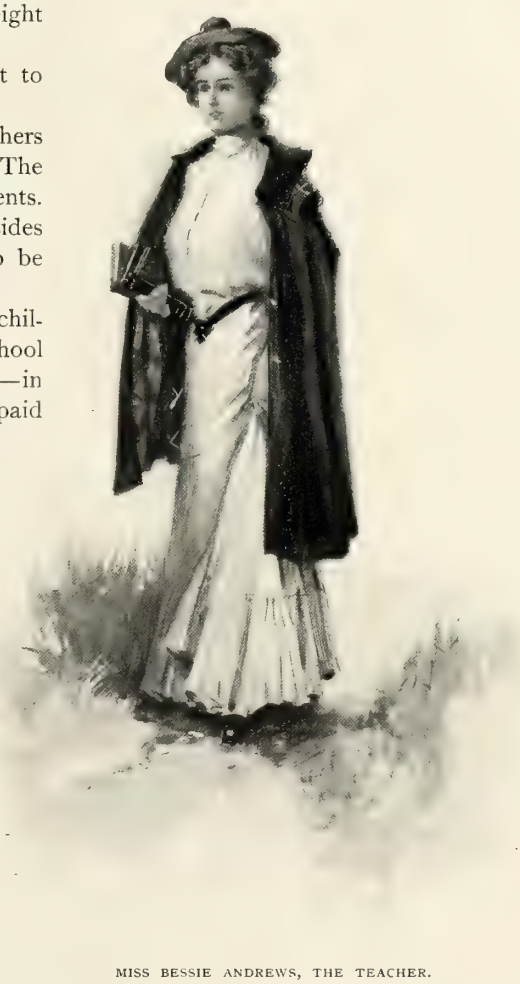
More than once had she been tempted to confess her defeat, resign the place, and return to Richmond; yet the sympathy and encouragement of Jabez Smith, the director who had secured her appointment, gave her strength to keep up the fight. A simple, homely man, a justice of the peace and postmaster of Wentworth, he had welcomed her kindly, and she had found his house a place of refuge.

"You 'll git discouraged," he had said to her, "but don't give up. Th' people up here ain't th' kind you 've been used to, an' it takes 'em some time t' git acquainted. You jest keep at it, an' you 'll win out in the end."

There was another, too, who spoke words of hope and comfort—the Rev. Robert Bayliss, minister of the little church on the hillside, who had come, like herself, a pilgrim into this wilderness.

"You are doing finely," he would say. "Why, look at me. I 've been here four years, and am almost as far from my goal as you are; but I 'm not going to give up the fight till I get every miner and every miner's wife into that church. As yet, I have n't got a dozen of them."

As she stood there in the school-house door,



MISS BESSIE ANDREWS, THE TEACHER.

thinking of all this and looking out across the valley, she heard the whistle blow at the drift-mouth, a signal that no more coal would be weighed that day; and in a few moments she

saw a line of men coming down the hillside toward her. She waited to see them pass,—grimy, weary, perspiring, fresh from the mine and the never-ending battle with the great veins of coal,—and she noted sadly how many boys there were among them. Some of them glanced at her shyly and touched their hats, but the most went by without heeding her, the younger, the driver-boys, laughing and jesting among themselves, the older tramping along in the silence of utter fatigue. She watched them as they went, and then turned slowly back into the room and picked up her hat.

"Please, ma'am—" said a timid voice at the door.

She turned quickly and saw standing there one of the boys who had passed a moment before.

"Yes?" she questioned encouragingly. "Come in, won't you?"

The boy took off his cap and stepped bashfully across the threshold.

"Sit down here," she said, and herself took the seat opposite. "Now, what can I do for you?"

He glanced up into her eyes. There was no mistaking their kindliness, and he gathered a shade more confidence.

"Please, ma'am," he said, "I wanted t' ask you t' read this bill t' me"; and he produced from his pocket a gaudy circus poster. "They 's been put up down at th' deepot," he added, in explanation, "but none of us boys kin read 'em."

She took the bill from him with quick sympathy.

"Of course I 'll read it to you," she cried. And she proceeded to recount the wonders of "Bashford's Great and Only Menagerie and Hippodrome" as described by the poster. Most of the high-flown language was, of course, quite beyond the boy's understanding, but he sat with round eyes fixed on her face till she had finished. It was a minute before he could speak.

"What is that thing?" he asked at last, pointing to a great, unwieldy beast with wide-open mouth.

"That 's a hippopotamus."

"A—a what?" he asked wonderingly.

"A hippopotamus—a river-horse."

"A river-horse," he repeated. And his eyes grew rounder than ever. "A horse what lives in th' river? But it ain't a horse," he added, looking at it again. "It ain't nothin' like a horse."

"No," said Miss Andrews, smiling, "it 's not a horse. That 's only a name for it. See, here it is," and she pointed to the line below the picture. "'The Hippopotamus, the Great African River Horse.'"

He gazed at the line a moment in silence. Then he sighed.

"I must go," he said, and reached out his hand for the bill.

"But you have n't told me your name yet," she protested. "What is your name?"

"Tommy Remington," he answered, his shyness back upon him in an instant.

"And your father 's a miner?"

He nodded. She looked at him a moment without speaking, rapidly considering how she might say best what she wished to say.

"Tommy," she began, "would n't you like to learn to read all this for yourself—all these books, all these stories," and she waved her hand toward the little shelf above her desk. "It is a splendid thing—to know how to read!"

He looked at her with eyes wide opened.

"But I could n't!" he gasped incredulously. "None of th' boys kin. Why, even none of th' men kin—none I know."

"Oh, yes, you could!" she cried. "Any one can. The reason none of the other boys can is because they have never tried, and the men probably never had a good chance. Of course you can't learn if you don't try. But it 's not at all difficult, when one really wants to learn. If you 'll only come and let me teach you!"

He glanced again at her face and then out across the valley. The shadows were deepening along the river, and above the trees upon the mountain-side great columns of white mist circled slowly upward.

"Promise me you 'll come," she repeated.

The boy looked back at her, and she saw the light in his eyes.

"My father—" he began, and stopped.

"I 'll see your father," she said impetuously.

"Only you must tell him you want to come, and ask him yourself. Promise me you 'll do that."

"I promise," he whispered, and stooped to pick up his cap, which had fallen from his trembling fingers.

"If he refuses, I will see him to-morrow myself," she said. "Remember, you are going to learn to read and write and to do many other things. Good night, Tommy."

"Good night, ma'am," he answered with uncertain voice, and hastened away.

She watched him until the gathering darkness hid him, and then turned back, picked up her hat again, locked the door, and hurried down the path with singing heart. It was her first real victory,—for she was sure it would prove a victory,—and she felt as the traveler feels who, toiling wearily across a great waste of Alpine snow and ice,—shivering, desolate,—comes suddenly upon a delicate flower, looking up at him from the dreary way with a face of hope and comfort.

## Chapter II.

### THE FIRST SHOT OF THE BATTLE.

Tommy Remington, meanwhile, trudged on through the gathering darkness, his heart big with purpose. Heretofore the mastery of the art of reading had appeared to him, when he considered the subject at all, as a thing requiring such tremendous effort as few people were capable of. Certainly he, who knew little beyond the rudiments of mining and the management of a mine mule, could never hope to solve the mystery of those rows of queer-looking characters he had seen sometimes in almanacs and old newspapers, and more recently on the circus poster he carried in his pocket. But now a new and charming vista was of a sudden opened to him. The teacher had assured him that it was quite easy to learn to read,—that any one could do so who really tried,—and he rammed his fists deep down in his pockets and drew a long breath at the sheer wonder of the thing.

It is difficult, perhaps, for a boy brought up, as most boys are, within sound of a school bell, where school-going begins inevitably in the earliest years, where every one he knows can read and write as a matter of course, and where books and papers form part of the possessions of every household, to understand the awe with which Tommy Remington thought over the task he was about to undertake. Such a boy may have seen occasionally the queer picture-writing in front of a Chinese laundry or on the outside of packages of tea, and wondered what such funny marks could possibly mean. To Tommy, English appeared no less queer and difficult than Chinese, and he would have attacked the latter with equal confidence—or, more correctly, with an equal lack of confidence.

But he had little time to ponder over all this, for a few minutes' walk brought him to the dingy cabin on the hillside which—with a similar dwelling back in the Pennsylvania coal-fields—was the only home he had ever known. His father had thrown away his youth in the Pennsylvania mines while the industry was yet almost in its infancy and the miners' wages were twice or thrice those that could be earned by any other kind of manual labor—the high pay counterbalancing, in a way, the great danger which in those days was a part of coal-mining. Mr. Remington had, by good fortune, escaped the dangers, and had lived to see the importation of foreign laborers to the Pennsylvania fields,—Huns, Slavs, Poles, and what not,—who prospered on wages on which an Anglo-Saxon would starve. Besides, the dangers of the work had been very materially reduced, and to the mine-owner it seemed only right that the wages should be reduced with them, especially since competition had become so close that profits were cut in half, or sometimes even wiped out altogether.

It was just at the time when matters were at their worst that the great West Virginia coal-fields were discovered and a railroad built through the mountains. Good wages were offered miners, and Mr. Remington was one of the first to move his family into the new region—into the very cabin, indeed, where he still lived, and which at that time had been just completed. The unusual thickness of the seams of coal, their accessibility, and the ease with which the coal could be got to market, together with the purity and value of the coal itself, all

combined to render it possible for the miner to make good wages, and for a time Remington prospered—as much, that is, as a coal-miner can ever prosper, which means merely that he can provide his family with shelter from the cold, with enough to eat, and with clothes to wear, and at the same time keep out of debt.



"SHE TURNED QUICKLY AND SAW STANDING THERE ONE OF THE BOYS."

But the discovery of new fields and the ever-growing competition for the market had gradually tended to decrease wages, until they were again almost at the point where one man could not support a family, and his boys—mere children sometimes—went into the mines with him to assist in the struggle for existence,—the younger ones as drivers of the mine mules which hauled the coal to "daylight," the older ones as laborers in the chambers where their fathers blasted it down from the great seams.

Tommy mounted the steps of the cabin to the little porch in front, and paused for a backward glance down into the valley. The mountains had deepened from green to purple, and the eddying clouds of mist showed sharply against this dark background. The river splashed merrily along, a ribbon of silver at the bottom of the valley. The kindly night had hidden all the marks of man's handiwork along its banks, and the scene was wholly beautiful. Yet it was not at mountains or river that the boy looked. He had seen them every day for years and they had ceased to be a novelty long since. He looked instead at a little white frame building just discernible through the gloom, and he thought with a strange stirring of his blood that it was in that building he was to learn to read and write. A shrill voice from the house startled him from his reverie.

"Tommy," it called, "ain't you ever comin' in, or air you goin' t' stand there till jedgment? Come right in here an' wash up an' git ready fer supper. Where 's your pa?"

"Yes 'm," said Tommy, and hurried obediently into the house. "Pa went over t' th' store t' git some bacon. He said he 'd be 'long in a minute."

Mrs. Remington sniffed contemptuously and banged a pan viciously down on the table.

"A minute," she repeated. "I guess so. Half an hour, most likely, ef he gits t' talkin' with thet shif'less gang thet 's allers loafin' round there."

Tommy deemed it best to make no reply to

this remark, and in silence he took off his cap and jumper and threw them on a chair. Even in the semi-darkness it was easy to see that the house was not an inviting place. Perched high up on the side of the hill, it had been built by contract as cheaply as might be, and was one of a row of fifty houses of identical design which the Great Eastern Coal Company had constructed as homes for its employees. Three rooms were all that were needed by any family, said the company—a kitchen and two bedrooms. More than that would be a luxury for which the miners would have no possible use and which would only tend to spoil them. Perhaps the houses were clean when they were first built, but the grime of the coal-fields had long since conquered them and reduced them to a uniform dinginess. Mrs. Remington had battled valiantly against the invader at first; but it was a losing fight, and she had finally given it up in despair. The dust was pervading, omnipresent, over everything. It was in the water, in the beds, in the food. It soaked clothing through and through. They lived in it, slept in it, ate it, drank it. Small wonder that, as the years passed, Mrs. Remington's face lost whatever of youth and freshness it had ever had, and that her voice grew harsh and her temper most uncertain.

"Now hurry up, Tommy," she repeated. "Wash your hands an' face, an' then fetch some water from th' spring. There ain't a drop in th' bucket."

"All right, ma," answered the boy, cheerfully. And he soon had his face and hands covered with lather. It was no slight task to cleanse the dust from the skin, for it seemed to creep into every crevice and to cling there with such tenacious grip that it became almost a part of the skin itself. But at last the task was accomplished, as well as soap and water could accomplish it, and he picked up the bucket and started for the spring.

The air was fresh and sweet, and he breathed it in with a relish somewhat unusual as he climbed the steep path up the mountain-side. He placed the bucket under the little stream of pure, limpid water that gushed from beneath a great ledge of rock, summer and winter, fed from some exhaustless reservoir within the mountain, and sat down to wait for it to fill. A cluster of lights along the river showed where the town stood, and he heard an engine puffing heavily up the grade, taking another train of coal to the great Eastern market. Presently its headlight flashed into view, and he watched it until it plunged into the tunnel that intersected a spur of the mountain around which there had been no way found. What a place it must be,—the East,—and how many people must live there to use so much coal! The bucket was full, and he picked it up and started back toward the house. As he neared it, he heard his mother clattering the supper-things about with quite unnecessary violence.

"Your pa ain't come home yit," she cried, as Tommy entered. "He don't need t' think we 'll wait fer him all night. I 'll send Johnny after him." She went to the front door. "John-*ny*—o----h, Johnny!" she called down the hillside.

"Yes 'm," came back a faint answer.

"Come here right away," she called again; and in a moment a little figure toddled up the steps. It was a boy of six—Tommy's younger brother. All the others—brothers and sisters alike—lay buried in a row back of the little church. They had found the battle of life too hard, amid such surroundings, and had been soon defeated.

"Where you been?" she asked, as he panted up, breathless.

"Me an' Freddy Roberts found a snake," he began, "down there under some stones. He tried t' git away, but we got him. I 'm awful hungry," he added, as an afterthought.

But his mother was not listening to him. She had caught the sound of approaching footsteps down the path.

"Take him in an' wash his hands an' face, Tommy," she said grimly. "Look at them clothes! I hear your pa comin', so hurry up."

Johnny submitted gracefully to a scrubbing with soap and water administered by his brother's vigorous arm, and emerged an almost cherubic child so far as hands and face were concerned, but no amount of brushing could render his clothes presentable. His father came in in a moment, a little, dried-up man, whose spirit had been crushed and broken by

a lifetime of labor in the mines—as what man's would not? He grunted in reply to his wife's shrill greeting, laid a piece of bacon on the table, and calmly proceeded with his ablutions, quite oblivious of the storm that circled about his head. Supper was soon on the table, a lamp, whose lighting had been deferred to the last moment for the sake of economy, was placed in the middle of the board, and Mrs. Remington, finding that her remarks upon his delay met with no response, sat down behind the steaming coffee-pot to show that she would wait no longer.

Hard labor and mountain air are rare appetizers, and for a time they ate in silence. At last Johnny, having taken the edge off his hunger, began to relate the story of his thrilling encounter with the snake, and even his mother was betrayed into a smile as she looked at his dancing eyes. Tommy, who had been vainly striving to muster up courage to broach the subject nearest his heart, saw his father's face soften, and judged it was a good time to begin.

"Pa," he remarked, "there 's a circus comin', ain't they?"

"Yes," said his father; "I see some bills down at the mine."

"When 's it comin'?"

"I don't know. You kin ask somebody. Want t' go?"

Mrs. Remington snorted to show her disapproval of the proposed extravagance.

"No, it ain't that," answered Tommy, in a choked voice. "I don't keer a cent about th' circus. Pa, I want t' go t' school."

Mr. Remington sat suddenly upright, as though something had stung him on the back, and rubbed his head in a bewildered way. His brother stared at Tommy, awe-struck.

"Go t' school?" repeated his father, at last, when he had conquered his amazement sufficiently to speak. "What on airth fer?"

"T' learn how t' read," said Tommy, gathering courage from his father's dismay. "Pa, I want t' know how t' read an' write. Why, I can't even read th' show-bill."

"Well," said his father, "neither kin I."

Tommy stopped a moment to consider his words, for he felt he was on delicate ground. In all his fourteen years of life, he had never been so desperate as at this moment.

But his mother came unexpectedly to his rescue.

"Well, an' if *you* can't read, Silas," she said sharply, "is thet any reason th' boy should n't git a chance? Maybe he won't hev t' work in th' mines ef he gits a little book-l'arnin'. Heaven knows, it 's a hard life."

"Yes, it 's a hard life," assented the miner, absently. "It 's a hard life. Nobody knows thet better 'n me."

Tommy looked at his mother, his eyes wet with gratitude.

"I stopped at th' school-house t' git th' teacher t' read th' bill t' me," he said, "an' she told me thet anybody kin learn t' read—thet 't ain't hard at all. It 's a free school, an' it won't cost nothin' but fer my books. I 've got purty near three dollars in my bank. Thet ort t' pay fer 'em."

"But who 'll help me at th' mine?" asked his father. "I 've got t' hev a helper, an' I can't pay one out of th' starvation wages th' company gives us. What 'll I do?"

"I tell you, pa," said Tommy, eagerly. "I kin help you in th' afternoons, an' all th' time in th' summer when they ain't no school. I 'll jest go in th' mornin's, an' you kin keep on blastin' till I git there t' help y' load. I know th' boss wont keer. Kin I go?"

His face was rosy with anticipation. His father looked at him doubtfully a moment.

"Of course you kin go," broke in his mother, sharply. "You 've said yourself, Silas, many a time," she added to her husband, "thet th' minin' business 's gittin' worse an' worse, an' thet a man can't make a livin' at it any more. Th' boy ort t' hev a chance."

Tommy shot a grateful glance at his mother, and then looked back at his father. He knew that from him must come the final word.

"You kin try it," said his father, at last. "I reckon you 'll soon git tired of it, anyway."

But Tommy was out of his chair before he could say more, and threw his arms about his neck.

"I 'm so glad!" he cried. "You 'll see how I 'll work in th' afternoons. We 'll git out more coal 'n ever!"

"Well, well," protested Silas, awkwardly returning his caress, "we 'll see. I don't know

but what your ma 's right. You 've been a good boy, Tommy, an' deserve a chance."

And mother and father alike looked after the boy with unaccustomed tenderness as he ran out of the house and up the mountain-side to think it all over. Up there, with only the stars to see, Tommy flung himself on the ground and sobbed aloud in sheer gladness of heart.

## Chapter III.

### THE DAWNING OF A NEW DAY.

When Bessie Andrews came within sight of the door of the little school-house next morning, she was surprised to see a boy sitting on the step; but as she drew nearer, she discovered it was her visitor of the evening before. He arose when he saw her coming and took off his cap. Cap and clothes alike showed evidence of work in the mines, but face and hands had been polished until they shone again. Her heart leaped as she recognized him, for she had hardly dared to hope that her talk with him would bear such immediate and splendid fruit. Perhaps this was only the beginning, she thought, and she hurried forward toward him, her face alight with pleasure.

"Good morning," she said, holding out her hand. "Your father said yes? I 'm so glad!"

He placed his hand in hers awkwardly. She could feel how rough and hard it was with labor—not a child's hand at all.

"Yes 'm," he answered shyly. "Pa said I might try it."

"Come in"; and she unlocked the door and opened it. "Sit down there a minute till I take off my things."

He sat down obediently and watched her as she removed her hat and gloves. The clear morning light revealed to him how different she was from the women he had known—a difference which, had it been visible the evening before, might have kept him from her. His eyes dwelt upon the fresh outline of her face, the softness of her hair and its graceful waviness, the daintiness of her gown, which alone would have proclaimed her not of the coal-fields, and he realized in a vague way how far she was removed from the people among whom he had always lived.

"Now first about the studies," she said, sitting down near him. "Of course we shall have to begin at the very beginning, and for a time you will be in a class of children much younger than yourself. But you must n't mind that. You won't have to stay there long, for I know you are going to learn, and learn rapidly."

She noticed that he was fumbling in his pocket and seemed hesitating at what to say.

"What is it?" she asked.

"I 'll need some books, I guess," he stammered. "Pa 's been givin' me a quarter of a dollar every week fer a long time fer helpin' him at th' mine, an' I 've got about three dollars saved up."

With a final wrench, he produced from his pocket a little toy bank, with an opening in the chimney through which coins could be dropped inside, and held it toward her.

"Will that be enough?" he asked anxiously.

The quick tears sprang to her eyes as she pressed the bank back into his hands.

"No, no," she protested. "You won't need any books at all at first, for I will write your lessons on the blackboard yonder. After that, I have plenty of books here that you can use. Keep the money, and we 'll find a better way to spend it."

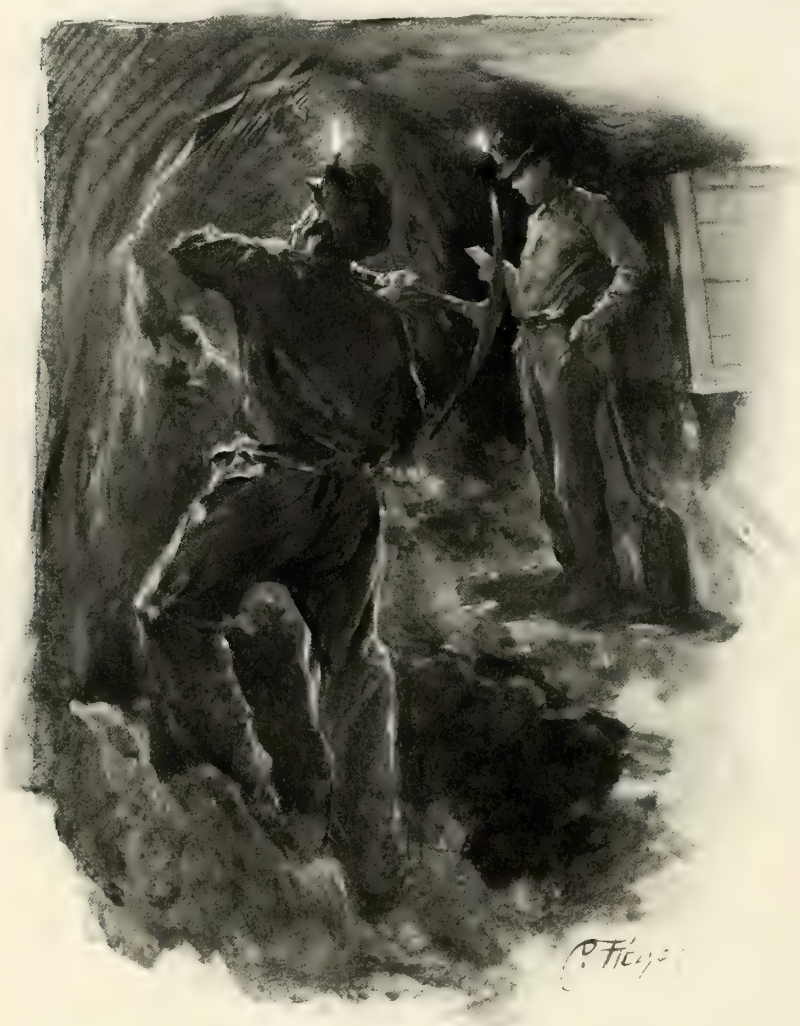
He looked at her doubtfully.

"A better way?" he repeated, as though it seemed impossible there could be a better way.

"Yes. You 'll see. You 'll want something besides mere school-books before long. Put your bank in your pocket," she added. "Here come the other children."

He put it back reluctantly, and in a few minutes had made the acquaintance of the dozen children which were all that Miss Andrews had been able to bring together. Most of them belonged to the more important families of the neighborhood. Tommy, of course, had never before associated with them, and he felt strangely awkward and embarrassed in their presence. He reflected inwardly, however, that he could undoubtedly whip the biggest boy in the crowd in fair fight; but all the reassurance that came from his physical strength was presently taken out of him when he heard some of them, much younger than himself, reading with more or less glibness from their books.

He himself had his first tussle with the alphabet, and before the hour ended had mastered some dozen letters. He rejoiced when he learned that there were only twenty-six, but his heart fell again when he found that each of them had two forms, a written and a printed form, and that there were two varieties of each form, capitals and small letters. Between these he was, as yet, unable to trace any resemblance or connection; but he kept manfully at work, attacking each new letter much as a great general attacks each division of the enemy's army, until he has overcome them all. And it is safe to say that no general ever felt a greater joy in his conquests.



"HE PICKED OUT THE LETTERS HE KNEW, TO MAKE CERTAIN HE HAD NOT FORGOTTEN THEM."

It is not an easy thing for a boy totally unaccustomed to study to undertake a task like this, and more than once he found his attention wandering from the board before him, where the various letters were set down. He wondered how his father was getting along at the mine without him; he caught himself gazing through the window at the cows on the hillside opposite; he had an impulse to run to the door and watch the New York express whirl by. The hum of the children about him, reciting to the teacher or conning their lessons at their desks, set his head to nodding; but he sat erect again heroically, rubbed his eyes, and went back to his task. The teacher was watching him, and smiled to herself with pleasure at this sign of his earnestness.

I think the greatest lesson he learned that morning—the lesson, indeed, which it is the end of all education to teach—was the value of concentration, of keeping his mind on the work in hand. The power he had not yet acquired, of course,—very few people, and they only great ones, ever do acquire it completely,

—yet he made a long stride forward, and when at last noon came and school was dismissed, he started homeward with the feeling that he had won a victory.

That afternoon, as he worked beside his father in the mine, loading the loosened coal into the little cars, and pushing them down the chamber to be hauled away, he kept repeating the letters to himself, and from time to time he took from his pocket the soiled circus poster, and holding it up before his flickering lamp, picked out upon it the letters that he knew, to make certain he had not forgotten them. His father watched him curiously, but made no comment, being somewhat out of humor from having to work alone all the morning. Yet this passed in time, for Tommy labored with such purpose and good will that when the whistle blew their output was very nearly as large as it ever was.

After supper that evening, Tommy hurried forth to the hillside, and flinging himself face downward on the ground, spread out the bill before him and went over and over it again so long as the light enabled him to distinguish one letter from another, until he was quite certain he could never forget them.

At the end of a very few days he knew his alphabet, but, to his dismay, he found this was only the first and very easiest step toward learning to read. Those twenty-six letters were capable of an infinite number of combinations, and each combination meant a different thing. It was with a real exultation he conquered the easiest forms,—"cat" and "dog" and "ax" and "boy,"—and after that his progress was more rapid.

It is always the first steps which are the most difficult, and as the weeks passed he was regularly promoted from one class to another. The great secret of his success lay in the fact that he did not put his lessons from him and forget all about them the moment the school door closed behind him, but kept at least one of his books with him always. His mother even went to the unprecedented extravagance of keeping a lamp burning in the evening that he might study by it, and hour after hour sat there with him, sewing or knitting, and glancing proudly from time to time at his bowed head. They were the only ones awake, for husband and younger child always went to bed early, the one worn out by the day's work, the other by the day's play.

To Tommy those days and evenings were each crowded with wonders. He learned not only that the letters may be combined into words, but that the ten figures may be combined into numbers. The figures, indeed, admitted of even more wonderful combinations, for they could be added and subtracted and multiplied and divided one by another, something that could not be done with letters at all, which seemed to him a very singular thing.

The first triumph came one evening when, after questioning his father as to how much coal he had mined that day and the price he was paid for each ton of it, he succeeded in demonstrating how much money he had earned, reaching exactly the same result that his father had reached by means of some intricate method of reckoning understood only by himself. It was no small triumph, for from that moment his father began dimly to perceive that all of this book-learning might one day be useful. And so when winter and spring had passed, and the time drew near for dismissing the school for the summer, Tommy could not only read fairly well and write a little, but could do simple sums in addition and subtraction, and knew his multiplication-table as high as seven. Small wonder his mother looked at him proudly, and that even his father was a little in awe of him!

It was about a week before the end of the term that Miss Andrews called him to her.

"You remember, Tommy," she asked, "that I told you we would use your money for something better than buying mere school-books?"

"Yes, ma'am," he said; "I remember."

"Well, bring me one dollar of it, and I will show you what I meant when I told you that."

So the next day he placed the money in her hands, and a few days later she called him again.

"I have something for you," she said, and picked up a package that was lying on her desk. "Unwrap it."

He took off the paper with trembling fingers, and found there were four books within.

"They are yours," she said. "They were bought with your money, and you are to read them this summer. This one is 'Ivanhoe,' and was written by a very famous man named Sir Walter Scott; this is 'David Copperfield,' and was written by Charles Dickens; this is 'Henry Esmond,' and was written by William Makepeace Thackeray; and this last one is 'Lorna Doone,' by Richard Doddridge Blackmore. They are among the greatest stories that have ever been written in the English language, and I want you to read them over and over. You may not understand quite all of them at first, but I think you will after a time. If there is anything you find you cannot understand, go to Mr. Bayliss at the church, and ask him about it. He has told me that he will be glad to help you."

Tommy tied up his treasures again, too overcome by their munificence to speak, and when he started for home that noon, he was holding them close against his breast.

Miss Andrews looked after him as he went, and wondered, for the hundredth time, if the books she had given him had been the wisest selection. His first youth was past, she reasoned, and he must make the most of what remained. So she had decided upon these four masterpieces. She sighed as she turned away from the door, perhaps with envy at thought of the rare delights which lay before him in the wonderful countries he was about to enter.

## Chapter IV.

### TOMMY ROAMS IN AN ENCHANTED LAND.

And what delights they were, when once he found time to taste of them! He was kept busy at his studies until school closed, as it did one Friday in early June, and that afternoon he said good-by to his teacher and saw her whisked away eastward to the home she loved. He went from the station to the mine with heavy heart, and labored there with his father until evening came. He did not open his books that night, for he was just beginning to realize all that his teacher had been to him and how he had come to rely upon her for encouragement and help. All day Saturday he worked in the mine with his father. But Sunday dawned clear and bright, and as soon as he had eaten his breakfast, he climbed high up on the hillside to his favorite nook, with only "Lorna Doone" for company. There, in a grassy spot, he lay down and opened the book before him.

He read it stumblingly and haltingly; as his teacher had foreseen, many of the words were quite beyond him; but it was written in English so pure, so clear, so simple, that little of importance escaped him. And what a world of enchantment it opened to him! —the wide moorlands of Exmoor, the narrow Doone valley, the water-slide, the great London road. And what people, too! —the lawless Doones, Captain, Counselor, Carver, who, for all their villainy, had something attractive about them; Lorna, and great John Ridd. Of course he did not catch the full beauty of the book, but of its magic he caught some glimpses, and it bore him quite away from the eventless valley of New River to that other valley where the Doones reigned in all their insolence and pride, and kept Lorna prisoner to be a bride to Carver.

Hunger warned him of the dinner-hour, but he begrudged the time it took to go down to the house, swallow his food, and get back again to his place on the hillside. The afternoon passed almost before he knew it, and the lengthening shadows warned him that evening was at hand. Still he read on, glancing up only now and then to mark how the light was fading, and when it failed altogether it left John just in the midst of his adventures in London. Tommy lay for a long time looking down the valley and thinking over what he had read, and at last, with a sigh, picked up the book and started homeward.

What need to detail further? All summer long he walked in a land of enchantment, whether with John Ridd on Exmoor, with David Copperfield in London, with Richard Lion-heart in Sherwood Forest, or with Henry Esmond at Castlewood.

As he went onward he grew stronger in his reading, and so found the way less difficult, and at last acquired such proficiency that he would read portions of his books aloud to his wondering parents and to Johnny.

Mr. Bayliss found them sitting so one Sunday afternoon, and paused at the porch to listen. Tommy read that last desperate struggle between John Ridd and Carver Doone.

For an instant there was silence. Then, with a sigh, Tommy's father relaxed his attitude of strained attention and dropped back in his chair. "Jee-rusalem!" he said at last. "Ter think of it! Th' bog swallered him up."

Tommy smiled to himself, in his superior knowledge.

"That ain't all," he said. "There 's another chapter."

"Another chapter!" cried his father. "Go on, Tommy."

And as Tommy turned to the book again, Mr. Bayliss stole away down the path, convinced that this was not the time to make his presence known. On his homeward way he pondered deeply the scene he had just witnessed. Its significance moved him strongly, for he saw a ray of hope ahead for the success of his ministry among this people. Five years before, when he was a senior at the Princeton Theological Seminary, he had chanced upon an open letter in a mission magazine which stated that for miles and miles along this valley there was not a single minister nor church, and so soon as he had been ordained he had journeyed to Wentworth. At first he had held services in an old cabin, but finally secured money enough to build a small church.

But in matters of religion, as in matters of education, he had found the people strangely apathetic. They came to him to be married, and sent for him sometimes in sickness; it was he who committed their bodies to the grave: but, marriages and deaths aside, he had small part in their lives. He saw that some degree of education must come before there could be deep and genuine spiritual awakening. He had realized the truth of this more than once in his ministry, but most deeply shortly after his arrival, when he had undertaken to distribute some Bibles among the squalid cabins on the hillside.

"We-uns don't need no Bible," said the woman in the first house he entered.

"Don't need one?" he echoed. "Why? Have you one in the house already?"

"No, we ain't got none. What could we-uns do with one?"

"Do with it? Read it, of course."

"But we can't read," said the woman, sullenly. "They ain't no chance t' learn. It 's work, work, from sun-up t' dark. Thet 's one reason we-uns don't come down t' them meetin's o' yourn," she went on. "By th' time Sunday comes, we 're too tired t' care fer anything but rest. And then," she added defiantly, "most of us has got so we don't care, noway."

And now at last he saw a glimmering of light. It was only a miner's boy reading to his parents —a little thing, perhaps, yet even little things sometimes lead to great ones. And the minister determined to do all he could for that boy, that he might serve as a guide to others.

He found he could do much. He helped the boy over difficult places in his books, gave him a dictionary that he might find out for himself the meaning of the words, and taught him how to use it. Gradually, as he grew to know him better, the project, which had at first been very vague, began to take shape in his mind.

It was quite a different Tommy from the one she had known that Miss Andrews found waiting for her when she returned in September to open her school again. His eyes had a new light in them. It was as if a wide, dreary landscape had been suddenly touched and glorified by the sun. So on his face now glowed the sunlight of intelligence and understanding—a light which deep acquaintance with the books Tommy had been reading will bring to any face. She had a talk with him the very first day.

"And you liked the books?" she asked.

His sparkling eyes gave answer.

"Which hero did you like the best?"

"Oh, John Ridd," he cried. "John Ridd best. He was so big, so strong, so brave, so—"

He paused, at loss for a word.

"So steadfast," she said, helping him, "so honest, so good, so true. Yes, I think I like him best too—better than David or Ivanhoe or Henry Esmond. And now, Tommy," she continued, more seriously, "I want you to do something for me—something I am sure you can do, and which will help me very much."

"Oh, if I could!" he cried, with bright face.

"I am sure you can. How many children are in your row of houses?"

He stopped for a moment to compute them.

"About twenty-five," he said at last.

"And how many of them come to school?"

"None of them but me."

"Don't you think they ought to come? Are n't you glad that you came?"

"Oh, yes!" cried Tommy.

"Well, I have tried to get them to come, and failed," she said. "Perhaps I did n't know the right way to approach them. Now I want you to try. I believe you will know better how to reach them than I did. You may fail, too, but at any rate you can try."

"I *will* try," he said, and that evening he visited all the cabins in the row, one after another. What arts he used was never known—what subtleties of flattery and promise. He met with much discouragement; for instance, he could get none of the men to consent to send to school any of the boys who were old enough to help them in the mines; but when he started to school next morning, six small children accompanied him, and among them his brother Johnny. And what a welcome the teacher gave him! She seemed unable to speak for a moment, and her eyes gleamed queerly, but when she did speak, it was with words that sent a curious warmth to his heart.

That half-dozen children was only the first instalment to come from the cabins. Tommy, prizing his teacher's gratitude above everything else, kept resolutely at work, and soon the benches at the school-room began to assume quite a different appearance from that they had had at the opening of school; and one day when Jabez Smith came down to look the school over, he declared that it would soon be necessary to put in some new forms.

"And you were gittin' discouraged," he said, half jestingly, to Miss Andrews. "Did n't I tell you t' stick to it an' you 'd win?"

"Oh, but it was n't I who won!" she cried. And in a few words she told him the story of Tommy's work.

"Which is th' boy?" he asked quickly, when the story was finished, and she pointed out Tommy where he sat bending over his book.

Mr. Smith looked at him for some moments without speaking.

"There must be somethin' in th' boy, Miss Bessie," he said at last. "We must do somethin' fer him. When you 're ready, let me know. Maybe I kin help." And he went out hastily, before she could answer him.

But the words sang through her brain. "Do something for him"—of course they must do something for him; but what? The question did not long remain unanswered.

It was when she met Mr. Bayliss one Sunday in a walk along the river, and related to him the success of Tommy's efforts, that he broached the project he had been developing.

"The boy must have a chance," he said. "I believe he could do a great work among these people—greater, surely, than I have been able to do. See how he has helped you. Now he must help me."

"But how?" she asked. And old Jabez Smith's promise again recurred to her.

"I have n't thought it out fully, but in outline it is something like this. We will teach him here all that we can teach. Then we 'll send him to the preparatory school at Lawrenceville for the final touches. Then he will enter Princeton, and—if his bent lies as I believe it does—the seminary. Think what he could do, coming back here equipped as such a course would equip him, and having, too, a perfect understanding of the peculiar people he is to work among! Why, I tell you, it would almost work a miracle from one end of this valley to the other."

His companion caught the glow of his enthusiasm. "It would," she cried; "it would. But can he take such a polish? Is he strong enough? Is it not too late?"

"I believe he is strong enough. I believe it is not too late. The only trouble," he added reflectively, "will be about the cost."

"The cost?"

"Yes. There will be no question of that after he gets to Princeton, for I can easily get him a scholarship, and there are many ways in which a student can earn money enough to pay his other expenses. But at Lawrenceville it is different."

Miss Andrews looked up with dancing eyes.

"About what will the expense at Lawrenceville be?" she asked.

He paused a moment to consider.

"Say three hundred dollars a year. I think I can arrange for it not to cost more than that, if I can get him one of the Foundation Scholarships, as I am certain I can."

"And the course?"

"Is four years—but we may be able to cut it down to three. Let us count on three."

"Nine hundred dollars," she said, half to herself. Then of a sudden: "Mr. Bayliss, I believe I can provide the money."

"You!" he cried in astonishment.

"Oh, not I myself," she laughed. "One of my friends. I will talk it over with him."

He looked at her, still more astonished.

"Talk it over?" he repeated. "Do you mean to say that we have a philanthropist in our town?"

She nodded.

"But I shall not tell you his name," she said, her eyes alight. "Not just yet, at any rate. Let us get on to other particulars. I see another rock ahead in the person of his father. Do you think he will consent?"

"I had thought of that," answered the minister, slowly. "That will be another great difficulty. But I believe he will consent if we go about it carefully. He is beginning to take a certain pride in the boy—so is the mother—and I shall appeal to that. It is worth trying."

"Yes, it is worth trying," she repeated, "and we will try."

Tommy, who lay in his favorite spot high up on the mountain, reading for the tenth time of John Ridd's fight for Lorna, saw them walking together along the river path. He watched them pacing slowly back and forth, deep in converse, but he had no thought that they were planning his life for him.

## Chapter V.

### Jabez Smith Makes a Business Proposition.

When one is fired with an idea, the wisest thing is to work it out immediately, and Miss Andrews lost no time in carrying through her part of the bargain. She knew Jabez Smith's habits from a year's observation, and that evening, after supper, she hunted him out where he sat on the back porch of the house, reflectively smoking his pipe. His preference for the back porch over the front porch was one of his peculiarities. From the front porch one could see the whole sweep of the valley, with its ever-changing beauties of light and shade. From the back one nothing was visible but the imminent hillside mounting steeply upward.

To be sure, if one leaned forward in his chair, a glimpse might be had of the mouth of a coal-mine high up on the hillside, and his sister said that it was to look at this that Jabez sat on the back porch. It seemed likely enough, for it was from that drift that he had drawn enough money to make his remaining life comfortable. Jabez Smith had come into these mountains while they were yet a wilderness, unknown, or almost so, to white men, save where the highroads crossed them. What circumstance had driven him from his home near Philadelphia was never known, but certain it was that he had plunged alone into the mountains, and battled through them until he had reached the New River valley. Caprice, or perhaps the beauty of the place, moved him to make his home here. He bought two hundred acres of land for half as many dollars, built himself a rude log cabin, and settled down, apparently to spend the remainder of his life in solitude.

Then came the discovery of the great beds of coal, and the building of the railroad through this very valley. His two hundred acres jumped in value to a thousand times what he had paid for them, and when the Great Eastern Coal Company was organized to develop the mines, he sold to them all of the land except a few acres which he reserved for his home. There he had built a comfortable house, and had sent for his widowed sister to come and live with him. He gradually grew to be something of a power in the place, and had been postmaster ever since an office had been established there. It was he who had secured money for the erection of the schoolhouse, and he had been the only local contributor to Mr. Bayliss's church. Still, he was a peculiar man, and bore the reputation of

being harsh, though many said that his harshness was only in manner. Men wondered why, with all his wealth, he should be content to spend his life in this out-of-the-way place. But he seemed to pay no heed to all these comments. He formed habits of peculiar regularity, and one of these was, as has been already said, to sit on the back porch after supper and smoke an evening pipe.

It was there he was that Sunday evening, and he turned as he heard steps on the porch behind him.

"Ah, Miss Bessie, good evenin'," he said cordially. "Won't y' take a cheer?" And he waved his hand toward a little low rocker that stood in one corner. "I hope y' don't object t' terbaccer," he added, as she brought the chair forward and sat down.

"Do you suppose I should have come here to disturb you if I did?" she retorted laughingly. "I want you to keep on smoking. I know a man is always more inclined to grant a favor when he 's smoking."

He glanced at her quickly, with just a trace of suspicion in his eyes, and moved uneasily in his chair.

"What 's th' favor?" he asked.

"You remember I was telling you the other day about Tommy Remington," she began, "and you said something must be done for the boy, and that you wished to help."

"'T was n't exactly thet," he corrected, smiling in spite of himself, "but thet 'll do."

"Well, we have a plan," she continued—"a good plan, I believe"; and she told him of her talk with Mr. Bayliss.

He sat silent for a long time after she had finished, smoking slowly and looking at the hillside.

"I dunno," he said at last. "I dunno. It 's a resky thing t' send a boy out thet way. But maybe it 'll turn out all right. As I understan', it 'll take nine hunderd dollars t' put it through."

"Nine hundred," she nodded.

He took a long whiff and watched the smoke as it circled slowly upward.

"Nine hunderd," he repeated. "Thet 's a lot o' money—a good bit o' money. I 'm afeard I ain't got thet much t' give away, Miss Bessie. I don' believe in givin' people money, anyways."

He glanced at her and saw how her face changed. Her voice was trembling a little when she spoke.

"Very well, Mr. Smith," she said. "Of course it is a lot of money. I had no right to ask you." And she rose to go. "I 'll tell Mr. Bayliss and we will find some other plan."

"Set down," he interrupted, almost roughly. "Set down, an' wait till I git through."

She sat down again, looking at him with astonishment not unmixed with fear.

"Now," he continued, "I sed I did n't hev thet much money t' give away, but thet ain't sayin' I ain't got it t' loan. Now I 'm a bus'ness man. I don' believe in fosterin' porpers. If this yere Tommy o' yourn shows he 's got th' stuff in him t' make a scholar, an' you git his father t' consent t' his goin' away, I 'll tell you what I 'll do, jest as a bus'ness proposition. I 'll loan him three hunderd dollars at five per cent., t' be paid back when he earns it. Thet 'll pay fer one year, an' I reckon I kin make th' same proposition when th' second an' third years come round. Ef 't takes four years, why, all right."

He stopped to get his pipe going again, and his hearer started from her chair with glistening eyes.

"Oh, Mr. Smith," she began, but he waved her back.

"Set down, can't you?" he cried, more fiercely than ever; and she sank back again, beginning at last to understand something of this man. "I ain't through yet. When you git ready fer th' money, you come t' me an' I 'll make out th' note. You kin take it t' him and let him sign it. But I don' want no pollyfoxin' round me. I won't stand it. You tell th' boy t' keep away from me, an' don't let anybody else know, er I won't loan him a cent."

She sat looking at him, her lips trembling.

"Now you mind," he repeated severely, shaking his pipe at her, but not daring to meet her eyes. "I won't have no foolin'. Promise you 'll keep this t' yourself."

She was laughing now, her eyes bright with unshed tears.

"I promise," she cried. "But oh, Mr. Smith, you can't prevent my thinking, though you may prevent my talking. Do you want to know what I think of what you 've done?"

He shook a threatening finger, but she was bending over him and looking down into his eyes.

"No, you can't frighten me. I 'm not in the least afraid of you, for I think you 're a dear, dear, *dear!*"

He half started from his chair, but she turned and fled into the house, casting one sparkling glance over her shoulder as she went. He sank back into his seat with a face quite the reverse of angry, and started up his pipe again, and as he gazed out again at the hillside he was tasting one of the great sweetnesses of life.

That evening, at the close of the service in the little church, Miss Andrews waited for the minister, to tell him her good news.

"And who is this Good Samaritan?" he asked, when she had finished. "It may be business, as he says, but it 's rather queer business, it seems to me, to lend a boy nine hundred dollars, with no security but his own, and with an indefinite time in which to repay it. What could have persuaded him to do it?"

"Well," she said thoughtfully, "he saw the boy."

"And the boy had you to plead his cause," he added, smiling at her. "Come, I 'll not ask you again who this mysterious benefactor is. Perhaps I suspect. I think I 've had some dealings with him myself."

"I knew it!" she cried, clapping her hands in her excitement. "I knew this was not the first time, the moment he began to talk harshly to me. Oh, you should have heard him!"

"I have heard him," he laughed.

"Tell me."

Here is the story—with a few details about himself which the minister omitted.

Three years before, there had been a strike in the mines of the Great Eastern Coal Company. What caused it is no matter now—but one morning when the whistle blew not a single man answered it, and the mines were shut down.

For a time things went much as usual in New River valley. The miners sat in front of their houses smoking, or gathered in little groups here and there to talk over the situation. But by degrees the appearance of contentment disappeared. None of the men had saved much money; many had none at all; still more were already in debt at the company store. Further credit was refused, and it was whispered about that the company meant to starve them into subjection. The faces of the men began to show an ominous scowl; the groups became larger and the talk took on a menacing tone. The reporters telegraphed that there would soon be trouble in the New River valley.

During all this time Mr. Bayliss had worked unceasingly to bring the strike to an end. He had labored with the officials of the company, and with the men. Both sides were obdurate. The men threatened violence; the company responded that in the event of violence it would call in the law to protect its property, and that the muskets of the troops would be loaded with ball. In the meantime, the wives and children of the miners had no food, and things were growing desperate.

Just when matters were at their worst, a strange thing happened. One of the miners one morning found a sack of flour on his door-step; another found a side of bacon; a third, a basket of potatoes; a fourth, a measure of meal. Whence the gifts came no one knew; and no one tried to probe the mystery, for it was whispered about that it was bad luck to try to discover the giver, since he evidently wished to remain unknown. Word of all this came, of course, to Mr. Bayliss, and he wondered like the rest.

He was called, one night, to a cabin on the mountain-side, where a miner's wife lay ill.

It was not till long past midnight that she dropped asleep, and after cheering up the husband and children as well as lay in his power, he left the cabin and started homeward. As he paused for a moment to look along the valley, and wonder anew at its beauty, he heard footsteps mounting the path toward him, and glancing down, he saw a man approaching, apparently carrying a heavy load. He stood where he was and watched the stranger as he turned up a path which led to a cabin, and the watcher saw him place a bundle on the door-step. The minister understood. It was the man who had been saving the miners' families from starvation.

"My friend—" he said gently.

The stranger started as though detected in

some crime, dropped the sacks he was carrying, and sprang upon the minister.

"Now, what d' y' mean?" he cried hoarsely, clutching the minister fiercely by the shoulders. "Spyin', was y'?"

"No, I was not spying, Mr. Smith," he said. "I came this way quite by accident. But I am thankful for the accident that has made you known to me."

Jabez Smith dropped his hands.

"The preacher!" he muttered, and looked at him shamefacedly. "Promise me you 'll fergit about this, Mr. Bayliss."

"How can I promise what I can never do?" asked the other, with a smile.

"At least," said Jabez, imploringly, "promise me you 'll tell nobody, sir. If y' do tell," he added fiercely, "it 'll stop right here." And he turned to pick up his bundles.

"Let me help you," said the minister, quickly. "That is too heavy a load for one man, however light his heart may be." And he stooped and picked up two of the sacks.

The other grumbled a little, but saw it was of no use to protest, and they toiled up the hill together. At last every one of the bundles had been left behind, and they turned homeward.

"Mr. Smith," began the minister, softly, "I can't tell you how my heart has been moved to-night."

"Stop!" cried the other. "Stop! I won't have it."

"At least I may help you as I have to-night," the minister pleaded. "Let me do that."

It was only after much persuasion that Jabez consented even to this. But consent he did, finally, and every night after that they went forth together on their errand of mercy, until at last miners and mine-owners reached a compromise and the strike ended. Since then, other cases of great need had been helped in the same way—only worthy cases, though, and in no instance had he helped the lazy or wilfully idle. A man who would not work, Jabez declared sternly, deserved to starve.

When Miss Andrews that evening ran up the steps which led to the door of the Smith homestead, her lips still quivering from the story she had heard, she caught a glimpse of the owner. It was only a glimpse, for when he saw her coming he dived hastily indoors.

## Chapter VI.

### GOOD-BY TO NEW RIVER VALLEY.

So the task of building up Tommy's education began in earnest. They did not tell him the whole plan, but only so much of it as would serve to give him ambition to get on, without appalling him at the work which lay before him. It was not an easy thing to compress into one year the studies which ordinarily must have taken four or five, but the boy developed a great willingness and capacity for work, and if there were times when his teachers despaired, there were others when the way seemed bright before them. I think they both took pleasure in watching his growth and development from week to week,—almost, indeed, from day to day,—in noting the birth of new thoughts and the power of grasping new ideas. To cultured minds there is no occupation more delightful, so the devoted labor of this man and woman was not wholly without reward. But at last such progress had been made that Mr. Remington's consent must be obtained before they could venture on further steps.

Mr. Bayliss went about the task one Sunday afternoon, as the only time he could find the boy's father at home and not wholly worn out with fatigue. He approached the cabin with great inward misgiving, but with determination to win if it were possible to do so. He found the family, as he had found it once before, listening to Tommy's reading, only this time the reader proceeded with much greater fluency. He stopped as Mr. Bayliss knocked, and welcoming him warmly, placed a chair for him. The minister greeted the other members of the family, and plunged at once into his business, before his courage should fail him.

"You enjoy your son's reading a great deal, do you not?" he asked.

"Ya-as," assented the miner, slowly. "It 's a great thing. I hed no idee there was such books in th' world."

"There are thousands of them." And the minister smiled. "Not all, perhaps, quite so good and worthy as the ones you have been

reading, but many of more direct value. There are books that tell about the sciences—about the stars and the earth and the flowers, and about animals and man. There are books that tell about the different countries of the earth, written by men who have traveled through all these countries. There are others that tell the history of the earth and of all the peoples that have ever lived on it, so far as it is known. There are hundreds which tell of the lives of great men—of kings and emperors and great generals and statesmen, yes, and of the men who have written the great books. Many of these are written in the English language, but there are many, too, in Latin and Greek, and French, and Italian, and German, and Spanish which are no less valuable."

The miner and his wife sat staring with starting eyes at the speaker.

"But—but nobody ever read 'em all!" gasped the latter.

"Certainly no one man ever read them all." And the minister smiled again. "But any man may read and understand a great part of the best of them. Tommy might, if he had the chance."

Tommy sat suddenly bolt upright in his chair, and the blood flew to his face.

"Th' chance?" repeated his mother, slowly. "What d' you mean by th' chance, Mr. Bayliss?"

"I mean that after he had learned all that Miss Andrews and I could teach him, he would have to go away for a time to study—to Princeton, say, where I went, where there are men who devote their whole lives to teaching."

Mr. Remington stirred impatiently in his chair.

"What fer?" he demanded. "S'pose he could read all th' books in th' world, what good 'd it do him?"

The minister perceived that there was only one argument which would be understood—the utilitarian one, the one of dollars and cents, of earning a living.

"When a man has learned certain things," he explained, "he can teach them to others. A man who can teach things well can always command a good position. It would rescue your son from the mines, and, I believe, would make him better and happier."

The miner sat for a moment, turning this over in his mind.

"Maybe 't would, an' then ag'in maybe 't would n't," he said at last. "Anyway," he added, with an air of finality, "it ain't t' be thought of. How kin I pay fer him t' go away t' school? It must cost a heap o' money. Why, I can't hardly keep my fambly in bread an' meat an' clothes."

It was the objection the minister had been waiting for, and he seized upon it eagerly.

"We 'll provide for all that, Mr. Remington," he said. "It sha'n't cost you a cent. Of course I know the struggle you have to get along—that every miner has. But every big college has hundreds of scholarships for deserving young men, and there are many ways in which the students can make money enough to pay all their expenses."

He glanced at Tommy, and saw that his lips were trembling. Mrs. Remington was nervously clasping and unclasping her hands. Even her husband was more moved than he cared to show.

"I 'm not going to press you for a decision now," added the minister. "It 's too grave a question to decide hastily. Yet, if you consider your son's welfare, I don't see how you can decide against him. Send him to me tomorrow with your decision. It will be a great thing for him if he can go," he concluded, and took his leave.

There was silence for a few minutes in the little room. Mrs. Remington continued knitting her fingers together, while her husband stared moodily through the window at the visitor's retreating form. Tommy sat glued to his chair, hopeful and despairing by turns, not daring to speak. No such momentous crisis had ever before appeared in his life.

"Well, Silas," said his mother, at last, "it 's like th' preacher says. It 's a great chance fer th' boy. He would n't be a-takin' all this trouble ef he did n't think th' boy was worth it."

The miner turned slowly away from the window and glanced at her and then at their son.

"Would y' like t' go, Tommy?" he asked.

There was a tone in his voice which told that the battle was already won. The boy recognized its meaning in an instant.

"Oh, father!" he cried, and his arms were about his neck.

"All right, Tommy," he said, in a voice not very steady. "I 'm not th' man t' stand in my boy's light. Maybe ef I 'd hed a chance like this when I was a boy, I could 'a' give you a show myself. But I can't."

The mother hastily brushed away a tear that was trickling down her wrinkled cheek.

"Come here, Tommy," she said, and when she had him in her arms, "Your pa ain't hed much chance, thet 's so," she said, "but he 's done th' best he could, an' he 's been a good man t' me. Don't y' fergit thet, an' don't y' ever be ashamed o' your pa."

"You hush, mother," her husband protested; but there was a tenderness in his voice which made the command almost a caress. After all, not even the slavery of the mines can kill love in the heart, so it be pure and honest, and that little mountain cabin was a shrine that afternoon.

Bright and early the next morning, Tommy, with shining face, took the good news to the minister, and together they rejoiced at it, as did Miss Andrews when she heard. Then work began with new earnestness. Both of them recognized the fact that no education could be sound which was not firmly grounded on the rudiments, the "three R's", so they confined themselves to these foundation-stones, and builded them as strongly as they could. There was no more question of working in the mine in the afternoon. His father labored there without a helper, doing two men's work, blasting down the coal and then loading it on the cars; but there was another light with him besides the smoking oil one that flickered in his cap—a light which came from the heart and made the wearing labor almost easy.

It was not proposed to send Tommy to the preparatory school until mid-September, so there were ten months remaining for work at home. And it was astonishing what progress they made. He had grown through his early boyhood, his mind like a great blank sheet of paper, ready to show and to retain the slightest touch. The beginning had been good,—there had been no false start, no waste of energy, no storing the precious chamber of the mind with useless lumber, and the progress was still better. Long and anxiously did his two teachers consult together over the best methods to pursue in this unusual case, and his progress proved the wisdom of their decisions.

So the months passed. Spring came, and summer, and at last it was time for Miss Andrews to close her school and return to her home. But Tommy's studies were arranged for the summer, and she would be back again before he left for the East. He and the minister waved her good-by from the platform of the little yellow frame station, and turned back to their work. Those summer months were the hardest of them all, for his tutor was determined that the boy should make a good showing at the school, and so kept him close at work, watching carefully, however, to see he was not driven beyond his capacity and the edge taken from his eagerness for knowledge. But, despite the long hours of study, Tommy kept health and strength and freshness. All his life he had used his body only; now he was using his brain, with all the unspent energy of those boyish years stored up in it. And when his other teacher came back to her school she was astonished at his progress.

Mr. Bayliss had good news for her, too, of another sort.

"I have secured him a scholarship," he said. "So three hundred dollars a year will see him through."

"That is fine!" she cried. "I will see about the money at once."

It was the evening after her return from Richmond that she sought out Jabez Smith in his accustomed seat on the back porch. He glanced at her wonderingly as she resolutely brought the low rocker forward, planted it near his chair, and sat down.

"Nice evenin', ain't it?" he observed, puffing his pipe uneasily, for he had developed a great shyness of her.

"Yes, it *is* a nice evening," she assented, laughing to herself, for she felt that she knew this man through and through. "I 've come to make my report, Mr. Smith."

"Report?" he repeated.

"Yes, about Tommy Remington. He 's been working hard for almost a year, and has

made wonderful progress. You wanted us to find out if he had the making of a scholar in him. Well, he has. He is fine enough to take almost any polish."

Jabez grunted and looked out at the hillside.

"His father has consented, too," she continued resolutely, "and Mr. Bayliss has secured him a scholarship, so you see we 've performed our part of the bargain."

"An' now y' want me t' do mine," he said. "Well, Jabez Smith never went back on a barg'in, an' he ain't a-goin' t' break his record."

He took a great wallet from an inside pocket and slowly counted out a pile of bills.

"I was ready fer y'," he said, and handed her the money. "I guessed you 'd be a-comin' after me afore long. There 's three hunderd dollars. An' here 's th' note; now don't y' fergit this is bus'ness—not a bit o' sentiment about it. You git him t' sign it."

She took the money and the paper with trembling hands.

"Well, ain't thet all?" he asked, seeing that she still lingered.

"No, it is not all," she cried impulsively. "I want to tell you something of the great good you 're doing—of how I feel about it."

"Not a word," he said sternly. "It 's bus'ness, I tell y'."

"Business!" she echoed. "I suppose all the rest was business, too—the food for the miners' families when they were starving, the—"

"Stop!" he interrupted fiercely. "D' y' want ter spile my smoke?"

"I see through you!" she cried. "I know you! Be just as cross as you like; I can see the soft, warm heart beating under it all."

She gave Tommy the note next morning and asked him to sign it, telling him, too, of Jabez Smith's kindness, and that he must make no effort at present to show his gratitude—that could come later. What his thoughts were she could only guess, for after he had signed, he sat for a long time looking straight before him with eyes that saw nothing, and with lips held tight together to keep them from trembling.

Every period of waiting must have an end, and the day of departure came at last. Word of this new and wonderful venture into the unknown world had got about among the cabins, and quite a crowd gathered at the station to see him off. Opinion was divided as to the wisdom of the enterprise. Some thought it foolish. Others regarded it with a kind of awe. But all looked with interest at the little procession which presently emerged from the Remington cabin and came slowly down the path.

Tommy they hardly knew. His father, by working overtime and practising biting economy, had saved enough money to buy him a new suit of clothes, a new hat, and a new pair of shoes. The remainder of his wardrobe, prepared by his mother with loving fingers, disputed the possession of a small square trunk with the books which the minister had given him and which he would need at Lawrenceville. It was not a gay procession. To father and mother alike, this journey of five hundred miles seemed a tempting of Providence, and Tommy himself was awed at the trip before him. So little was said as they stood on the platform and waited for the train.

Miss Andrews and the minister kept up a desultory talk, but the gloom extended even to them. It is always a venturesome thing to take a boy from the sphere in which he is born and the environment in which he has grown up, and attempt to launch him upon some other plane of life. The responsibility of those who try to shape the lives of others is no little one, nor is it to be undertaken lightly.

At last, away down the track, sounded the whistle of the approaching train, and in a moment it whirled into sight. Mrs. Remington caught her boy in her arms and kissed him.

"Good-by, Tommy," she said, and pressed him to her. "Be a good boy."

All pretense of composure dropped from Tommy, and he turned to his father with streaming eyes. "Good-by, father," he sobbed.

His father hugged him close.

"Good-by, son," he said with trembling voice. "Y' must write to your ma an' me. The preacher 'll read us th' letters, an' we 'll like t' git 'em."

"I will, oh, I will," sobbed Tommy.

The train stopped at the platform with shrieking wheels.

"All aboard!" shouted the conductor. "Hurry up, there."

Tommy shook hands tremulously with Miss Andrews and the minister. He caught a glimpse of Jabez Smith coming to get the mail, and started toward him with a vague intention of thanking him; but some one caught Tommy by the arm and pushed him up the steps and into the coach. Through the window he caught one more glimpse of the little group on the platform, and then the train whirled him away into the great unknown.

## Chapter VII.

### A GLIMPSE OF A NEW WORLD.

But Tommy's sorrow did not endure long. How could it in face of the wonders to be seen every minute through the window? For a time the old familiar mountains closed in the view, but they assumed strange and unaccustomed shapes as they whirled backward past him, with the foreground all blurred and the more distant peaks turning in stately line, like mammoth soldiers. A hand on his shoulder brought him from the window.

"Let 's have your ticket, sonny," said the conductor.

Tommy produced it from the inside pocket of his coat. The conductor took it, unfolded it, and then glanced in surprise from it to the boyish face.

"You 're going a good ways, ain't you?" he remarked pleasantly. "You 'll have to change cars at Washington. We get there at three thirty-nine this afternoon. I 'll get somebody there to look out after you."

"Thank you, sir," answered Tommy. It was good to find that friendly and helpful people lived out in the big world.

"That 's all right," and the conductor punched his ticket and handed it back to him. "You have n't got a thing to do now but to sit here and look out the window. Got anything to eat?"

"Yes, sir," said Tommy, and pointed to a box which his mother had filled for him.

"All right. You 'll find drinking-water up there at the end of the car. Mind you don't try to leave the car or get off when we stop, or you 'll be left." And with this final warning, he passed on to his other duties.

But Tommy had no desire whatever to move from his seat. The train flew on past miners' cabins and scattered hamlets, till at last the mines were left behind, and the mountains began to fall back from the river which they had crowded so closely. The great white inn at Clifton Forge, with its stately court and playing fountains, gave him a glimpse of fairyland. Soon he was looking out miles and miles across a wide valley, dotted like a great chessboard with fields of corn and barley, and with the white farm-houses here and there peeping through their sheltering groves of oaks and chestnuts. It seemed a peaceful, happy, contented country, and Tommy's eyes dwelt upon it wistfully. Wide, level fields were something new to his experience, and he longed to have a good run across them. The mountains fell farther and farther away, until at last not one remained to mar the line where the sky stooped to the horizon.

At Charlottesville, Tommy caught his first glimpse of what a great city may be. Now, Charlottesville is not by any means a great city, but the crowds which thronged the long platform and eddied away into the streets drew from him a gasp of astonishment. And then the houses, built one against another in long rows that seemed to have no end! He had not thought that people could live so close together.

The train hurried on over historic ground, if Tommy had only known it,—Gordonsville, Culpeper, Manassas,—where thirty-five years before every house and fence and clump of trees had been contested stubbornly and bloodily by blue and gray. Another historic place they touched, Alexandria, where the church George Washington attended and the very pew he sat in still remain. Then along the bank of the Potomac,—whose two miles or more of width made the boy gasp again,—across a long bridge, and in a moment Tommy found himself looking out at a tall, massive shaft of stone that resembled nothing so much as a gigantic chimney, and beyond it great buildings, and still other great buildings, as far as the eye could reach.

"Washington!" yelled the brakeman, slamming back the door. "All out foh Washington!"

Tommy grasped his box convulsively,—it was the only part of his baggage that had been left to his care, for his trunk was ahead in the baggage-car,—and looked anxiously around for his friend the conductor. That blue-coated official had not forgotten him, and in a moment Tommy saw him coming.

"Now you stay right where you are," he said, "till I get all the other passengers off, and then I 'll come back after you."

"All right, sir," answered Tommy, breathing a sigh of relief. "I 'll be right here, sir."

The crowds at Charlottesville were nothing to those that hurried past him now, and he sat watching them, fascinated, until he heard the conductor calling from the door.

"Step lively, sonny," he called, and as they jumped down together to the platform, he saw that Tommy was carrying the unopened box in which his dinner was. "Why, look here," he said, "did n't you eat anything?"

Tommy looked down at the box, and hesitated a moment in the effort at recollection.

"I don't believe I did," he said at last. "I forgot about it. I was n't hungry."

"I 'll bet it 's the first time you ever forgot your dinner," chuckled the conductor. "Here, now," he added, as they entered the great waiting-room, "you sit down in this seat and wait for me. I have to go and make my report, but it won't take me long."

Tommy sat down obediently, and watched the crowds surging back and forth through the station and out upon the long stone platforms. It seemed to him that all the residents of Washington must be either leaving the trains or crowding into them. He wondered why so many people should have to travel, but before he could make any progress toward solving the question, the conductor was back again, bringing another official with him.



"OFTEN, AS HE BENT OVER HIS BOOKS, HE WOULD CATCH THE TINKLE OF A BANJO OR A STRAIN OF COLLEGE SONG." (SEE PAGE 43.)

"This is the boy, Jim," he said. "By the way, what 's your name, sonny?"

"Tommy—Tommy Remington."

"Well, Tommy, Jim here is one of the callers. He 'll have to take the four-fifty for Trenton, Jim. Don't let him miss it."

"I won't. I 'll look out for him."

"All right. Good-by, Tommy."

"Good-by, sir," and Tommy shook the hand which the good-natured official held out to him. "And thank you again, sir."

"You 're welcome."

While waiting for his train, Tommy wandered about near the station, and saw something of the great city.

Jim was on the lookout for him, and led him back into the waiting-room.

"Well," he asked, "what do you think of Washington?"

Tommy looked up at him, his eyes dark with excitement.

"Oh," he began, "oh!" and sank speechless into a seat.

"Kind o' knocked you out, hey?" And Jim laughed. "Well, I don't wonder. Here 's your box. Your train will be ready pretty soon. You wait here till I come for you."

For the first time Tommy was hungry, and he opened his box. He was wrapping up the remains of the lunch when Jim called him.

"Come on, Tommy; here 's your train," he said, and Tommy hurried out upon the platform, where a long train stood ready for its trip to New York. He entered the coach, bade Jim good-by, and sat down in one of the seats. It was all new and strange; but even as he looked, a great weariness crept upon him,—the weariness which follows unaccustomed excitement,—his head fell back against the seat, and he was sound asleep. He was vaguely conscious of the conductor getting his ticket from him, but he knew no more until he felt some one roughly shaking him.

"Wake up, youngster," called a voice in his ear. "We 'll be at Trenton in a minute. You have to get off there."

Tommy sat up and rubbed his eyes. The bright lights in the coach dazzled him, but he was pulled to his feet and led toward the door.

"Wait a minute, now," said the voice.

Then came the little shock that told that the brakes had been applied, and the train stopped.

"Now mind the steps," said the voice, and Tommy was hustled down to the platform. "There you are." And before he quite realized it, the train was speeding away again through the darkness. He looked about him. Back of him extended what seemed to be a long shed. The station was on the other side of the tracks, as he could see by the gleaming lights, but there seemed no way to get to it, for two high fences had been built to prevent passengers crossing.

"Where are you bound for, youngster?" asked a voice.

"Lawrenceville," answered Tommy; and rubbing his eyes desperately, he finally managed to make out another man in blue uniform.

"This your baggage?" And the man picked up Tommy's little trunk and threw it on his shoulder.

"Yes, sir; that 's mine."

"All right. You 've got to take the stage over here; it 's a six-mile drive. Come on." And the man led the way down a steep flight of stone steps, along a tunnel which ran under the tracks, and up another flight of steps on the other side. "Here, Bill," he called to a man who, whip in hand, was standing on the platform; "here 's a passenger fer you."

The man with the whip hurried toward them.

"Is your name Thomas Remington?" he asked the boy.

"Yes, sir."

"All right, then. They told me t' look out fer you. Here 's th' stage, out here."

He led the way through the waiting-room to the street beyond, where the stage stood, the horses hitched to a convenient lamp-post. Tommy clambered sleepily aboard.

"Nearly ten o'clock," remarked the driver. "You 'll be at Lawrenceville in half an hour."

By a supreme effort, Tommy kept his eyes open until they had left the town behind and were rumbling briskly along a wide, level road. Then his head fell back again, and he wakened only at the journey's end.

"The boy 's been traveling all day," said some one, "and is nearly dead for sleep. Take him up to twenty-one, Mr. Dean." And he was led tottering away to bed.

## Chapter VIII.

### AN EFFORT IN SELF-DENIAL.

When Tommy opened his eyes the next morning, awakened by the ringing of a bell, he

found himself lying in an iron bed, between the whitest of white sheets. It was a most comfortable bed, and he stretched himself luxuriously as he looked about the pleasant room. In an instant he found himself looking straight into another pair of eyes, whose owner was sitting up in a bed right opposite his own.

"I say," said the stranger, "where did *you* come from?"

"Wentworth, West Virginia," answered Tommy, promptly.

"Never heard of it. What 's your name?"

"Tommy Remington. What 's yours?"

"I 'm Jack Sexton. But, I say, I would n't let myself be called 'Tommy.' That 's a kid's name. Make 'em call you Tom."

Tommy lay for a moment without replying. He had not thought of it before, but the stranger was right. "Tommy" was unquestionably a baby-name. Just then another bell rang.

"Hullo, there goes the second bell!" exclaimed Jack. "We 've got to hustle if we want to get any breakfast."

He sprang out of bed, and Tommy followed him. He picked up a great, soft towel, and vanished through a door. In a moment Tommy heard a prodigious splashing of water.

"Hurry up," called Jack. "Bring your towel and come in here, or you 'll be late."

Tommy picked up his towel and hurried into the other room. He paused an instant at the door in amazement. Jack stood under a wide stream of water, dancing fiendishly and rubbing his face and head.

"Come on in," he sputtered. "It 's great fun."

Tommy threw off his night-clothes, and in an instant was also under the stream. The water made him shiver when it first touched him, but his healthy vitality asserted itself, and that first shower-bath was enjoyed to the uttermost. Then out again, with the great towels around them, rubbing the skin until it glowed.

"Gee-crickety!" exclaimed Jack, casting an admiring glance at Tommy's neck and shoulders. "You 're a good un. Let 's feel your arm."

Tommy obligingly held out his arm and made the biceps swell.

"Hard as a rock," said Jack. "You must have been in training all your life."

"In training?" repeated Tommy. "I don't know. I 've been digging coal pretty near all my life."

Jack gave a low whistle of astonishment.

"Digging coal? In a mine? Well, I 'd dig coal for a year if I could get a pair of shoulders like yours. You 're just the man we need for guard."

"For guard?" And Tommy remembered the three men with Winchester rifles who watched the company's safe at Wentworth on pay-days.

"Yes, for guard. You 're too big to play back of the line, you know. Come on. I 'll introduce you to the captain."

Tommy followed him, wonderingly bewilderedly what it was he was expected to guard. Down the stairs they went, and into the cool, airy dining-room, where some twenty boys were gathered, under supervision of the house-master, Mr. Prime. Sexton introduced Tommy to the other boys, and though he felt somewhat shy at first, this wore off as the meal progressed. And such a meal it seemed to him! —the spotless napery, the shining table-service, the abundant, well-cooked food; small wonder these boys seemed happy and brimming over with animal spirits!

It was not until after the simple little service in Edith Chapel, where the whole school gathered every morning to open the day's work, that he met Captain Blake; for Blake, being in the fourth form, enjoyed the privilege of rooming in the great brick Upper House, apart from a house-master's supervision. Blake shook hands with him, and then he and Sexton took him over to the gymnasium, stripped off his shirt, and looked him over. Tommy stood patiently while they examined him, and listened to Sexton's enthusiastic praise.

"He 'll do," said Blake, at last, nodding emphatically. "We have n't another pair of shoulders and arms like that at Lawrenceville. The only question is, does he know how to use them? Now, Remington, what do you know about football?"

Tommy stared.

"I don't know anything about it," he said. "I never heard of it."

"Well," said Blake, smiling, "you won't



TOMMY REMINGTON NEARING THE LINE.

hear much else around here till after Thanksgiving. It 's a game, and we 're going to teach you how to play it. You bring him out this afternoon, Sexton, and we 'll give him his first practice." And Blake hurried away to attend to some other of his multitudinous duties as captain of the school eleven.

That morning Tommy had an interview with the head-master, who questioned him closely about his studies and seemed much interested in him. The boy felt that here was a man upon whose kindly sympathy and encouragement he could rely.

"I think you will do well enough," he said at last, "though it will not be easy for you. But, with study, you should be able to keep up with your classes. My friend Bayliss has written me much about you," he added. "He thinks a great deal of you, and you must try not to disappoint him. Mr. King will arrange your studies," he concluded; and Tommy was turned over to the tutor.

Sexton carried him off immediately after lunch.

"I 've got an extra suit," he said, "I can lend you. I thought once that I could make the team myself, but I 'm not heavy enough." And he led the way to the gymnasium, where he opened a locker and produced the suit. And presently Tommy found himself arrayed in canvas jacket and great padded knickerbockers, long stockings, and shoes with heavy leather cleats on the bottom. Then he was taken out into the field, where he found some two dozen other boys similarly attired.

Blake nodded to them curtly.

"You give him his first lesson, Sexton," he said. "Tell him what it 's all about, and let him watch the other fellows awhile, until he catches on a little."

So Sexton told Tommy about the game,

and when the candidates for the team were ready to line up, he had a pretty good idea of what they were going to try to do. He watched them take their places and kick off the ball, and was soon shouting up and down the side-lines with the best of them. He had never seen such a game, and it appealed to his every instinct for good, hearty, honest strife and exertion.

"All right, Remington; come on out here," called Blake, presently, and Tommy ran out. "Now you 're to play left guard," continued Blake. "You stand right here next to the center. Now the minute you see the ball snapped back, you push this man opposite you out of the way, and charge ahead. If anybody else tries to tackle you, block him off this way with your elbows"; and Blake suited the action to the word. "Of course," he added, "in a real game you would n't be tackled unless they thought you had the ball, but just now I 'm going to break you in a little, so that you 'll learn something about tackling for yourself."

"All right," said Tommy, and took his place in the line.

"Now keep your eye on the ball, fellows," cautioned Blake. "One-six-eight-eleven."

Tommy had no idea what the string of numbers meant, but he saw the ball snapped back, and he threw himself forward with all his strength. The man opposite him went down like a ninepin, and Tommy caught a glimpse of a little fellow jumping at him with extended arms, and wondered at his temerity. Somebody grasped him about the knees, clung to him with tenacious grip, and down they went in a heap. Two or three others fell over him, and then they slowly disentangled themselves.

"Good work, Remington. Good tackle, Reeves," commented Blake, briefly; and Tommy saw it was the little fellow who had brought him down with such apparent ease.

"Say, that was game!" said Tommy.

Little Reeves smiled.

"Oh, it was easy enough. You were n't going fast. Why did n't you jump?"

"Jump?"

"Yes. Whenever you see a fellow coming at you, and you have n't room to dodge him, jump right at him. That will knock him over backwards, and even if you do fall, too, and he hangs on to you, you have gained some ground, and maybe cleared the way for the man with the ball who 's coming after you."

"Thanks," said Tommy, gratefully. "I 've got a lot to learn, you know. I 'll try it next time."

"Hurry up, fellows; line up," called Blake; and for the next hour Tommy was hauled around and kneaded and rolled on the ground. Then they gave him a lesson in falling on the ball,—it was wonderful how elusive and slippery it turned out to be,—and at the end Blake was pleased to commend him.

"You 'll do," he said. "You 'll make a good guard after you learn the game. Mind you 're out to-morrow afternoon. It is n't every man has such a chance."

And Tommy retired to the gymnasium for a bath and a rub-down, feeling very good indeed. When he had got back to his room, it occurred to him that he ought to write a letter home, and he sat down to this duty. But how far away New River valley and the cramped, monotonous life there seemed! He had been away from it only a day, but it seemed ages off, and he reflected with satisfaction that he was going to escape it altogether. He shivered at the thought that he might never have escaped it—that he might have passed his whole life there, without knowing anything about the great, glorious outside world. He addressed the letter to his father, but it was really for his two old teachers that he wrote, and he told something of his trip and of his great good fortune in getting a chance on the team. He had an uneasy feeling that the letter was not so loving as it should have been, but he tried to make up for this with some affectionate words at the close.

Every afternoon, after that, Tommy donned his canvas suit, and soon began to have a fair idea of the game. Blake put his strongest man opposite Tommy, and the rest of the boys would throng the side-lines to see Remington and Smith fight it out. Both were unusually strong for their age,—Smith had been reared on a great cattle-ranch in the West,—and as it was nip and tuck between them, both grew stronger and better players, while Blake contemplated them with satisfaction, and congratulated him-

self on possessing the best pair of guards that had ever played together on a Lawrenceville team. But suddenly his satisfaction was rudely blasted.

Tommy had been practising faithfully for three weeks or more, when he suddenly became aware that he was falling behind in his studies. He had not noticed it at first, so absorbed was he in his new surroundings; but one morning, at the recitation in history, he found that he did not at all understand what the lesson was about, for the reason that he had quite forgotten the events which led up to it. When the recitation was over, he went up to his room and did some hard thinking. It was evident at the outset that he could not afford any longer to spend the best part of every afternoon on the football field. These other boys had an immense advantage—all their lives they had been unconsciously absorbing knowledge which he must study out for himself. Their associations had always been with books and with educated people, and in consequence they were so far ahead of him that the only way he could keep up was by extra study. He knew that if he once fell very far behind he would never catch up again.

So that day after lunch, instead of hurrying into his football clothes, Tommy mounted resolutely to his room, opened his history at the very first, and went to work at it. It was not an easy task. He could hear the shouts of the boys from the field, and the bright sunshine tempted him to come out of doors; but he kept resolutely at work. Presently he heard some one running up the stairs, and Sexton burst into the room, and stopped astonished at sight of Tommy bending over his book.

"Oh, say," he protested, "you can't do that, you know, Remington. Blake is waiting for you before he begins practice. Hurry up and get into your football togs."

But Tommy shook his head.

"I can't do it, Jack," he said. "I 'm falling too far behind. Why, to-day, in history, I did n't know what Mr. Knox was talking about."

Sexton laughed.

"Well, what of it?" he asked. "Neither did I. Don't let a little thing like that worry you."

Tommy shook his head again.

"It does n't matter with you so much," he said. "You 've got other things. But I 've got only this. If I fail here, I 'm done."

Sexton grew suddenly grave, for he saw the case was more serious than he had thought.

"You don't mean to say that you 're going to give up football altogether?" he asked incredulously.

"I 'm afraid I 'll have to."

"Don't say that," he protested. "Blake 'll excuse you from practice for a day or two till you catch up. I 'll tell him you 're feeling a little stale. How 'll that do?"

"A day or two won't do any good, Jack," said Tommy, resolutely. "You don't know how much I 've got to learn before I 'll be up with you fellows."

Sexton paused a moment to consider how best to rally his forces.

"Now, see here, Remington," he began, "you 're looking at this thing all wrong. Suppose you do fall behind in your studies for a while. The tutors won't be hard on you, because they know how you 're needed on the team, and you can make it all up again later in the year by a little extra work. There 'll be a dozen of the fellows ready to help you. But if you drop out of the team now, just when the games are coming on, it 's all up with you at Lawrenceville. The only fellow who can possibly play in your place is Banker, and you know how weak he is. It 's Lawrenceville's honor that 's concerned, old man, and if you quit now, half the fellows in the place will cut you dead."

"Surely it won't be so bad as that," protested Tommy. "You won't cut me, will you, Jack?"

Sexton's face grew red.

"No, I won't cut you," he said. "But lots of the fellows will. They 'll make it as hard for you as they can."

Tommy's lips went together. His fighting spirit was aroused.

"Let them," he said. "I 've made up my mind. I can't see but one thing to do, and I 'm going to do it. Tell Blake I 'm sorry."

Sexton's face grew stern, too, and he got up from his seat.

"Is that final?" he asked. "Remember,

Blake won't send for you a second time. He 's not that kind."

"I 'm sorry," was all that Tommy could say.

Sexton stood looking at him a moment longer, and then went out and closed the door behind him.

Tommy, shutting all thought of the trouble from his mind as well as he could, turned again to his history. That evening when he went down to dinner it was with the comfortable consciousness that he was ready for the next day's lesson. But his satisfaction was of short duration. As he took his seat at table, instead of the hearty welcome he had grown accustomed to, there was a frigid silence. One or two of the boys nodded to him as he looked up and down the board, but very distantly. Tommy felt a lump rise in his throat as he gulped down his food, and began to understand what his new resolution was going to cost him. Then his mouth tightened, and he looked around defiantly, as though daring them to do their worst.

## Chapter IX.

### BOOKS OR FOOTBALL.

The days that followed were not pleasant ones for Tommy, and more than once he went to bed with sore heart, after a particularly trying day. It was not that he was persecuted or interfered with, or that anything was done to him that would call for the head-master's interference; none of the boys descended to that, though he might have even welcomed a little persecution, for it was the other extreme that irked him. He was left to himself. He was taboo. At table, the talk excluded him. On the campus, no one saw him. In the classroom, no one seemed interested in whether he recited well or badly, or whether he recited at all. No one dropped in to chat with him in the evening, nor was he invited to any of the little gatherings the fellows were always having. Often, as he bent over his books in the evening, he would catch the tinkle of a banjo or a strain of college song, and his eyes blurred so with tears sometimes that he could not see the page before him. But it was only in the solitude of his room he permitted himself this weakness. To the world he showed a defiant face, for his fighting blood was up, and no one suspected how deeply he was hurt. After all, they were only boys, and it is not to be wondered at that, for the moment, victory on the football field appeared to them of more consequence than proficiency in class work.

Two things comforted him somewhat. One was that he no longer went to his classes unprepared. Indeed, he worked at his books so savagely that he was soon in the first group of the class, and more than once the tutors went out of their way to commend him—though it was not for their commendation his heart was aching, but for that of his classmates. His other comfort was in a letter he had received from Mr. Bayliss in reply to the one he had written him, telling of his quitting his football practice.

"I need hardly tell you," the letter ran, "how I have rejoiced in your strength in making this decision and in sticking to it. Nothing would compensate for failure in your classes—not even the applause of the football field. But I can readily understand how much the decision must have cost you, and I think I can foresee how it will affect the bearing of your classmates toward you, for school-boys sometimes have a very exaggerated and false opinion of school honor. Concerning this last, let me give you a word of advice. Next to success in study, there is no more precious thing in college life than class friendship. One can well afford to sacrifice much to gain it. So I would not have you antagonize your classmates unnecessarily. Be prepared to make some sacrifice for them—sacrifice of pride and convenience and time. Perhaps later in the year you may be so well up in your studies that you can afford again to take an active part in the school athletics. Do not hesitate to do so when you can."

Tommy read this letter over and over again, and drew much consolation from it. Gradually, too, some of his classmates began to unbend a little. Little Reeves, who had tackled him so gamely at that first day's practice, was the first to show his friendship. It was one evening, while Tommy was wandering disconsolately about the campus, that he first became aware of Reeves's feeling toward him.

"I say, Remington," somebody called after him.

Tommy started at the unaccustomed sound of his name.

"Hullo, Reeves," he said, as he turned and recognized him.

"How are you, old man?" and Reeves held out his hand and gave Tommy's a hearty clasp that brought his heart into his throat. "Come up to my room awhile, can't you, and let 's have a talk."

"Of course I can," said Tommy, and in a moment was stumbling after Reeves up the stairs of Hamill House, with a queer mist before his eyes.

"This is my sanctum," Reeves remarked, turning up the light. "Sit down here"; and he threw himself on the window-seat opposite. "Now tell me about it, old fellow. I 've heard the fellows jawing, of course, but I want to know the straight of it."

And Tommy opened the flood-gates of his heart and poured the story forth. Reeves listened to the end without interrupting by word or sign.

"But how does it come," he asked at last, "that you can't keep up and play football too? The other fellows do, and they don't drive us so hard here. Has n't your prep been good?"

"Good?" echoed Tommy. "Why, man, three years ago I could n't read nor write."

"Whew!" whistled Reeves, and sat up and looked at him. "Say, tell me about that. I should like to hear about that."

So Tommy, who felt as though he were lifting a great load from his heart, told him the story, beginning, just as this story began, at the moment he entered the little Wentworth schoolhouse with the circus poster in his hand. How far away it seemed to him now! He could scarcely believe that it had happened so recently. Some parts of the story he did not tell in detail; he did not dwell upon the grime and misery of the mines, nor upon the hard conditions of life in New River valley. Somehow they seemed strangely out of place in this airy, pleasant room, with this boy, who had been reared in luxury, for listener. So he hurried on to the time when he first looked into "Lorna Doone," and then to the patient work of the two who had taught him and fitted him for Lawrenceville. Let us do him justice to say that he paid them full tribute.

"Don't you see," he concluded, "I can't disappoint those two people. I 've just got to succeed. Besides, I can't go back to the mines now. I 've seen something of the world outside. It 'd kill me to go back."

Reeves came over and gave him his hand again.

"Right," he said heartily. "You 're dead right. Say," he added awkwardly, "let me help you, won't you? I 'd like to. Come up here in the evenings and we 'll tackle the books together. I don't know very much, but maybe I can help a little. The master will consent, I know."

"Will you?" cried Tommy. "Oh, will you? That 's just what I want; that 's just what I need! But maybe you 've other things to do —I don't want to spoil your evenings."

"Nonsense," growled Reeves. "I need the study as bad as you do—worse, I suspect. I 've been loafing too much, anyway, and going over the rudiments again will help me. It 's as much for my own sake as for yours."

So it was settled, the master *did* consent, and every night found the two together. How great a help Reeves was to him need hardly be said. Yet I think the other profited as much—perhaps more. He profited in self-denial and in earnestness, and, in his eagerness to help Tommy on, himself devoted much more thought to the work than he would otherwise have done. Word got about that Reeves had taken Tommy's side of the controversy, and for a time the others wondered. Some of them dropped in of an evening to see for themselves this remarkable sight of Reeves coaching Remington in the first-form work. The example proved a good one, and as time passed some of the other boys forgot their anger toward him, and admitted him again into their friendship. But it was to Reeves he clung closest of all.

The routine of the place went on day after day without incident; only, more than once Tommy found himself fighting the same battle over again. Reeves scrupulously refrained from talking football to him, but he knew,

nevertheless, that Sexton's prophecy had been fulfilled, and that Banker was making a poor showing for left guard. The place was by far the weakest on the team, and more than once, as the season progressed, the opposing team made gains through it which defeated Lawrenceville. It seemed more and more certain, as the days went by, that they could not hope to win the great game of the season, that with the Princeton freshmen. Blake labored savagely with his men, but they seemed to have lost spirit. A deep gloom settled over the place, and the ill feeling against Tommy, which had bade fair to be forgotten, sprang into life again.

The crisis came one afternoon about a week before the day of the game. Tommy was plugging away at his books, as usual, when he heard the door open, and looking around, saw Reeves and Sexton enter. One glance at their faces told him that something more than usually serious had happened.

"What is it?" he asked quickly.

"It 's mighty hard luck, that 's what it is," said Sexton, sitting down despondently. "Banker sprained a tendon in his ankle at practice this afternoon, and won't be able to play any more this season. He was n't such a great player, but he was the best left guard we had, and there 's nobody to take his place."

Tommy sat for a moment, silent, looking from one to the other. The last sentences of Mr. Bayliss's letter were ringing in his ears.

"Is practice over yet?" he asked.

"No," said Reeves. "It had just begun when Banker was hurt. Blake is hunting around for somebody to take his place."

Tommy closed his book with a slam, pushed back his chair, and from one corner of the room pulled out his old football suit.

"What are you going to do?" cried Reeves, a great light in his eyes.

"I 'm going to play left guard," said Tommy, as calmly as he could, and trying to steady his hands, which were trembling strangely. "Wait till I get these togs on, will you?"

But Reeves and Sexton had him by the hands and were shaking them wildly.

"I knew it!" cried Reeves. "I knew it! I knew he would n't fail us! I knew the stuff he was made of! We 'll beat those freshmen yet."

"Beat them!" echoed Sexton, dancing wildly around Tommy; "we 'll beat the life out of them! Hurry up, Remington. Let go his hand, can't you, Reeves, so he can get into his togs. Let the other fellows get a look at him. It 'll do them good."

## Chapter X.

### JOY AND SORROW.

Meanwhile, down on the football field an anxious consultation was in progress. Captain Blake and the manager of the team walked up and down together, talking earnestly. From their clouded faces it was easy to see how great their worry was. The players were grouped together uneasily, and the other students stood about, exchanging a curt word now and then, but for the most part silent. Gloom was on every face, desperation in every eye.

"There come Reeves and Sexton," some one remarked at last. "Wonder where they 've been? Hullo, who 's that with them? By Jove, fellows, it 's Remington! He 's going to play, after all!"

A sudden galvanic shudder ran through the group. They watched Remington as he walked up to Blake, and strained their ears to catch his words.

"Captain Blake," he said, "I 'm ready to take Banker's place—that is, if you want me."

For an instant, offended pride held Blake back. Then it melted away in a rush of surprise and joy. Even from where they stood, they could see his face light up.

"Want you, old man!" he said, and held out his hand. "I should say we do want you!"

One of the boys had his cap off and was waving it over his head.

"Now, fellows, three cheers for Remington!" he cried. "Are you ready? Hip—hip—"

There was a sudden rush of tears to Tommy's eyes as that cheer floated to him across the field. How sweet it sounded with his name at the end! But Blake had no time for sentiment.

"Line up, men," he called. "Hurry up. We 've got some hard work ahead."

His face lighted up with satisfaction as he saw the way the boys sprang into their places. It was the first time for days they had shown such enthusiasm. In a moment came the signal, and the scrimmage began. Tommy, recalling every bit of football he had ever learned, put his whole soul into the game. He was going to do his best to deserve that cheer. Blake gave them a long, hard practice, but when it was over his face was more cheerful than it had been for many days.

"We 'll be all right, I think," he remarked to the manager. "I think our line can hold 'em now without much trouble. And the boys have got their old spirit back—did you notice?" The manager nodded. "Still, don't be too sure," Blake added, with a captain's characteristic caution, "and don't repeat that to any of the team. I want to keep them working."

Keep them working he did; and how Tommy enjoyed it! What a reception he got at table! He was again admitted to the freemasonry of fellowship which forms so precious a part of school and college life. His heart grew warm from touching those of others, his life grew bright and more complete. He went to his books with clearer brain and keener zest. He was no longer afraid of falling behind. And the old life of New River valley seemed farther away than ever.

His attitude toward the old life is worth a moment's attention. As the weeks passed, he had found the work of writing letters to his father and mother an increasingly difficult task. How could he hope to make them understand his joys and sorrows, his hopes and ambitions, in this new life which was so far beyond their horizon? If he had not known that his letters would be read by Mr. Bayliss and Miss Andrews he would have broken down altogether in the effort at letter-writing. The task was the more unwelcome because it recalled to him the squalid conditions of the old life. He was never ashamed of his parents, though he never spoke of them to his classmates; it was only the home that shamed him, and he resolved to rescue the family from it and plant them in cleaner soil.

A week is not a long time when it comes to whipping a football team into shape for a great game, and that one passed all too quickly for Blake. Rumors reached him of the perfect condition of the Princeton freshmen eleven—of their great team work and perfect interference. He gloomily watched his own men at practice on that last day, and while he told himself he had done the best possible with them, he fancied he could detect a hundred weaknesses, and was anything but confident of the result. Still, they played good ball, he had a strong line, his backs were swift and game—well, Lawrenceville would have no reason to be ashamed of them. And just as he had hitherto hidden any satisfaction he may have felt, like a good captain, he concealed his doubts and affected a certainty of success he did not feel.

At noon of the great day came the Princeton team, accompanied by nearly the whole class—resplendent in orange and black, now they were away from the campus, where such decoration was forbidden, and where, on their return, the sophomores would call them sternly to account for their desecration of the college colors. They were seemingly quite confident of victory, and poured into the field with great halloo. Their team began at once a little preliminary practice, displaying a verve and agility that sent a chill to more than one Lawrenceville heart. But Captain Blake's team got a hearty greeting, just the same, when it came running out upon the field, and for a time cheer followed cheer, until it seemed that they must split their throats. But the throats of schoolboys and college men seem to be made of some unsplittable material, and in this case—as in all other similar ones—there was no damage done.

Then came an instant's breathless silence as the two captains waited for the referee to toss up a penny.

"Heads!" called Blake, as the coin spun in the air.

The referee stooped and looked at it.

"All right," he said. "Heads it is. Choose your goal."

Blake chose the north goal with the wind at his back, while Lawrenceville cheered at this first piece of good luck.

"Take your places, men," called the referee, and the players peeled off their sweaters and trotted out into the field, rejoicing that the hour was come. "Are you ready, Princeton?"

"All ready, sir."

"Are you ready, Lawrenceville?"

"All ready," answered Blake.

The referee waited an instant, then placed his whistle to his lips and blew a shrill blast. There was a swift rush, and the ball was whirling through the air. The game was on.

What pen has ever adequately described a football game, with its multitudinous features, its ever-changing tactics, its kaleidoscopic advances and retreats, its thousand and one individual plays? Certainly it shall not be attempted here. Only, after a few minutes of play, it was evident that the teams were more evenly matched than Blake had dared to hope and that the score would be a close one. Blake's face cleared as he realized that his opponents were not so terrible as they had been pictured.

"Steady, fellows, steady," he panted, in an interval between two rushes. "Don't you fumble that ball, Reeves. Watch your man there, Remington."

Indeed, Tommy found he had his hands full watching his man. Some exaggerated story of his prowess must have got abroad, for the Princeton captain had placed the biggest and strongest man on his team against him. He was certainly bigger and heavier than Tommy, and in the first few rushes had decidedly the better of it. But as the game progressed, Tommy saw with delight that his adversary was growing weaker, while he himself was just warming up to the work. After all, six years' work in the mines will outweigh a few weeks' training, every time. Before long, Blake rejoiced to see that Tommy was holding his man, and that he even got past him once or twice; but the first half ended without either side having been able to score.

The members of both teams received some pretty severe lecturing in the ten minutes' intermission that followed, but the atmosphere in the Lawrenceville quarters was, on the whole, much the more hopeful. Their adversaries had entered the game quite confident of winning, and had met with an unexpected check, which served to dash their spirits. They had counted on carrying the ball down the field with a rush in the first few minutes of play, but had, so far, been unable seriously to threaten Lawrenceville's goal. On the other hand, Lawrenceville had made a better showing than they had hoped for, and were correspondingly elated. Blake was especially happy, though he tried not to show it.

As a consequence of this change of spirit, when the second half opened, Princeton found herself pushed down the field for small but decisive gains. In vain she attempted to stem the tide of that advance. It seemed certain that Lawrenceville must score, and their partizans cheered themselves hoarse; but Princeton made a stand on her ten-yard line, and, desperate by prospect of defeat, succeeded in getting the ball, and, by a long punt down the field, placed her goal out of danger. How Princeton cheered as that ball sailed twisting through the air!

For a time after that it was nip and tuck in the middle of the field, and as the minutes passed, Blake knew that the time for play was getting dangerously short. If anything was to be done, it must be done without delay. He looked his men over with calculating eye. Undoubtedly Remington was the only man for the play, for he seemed quite fresh, despite the rough time he had been having with the man against him. Blake looked at his bright eyes and firm-set lips and distended nostrils, and made up his mind on the instant. He took advantage of the first opportunity, during a moment's intermission while one of the boys was rubbing a twisted ankle, to outline his plan.

"Now, Remington," he said in a whisper, "I 'm going to let you run with the ball. We 'll push it as far down the field as we can, then, after the third down, Reeves, here, will pass it to you. Put all your steam into your legs, old man. I 'll give the other boys the word."

Tommy went back to his place with a queer tingling at his heart. Ordinarily the men in the line do not get a chance to so distinguish themselves. It is the half-backs and the full-back who make the so-called "grand-stand plays"—those long, zigzagging runs down the field with the ball which raise the spectators out of their seats, and send flags to waving and

men to shouting. The average looker-on, knowing nothing of the inwardness of the game, does not appreciate the hard work which the men in the line are doing every minute of the time—there is nothing showy about it, nothing spectacular; it is merely downright hard work. So Tommy, knowing that this would be his one chance, determined to make the most of it.

Lawrenceville, nerved by the thought of a final effort, made three good gains, carrying the ball to Princeton's twenty-five-yard line. But the Princeton captain had seen Blake's conferences with his men, and suspecting that something was about to happen, passed the word around to his players to be on their guard. They made a desperate stand, and succeeded in holding Lawrenceville for the second and third downs. Reeves pinched Tommy's leg to remind him that his time had come—as if he had any need of a reminder! He took a deep breath, there came a quick signal from Blake, and in an instant he was off, with the ball tucked snugly under his arm.

As he sprang forward, he saw the guard opposite him whirled violently to one side, and he knew that the other members of the team were clearing his way. He saw one of the Princeton backs before him, but he, too, was thrown aside; and then Tommy saw that it was Blake himself who was interfering for him. Away down the field in front he saw the Princeton full-back sweeping toward him, and behind him came the pounding of many feet. Whether they were friend or foe he did not know, and he dared not glance around, but they seemed ominously near. Dimly and confusedly he heard the cheering of the crowd. The bleachers on the sides of the field were a mere blur of faces. Then the full-back was upon him. Tommy remembered the advice little Reeves had given him, and sprang full at his opponent at the instant he stooped to the tackle. Together they were hurled to earth, Tommy clutching the ball with a grip only death would have loosened. He tried to hitch himself along toward the goal-post just ahead —so near he could almost touch it. He gained a foot—two feet—a yard—with those desperate hands still clinging to his legs; and then, just as a crushing avalanche of men fell on him, he stretched the ball forward at full-arm length and called:

"Down!"

There was an anxious minute as the referee untangled the heap in order to get at the ball. At the bottom he found Tommy still grasping it tightly, and Blake gave a yell of triumph as he saw it.

"It 's a touch-down, fellows!" he cried. "It 's six inches over the line!"

Tommy, gasping for breath, heard the words, and for an instant his head fell forward in the sheer exhaustion of joy. Then it seemed that a thousand hands were lifting him, and when he opened his eyes a minute later, he found himself on the shoulders of a yelling mob which was parading around the field. They paused for an instant to watch Reeves kick the goal, and then started off again like madmen.

"Let me down, fellows!" cried Tommy, struggling against the hands which held him by leg and ankle. "Let me down. They 'll line up again in a minute."

"No, they won't," yelled Sexton, who had charge of Tommy's right leg. "Time 's up! You got the ball over in the last minute of play, old man."

He had his cap off.

"Now, three cheers for Remington!" he cried. "Are you ready? Hip—hip—"

But there was no response, for suddenly across the field they saw the head-master coming toward them.

"Does the old man want to congratulate him, too?" asked Sexton of the boy next to him. "I never saw him at a game before."

But as he came nearer, and they saw his face, they fell silent. In his hand he held a sheet of yellow paper.

"Put him down, boys," he said quietly, and Tommy was set on the ground again. "You must come with me at once, Remington," he added. "I have bad news for you."

Tommy glanced at the yellow paper and saw it was a telegram. Instinctively he understood.

"What is it, sir?" he gasped. "An accident at the mine?"

"Yes, an accident at the mine."

So the old life was going to ruin the new life, after all!

"And father is hurt?"

"Very badly hurt," said the head-master, tenderly. "You must start home at once."

"But he is not dead?" cried Tommy.

"No, not dead—yet." And he led the boy away, too crushed to question further.

## Chapter XI.

### BACK TO NEW RIVER VALLEY.

The hour which followed remained always in Tommy's memory as something like a nightmare. He remembered going to the gymnasium, removing his football suit mechanically, taking a bath and rub-down, and getting into his other clothes. Then he made his way to his room, and Sexton, Reeves, and Blake came up and tried to tell him—each in his own way—how sorry they were, and to give him such crumbs of comfort as they could.

"Why, the fellows feel terribly," said Reeves. "We were going to have a big celebration to-night, but that 's all over. There is n't one of us feels like celebrating."

"How could we?" added Blake. "It was Remington won the game. But it 's the first time in the history of Lawrenceville that we did n't have a blow-out after whipping the freshmen."

"Maybe it 's not so bad," said Sexton, with an attempt at cheerfulness. "He 'll be coming back before long,—as soon as his father gets well, you know,—and we 'll have the celebration then."

But Tommy heard little of all this. His thoughts were far away. He saw again the narrow valley, which seemed to shut out all the joy and warm, aspiring life of the outside world; the old existence had seemed so far away, there had been so much to live for, the path before him had seemed so bright; and here it was closing in upon him like a great, black thunder-cloud which there was no evading.

Presently the head-master himself came in and told Tommy to pack up such clothing as he might need, and he would be driven over to Trenton at once to catch the six-o'clock train, which would get him to Wentworth early the next morning. The packing was soon done, and he went down to the buggy which was waiting. As he came out from the dormitory, he saw a sight which first made him stare in astonishment, and then brought a swift rush of tears to his eyes. The boys—all of them, first, second, third, and fourth year alike—were lined up along the path, and as he passed them, each gave him a hearty hand-clasp. Some even ventured upon a word of sympathy, awkwardly and shyly said, but none the less genuine. Tommy quite broke down before he reached the end of the line, and the tears were streaming down his face unrestrained as he clambered into the buggy. They were the first tears he had shed since the bad news had reached him. As the horse turned into the road he glanced back and saw the fellows still standing there looking after him. In after days, when he thought of those first months at Lawrenceville,



TOMMY REMINGTON WINS HIS BATTLE.

he loved best to picture it as he saw it in that instant.

It was only when he was in the train speeding southward, with no one to watch him or speak to him, that he dared put the future before himself plainly. It was evident that if his father was killed, or so seriously injured that he could not go to work again in the mines, some arrangement must be made to support him, as well as the mother and brother. He knew well how little chance there was that his father had been able to save anything. Something, then, would have to be done at once. But what? He shrank from the answer that first occurred to him. He turned his face from it, and set his brain to work to find another way. But he was soon stumbling blindly among the intricacies of his own thoughts, and finally fell into a troubled sleep. But on the instant his eyes closed, as it seemed to him, some disturbing and terrible vision would dance before him and startle him awake again.

At Washington he had a half-hour wait, and looked in vain for Jim, the train-caller who had befriended him before, but whom he now saw nothing of, for that official worked only in the daytime. Yet he no longer felt ignorant and dependent. The crowd—which even at midnight throngs the station at Washington—did not astonish him as it had before. He knew, somehow, that he was quite a different boy from the one who had made this same journey only three short months before. He felt quite able to look out for himself. But as he was clambering up the steps to his train, a cheery voice greeted him.

"Why, hullo, youngster!" it said. "Going back home again?"

Tommy looked up and recognized his old friend the conductor.

"Yes, sir; back home," he answered, with a queer lump in his throat.

The conductor saw how his face had changed. It seemed older and thinner, and the eyes were darker.

"Something wrong, eh?" he said kindly. "Well, I 'll look you up after a while, and we 'll talk it all over."

Tommy made his way into the coach, hardly knowing whether to be glad or sorry at this meeting. He was longing for a friend to talk to, and yet he was vaguely ashamed of the confession he might have to make. Could it be possible, he asked himself, that he no longer loved his father and his mother—that he was unwilling to make a sacrifice for them as they had done for him? But then, the sacrifice asked of him would be so much the greater. It was nothing to sacrifice the body, but to sacrifice the brain as well—that was another thing. His breast had never been torn by such a battle as was waging there now.

The conductor did not forget his promise. So soon as he had attended to his other duties, he dropped into the seat beside Tommy.

"Now, what is it?" he asked. "Tell me; it 'll do you good. Get into some trouble at school?"

Tommy shook his head.

"No," he said, "it 's not that. Father was hurt in the mines—and maybe—won't—get well."

The conductor took his hands in both his ample ones and patted them softly.

"Don't you worry," he said. "It 'll turn out all right. These accidents always look worse at first than they are. You 'll soon be coming back again over this same road."

Tommy felt that he must speak—the weight was too heavy for him to bear alone.

"I 'm afraid I 'll never come back," he said brokenly. "There 's nobody now but me to make a living. You 've never worked in the mines. You don't know what it is."

The other looked down at him quickly, and in an instant understood. For a moment he sat silent, considering his words.

"It seems hard," he said at last. "It always seems hard when we have to give up something we 've been counting on. But maybe, after all, we don't have to give it up; and even when we do, something better almost always comes in place of it. It seems, somehow, that nobody in this world is given more than he can bear. I 've felt, often, just as you feel now; but when I 'm particularly blue, I get out a book called 'Poor Boys who Became Famous'; and when I read what a tough time most of them had, I come to think I 'm pretty well off, after all. Ever read it?"

"No," answered Tommy; "I never read it."

"Wait till I get it for you. It 'll give you something to think about, anyway"; and the good-natured official, who had not yet lost the enthusiasms of his boyhood, hurried away to get it.

Five minutes later Tommy had forgotten all about his own troubles. The first page of the book had opened another life to him, whose struggles made his own seem petty and unimportant. It was of George Peabody he was reading—born at Danvers, Massachusetts, in 1795, his parents so poor they could afford him little schooling; at eleven sent into the world to earn a living; of his noble career, until at last, dead in London, he was mourned even by the Queen of England; Westminster Abbey was opened for his funeral; statesmen and noblemen bowed before his coffin; the noblest man-of-war in her Majesty's navy was sent to bring the body back to his native land, which was in mourning for him from sea to sea; and, at the end, he was laid tenderly to rest beside the mother he had loved so tenderly, his life-work done, his name imperishable.

With a long sigh, Tommy closed the book, and sat looking before him with eyes that saw nothing. But his task no longer seemed so difficult. This man had conquered even greater obstacles—why not he? The conductor came by and glanced at him, saw what was in his mind, and passed on without speaking.

At last he turned to the next biography—Bayard Taylor, walking sixty miles to get a poem printed, and failing; living in Europe on a few pennies a day, sometimes almost starving, but always writing, writing, writing, until at last came victory, and a niche in the hall of fame where the great literatures of the world live forever. He read of Watt, of Mozart, of Goldsmith, of Faraday, of Greeley, of Moody, of Childs, of Lincoln. What a galaxy of great names it was! And when at last he laid the book down, he could see the dawn just breaking in the east.

"You have n't finished it already, have you?" asked the conductor, coming up behind him.

Tommy nodded, too full for words.

"It 's a great book, is n't it?" And he dropped into the seat a moment and took up the book fondly. "It 's helped me over a lot of rough places. Maybe it will be of use to you. Will you keep it?"

Tommy looked at him, astonished.

"Keep it?" he repeated. "Do you mean you 'll give it to me?"

The other looked out of the window to avoid catching his eye. Somehow he found it no longer possible to patronize this boy. The boy had grown, had broadened; it was not the same boy he had met before, but one who interested him vastly more.

"I want you to have it, you see," he explained awkwardly. "You can't get a copy at Wentworth, while I can easily get another at Washington. I 'd like you to have something to remember me by. My name 's on the fly-leaf. Will you take it?"

He read the answer in the boy's eyes, and fairly pushed the book into his hands.

"Put it in your pocket," he said, and jumped up hastily. "Now I 've got to go. There, don't thank me. I know how you feel"; and he hastened away down the aisle.

Tommy tucked the inspiring volume into his pocket, and turned again to the window. He was not at all sleepy—the hours had passed so quickly that they had left no fatigue behind them. He saw that the train was entering the mountains.

More and more familiar grew the landscape. Away up on the mountain-side he discerned the black opening that marked the mouth of the mine where his father had worked. There was the little school-house; he could hear the engine-bell clanging wildly.

"Wentworth!" cried the brakeman, slamming open the door. "Wentworth!"

And in an instant Tommy was on the platform, where his teacher met him.

"He is not dead?" he cried, looking up into her face, yet dreading what he might read there. "Don't say he is dead!"

"No, no," protested Miss Andrews, smiling down at him. "He is not dead. He is not going to die. But he wants to see you so badly!"

Together they hurried up the steep, narrow path, the woman wondering within herself if

this could be the same boy she had known. He seemed so changed—years older. As they neared the house, Tommy caught sight of a familiar figure standing in the doorway looking down at them, and he ran forward and up the steps to the porch.

"Oh, mother!" he cried, and nestled close against her breast as her arms strained him to her.

His mother said never a word, but the tears were streaming down her face as she bent over him and kissed him.

"Come in an' see your father," she said. "He 's been askin' fer you ever sence it happened."

Tommy followed her into the little room,—how squalid it seemed now in comparison with the bright, airy rooms at Lawrenceville!—and stood for an instant, looking down at the wan figure on the bed.

"Tommy!" it gasped.

Whatever of coldness had grown into his heart melted away in that instant, and left him sobbing on his father's breast. Then, suddenly remembering that his father was injured, he attempted to draw away; but his father's arms held him close.

"You 're not hurtin' me, boy," he said. "I ain't hurt up here. It 's in th' legs. One of 'em had t' come off, Tommy. I 'm 'feard my minin' days is over."

"There, now," said Mrs. Remington, soothingly, "don't you worry. All you 've got t' do is t' git well. Now go t' sleep. Come away, Tommy"; and she drew him from the bed.

It was only then, as they sat on the front porch with Miss Andrews, that he heard the story of the accident. His father, it seemed, had, by some chance, been working alone at the face of a new chamber, some distance from the other men. In some way a great mass of coal, loosened, perhaps, by a previous blast, had fallen upon him, pinning him to the ground. The left leg had been crushed so badly that the surgeon found it necessary to amputate it just above the knee. The patient had rallied from the operation nicely, there were no bad symptoms, and it seemed certain he would recover.

There was a long silence when the story was told, and all of them sat looking down into the valley, each busy with his own thoughts. Suddenly Mrs. Remington's housewifely instinct asserted itself.

"Good gracious!" she exclaimed. "What hev I been thinkin' of? Tommy ain't hed a bite o' breakfast!"

"I 'm not hungry, mother," he protested. "I 'll wait till dinner. It 'll soon be noon. You can get it a little earlier than usual," he added, seeing that she was still bent on making him eat. "I want to go up on the mountain awhile. I can't be of any use here, can I?"

"No," answered his mother, regarding him doubtfully. "Your father 's asleep, and even if he wakes up, I kin 'tend t' him."

"All right. I won't be gone long"; and anxious to get away with only his thoughts for company, he started quickly up the hill.

"Now, I wonder—" began his mother, looking after his retreating figure.

"He has a battle to fight," said Miss Andrews, softly, "and I 'm certain he 's going to win it."

The mother understood, and as she looked out across the valley her face grew gray and lined.

## Chapter XII.

### A boy's battle.

Up on the mountain-side Tommy was indeed fighting the battle of his life. He had made his way mechanically to the top of the ledge of rock from which the spring gushed forth, and had flung himself down upon the grass which crested it. He could see far down the valley, until at last, away in the distance, the purple mountains closed in and cut it off.

He looked down upon it all, but not upon its beauty. For its beauty formed no part of the lives of the people who worked out their destinies here. The ugly places along the river were typical of their lives. For them it was only to dive deep into the earth and drag forth the black treasure that had been entombed there, to send it forth to warm and light the world and to move the wheels of industry—to do this at the sacrifice of health and strength and happiness, and, worse than all, of intellect.

Of all that the broader life meant, Tommy



"'DO YOU KNOW WHAT THIS IS?' JABEZ SMITH ASKED, HOLDING OUT THE STRIP OF PAPER." (SEE PAGE 55.)

had just begun to understand the meaning. He had taken his first draft of the sweets of study and of intellectual fellowship, and the taste would linger in his mouth forever, making all others stale and insipid by comparison. Must he decide deliberately to turn away from the source of that enjoyment? Was there no other way?

And then, of a sudden, a thought came to him which stung him upright. He owed Jabez Smith three hundred dollars. He must not only provide for father and mother: he must also repay that money. He dropped back again upon the turf with tight-closed lips. What a tremendous sum it seemed! But other boys had done as much, and, suddenly remembering his book, he drew it from his pocket and for a time was buried in its pages.

When Tommy closed the book and replaced it in his pocket, the struggle was quite over, and he went calmly down again to the house.

His mother looked at him with anxious eyes as he entered, but the calmness of his face seemed to reassure her. The meal was on the table, and he sat down to it with a hunger born of his long fasting.

"Where 's Johnny?" he asked suddenly, seeing that his younger brother's place at table remained vacant.

"Mis' Jones took him," answered his mother. "I did n't want anybody t' tend to but your father, after th' accident. Mis' Jones said she 'd look out fer him fer a few days."

"How is father?"

"Still asleep. A long sleep 'll do him good, th' doctor says. But nothin' can't make his leg grow out ag'in."

"No," said Tommy, "nothing can do that."

His mother went on with the meal in moody silence.

"I s'pose you hed a nice time out East?" she asked at last.

"Yes, a nice time. There were a lot of nice fellows there."

"An' could y' keep up with them?"

"Yes; I managed to keep up. It was a little hard at first, but it was easier after a while."

There was a proud light in her eyes as she looked at him.

"Y' mus' go back," she said, "soon 's y' kin."

"We 'll see," he answered simply. "I can't go back till he 's out of danger. There 's no hurry. A whole year would n't matter much."

There was a tone in his voice which brought his mother's eyes to his face and a look in his face that held them there.

"You 're changed," she faltered. "Y' seem older."

"I *am* older," said Tommy. "I feel years older—old enough, certainly, to do a little work."

She sat looking at him, dreading what would come next.

"Where are my old clothes?" he asked—"the clothes I used to work in?"

Then she understood.

"Not that!" she cried. "Oh, not that!" and would have come to him, but he waved her back, and she sank again into her chair. For an instant he felt as if he was older than his mother.

"There 's no use in trying to get around it," he said, as calmly as he could. "I 've got to go to work, and till something better shows up I 've got to take father's place in the mine. I can do the work, and I 'm going to begin right away. Where are my clothes?"

She rose as one dazed, went to a closet, and drew out the grimy garments. He shuddered as he looked at them. His mother saw the look of disgust, and understood it.

"It sha'n't be!" she cried, and flung the garments back into the closet and shut the door.

But Tommy had already conquered his disgust.

"Come, mother," he said, "we 're making a mountain out of a mole-hill. Why should n't I go back to the mine? It 's only for a little while, till I can find something else. I 'm sure I can soon find something else. Give me the clothes."

She made no movement, and he opened the door and took them out himself.

"I 'll be back in a minute," he said, and went into the other room.

His loathing came back to him as he slowly donned the dirty garments. For three months he had been clean, and he had reveled in the luxury of cleanliness. But that was all over now. The coal-dust would conquer him as it

had done before. But he shook the thought from him, and was quite himself when he came out again into the kitchen where his mother was. She was sitting on a chair, her lips quivering, her eyes misty with tears.

"Come here, Tommy," she said. "Come an' kiss me. You 're a good boy, Tommy."

He went to her, and she put her arms convulsively about his neck. He stooped and kissed the trembling lips, then gently loosed her arms and stood away. His eyes were luminous with the joy of sacrifice.

"I must go," he said. "The whistle will blow soon. Remember, I 'll be hungry for supper," he added gaily.

"I 'll remember," she answered, almost smiling. What a supper she would have for him!

She stood on the porch watching him as he went down the path and up the opposite hillside toward the mine. How often had she watched her husband so! He looked back just before he passed from sight and waved his hand to her.

But there was a scene on the hillside she could not see, for as the boy turned away a harsh voice startled him.

"Ain't you Tommy Remington?" it asked.

He looked up with a start and recognized Jabez Smith.

"Yes, sir," said Tommy, quickly, "and I want to thank you, sir, for—"

"Stop!" cried Jabez, in a tremendous voice. "Not a word. Where you goin' in them clothes?"

"To work," faltered the boy, astonished at this unexpected outburst.

"Where?" asked Jabez, sternly.

"At the mine."

"At the mine!" roared Jabez. "Well, I 'll be blowed! Es thet all your l'arnin' amounts to? You go away t' study, an' then come hum an' go t' work ag'in in th' mine!"

"We need money," said the boy, timidly. "I can do this until I find something better."

"Did your father an' mother send you up here?"

Tommy colored at the tone of his voice.

"No, sir," he answered quickly. "Father knows nothing at all about it. And my mother tried her best to keep me from coming."

Jabez stood and looked at him steadily for a full minute.

"I must go," said Tommy. "I 'll be late if I don't hurry."

"Wait a minute"; and Jabez impressively drew a great wallet from an inner pocket. "You seem t' fergit thet I 've got somethin' t' say about this—thet I 've got an int'rust in y'." He opened the wallet and selected a strip of paper from the mass of documents with which it was crammed. "Do you know what this is?" he asked, holding it out.

Tommy glanced at it, and blushed to his ears.

"Yes, sir, I know. It 's my note for three hundred dollars. That 's another reason I must get to work. I think I can pay you two dollars a week on it."

But Jabez stopped him again.

"Who said anything about pay?" he demanded savagely. "I 'm a business man. I 've lent you this money at five per cent.—a good int'rust. I 'd counted on keepin' it out six or eight year, anyway, an' six hunderd dollars more on th' same terms. What right 've you got t' upset all them calcerlations?"

Tommy stared at him aghast. The thought crossed his mind that maybe Mr. Smith was mad.

"Oh, I can't take any more of your money," he faltered. "It 's *not* business."

"It ain't?" repeated Jabez, with fine irony. "What d' y' know about it? I say it *is* business."

"But that 's not all," protested Tommy. "Somebody 's got to take care of father and mother and Johnny."

Jabez threw up his hands with a gesture of despair.

"What ails the boy?" he cried. "D' y' s'pose any man 's goin' t' starve in this free an' enlightened country? Why, th' superintendent up at the mine told me only yesterday thet he counted on givin' Remington a job es watchman."

Now, the superintendent had really told him that, but only after much pressing, of which Jabez said never a word.

Tommy stood staring at the kindly eyes and severe face, trying to understand it.

"Now are y' goin' t' stop interferin' with my business?" demanded Jabez.

"I can't," faltered Tommy, again. "I 've no claim."

At that instant the mine whistle blew shrilly; but the boy felt an iron hand on his arm that held him to the spot.

"Don't go," said Jabez. "Come 'long with me down t' th' house, an' I 'll show y' whether there 's any claim. Come on."

His voice was no longer harsh. It was soft, almost gentle. The boy began dimly to understand what was going on in this man's heart, and followed him down the hill without a word, without a thought of resistance. Jabez led him straight to an upper room fitted up as a kind of office. Tommy caught a glimpse of another room beyond, through the half-open door.

"Sit down," said Jabez, and unlocked a heavy chest which stood in one corner of the room. He took out a little case and handed it to Tommy.

"Look at it," he said.

It was an old daguerreotype—a boy of ten or twelve, with bright face and wide-open, sparkling eyes.

"Thet 's me," said Jabez.

Tommy glanced from the fresh face of the picture to the grizzled one opposite him.

"Ay, look," growled the man. "You 'd ha' looked a long time afore you 'd 'a' knowed it. I spiled my life—no matter how. Now you 're goin' t' make me spile another. Don't y' reckon one 's enough?"

His voice was quivering with emotion.

"Don't y' reckon one 's enough?" he repeated. "I 've allers wanted th' chance t' set some boy straight on th' right road, but I had n't found the boy worth it. I 've watched you from th' time Miss Bessie showed y' t' me at the school-house. I 've heard 'em talkin' about y', and I 've seen what was in y'. All th' time y' was studyin' I was watchin', an' at last I said t' myself, 'Jabez Smith, thet 's th' boy you 've been lookin' fer. You 've spiled one life, but, with God's help, you 're goin' t' make up fer it now.' An' I 've lived in it, an' gloried in it. It 's been meat an' drink t' me, an' here you were goin' t' snatch it away!"

He paused with a kind of sob in his voice that seemed to choke him, while Tommy sat staring at him, long past the power of reply. But the sob was echoed from the other room.

"I won't be still!" cried a voice, and the door was thrown back and Bessie Andrews appeared on the threshold. "I 've heard every word," she continued through her tears. "I could n't help it. I was just coming to see you, Mr. Smith. I 'm glad of it!"

Jabez slowly drew his handkerchief from his pocket and mopped his brow in a dazed way.

"Why don't you speak to him?" cried the girl to Tommy. "But you don't know all about him that I do. Come here with me this instant"; and she threw herself before the older man.

But he caught her and held her up.

"Don't," he protested brokenly. "I can't stand it. Only make him listen. I 've got a right t' tell him what t' do. If he only knowed how empty my heart is!"

There was something in the tone that brought the quick tears to the boy's eyes. His childish obstinacy and pride melted away as he gazed into the other's tender face. He was drawn out of his chair by some power greater than himself, and in an instant was in his friend's arms. He knew that the problem had been solved.

"He 's pure gold," said the other, with his hand on Tommy's shoulder—"he 's just pure gold. I knowed it when I seen him goin' up t' th' mine with these here clothes on. An' he sha'n't stay in th' rough. We 'll make him int' the finest piece of work th' colleges of this country kin turn out."

But the girl, looking down at them, knew that they were both pure gold, and that the old, rough, world-worn nugget was more beautiful than the hand of man could make it.

THE END.

# When We Go to the County Fair



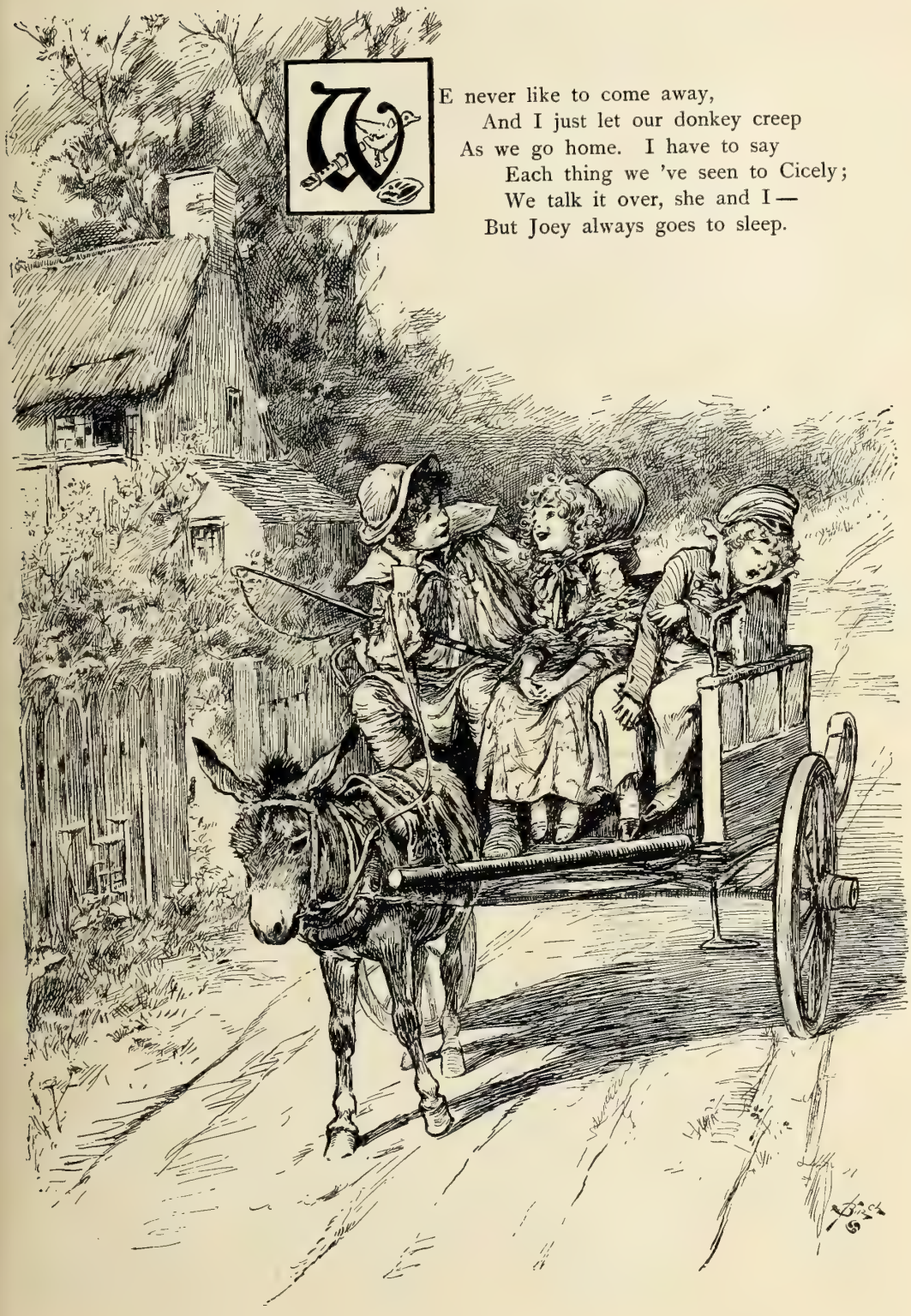
By Virginia W. Cloud.

WHEN we go to the County Fair,
Joey and Cicely and I,
We see just everything that 's there!
We watch the tame white pigeons fly;
Cicely loves them; she 's so small
I don't let go her hand at all —
But Joey likes the dancing bear.

Then there 's the Punch and Judy show;
I 'd rather stay there, but it makes Cicely cry, it scares her so.
The funny dogs more tricks can do!
Sometimes they let us feed them, too—
But Joey always *eats* his cakes!




There is so much to do and see,
We scarcely know just where to start;
We have to spend our pennies three.
Cicely gets a sugar bird,
And I the loudest whistle heard—
But Joey always buys a tart.



WE never like to come away,
And I just let our donkey creep
As we go home. I have to say
Each thing we 've seen to Cicely;
We talk it over, she and I —
But Joey always goes to sleep.




By N. O. Messenger.

What subtle power of fascination does foot-ball possess, that it should have reigned a popular sport and form of exercise for two thousand years? Outliving as it has all efforts to do away with it, the manly game to-day is the most popular sport of the English-speaking peoples of the earth. From Australia to Canada, from Princeton, Yale, and Harvard to Oxford, Harrow, and Eton, Canuck, Yankee, and Briton are devotees of the game and the muscular football man.

Since the Greeks inaugurated the sport—*episkuros* they called it, kicking at an inflated bladder—the game has undergone material changes only in details of playing. The Greeks contented themselves with kicking, and wind and air currents—fate, they may have called it—played an important part in the finish. The muscular and more active Romans took up the game, and added zest and exercise by seizing and carrying the ball into the adversary's lines as well as kicking it. *Harpastum* the game was called by the Romans among whom it flourished. It was rude sport, popular in the military camps and training-grounds, and encouraged by the captains of the legions as making soldiers brave, quick, and fearless.

The Romans passed it on to the Britons, and by this sturdy race it has been retained and developed. The indolent Greek and more indolent Italian have centuries ago abandoned the sport as too severe; but in the tight little isle and among the Anglo-Saxon race dependencies and foster-sisters, and in our own country, it has flourished and grown.

Climate doubtless affected it, for football is essentially fit for outdoor life in cool weather. But may not racial fitness have had something to do with it as well? Football appeals to courage, skill, fair play, and all the qualities of the Anglo-Saxon. It is a test of the survival of the fittest in its most rigorous form. Endurance, the ability to take hard knocks without flinching and without anger, appeal to Briton and Yankee alike, touching the same chord in their natures.





From the date of its introduction into England by the Romans, football continued to remain and grow in favor. It is mentioned in writings in the year 1175, and frequent references to football are found in the manuscripts of the next two hundred years.



By 1300 it had become such a popular form of diversion among all classes, and especially with the yeomanry, that it eclipsed the interest manifested in archery, which to the rulers was the most desirable sport, since it gave the youth of the land not only a love for arms, but training therein which would be useful in further levies of troops.





So jealous did the authorities become lest

football should lead the attention of the youth too far away from archery that King Edward II. seized occasion to issue a proclamation against its further playing in the city of London when the merchant guilds applied for its suppression as a nuisance. The proclamation in the King's name was issued in 1314, an extract from the document saying:

"Forasmuch as there is great noise in the city, caused by hustling over large balls from which many evils might arise which God forbid, we command and forbid on behalf of the King such game to be used in the city in the future."

It is evident that although the demand of the London merchants for forbidding the game in the narrow city streets may have been successful, the game continued among the yeomanry, and King Henry VI. attacked it upon the grounds considered most important by the authorities. In 1457 he issued a decree that "football and golfe be utterly cryed down and not to be used." At the same time he ordered that military reviews should be held, with displays of and practice with weapons.

Henry VII. renewed the prohibition in 1491, his quaint language running thus: "In no place of this realme ther be used futeball, gelfe or other sik unprofitable sportes." But royal decree could not suppress the game, and if put aside for a while, it was only to come forward again with new popularity.

In the time of Queen Elizabeth football was in high favor. It was played in the city streets, on the commons, and in country lanes. There was not much rule or order to the game, the object being merely to put the ball into the enemy's goal, by fair means or by foul. The goals might be a mile apart, with ditches and hedges and highroads between. The players struggled in earnest, and broken bones were no rarity in the rush that followed.

This was probably the roughest and most brutal period in football's history. The accounts of the times speak frequently of accidents, and too often there were fatal incidents in the playing of the game.

Shrove Tuesday was football day in those times, and then the whole populace went football mad. Every one turned out to kick the ball. There was one grand scramble to reach it as it was punted down the streets, over housetops, and across commons. The merchants barred shop windows and doors as the merry crowds surged through the streets, for scant heed was given to any obstacle that stood in the way of the pursuit of the ball. Sometimes two or more crowds, in chase of the flying pigskin, fell foul of one another's course, and then there was a to-do, and the strongest held the right of way, perhaps carrying off both balls, and causing the other crowd to join in their pursuit.



In 1508 the game was popular enough to be mentioned in the literature of the day, and Barclay wrote:

The sturdie plowman,
lustie, strong, and bold,
Overcometh the winter
with driving the foote-
ball,
Forgetting labur and
many a grievous fall.



There is no question that there was opposition to the game on account of its roughness. The powdered, ruffled, satined gallants of the day declared it a rude pastime unfit for polite society.

In 1583, Stubbes, in his celebrated work on "Abuses in the Realme of England," said: "For as concerning football playing, I protest unto you that it may rather be called a friendly kinde of fyghte than a play or recreation, a bloody and murthering practice than a felowly sporte or pastime. For doth not everyone lye in waight for his adversary, seeking to overthrow him and pick him on his nose, though it be on hard stones, on ditch or dale, on valley or hill, or whatever place soever it be, he careth not so he have him downe; and he that can serve the most of this fashion he is counted the only felow, and who but he?"





The popularity of football extended into Scotland, where it rivaled golf, and it spread rapidly over the kingdom. Once a year at Scone a great game was played between the married men and the bachelors of the community. It was the object of the married men to "hang" the ball, or place it three times in a pit, and of the bachelors to "drown" it, or dip it three times in the river. The ball was not kicked, but seized and carried.

A tavern ditty of the period describes the game as follows:

At Scales great Tom Barwise got the ba' in his hand,
And t' wives aw ran out and shouted and banned,
Tom Cowan then pulched and flang him 'mong t' whins,
And he bleddered "Od-white-te, tou's broken my shins!"

With the year 1800 the game began to be adopted by English schools and universities as the leading sport. In 1863, an association was formed and it was made a scientific sport. At this time the game was played differently by different universities. Rugby permitted carrying the ball, holding runners, charging and tackling, while Harrow and Winchester only allowed kicking. In 1871 the Rugby Union was formed, and rules laid down. Prior to 1875 American universities had paid little attention to football. It was Harvard that brought the game to the United States, and, in order to have a foeman worthy of its steel, taught it to Yale. "Old Eli" took gracefully the drubbing that was involved in learning the first lesson, which was learned so well that for many years thereafter Harvard had no more victories.

The Rugby game has been developed in America mainly along the lines of interference and tackling. The Yankees were quick to perceive advantages which could be gained in this direction and put them into play. In 1886 Princeton introduced the "wedge," using it against Harvard, who in turn took it up against Yale next year. Then Harvard went one better and brought out the "flying wedge," which, with the "V," the "push," and the "plow," are permanent features of football work.

In the perfection of football-playing into a scientific sport from the old rough-and-tumble games of the past, an involved system of signals has come into use. The signals are made by calling out numbers.

There seems to be no lessening of interest in the sport. There may be as many as twenty thousand spectators, and the great game of football, which began with the Greeks, was carried on by the Romans, developed by the British, and perfected by the Americans, seems to be indeed the king of autumn sports.





# THE STORY OF BARNABY LEE.

By John Bennett.
(*Author of "Master Skylark."*)

[*This story was begun in the November number of 1900.*]

## Chapter XXXI.

### THE BELEAGUERED CITY.

Meanwhile the vessels of the British fleet had anchored below the Narrows, cutting off all communication between the North River and the sea. The squadron consisted of four ships, carrying ninety-four guns among them, and three companies of the king's regulars, perhaps four hundred and fifty men, to which were now added militia from New Haven and Long Island who had joined the attacking squadron at Nyack. The English colonial governors from Virginia to Maine had been summoned to furnish both vessels and men to assist in reducing New Netherland; but, as yet, one vessel only had come, that one from Maryland, a privateer manned by a cutthroat-visaged crew, and aught but respectable. Reinforcements, both horse and foot, were flocking in by land from the northern colonies, eager to storm Fort Amsterdam and to give the town over to pillage, New Amsterdam being the richest port upon the Atlantic coast.

There was lying in the harbor a little trading-vessel, which carried a battery of ten small ship's guns, and a crew of no more than fifteen men. Her skipper, Derrick Jacobsen De Vries, brother to a brave Dutch admiral renowned for his gallantry, petitioned the burgomeisters that they let him go out to fight the Englishmen.

"Their whole fleet?" they cried.

"I have not much choice; I can only meet them as they come," he replied.

"Why, man, thou art mad!" they said.

"What if I am?" said Derrick De Vries. "Give me powder and men to handle my ship while my crew and I fight, and we shall give an account of ourselves."

"You have only ten cannon, small *gotelingen;* their admiral's vessel has thirty-six guns."

"Then I must fire mine thrice as fast as the admiral fires his. That is not much of a job," said De Vries. "The English are very slow. And we need reckon only eighteen guns, for half of them will be pointed to the opposite side, and we shall not be there. If I remain in your harbor I shall be taken, at any rate. I would rather go up in the air, mynheeren, than stay here to be caught like a cow in the mud. If I could send the admiral to supper with Jan Codfish I should die with more glory than ever was won peddling skins and cheeses."

But they would not let the brave fellow go. Instead, they began to lose courage as they counted over the desperate odds against the city, and began to ponder in their hearts what terms they might get from the English.

Now when Colonel Richard Nicolls first demanded the surrender of the city, he accompanied the summons with an alluring proclamation designed to influence toward surrender all who were predisposed to peace or at all inclined to preserve themselves at the expense of a colony, and in this proclamation guaranteed to the inhabitants safe possession of their property, their lives and livelihoods, on condition that they submit to English rule and take the king's oath of allegiance.

John Winthrop of Connecticut, who was with the British fleet, wrote also to Stuyvesant and to the Burgomeisters' Council, at Colonel Nicolls's suggestion, strongly recommending a surrender, indeed, advising it. But Stuyvesant was determined to stand for honor and duty's sake, in spite of the desperate state of affairs, and fearing that these easy terms, and the very prospect of safety, would undermine what courage still existed in the town, and dissuade the timorous burghers from their showing of defense, sent neither the proclamation nor letter to the Council, and when they demanded the English terms, refused to make them known. Then the burgomeisters in council demanded

the conditions offered them by the enemy in case of capitulation. "We have a right to know what terms are offered us in surrender," they said. "It is *our* lives and properties which will be lost in case of assault, and ye have no right to withhold the terms that are offered to our city."

"'T is shame," he said, "that ye wish to see terms dishonorably offered."

"We are here for our lives, not our honors," replied the burgomeisters. "We would willingly risk our lives, your Excellency, if there were the slightest hope of success; but desperately to rush a handful of half-armed citizens and untrained serving-men upon the pikes of three brigades would be the sheerest madness."

"Will ye fight only because ye must, and not because your cause is just?" he cried.

"Verily," they said; "we came here to settle and to build, to trade, to profit, and to thrive, not to fight the English."

"Turncoats for the sake of profit," he said, "are ye all stark dead to honor? Shame on you, shame! Is there not a man amongst you within whose heart lives one spark of the old Dutch courage?"

Then he struck one man across the mouth, who insisted upon submission.

"Cowards, cowards!" he cried, and the froth from his mouth ran down upon his coat. He was terribly enraged. "Poltroons!" he cried, "would ye sell your souls for a pack of beaver-skins?"

But he could not, by the bitter means of wrath, reanimate their souls, and though, perhaps, he shamed them, he could not make them brave. They redemanded the English terms and Governor Winthrop's letter, with continued importunities in spite of his constant refusal; and when their importunate anger rose in opposition to him, in a sudden fit of anger and bitter exasperation, Stuyvesant tore Governor Winthrop's letter into shreds. Against this act and its consequences the burgomeisters protested, washed their hands of responsibility, and departed in high dudgeon. And thus was the town divided within its government at the very time when it most needed inseparable union.

That day the ships of the English fleet took a coaster named the "Princess" as she attempted to pass to the Navesinks with cattle from Long Island. They fell upon her suddenly as she lay at the landing-place, and very quickly took her, with all the cattle in her and those which she had landed. They also captured the cattle remaining on Long Island, with half the serving-men and herders, the other half saving themselves by flight, the English in pursuit. And these were Van Sweringen's cattle, which he had purchased at the Brooklyn fair for the colony at New Amstel, and they were bought with his brother's money. That same day, also, the English overhauled a flyboat from New Amstel, bringing powder to the city, and fired a round shot through her mast, whereat the Dutch crew ran her ashore and fled into the woods, closely pursued by the English with hangers, dirks, and pistols. The Dutch made good their escape in the forest, and came to New Amsterdam with the news; but the English took the flyboat and the powder.

Then fear began to spread throughout the town, and the powerful and the wealthy began to pack up their goods and to send them out to Haarlem, and it was covertly reported that Juffvrouw Van Ruyter, the Secretary's wife, had escaped from the city in the night, with Nicolas Meyer's wife, and had fled to the house of a cousin, in the village of Overen, for safety. When this report came to the little burghers, they began to say, "Ah, yes; and this being so, what of us? The rich and the great can look out for themselves, but what 's to become of us?" And Jan De Moellin put off in his boat to escape to his brother's house on Long Island. At noon he came back with a broken head and one side of his boat staved in. The English had met him at the shore, laid hold upon all of his household goods, crushed his boat, and beaten him. The whole Long Island shore was guarded by English regulars.

At this there was roaring in the streets, and presently wilder dismay; for many, beginning eagerly to seek for opportunities to escape, venturing forth from the city in opposite directions, returned even more quickly than they went forth, and in dreadful agitation, for they found that the English had established a guard

at every point of emergence. The ferries were closed, the highways blocked, the river-shores patrolled. New Amsterdam was shut in as if surrounded by a noose; there was no getting in or out of the town unless upon wings, like the pigeons; they were pent up like rats in a trap. Then those who before had only roared began to pray and to utter maledictions, and to go distractedly about, wringing their hands, saying, "Alack!" and "Woe is me!"

Word came in from Brooklyn that the English troops were landing; and a fisherman from Gravesend ran wildly up and down the strand, crying: "They are coming! They are coming! The French are coming with them to tear the city to pieces and to slaughter us all!" No one could stop his mouth. And it was learned that there were six hundred New England volunteers, and that it was true there were Frenchmen with them, and renegade privateersmen. Then the Dutch cursed the French and the English from Connecticut.

"We have shed our blood for them," they said. "We have saved them when they were prisoners in the hands of the savages, at our own expense and at the risk of our lives; and this is their gratitude!" And the poor began to bury their little valuables in the earth of the garden-plots behind their huts, hoping to evade the pillaging hands of the heartless soldiery.

At noon the weather-browned topsails of an English man-of-war came rising in the offing from behind the Long Island hills, and slowly approached the harbor. After the first came a second ship, hull down toward the south; after the second followed a third, and stood against the sky; and after the third a fourth came into view, just as the sun was going down.



"'ARE YE ALL STARK DEAD TO HONOR?' SAID PETER STUYVESANT. 'SHAME ON YOU! — SHAME!'"

Beyond the confines of the little town night lay like a muffling shroud upon the world; from down the bay came now and then the dull boom of a cannon, rolling heavily through the darkness; a fisher-boat or two crept by like wandering ghosts in the starlight, stealing into the North River for refuge; the tide went lapping along the stones in oily rings and wavering streaks of yellow-green and gray.

Then at last the ghostlike fog that floats upon the sea in the hot days of August, imperceptible until the night has cooled the damp-

ness into a mist, began to clear with coming dawn. There came first a yellow glare overhead, growing into a blueness; the wind sprang up; the shores crept off; the mist began to lift and to drift slowly over the water. Through it came the harbored vessels, then Long Island's rolling hillsides, Nut Island's green and woody knoll, Staaten Island's long blue ridge. The sun flashed through like a lance of fire. There, in the throat of the landlocked harbor, floating like blue-winged butterflies asleep upon a puddled road, against a sky so pale and a sea so bright that the eye might hardly view them, with little boats like beetles swiftly darting from shore to shore, lay the vessels of the British fleet at anchor.

Then burghers with their wives and children came to the gate of the fort, beseeching the Director-General to parley with the English.

"I would rather be carried out dead!" he replied, and whirled upon his heel, limped back to his office with furious stride, and refused to listen to them.

They begged him to make no resistance that would bring destruction upon them.

"To resist is to be murdered!" they said. "Give us the English terms. We have a right to know what terms are offered us in surrender. Give us the terms."

But Stuyvesant would neither discover the terms nor consider the thought of surrender. "I will stand to it while I have a man who can fire a gun," said he, and sped all preparations for desperate resistance.

But disaffection spread like creeping fever through the town. As they watched these grim preparations for war the burghers grew faint and fainter at heart; their fears increased with the flying hours and with wild imagination. Across the bay on the sea-wind could be heard the English drums beating about for volunteers among the Long Island towns; from the distant frigates of the fleet rolled up the booming of signal-guns; bugle-calls, musket-shots, the shouting of the captains, came intermittently from the British camps along the Long Island shore. In vain the Director-General sought to reanimate the citizens to hurry the trench and the palisades, and to push forward the fortifications. His solitary valor failed to inspire their weakening zeal. The response to his fire grew lukewarm. Their hearts had gone out of them. He was met by complaining on every side; they objected to every proposal. Among themselves they began to say, "Ah, yes; the soldiers will fight. It is their trade; they are paid for it; they have nothing to lose. But we, we have our property and everything to lose if the city falls, let alone our lives. It is folly to offer resistance." After that they came no more to stand guard with the men of the garrison, but went away, and had no more heart in warlike preparations.

Then the soldiers fell to cursing and upbraiding them for cowards, and if any dared to answer, beat him roundly for his pains, and the gunner's mate struck Teunis De Kay in the mouth with his dagger-pommel, and knocked out all of his front teeth; and Port-master Ellis Van Korten's son was taken up stunned from the gutter and carried home by his father's men.

"Pah!" said Martin Kregier. "We are throwing each other into the fire like a parcel of drunken Indians, and the English are doing all the time. By day and by night they creep upon us all around. Death of my life, they are no sleepyheads! They are eating us out of our stronghold here as the wandering rye eats the wheat from a field. We shall go like a bursted bubble."

Turning back to his work, he went on counting out new sheets of cartridge-paper.

The English had taken all the cattle upon the Long Island commons, and seized and slaughtered all the swine, and taken food from the burghers. They now were marching through the Six Dutch Towns with armed men, horse and foot, with colors flying, drums beating, and drums sounding defiance, and from the horse-blocks declaring the land to be the King of England's.

Amersfoort, in the Flat Lands, Rust-Dorp, the Quiet Village, the French Protestants at Bushwyck, and the Flemings at Heemstede all were come into English power. In New Amsterdam the night was filled with the sound of shovels and mattocks as men buried silver and moneys in the earth of the cabbage-gardens. The burgher-watch no longer came to the gates of the fort to report in the morning when the

keys of the city were brought in by Captain Ludowyck Pos; and Cors Hendricksen, their drummer, would beat the call no more.

"I have not had my wages for six months," he said, "and now I shall never get them. What is the use of my beating my drum when there 's nothing to come of it?"

Thus, hour by hour, the strength fell away from stern Peter Stuyvesant.

"It is folly to resist," said the burghers. "We are hemmed in on every side. The English outnumber us five to one; we can neither run nor fight. We must make terms!" And on every hand in whispers they began to say, "Surrender!"

But nothing was further from the mind of the Director-General. Small souls with lower aims than his might suffer no great pain in failure, but to a soul like Peter Stuyvesant's, full of a wild, fierce pride, even a prospect of abasement brought a bitterness like shame. To think of yielding without a blow all that he felt himself bound to defend was agony. Knowing humility nowhere, except, perhaps, before Heaven, it was harder for him so to humble himself than it was to stand fast to his cannon and die; and to stand fast he was determined, whatever be the upshot. He armed his private servants, and issued powder to them, and made ready to perish fighting, if that were to be the end of it all, but to resist his assailants whether or no.

The rampart cannons were loaded, the breastworks cleaned and laden for war; the soldiers were busied all morning fetching up tubs of cannon-balls from the storehouse under the bastion. On the fort wall, facing the harbor, the gunner's squad sat all day, making and loading cartridges of gunny-sack for the cannons, with one eye turned to the threatening fleet and the other to the powder. With the readiness of men accustomed to obey without taking thought of the risk, prepared to give battle when called on to fight, and ready to follow their leader, they attended to their duty with coolness and skill and a savor of reckless daring that thrilled even the faint-hearted burghers, foolhardy though it were.

"Will ye fight?" one asked of the gunner.

"Fight?" replied Reyndertsen. "If Little Peter says to fight we will fight till they gather us up."

"And do ye think he will fight?"

"If he had n't a leg he would stand on his head to fight. The worse he is off, the harder he fights. Dost think this looketh like running?"

Indeed, it looked more like a hornets' nest. Fort Amsterdam was fairly humming. At one side a squad with a kettle of lead was casting musket-balls, and turning them hissing from the molds into a tub of water to cool; another was filling tar-barrels, and hoisting them on poles, and packing the iron wall-baskets with pine-knots for light in event of a night attack.

The gunner's men with timbers and earth were mounting three falconets, taken from ships in the harbor, to cover the gate and the lunette outside.

"We shall say 'How do ye do?' to the English. It will be 'Good-by' to some!" they said, with a laugh, and with stout jests encouraged themselves to brave deeds.

"Little Peter is mad," said one of them.

"And what of it if he is? That is his outlook. We have our orders."

And so they labored on. At the tallow-vat by the kitchens a squad was greasing pike-staves, that they might the more easily go through a body and not be detained by the enemy's clutch. Others were covering chain-shot with rags smeared with niter, pitch, and pine-tar, to set the enemy's vessels afire and engage the crews with the flames.

"We will give the rogues a dinner," they said, "which they will not have to set on a stove to keep warm until they find time to eat it!"

In the armorer's shop the forge was glowing, and the armorer and his apprentices, with grimy leather aprons and arms bare to the elbow, were welding new handles to cutlass-blades, resetting the hooks of halberds, and with file, chisel, and flagon of oil putting in working order the locks of hand-guns and harquebuses.

Out on the square the forges with coals were ready to heat the cannon-balls for discharge against the wooden ships; and the gunner's assistant, spoon in hand, was ladling out gunpowder.

"Make each grain of it tell, lads, as if it

were a charge," he said, "and put out those pipes. Don't start off to heaven before the English send you!" With which jest he hurried on to the squad who were plaiting shot-garlands of rope and twisting gun-wads of hay. "Cut me some sods. The earth scours the guns, and they will need it," he said, "for the powder is foul."

All morning dull reports came down from the blacksmith's forge in the valley, where the gun-barrels were being tested in readiness for the affray. Two antique, moldy leather cannon, taken from the Swedes, were tested by the armorer and sent to the palisades.

"They will stand a shot or two," said he, with a grin. "Then the English may have them."

As they wrought, his men were singing the song of the old Dutch cannoneers, sung by the gunners of Maurice—the "Cannon of Nassau":

"Boom, pouf, boom! Awake! I hear the captain calling;
The culverins are speaking; the battle has begun;
A soldier's death and glory through the stricken field are seeking
For the boldest and the bravest. Up to meet them, every one!
"The man who holds his life too good
To risk at glory's call
Deserves to take his daily food
Behind a prison-wall!

"But where, through choke and sulphur-smoke, the hungry cannon bellow,
The hero's cry rings through the sky! Ho, comrades, every one!
'T is courage makes the soldier, slinking cowardice the fellow;
And the brave wear glory's garlands at the setting of the sun!

"Boom, pouf, boom! Awake! It is the cannon's bellow.
Boom, boom, boom! To arms! The battle has begun.
If courage makes the soldier, and cowardice the fellow,
We will all wear glory's garlands at the setting of the sun!"

Thirty pounds of powder had been dealt to the cannoneer to blow the scale from the demi-cartoons, which were iron and almost choked with rust. One of them burst and hurled its cascabel over the roofs to the Stad Huis square, luckily injuring no one; but before the smoke from the explosion had cleared away from the wall, the gunner's mate came from the magazine with a face as gray as an ash-pile.

"God save us, Jan; we are done for!" he cried. "There is not one fourth of the powder good, and the matches stowed in the bastion store are soaking and green with mold."

The gunner ran to the Governor. "Your Excellency, get us some powder, in Heaven's name!" he cried. "The thousand pounds ye granted the burghers will not burn. It hath lain for three years in the magazine, and is ruined with the dampness. I have tested it all upon the stove, and it would not burn in Tophet. There are not two hundred pounds fit for use. The rest is utterly worthless. Get me some powder, I beg ye, to shoot my cannon with. I cannot fire off the wind by touching the poker to its tail."

"Oh!" said Stuyvesant, bitterly, "I begged them for some powder. I begged them for it long ago; but they would send me none. I asked for a ship, I asked for men; but, nay, they would send me nothing. And yet will they hold me to account if I be overcome. The fools! and now it is too late for us to do aught! Go, search the ships in the harbor."

"Mynheer," said the Secretary, "there is no precedent for this."

"Then I will establish a precedent," answered the Director-General. "Corporal Evarts, go search the ships, and take all the powder they have."

"This is a high-handed outrage," said the captain of the "Eendraght," as the corporal came on board. "This is a thing without example!"

"Then make an example of it, and eat it," said the corporal. "I trow an example would do thee good." And he took the Eendraght's powder.

"But I have paid my anchorage," protested the skipper of the "Pauw."

"Then pay it again," said the corporal. "Ye can't do a good thing too often." At that the skipper began to swear. "Here," said the corporal to one of his soldiers, "take him away; he wearies me with his language."

So the soldiers took the skipper and bundled him into his cabin, locked the door on him and left him there, and took all the powder he had.

"Nay, now, I will give thee no powder," quoth the master of the "St. Jacob."

"Then, friend, I shall have to help myself," replied the corporal, calmly; and when the master objected, and it came to a question of force, they locked him up in his cabin also, and took every grain of powder on board.



"FORT AMSTERDAM WAS FAIRLY HUMMING."

The master poked his head through the skylight. "I am ruined!" he bellowed.

"Pah! stop that racket," said the corporal. "We are all in the same boat. Thou shalt not have cause to feel lonely." Then he kissed his hand to him.

But when he came ashore with the powder the gunner shook his head. "Ach, it is scarcely a pipeful," he said. "It will not last two hours. I must have more gunpowder. More!"

Then Evarts went to the hunters in the town, and emptied their powder-horns; to the shopmen and the Mohawk traders, and emptied their canisters. Jan Snediger, the farmer, brought in fifty pounds he had borrowed, and Captain Kregier twenty-two pounds which had been set aside for blasting. Yet, when it all was gathered together, and the gunner summed it up, there was not enough for half a day.

"If the shooting begins in the morning," said he, "we shall run out of powder by noon."

With that he began to grow graver, to throw back his head and to pull his mustache, and his eyes had a light in them. He had been in lost battles, and knew what followed; but he was not afraid. What powder there was he divided in parcels among the city captains, to the leaders of the burgher-guard, and to the garrison *konstabels* in fair shares; but he kept the greater part for his artillery. The cannon at the palisades might as well have been logs; there was no powder. The eyes of the soldiers grew grave; the color-bearer made his will.

*(To be continued.)*

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## PLAYING BARBER-SHOP.

TOM has the scissors and Ted 's in a chair;
Tommy is playing cut Ted's curly hair.
"What style, sir?" says Tommy, preparing to lop;
"Like papa's," says Teddy—"a hole at the top."

*Harriot Brewer Sterling.*

# A CHANGEABLE FRIEND.

By Theodosia Garrison.

Arthur stands in sun and snow
Out upon the portico.
I ne'er met one where'er I went
Of such mercurial temperament.
He lacks repose, so I infer,
Does little Arthur Mometer.

But yesternight I heard him say,
"Our little Nan is nine to-day;
Really, it seems so very queer
For her to stay so one whole year."
"Now won't you please explain?" said I;
And here I give you his reply:

"Last August I was ninety-four;
This morning sixty-eight or more;
And yesterday it seems to me
That I was barely fifty-three.
Last Wednesday, I confess to you,
I was n't more than forty-two."

"You must be older than the sages,"
Said I, "to have so many ages."
And then I glanced at him—dear me!
He was n't more than thirty-three!



OVERHEARD.

# BOOKS AND READING.

**A FICTITIOUS FOOT-BALL TEAM.** A CORRESPONDENT of the "Targum" made up a team of mythological, historical, and fictitious characters, claiming it would outplay any collegiate team. Here it is:

Left End, Mercury.
Left Tackle, Goliath.
Left Guard, Mars.
Center, Atlas.
Right Guard, Hercules.
Right Tackle, Ares.
Right End, Achilles.
Quarter, Julius Cæsar.
Left Half, Caius Maximinus.
Right Half, Beowulf.
Full, Samson.
Umpire, Münchhausen, because he never told the truth.
Referee, George Washington, because he never told a lie.
Physician, Æsculapius.
Head Coach, Lemmuh, who never was satisfied with the team, and was good at shouting instructions from the side lines.

We are afraid our readers would find it hard to make up even a second eleven; but it might be well to try. We suggest Richard Cœur de Lion and Briareus as two good substitutes at least. But who is Lemmuh? Would n't Stentor have been a better choice? Lovers of athletics might also find it amusing to make up a team for a tug of war. Certain giants might be available for this contest. There are some good ones in "Jack the Giant-killer," for instance, and there 's the Odyssey one.

**BIOGRAPHY.** IT may be that some young readers have not yet found out for themselves that biographies (of the right sort) are among the very best and most interesting books young folks can read. As soon as you find yourself interested in any character of ancient or modern times, inquire which is the best life of the man or woman who has excited your curiosity or aroused your sympathy, and then read it. Franklin's autobiography, Irving's "Life of Columbus," Abbott's series of biographies, are all excellent to make a beginning. The life of Charles Dickens ought to be read by every reader of his books. Anthony Trollope's autobiography is one of the most inspiring books ever printed, and can be read, with some skipping of less simple parts, even by girls and boys less than sixteen years old. Boutet de Monvel's "Joan of Arc" ought to send all enthusiastic young readers in search of the best biography of the Maid of Orléans.

**A LIST OF HUMOROUS BOOKS.** OFTEN readers desire to find a book of a particular character, as a "serious" book, a "light" book, an exciting book, or a "good one to put you to sleep"! It might be convenient to have lists of books according to their characters or their effects upon the reader. What fun it would be to compose a list of dull books, warranted to tire out and put to sleep any nervous and wakeful invalid! A London newspaper not long ago printed a list of humorous books for grown-ups. Who will make such a list for younger readers?

**THE "DESERT ISLAND" BOOKS.** READERS of this department will remember that some of the young people made a choice of ten books they would like to take with them if "banished to a desert island." A writer in the New York "Times" makes the excellent criticism that such books should include books that "helped you to do some work of your own." He thinks that mere reading would not be enough, and says:

> Therefore the ten books should include some mathematics within the powers of the individual exile: this to keep his mind toned up and to ward off sloth and irresolution. One of my little boys suggests that he should have a "Boy's Book of Sports" to teach him to do things. My wife says he should have a cook-book. They both discern the fundamental truth. The list should contain something to provoke and help to actual work.
>
> Let me state the principle in another way. Self-respect is an essential element of happiness; it is an element of mere contentment. But a man cannot spend his life reading, enjoying, and appreciating even the best books and still keep his self-respect.

Many of you, as you grow older, may be sorry if you do not keep the best of your school-books. You will often wish to consult them.

**THINGS THAT LAST.** CARLYLE says: "All that mankind has done, thought, gained, or been is lying as in magic preservation in the pages of books." We all

know this, but we do not always remember that books contain almost the only wealth that men can hand on from age to age. Everything else passes away, but books renew themselves like living things. Each race of books gives birth to another. What else is there that man makes of which this can be said? Remembering that each book may live as long as mankind exists, every writer should look upon the creation of a new book as a serious responsibility.

**THE WOODEN COD-FISH.** WHO will tell us why a painted wooden model of a codfish hangs in the Boston State House? Who made it, and why was it placed where it is? Some boy or girl in Boston must know.

OGDENSBURG, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Your request that the readers of the Books and Reading department should write you about their own books pleased me very much. I wanted to write myself and to see what others say.

My mother and I live in two rooms, so there is not much extra space. I have two shelves of the smaller bookcase for my books, and I have to put some in a back row. I always hate to put any books but school-books in a back row; I feel as if it hurt their feelings and made them so sorry they were n't nicer.

I have only about one hundred books of my own, and I arrange them according to size; they look so much prettier that way when they are in the parlor. If I could I should arrange them by topics; I like that way best.

My favorite book is "John Halifax," by Miss Mulock. I liked "Ivanhoe" nearly as well till we studied it in English composition. I think Scott is my favorite author. I have eleven of his books, and a paper copy of "Lady of the Lake," which we had for elocution.

I hope you will publish some of the lists of books, for I want to see what other boys and girls like. I will add a list of some of mine.

Your sincere friend,

LOUISE P. SMITH (age 14).

Remember the Alamo, Amelia Barr.
Exiles of Siberia, Madame Cottin.
Black Beauty, Sewell.
Little Women, Alcott.
Gulliver's Travels, Swift.
Laddie, by the author of "Miss Toosey's Mission."
Black Rock, Ralph Connor.
Fishin' Jimmy, Annie Slosson.
Man Without a Country, Hale.
The Prince of the House of David, Ingrahm.
The Deerslayer, Cooper.
The Pilot, Cooper.
The Golden Dog, Kirby.
The Black Gown, Ruth Hall.
The Solitary Summer, by the author of "Elizabeth and her German Garden."
Four years of ST. NICHOLAS, bound.
The Chronicle of the Cid, edited by Richard Markham.
The Age of Chivalry, Bulfinch.
Tales from Shakspere, Lamb.
Robinson Crusoe, Daniel Defoe.
Sharp Eyes, Gibson.
Westward Ho! Kingsley.
Wild Animals I have Known, Thompson.
Scottish Chiefs, Jane Porter.
David Copperfield, Dickens.
Last Days of Pompeii, Lytton.
The Gold-bug, Poe.
An Egyptian Princess, Ebers.
An American Girl and her Four Years at a Boys' College, Sola.
The Schönberg-Cotta Family.
Boys of '76, Coffin.
Building the Nation, Coffin.
Heart of Oak Books, iv, v, and vi.
Longfellow's Poems.
Poems of Cabin and Field, Dunbar.
Grimms' Fairy Tales.

**MS. OR MSS.** THE singular and plural forms of the abbreviated word "manuscript" are the initials of the two Latin words *manu scriptum*, whence our word is derived. Of course, it means, literally, written by hand. After the introduction of printing, certain books were spoken of as *codices* (or *libri impressi*), printed books, to distinguish them from *codices manu scripti*. Most of the old and important records found in manuscripts and preserved in libraries have been copied and reproduced in print, so that we need not trouble ourselves to decipher crooked characters or half-faded writing. It is, however, interesting as well as very curious to hold in one's hands the parchment or half-decayed paper on which the hand of some great scholar, long since dead, traced the story of his day, or wrote a poem which lives even now. Would you not like to own, for instance, the manuscript of Virgil's Æneid, or of Dante's "Divine Comedy," written by their own hands? You would be a very rich young person if you did; but, of course, the real originals of the long-ago writers are very difficult, in fact impossible, to find. Probably they do not exist, and certainly if they exist, no one knows where they are.

Did it ever occur to you that books and ships were alike? Lord Bacon once said: "If the invention of the ship was thought so noble, which carrieth riches and commodities from place to place, and consociateth the most remote regions in participation of their fruits, how much more are letters to be magnified, which, as ships, pass through the vast seas of time, and make ages so distant participate of one of the other!"

K. R. S.

# NATURE AND SCIENCE

## FOR YOUNG FOLKS

Edited by Edward F. Bigelow.

NATURE will not come to you; you must go to her, that is, you must put yourself in communication with her; you must open the correspondence; you must train your eye to pick out the significant things. A quick, open sense and a lively curiosity like that of a boy are necessary. Indeed, the sensitiveness and alertness of youth and the care and patience of later years are what make the successful observer. JOHN BURROUGHS in "Riverby."

While I enjoy the friendship of the seasons I trust that nothing can make life a burden to me. THOREAU.

### MR. AND MRS. MAGPIE AND THEIR HOUSE.

THE magpie is too beautiful a bird to be represented by any of the ordinary methods of engraving, or, indeed, by a picture. The color process itself could not do justice to the wonderful iridescence and fantastic play of colors running from purple to bronze and gold.

It is a royal plumage. The white feathers are so white and the black so black and free from dirt that one must wonder how it ever came about that magpies learned such tidiness, especially since they are far from clean and fastidious about what they eat. To be plain, they relish meat which is none too well preserved, and gladly pick at the refuse thrown from the camp-table. But, with all their groveling, their faces are always washed, their hands clean, and their hats and coats scrupulously dusted. White feathers are so easily soiled and long feathers so easily ruffled that we fail, even after long acquaintance, quite to see how the magpie manages to keep himself in such "apple-pie order."

The flight of the magpie is the embodiment of ease and grace. But, you say, they are only well groomed rascals. Yes, the weight of evidence is against them at times, for, according to their code of laws, "finding is keeping." But of men and beasts, and birds as well, we must consider the motive or intention. Now you do not suppose that it is the thought-out plan and purpose of our handsome



MAGPIE IN THE BOUGH OF A WESTERN PINE.

Mr. Magpie deliberately, wilfully, and feloniously to steal? Far from it. He sees some showy ornament, and having a bird's appreciation of the beautiful without our knowledge of what is right, he simply appropriates it. But one strangely criminating circumstance is this: when a magpie has "borrowed" the favorite of your trinkets, he acts as if he felt guilty, and hurries away. Charitably, then, let us view Mr. Magpie's little business irregularity, and consider it not wilful felony so much as ungovernable admiration.

He sees a beautiful thing and is attracted at once, while ordinary birds show no such intelligent appreciation. He takes the tempting object in his bill and flies away, and the natural ease and grace with which he fails to bring back what he borrows seems almost human.

Bits of lace, bows of ribbon, jewelry, and knickknacks in general suit his fancy particularly; and if ever he borrows any of these from your tent in the mountains, console yourself for the loss by meditating on the fact that such powers of observation and appreciation are signs of rare intelligence in birds.

Notice also the intelligence displayed by Mr. and Mrs. Magpie in the construction of their house—for such we may call their nest. They carry sticks and limbs out of all proportion to their size, and cross and recross and weave them into a mass so solid and substantial as to withstand the fury of wind and storm. You would take them for eagles' nests. Those seen by members of the Fossil Field Scientific Expedition in Wyoming were larger than eagles' nests, being four or five feet through. Within this barricade of limbs was the nest proper, lined with softer material for the brood. They roof it over so as to exclude sun, rain, and predatory birds. As an additional protection for the voracious and noisy young magpies, they provide a covered way leading from the nest to the outside world, and it is stated by some of the best observers whom we met that Mr. Magpie closes and locks the door with a barricade of sticks while Mrs. Magpie is sitting. You have n't the heart now, have you, to begrudge the magpie the bit of ribbon or lace which he borrowed and forgot to return?



MAGPIES' NESTS IN A GREAT COTTONWOOD-TREE IN THE VALLEY OF ROCK CREEK, NEAR THE MEDICINE ROW MOUNTAINS, WYOMING. (A PORTION OF THE CAMP OF THE FOSSIL FIELD SCIENTIFIC EXPEDITION OF 1899 MAY BE SEEN IN THE DISTANCE.)

ERWIN HINCKLEY BARBOUR.



# Some Queer Little Animals that Live under Stones.

In any pasture or other uncultivated piece of ground, or by the roadside, you may find many pretty buried stones, of all sizes, from small pebbles up to boulders many times larger than a man can lift.

No one who has not explored would guess how much of the life of the fields and woods goes on under the stones. Here a multitude of little creatures — snakes, newts, snails, and many insects — live all the year round, or take refuge from their enemies or from the cold. Besides this, these rocks form doors which you can open, and then you can catch glimpses of the life of the underground world which goes on everywhere beneath the surface of the soil.



THE JULUS.
(Has only about one hundred legs.)

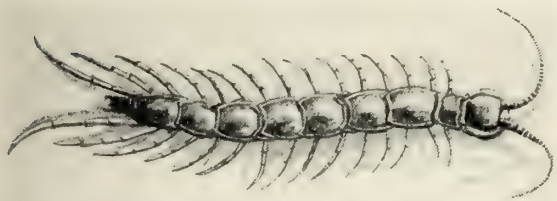
If you turn over one of these stones quickly you sometimes find nothing at all; often an ants' nest, occasionally a colony of snails, or sometimes a tiny snake coiled in a ball like a marble.

Once in a while you find a glossy red-brown creature about an inch long. This little fellow seems to be mostly legs, and he scampers and wriggles away so quickly that it is almost impossible to seize him before he disappears down



OPENING THE "DOOR" TO CATCH GLIMPSES OF THE LIFE OF THE UNDERGROUND WORLD.

some minute hole. He is often called an earwig, but incorrectly; he is really a centipede, which, as young students of Latin already



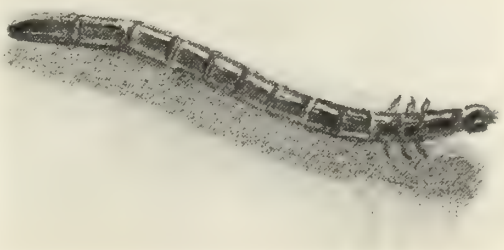
THE CENTIPEDE SEEMS TO BE MOSTLY LEGS.

know, means "hundred-legs." But this little fellow is only a second cousin of the foot-long centipede of hot countries, whose bite is as painful and dangerous as that of a scorpion. This little centipede, however (*Lithobius*, the naturalists call him), is perfectly safe to handle, for though formidable enough to the creatures of his own size, he cannot bite through the human skin. You see how quick he is, and can imagine how fierce and terrible he must seem to the sluggish worms and insect larvæ on which he feeds. In spite of his name he does n't really have a hundred legs, but only fifteen pairs, jointed like an insect's; and, like all centipedes, he has only one pair to each segment, as the parts of the body between the joints are called. Besides his thirty legs he has a pair of big poison claws, which he carries folded forward, one on each side of his head. His prey he kills with these claws, their wound being instantly fatal to small animals.



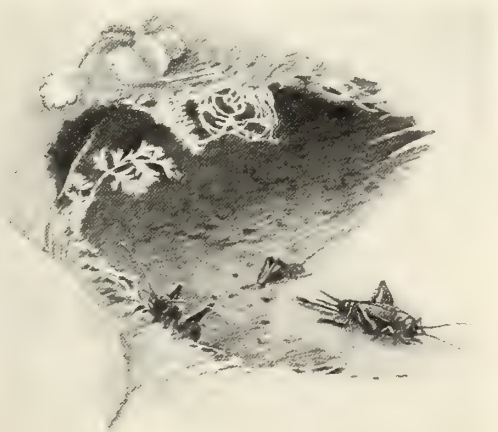
ENLARGED VIEW (DRAWN BY THE AID OF A MICROSCOPE) OF THE ROUND MOUTH AND SHARP, HORN-LIKE POISON CLAWS OF THE CENTIPEDE.

Very unlike the fierce and active centipede is another creature about as long, but with a slender, round dark body and very short legs. Some young folks call this a worm; but he is not a worm at all, but a millipede, or "thousand-legs," and is called *Julus* by naturalists. Actually he does not have a thousand legs, but only about a hundred; and, unlike the centipedes, he has *two* pairs of legs on every segment except the first three. Unlike the centipedes, too, he has no poison claws, and is not venomous; he is a timid, gentle creature that crawls about slowly, in spite of his numerous legs. He is, however, somewhat injurious to vegetation, because he bites off the roots of plants for food; but for the most part he feeds on decaying vegetation. If you frighten him he will coil up



THE LARVAL FORM OF A CLICK BEETLE, COMMONLY CALLED WIRE-WORM. (SEE LETTER REGARDING CLICK BEETLES, "BEETLE HUNTING-GROUNDS," ON PAGE 79 OF NATURE AND SCIENCE FOR NOVEMBER, 1900.)

quickly; but if you handle him gently he will crawl over your hands, touching his short antennæ, first one and then the other, to the sur-



THE CRICKETS DART HITHER AND THITHER IN A LIVELY MANNER WHEN WE SURPRISE THEM IN THEIR COZY UNDERGROUND HOME.



SPIDERS, OFTEN ONE OR MORE CARRYING AN EGG-SAC, HASTILY SEEK REFUGE IN THE SURROUNDING GRASS.

face in front of him, like a blind man tapping the ground with his stick. As he crawls along, it is interesting to watch the curious wave which, starting behind, runs forward along the fence of legs on each side.

The lithobius is the only centipede which one is likely to find. There are, however, two or three other millipedes which, though not so common as *Julus*, are not infrequently encountered. Like all millipedes, they may be recognized by their general resemblance to *Julus*, and in particular by the two jointed legs to each segment.

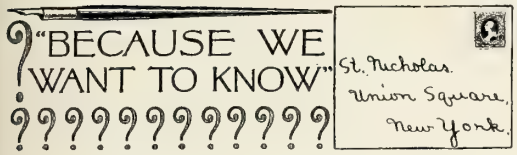
Far more common than either the millipedes or centipedes are the little animals called wood-lice. These are small, brownish, turtle-shaped creatures, from one eighth to one half of an inch in length, and half as broad, with long antennæ, and seven pairs of rather short jointed legs. Like the millipedes, they live upon vegetable matter, eating it even after it has begun to decay; thus they dispose of much which might become offensive or harmful to man. But they are very different from the millipedes and centipedes, though they live in the same kind of places. For while these other creatures breathe by taking the air into the body, very much as we do, the wood-lice have gills like animals that live in the water. For this reason they are found only in damp places. All these creatures may be found late in the fall, and even in mild days in winter, not only under stones, but also under leaves and logs. They may be kept alive through the winter if they are placed in a box of moist earth in which grass is growing. But earthworms must be included for lithobius, and plenty of water for all. Some of the millipedes, when in captivity, will drink milk also.

All these little creatures are very interesting to find and to watch, but still I am sure that most boys and girls will care more for their old friends the crickets than for all the other queer little animals that live under stones.

EDWIN TENNEY BREWSTER.



THE TURTLE-SHAPED WOOD-LICE THAT OFTEN TUMBLE OVER ON THEIR BACKS FLOURISHING THEIR FOURTEEN LEGS IN AIR, OR SCAMPER OFF IN EVERY DIRECTION IN A LUDICROUS MANNER WHEN WE SURPRISE THEM BY LIFTING UP A STONE.




PLEASE state carefully all details pertaining to the matter about which you inquire. For identifications, especially of insects and plants, send the specimen if possible.

Please enclose stamped and self-addressed envelope if reply is desired by mail. We have room to publish only a very few of such inquiries and answers from the young observers as are of general interest.

Answers to questions from parents or teachers will be made only by mail, in stamped and self-addressed envelope.

## REAL FAIRYLANDS.

IF fairy-tales would only come true, and we could see the interesting wonderful places and people, what a pleasure it would be! "Tell us the way to fairyland and we will go at once," all would gladly exclaim.

Some nature stories are as interesting and wonderful as fairy-tales, and the best of it is, they are "honest, truly, black and bluely, really truly so."

The famous naturalist Sir John Lubbock says: "The world we live in is a fairyland of exquisite beauty, and yet few of us enjoy as we might the beauties and wonders which surround us. The love of nature brightens life until it becomes almost like a fairy-tale."

Many of our young naturalists are in or at the borders of this fairyland; I am sure of it; and if they were asked how they arrived there, they would answer: "Because we want to know." Let us keep on traveling by that path.

### QUEER "DOLLARS" IN THE SAND.

LEBANON, MO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Last fall one of our friends, when in Texas, picked up several queer little objects on the beach. I have made a drawing of one and I want to know what it is. The drawing is the size of one we have, but they range from three quarters of an inch to three inches across. On the upper side, just where the star occurs, the shell—if it is a shell—rises, while it is flat on the under side. The two black dots on the under side are really holes, and though quite small, I could see that there was a space inside. Did an animal once live in there? It is about the color of the "white" sand of the sea-coast, and though hard, seems brittle. The design on each "dollar" is the same. The small ovals are holes which go all the way through the shell.

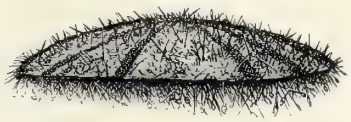


THE SAND-DOLLAR.
View of upper (convex) side.

Your interested reader,

GRACE STEBBINS.

This little animal and its well-protected home is commonly called a "sea-dollar" or



A SPECIES OF SEA-URCHIN, IN FORM FLATTENED ABOUT HALF-WAY BETWEEN THE COMMON SEA-URCHIN AND THE SAND-DOLLAR.

"sand-dollar." The under-side openings pertain to food-supply, and the rosette on the upper side contains the breathing organs. Your particular species is best understood if regarded as a flattened close relative of the common sea-urchin.



THE COMMON SEA-URCHIN.

### THE SPOTTED SANDPIPER.

ATLANTA, GA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been seeing for the last few days a bird that was very interesting. I think it was a spotted sandpiper, but I am not certain. It was about eight inches long; the back was olive-gray with black patches all over; the wings were dark gray with a white stripe across, and the ends of the wing-feathers were tipped with white; the tail was tipped with white; the breast was white spotted with black all over; the bill and legs were yellowish. This bird was very interesting to watch. He bobbed up and down, and then ran a little way and bobbed his tail up and down. When he flew the white stripe on his wing was very conspicuous. If you would tell me what he is, and something about him, I would be greatly obliged.

Sincerely your reader,

EARLE R. GREENE (AGE 14).

This is evidently the bird most commonly known as the spotted sandpiper. From its quaint and almost ridiculous habit of bobbing its tail up and down it is called "tilt-up,"

"teeter-tail," etc., and from its cry it is also named "peetweet." You can find it near almost any body of water, from a ditch to an



THE SPOTTED SANDPIPER.

ocean, and sometimes on dry uplands and woody slopes. Its continual bowing and see-sawing gives it a very absurd and laughable appearance.

By the way, have you ever read that delightful little poem, "The Sandpiper," by Celia Thaxter?

He has no thought of any wrong;
He scans me with a fearless eye:
Stanch friends are we, well tried and strong,
The little sandpiper and I.

### SELDOM, IF EVER, DRINKS.

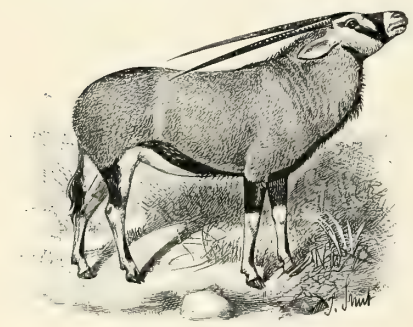
SHULLSBURG, WIS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In reading Captain Reid's "The Young Yagers," I find on page 30 this statement:

"The student Hans, however, corrected them in this belief, by telling them that the oryx is an animal that never drinks, that it is quite independent of springs, streams, or vleys, one of those creatures which nature has formed to dwell in the desert, where no water exists."

I would like to know whether he is right.

Yours truly,
ALLAN SIMPSON (AGE 11).



THE ORYX, OR GEMSBOK.

The oryx, or gemsbok, feeds on succulent vegetation, so that it is able to subsist for several months, at least, without drinking. Some naturalists assert that it never drinks. You will recall, as previously explained, that this peculiarity is also true of the gopher.

### WEBS ON THE GRASS.

PORT PERRY, ONTARIO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: On dewy mornings many webs appear on the grass. How are they formed?

PERCY WHITLOCK.

There are no more spider-webs on dewy mornings than on any other morning. The



SPIDER'S WEB IN GRASS COVERED WITH DEW.

dew merely makes conspicuous the funnel webs spun by the grass-spiders. In each web there is a tube which serves as a hiding-place for the owner of the web. This tube is open at the farther end near the roots of the grass, so that the spider can escape if an insect too big for her safety gets into the web.

Stand very still by the web and drop a small insect into it, and tell us what happens.

### THE LITTLE "EARTH-STAR."

PEABODY, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I visited the beautiful sand-dunes of Coffin's Beach, near historic old Gloucester, a



OUR YOUNG OBSERVER'S DRAWINGS OF THE EARTH-STAR, OPEN AND CLOSED.

short time ago, and wish to tell of the wonderful little plant that I found there. We were hurrying along to get our lunch, when I discovered what appeared to be a sound ball of sand inside a little brown, star-like case, nestling away in the damp grass that grows so luxuriantly on salt-marshes. Stooping, I picked it up, and imagine my surprise when a tiny cloud of dark dust came out—an unexpected greeting. It was a little puff-ball, that wonderful little earth-star, the geaster. The puffball is a curious little thing indeed, the hole for the "puff" being on the top, and apparently not appearing until the fungus is ripe. I cut open one ancient individual, and found it full of a dark-red powder, caked by water.

If put in water, these strange little stars bend their "rays" downward. It is a very interesting experiment.

Yours sincerely,

DAVID CHENEY.

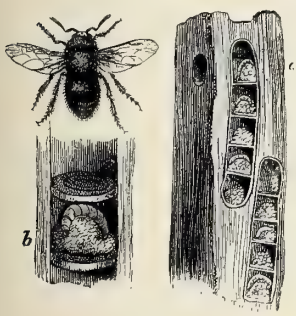
Other facts regarding this interesting plant were stated on page 747 of Nature and Science for June, 1901.

### BUILDER-BEES.

MT. AIRY, PHILADELPHIA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In an old window-frame I noticed a hole about three eighths of an inch wide, which seemed to get larger inside. I cut off this piece, and found that carpenter-bees had been at work here. Four of them were inside of the board. I kept one of them, hoping that it would come to life, but it seems to be dead. These bees resemble the bumblebees very much. They have very sharp-pointed triangular mandibles with which they do their cutting. I made sketches from the real piece of wood and from the bee. Mama has taken you from the beginning and we have twenty-five bound volumes. Your devoted reader,

REYNOLD A. SPAETH.

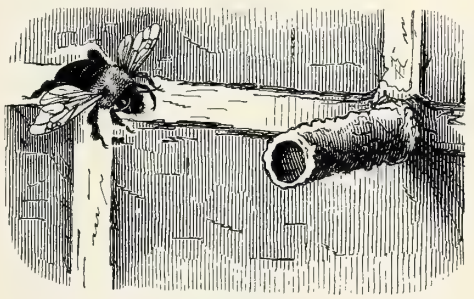



CARPENTER-BEE.
(*a*, showing arrangement of the cells and the food within each cell; *b*, enlarged view of one cell.)

The carpenter-bee forms its nest in partly decayed wood, and cuts out various apartments for depositing its eggs. The little masses of food in each cell are composed of the pollen and nectar of flowers. The partitions are of little bits of wood, arranged usually in a spiral form, and cemented together.

There is also a mason-bee, that constructs its nest of grains of sand fastened together by a sticky substance.

Perhaps some of our sharp-eyed young folks have seen the tailor or leaf-cutting bee at work and will tell others about it. What material does it use and how is its "house" put together? Have you read about the tailor-bird?



THE MASON-BEE AND ITS TUBULAR NEST, OF GRAINS OF SAND, ATTACHED TO A BEAM.

### GERMINATING SEEDS.

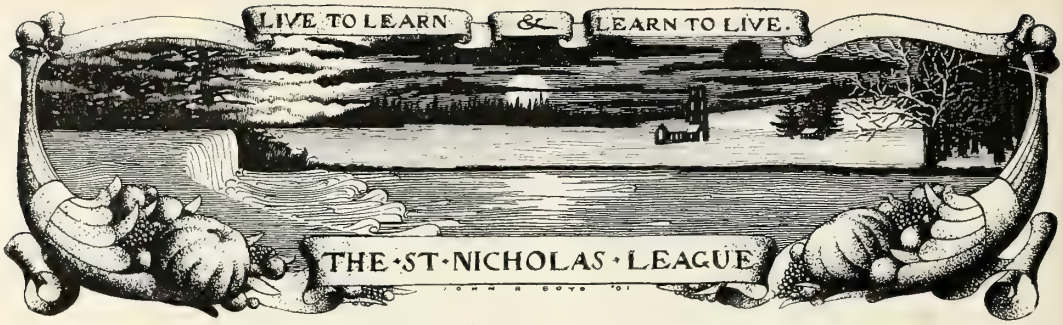
IN accord with the suggestions and prize offers in the April number for germinating seeds and artificially feeding the young plants in spring and early summer, over 19,000 tablets have been mailed to the young folks. Prizes were awarded as follows:

*First*, Donald D. Simonds (age 15), 12 Beeching St., Worcester, Mass., especially for novelty—grass-seeds grown on upper and under surfaces of toadstools.

*Second*, Ernest Gloor (age 10), 1116 W. Locust St., Scranton, Pa., especially for persistent care in watching the growth of nasturtiums in soil, and in the nutrient solution in glass jars.

*Third*, Gertrude Grosland (age 15), 1 Mount Pleasant, Annside, Westmoreland, England, for careful observation and description of growing nasturtiums on tufa.

Extracts from these letters, and also other suggestions for germinating seeds, will be published in the early part of next year, when the subject will have more timely interest than at present.




"A HEADING FOR NOVEMBER." BY JOHN R. BOYD, AGE 17. (GOLD BADGE.)

## THE CLOSING YEAR.

BY ANGUS M. BERRY, AGE 15. (*Gold Badge.*)

FLASH along the western sky
Summer tints that fade and die.
Forests mantled once in green
Now in red and gold are seen.
Here the streamlet sparkling flows;
There the aster brightly blows;
And the goldenrod in glory
Tells the same, the wondrous story—
Summer 's done.

Blow, ye prairie breezes, blow!
Summers come, and summers go;
Hearts are sad, and hearts are gay;
Here is night, and there is day.
So farewell to summer dear;
There will come another year,
And the goldenrod in glory
Then as now shall tell the story—
Summer 's done.

THIS is the birthday month of ST. NICHOLAS, and of the St. Nicholas League. It is twenty-eight years since the new magazine "for young folks" first found its way to many far and near American homes, to be eagerly examined and then more carefully enjoyed under the evening lamp. American homes were fewer then and farther apart than now, and there were not so many things for young people to enjoy. The arrival of ST. NICHOLAS soon became the one great event of many lives—something to be looked forward to, and to be looked back upon, to be lived over and over in the precious numbers that were carefully preserved and tenderly laid away until such time as they could be gathered into one splendid volume whose charm and value only grew as the years went on.



"A HARVEST FIELD." BY N. KELLOGG ROENSLER, AGE 12. (GOLD BADGE.)

The young people of that time are no longer young, and the treasured volumes have filled one shelf, and then another, until they have become a library in themselves. Another generation of boys and girls soon came, to find joy in the red-bound books, and to look forward to the latest monthly addition to their happiness; another generation, and yet another and still another. And so the years and the volumes have passed along, and new readers have become old readers; but even the oldest of them all have not forgotten those thin early numbers, now worn and yellow with age and much handling, that in those days of fewer homes and pleasures brought a wonderful new light and influence into their early lives.

It is two years now since we printed the first full announcement of a new organization to be known as the St. Nicholas League. It was to be a union of ST. NICHOLAS readers, to bind them in closer personal sympathy, to develop nobler living, and to encourage talent and ingenuity. The League editor had been one of the earliest readers of the magazine, and the strongest art influence in his own life had been the result of a sympathetic article on the Venus of Milo in the second volume. It was his hope that a department might be formed which would make the magazine a practical aid to those young lives into which had come the wakening impulse to strive and to accomplish. This was the purpose, and if we may judge from the work and progress of its members, from the constant indorsement of their parents and teachers, and from its

world-wide and ever-increasing membership, it would seem that we are on the road to fulfilment. League plans have been altered and modified from time to time, and still further changes may be made later, all with the best end in view. There are some things we would like to do that require time—and many that require space. The magazine has added pages since that first issue of twenty-eight years ago. It is still growing, to keep up with new demands. By and by, perhaps, we shall have room enough to carry out all our plans.



"HARVEST FIELDS" BY ELIZABETH JAMES, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE.)

## PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION No. 23.

In making the awards, contributors' ages are taken into consideration.

Verse. Gold badges, Angus M. Berry (age 15), Logan, Ia., and Claudia Stella Blount (age 14), Roper, N. C.

Silver badges, Frances Marion Simpson (age 15), Merion, Pa., and Teresa Cohen (age 9), 1709 Linden Ave., Baltimore, Md.

Prose. Gold badges, Cicely Mary Biddle (age 16), Knole Paddock, Sevenoaks, Kent, England, Alberta Bastedo (age 15), 13 Admiral Road, Toronto, Canada, and Ruth B. Hand (age 15), 505 Jefferson Ave., Scranton, Pa.

Silver badges, Allen R. Ingalls (age 16), Laprairie, Prov. Quebec, Canada East, Alfred P. Merryman (age 11), 562 W. 149th St., New York City, and Henry Webb Johnstone (age 8), 5366 Magnolia Ave., Germantown, Philadelphia, Pa.

Drawing. Gold badge, John R. Boyd (age 17), 705 N. 42d St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Silver badges, Percy Jamieson (age 17), 1423 Dinman Ave., Evanston, Ill., and Katherine L. Lower (age 16), 711 Leonard St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Photograph. Gold badge, N. Kellogg Roessler (age 12), 46 Deering St., Portland, Me.

Silver badges, Charles D. Russell (age 16), La Salle, Ill., and Elizabeth James (age 13), St. Albans, Vt.

Wild-animal Photograph. First prize, "Young Sea-gull," by Emily Storer (age 14), Winsor Cottage, Seal Harbor, Me. Second prize, "Squirrel," by Rachel Rhoades (age 12), 912 California St., Urbana, Ill. Third prize, "Squirrel," by Clarence L. Hauthaway (age 14), 1043 Beacon St., Brookline, Mass.

Puzzles. Gold badge, Alice F. Rupp (age 13), 359 W. 34th St., New York City.

Silver badge, Scott Sterling (age 13), Lawrence, Kan.

Puzzle-answers. Gold badges, Edith F. Vermeulen (age 15), Box 73, Bound Brook, N. J.; Agnes Cole (age 13), 582 Penn Ave., Elizabeth, N. J.; and Mary Miller (age 12), 315 N. Grove Ave., Oak Park, Ill.

Silver badges, Theodore B. Dennis (age 16), 190 Sixth Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Jessie K. Angell (age 13), 414 Chemung St., Waverly, N. Y.; and Edith R. Carr (age 12), 587 Public St., Providence R. I.

## HEROISM.

BY CICELY MARY BIDDLE (AGE 16).

(*Gold Badge.*)

Who has not longed to be a hero! Who, at some time in his life, has not pictured to himself stirring scenes in which he sees himself dashing up the staircase of some burning house to save the inmates—while the firemen stand aghast; catching at the reins of runaway horses; or perhaps achieving mighty deeds of valor on the battle-field—or a hundred other things, according to the bent of his mind? Who has not longed for the golden opportunity to make the world ring with his praises, and say, "What a hero!"

And yet if that opportunity occurred we should probably be slow to see it, and slower still to seize it. For if we look at the many heroes the world has known, we see that the brave deeds they have done have not been the work of a moment, but the outcome of a brave and noble spirit. It is the spirit of the hero, and not his acts, we should envy. A heroic act done for the sake of display and admiration is not worth doing. In truth, it ceases to be heroic. Such motives fail in the moment of emergency, where true courage will stand firm. Heroism never counts the cost of the act. Love, pity, duty, and a desire to right the wrong, are the motives of which heroic deeds are the natural fruit.



"HARVEST FIELDS." BY CHARLES D. RUSSELL, AGE 16. (SILVER BADGE.)



"A HEADING FOR NOVEMBER." BY MARJORIE T. HOOD, AGE 13. (WINNER OF FORMER PRIZES.)

Surely the best preparation for deeds of heroism is to do cheerfully and to the best of our abilities our every-day duty—the tasks that lie nearest, dull and irksome though they be, and as countless in number as the tiny particles that go to make a mountain, but, when well done, forming such a mountain of heroism as shall be worth many deeds of momentary brilliancy.

Such a life is the best preparation for the heroic act—if the opportunity is given; but if it is not, what matter? We may well be content with having done our duty, for what more can we do?

I cannot help adding Charles Kingsley's well-known but beautiful lines:

"Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever;
Do noble things, not dream them, all day long:
And so make Life, Death, and that vast For Ever
One grand, sweet song."

## THE CLOSING YEAR.

BY CLAUDIA STELLA BLOUNT (AGE 14).

(*Gold Badge.*)

OCTOBER days so calm, so mild, have glided by on wingèd feet;
The silvered frost has kissed the haw, while the saucy blue jay caroled sweet.
The year is aging; in the wood a violet lingers here and there;
The grasses wither, mosses sway, and the scarlet trees are growing bare.

Ah, yes, the year is growing old; a gray mist rises slow,
To hang upon the tall pine-tops where wings the weary crow.
Whither fled the soft south wind that once did whisper sweet
Among the scented clover-blooms that clustered at my feet?

And whither went the redbird that sang so blithe at morn,
When the cherries ripened redly and the dew was on the corn?
The cedars in the woodland are swaying to and fro,
And a little robin-redbreast lies buried in the snow.

The autumn leaves chased by the blast have sought a sheltered dell,
Where in the joyous springtime I found the shy bluebell;
And when the darkness gathers then the cold moon will behold
When looking down upon us that the year is growing old.



"HARVEST FIELDS." BY LENA F. BARKSDALE, AGE 13.

## THE HEROISM OF MARIA.

BY ALBERTA BASTEDO (AGE 15).

(*Gold Badge.*)

MARIA was a heroic little girl—so she thought. But, as her grandmother said, "actions speak louder than words," so I shall tell you how Maria behaved when put to the test. She lived in the city, where there were many houses; but it was summer, and the people living near were all away. The Browns had been away too, and the house closed. Every day a policeman had come to see that doors and windows were secure. Now the evening (it was Sunday) after they returned, her mother said: "I think I 'll go to church to-night and leave you

with father, Maria." Brother Bob said he would go too; and soon Maria was left alone with Dr. Brown.

The telephone rang. It was a call for the doctor to go to attend a dying baby. He knew that his wife and son would soon return, and, after many "not afraids" from Maria, left the house. The child sat still for a while, then began to fidget. She thought she would like a biscuit, so went down to the pantry, which she was about to enter when a gruff voice was heard to exclaim from outside: "Anybody at home here?" She looked out. Beneath the window stood a man with rather a fierce countenance. "Summer burglars!" flashed across Maria's mind. Without more ado, she flew from the kitchen and upstairs. Frightened! Her face blanched like a sheet, while her little heart went pitapat, and she did not rest till safely ensconced in the trunk-room, with the door locked behind her.



"YOUNG SEA-GULL." BY EMILY STORER, AGE 14. (FIRST PRIZE, "WILD-ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPH.")

The officer in plain clothes left in the garden was on the alert. Windows open, blinds up, no reply to his question, yet a scuffling of feet inside! He went to the front and rang the door-bell. No answer. Something wrong—better investigate! So in he went. Through the rooms, along the halls, upstairs, until he paused before the closed door of the trunk-room. "Who 's here?" he shouted. Still no answer. Maria, seated on a shelf, with her trembling elbow knocked down a tack-hammer left there for some inconceivable purpose, and it fell to the floor with a crash. "What is that?" said mama's voice at the front door. "Mama!" called Maria, who had heard the question. All was soon explained, and the officer went away laughing. But henceforth in that neighborhood he was known as "Maria's burglar."



"SQUIRREL." BY RACHEL RHOADES, AGE 12. (SECOND PRIZE, "WILD-ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPH.")

## WHY WE HAVE A CLOSING YEAR.

BY FRANCES MARION SIMPSON (AGE 15).

(*Silver Badge.*)

DID you ever hear a legend of the time long years ago
When there was no icy winter, no hail, nor even snow?
When the little spring-god Vernus sported all the year around
'Mid blooming plants and flowers such as now are never found?
When the birds sang all the seasons, and the brooklets always played,
And children all were happy, every lad and every maid?

But this little spring-god Vernus was *so* naughty one fair day!
Why, he stole the Elf King's scepter, and hid it far away.
In a lily-cup he hid it, and with blades of grass did bind,
And when the fairies searched in vain, he boasted, "*I* can find."



"SQUIRREL." BY CLARENCE L. HAUTHAWAY, AGE 14. (THIRD PRIZE, "WILD-ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPH.")

But when he went to bring it back, behold! it was not there,
Nor could he find it, though he sought in earth and sea and air.
Then in deep despair the roguish trick unto the king he told,
Who frowned, and said, "In punishment, you, Vernus, must grow old."
"What 's that?" quoth Vernus, in amaze. "What 's that?" cried every elf.
But all too soon the little trickster found out for himself;
For he felt himself grow weak and wan, his buoyancy depart,
Until his utter misery did touch the Elf King's heart.
So he told the weary Vernus till some one the scepter 'd bring,
Each year the aged man would change into the baby spring.
So you all see now why winter comes—and let me whisper low,
Next year look in each lily-cup wherever you may go;
For if you should find the scepter, and should bring it to the king,
Vernus would be a boy again, and there 'd be always spring.

## HEROISM AT SEA.

BY ALFRED P. MERRYMAN (AGE 11).

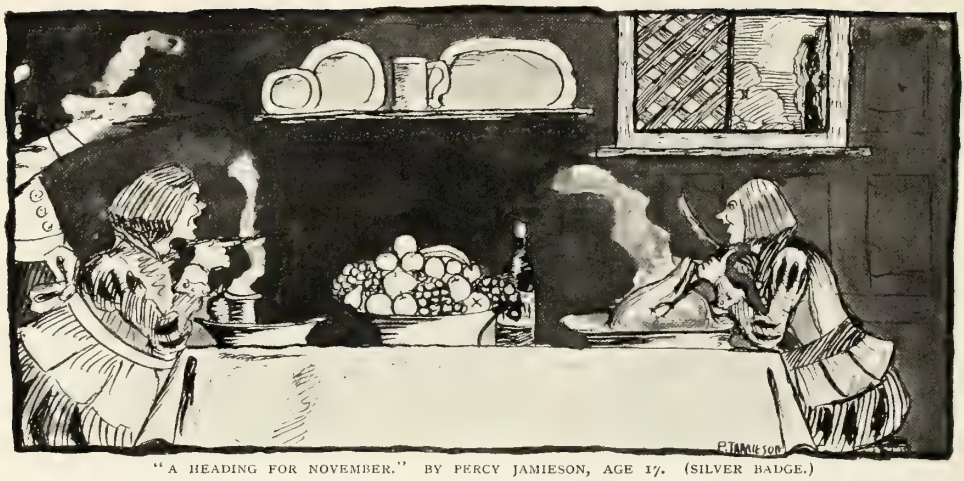
(*Silver Badge.*)

I THINK that life at sea offers more chances for heroism than any other that I know of. This is a story of a voyage taken by my two little cousins with their father and mother. My uncle was captain of a vessel which sailed for the East Indies.

They started with the prospect of a pleasant voyage. All went well until, on the return voyage, a great storm came up. A wave broke over the ship, and carried away the bulwarks and all but one of the small boats. Several sailors were injured. The captain found that the ship was sinking, so he put the men at the pumps; but they could not keep the water down. Then the captain ordered the one remaining boat to be lowered into the water with two sailors in it.

The steward, my aunt, my cousins, the injured men, and the captain were lowered into the boat by means of a bowline. The captain wanted the mate to come into the boat also. The mate was the captain's brother-in-law, a young man of about twenty-one, and making his first voyage as mate. I am sure you will think, as I do, that he was very heroic when I tell you that he refused to leave the ship, saying that it was his duty as first officer to stand by the ship until the last moment. They made a raft so that at the last moment if they could save themselves they would. They were to send up a rocket every half-hour to let those in the boat know they were safe.

The rockets went up regularly until three o'clock. No rocket went up then, and those in the boat feared




"A HEADING FOR NOVEMBER." BY PERCY JAMIESON, AGE 17. (SILVER BADGE.)

that the ship had gone down. In the morning the ship was nowhere to be seen, or the raft either, so that they knew that the brave young man and those with him were lost. This made those in the rowboat so sad that they did not have much enthusiasm about saving their own lives; they drifted about for three days, and meanwhile their provisions were getting pretty low.

On the third day they were picked up by a French steamer bound for Havre. Then they took a steamer home. You may be sure the children never forgot this dreadful voyage.

## THE HEROISM OF MATILDA.

Illustrated by the Author.

BY RUTH B. HAND (AGE 15).

(*Gold Badge.*)

MATILDA was six and chubby. Three days ago Matilda had walked proudly up from the kindergarten and had taken a seat in "school." "School" was a wildly exciting place to Matilda, so much so that sometimes she would sit and gaze enraptured at the reciting class, forgetful of lessons, until Miss Kate, the teacher, would gently remark, "Matilda," when Matilda's pink cheeks would grow pinker and she would obediently fasten her eyes on her primer.



MATILDA. (SEE STORY.)

But yesterday a terrible thing had happened. The boy next her had spoken "right out loud" in class and said, "Miss Kate, Teddy Jones 's whisperin'."

Miss Kate had looked very severe and had told Harry sharply not to tell tales. What a terrible thing it must be to tell tales and have Miss Kate speak to you like that! Matilda writhed at the thought.

Matilda was pondering upon all these things while making numbers on a slate. She was at eight now, and toiling laboriously, making first one little *o* and then another on top of it, when—

"Ouch!" groaned Matilda inwardly.

There was a sharp pain in the back of her neck. She moved cautiously to the end of her seat, but—there it was again, this time in her shoulder. Grasping her plump shoulder in her plump hand, she slid to the other end of the seat. Vain hope! The pain went to the other shoulder. Matilda bent flat upon her desk, her eyes smarting and her cheeks hot with agony, and as the pain renewed itself in her back she slid about on her seat quite recklessly. Miss Kate looked at her wonderingly.

"Can't you sit still, Matilda?"

"Yes 'm," replied Matilda, obediently, and sat up, with her eyes on the slate.

There was no peace for Matilda, however, and the torture began again; but this time Matilda sat silent and quiet, till at last two big tears rolled down her plump cheeks.

"Why, what is the matter, childie?" asked Miss Kate, coming over to her.

Matilda bowed her head and wept.

"Oh-h," she wailed hopelessly, "I did n't want to tell a ta-ale, but somebody 's been stickin' *pins* into me!"

## THE CLOSING YEAR.

BY TERESA COHEN (AGE 9).

(*Silver Badge.*)

THE fire burns bright on the hearthstone,
The cold chilling winds we now fear;
They moan and sigh in tree-tops, for
'T is the time of the closing year.

The leaves lose all their bright colors,
The landscape is dim, brown, and drear;
The birds have flown to the warm south, for
'T is the time of the closing year.

The grass dies from the chill of winter,
The meadow is bare, brown, and sear;
The snow falls, a blanket to cover
The dying, the closing year.

## NOT A GREAT HERO.

(*A True Ghost Story.*)

BY ALLEN R. INGALLS (AGE 16).

(*Silver Badge.*)

To understand this story, you must know we were living in the little French village of Ste. Marie, in a new

house that was built on to a very old one. They both belonged to the same man, a Dr. Beauchamp, and there was a door between the two houses.

My mother, when she was young, had boarded and studied French in this old house. Therefore she had an interest in it, and the landlord having given her permission to look it over whenever she wished, my father had unfastened the door leading from our house into the old one, which was uninhabited save for an old Frenchman who had recently rented the cellar to store wine in.

One dark and dismal afternoon in November it occurred to me that I should like to explore the house, which was full of nooks and corners and mysterious cupboards. So I opened the door with some little difficulty and walked in. I went upstairs and began hunting round to see what I could find in the shape of hidden treasures and old newspapers, which would be equally acceptable.

Now a small boy in an empty house on a dark day, and all alone, is bound to get nervous after a while, so I was soon tired and came downstairs. Then I thought I should like to have a look at the kitchen, which was joined to the dining-room by folding-doors, before I went home. Having looked around and seen nothing in particular, I went into the other room. I had just got in when I heard somebody begin sweeping the kitchen. Not having seen any one there, I was considerably surprised, and turning round, I looked back; but the room was empty. I felt my hair rise, and could not move a muscle, for there was that unearthly sweeping going on in the middle of the floor! And then it stopped, and began again in the dining-room. The sweeper had gone right through me.

*Then* I found my feet and started away, thinking, "That 's old Mrs. Beauchamp's ghost cleaning her house," and if I did not run it was the next thing to it. I hurried home and got a glass of water to quiet my nerves, and then the explanation occurred to me. *It was the old man down cellar sweeping his ceiling!*



"HARVEST FIELDS." BY JOHN RICE MINER, AGE 9.

## THE CLOSING YEAR.

BY PLEASAUNCE BAKER (AGE 14).

THE spangled sapphire dome of night above,
The shadows of the trees like lace below;
Ans'ring the silv'ry luster of the moon,
Comes a soft gleam from the first-fallen snow.

The year draws to its close; soon 't will be gone.
Gone where? Down the long roadway of the past
Whence nothing can return, which stretches back
To darkness, and is lost from view at last.

Why mourn for pleasures passing with the year?
Look to the future. Hope that she may hold
Pleasures just as sweet as those gone by,
Happiness as great as that of old.

What does it matter how man counts the time?
The moon still shines, each star still sends its ray;
The round earth changes not her whirling course,
The darkness still is followed by the day.

And though the year will be no more, in name,
Nature and her God are still the same.

## THE CLOSING YEAR.

BY THAYER ADAMS SMITH (AGE 11).

THE goldenrod is blooming,
The leaves are beginning to fall;
Jack Frost will soon be coming
To answer winter's call.

Vacation days are ended,
Again we meet at school;
Instead of using the golf-stick,
The school-book is our tool.

And when we have coasting and sleighing,
And football and tennis are done,
We 'll think that the close of the year
Is the time to have the most fun.

But I 'm sure that when Christmas is over,
And the New Year has begun,
We 'll all give a willing hurrah
For the year nineteen hundred and one.

## THE TRUE STORY OF A BRAVE WOMAN.

BY HENRY WEBB JOHNSTONE (AGE 8).

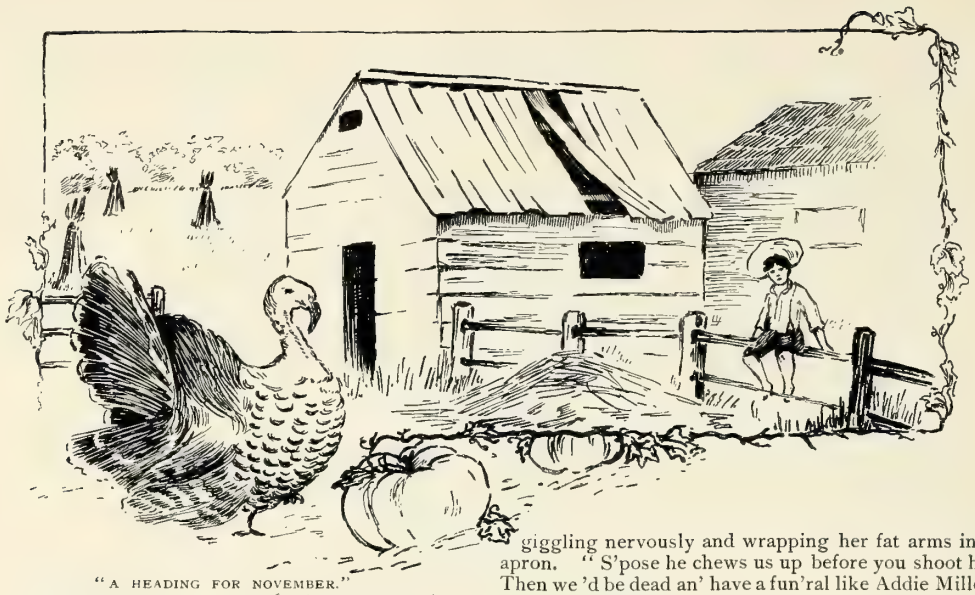
(*Silver Badge.*)

MORE than a hundred years ago, a man and his wife, with their three children, lived on the banks of the Susquehanna River, right among the Indians. The Indians that lived near them never hurt them. There was one Indian princess that they loved very much, named Queen Esther. Whenever Queen Esther was sick these people would send her medicine and jam.

One day the father got a letter saying that he must come and help fight the French. Now the French had asked the Indians to help fight the English. The Indians said they would. One night, about two weeks after the father had gone, his wife was cooking supper, when Queen Esther came in. She took the baby in her arms and sang it to sleep, as she had often done before. Then she came up to the mother and said in a low voice, "Red man coming to-night; going burn house; kill you, kill children"; and she pointed to the log raft that was used to haul things from one place to another. Then Queen Esther went out into the dark.



"NOVEMBER." BY HARRY BARNES, AGE 13.



"A HEADING FOR NOVEMBER."
BY KATHERINE L. LOWER, AGE 16. (SILVER BADGE.)

The brave woman knew that there was no time to lose. So she and her two boys began to put some things on the raft: one bed, two cows to give them milk, a dog, some pictures, and a few other things. Then they got on the raft, and it floated down the river. All night the brave mother was watching for fear that the raft would upset. About midnight one of the cows got restless and fell over. The cows were tied, and so when it fell over it pulled the raft over too, and the mother had to cut the rope and let the cow into the water. In the morning they were very near the village of Harris's Landing, where they were safe.

The father died soon after the war, and later on the mother married an English minister, and their child was my great-great-grandma, and she was the first white child born in Harrisburg, Pa. Her mother went back to her old home afterward, and found, sure enough, it had been burned down. They never saw Queen Esther again.

## THE CLOSING YEAR.

BY DOROTHY WADSWORTH (AGE 14).

THE fading flowers whisper,
"We are going to die;
Dead and sad and worthless,
On the ground we lie."

The snow has spread a carpet;
White and thick it lies
On the trees and housetops,
Fallen from the skies.

## TOMMY ATKINS, HERO.

BY ELISABETH SCHELL (AGE 16).

"I 'M not afraid of anything!" cried little Tommy Atkins, strutting proudly up and down the path. "You an' me 'll go right over to that meadow, an' I 'll kill that bull with papa's gun. He 's an awful bull, frightenin' sister sick. He deserves to be shot! An' when he 's dead, we 'll go home, an' won't our folks be proud of us! An' Jane 'll say, 'I always said that dear boy was a hero!' Come on, Daisy! I 'm goin' to climb that fence right away!"

"Oh, Tommy, I 'm sort of scared!" cried Daisy, giggling nervously and wrapping her fat arms in her apron. "S'pose he chews us up before you shoot him! Then we 'd be dead an' have a fun'ral like Addie Miller's. I 'm really scared to go right away, Tommy dear"; and Daisy plumped herself on a low stone and looked appealingly at her heroic brother.

"He does look fierce," replied Tommy, reflectively; "p'rhaps we 'd better— But I 'm a man, the son of a soldier! I ain't 'fraid of a bull! If you 're 'fraid, stay here, an' I 'll go alone."

In spite of Daisy's tearful remonstrances, Tommy manfully shouldered his gun and trudged up to the bars.

Carefully depositing the gun on the other side, he crept under the fence and boldly shook his fist at the advancing bull.

"Oh, Tommy, you 'll be killed! Run! Run!" wailed Daisy from the path.

"Go back!" shouted Tommy, waving his cap at the rapidly advancing bull, who, with savage, rolling eyes and kicking heels, presented a fierce and terrifying appearance to the frightened children.

"Run, Tommy, run!" cried poor Daisy, wildly wringing her hands.

"I 'm runnin'," gasped Tommy, dropping the gun and rolling under the bars.

Picking himself up, he dashed across the lawn and up the piazza steps, little Daisy stumbling after him. Rushing across the hall and into the parlor where his mother was sitting, the tearful, disheveled hero cast himself upon her, and burying his dirty face in her clean cambric ruffles, wailed, "Oh, mama, I did n't kill him! I did n't! I was 'fraid! An' I ought to be brave 'cause I 'm a soldier's son, but I 'm not brave! I 'm not a big man! I 'm not a hero! I ain't anything great 't all! I 'm only a soldier's little boy."

## THE CLOSING YEAR.

BY MARGERY BENNETT (AGE 14).

THE year is slowly waning,
The days are dark and drear;
The sky is now a leaden gray,
And it was once so clear.
The trees have lost their emerald hue,
And now they leafless stand,
While people throng the busy streets,
With Christmas near at hand.

## THE TOYS' LAMENT FOR LITTLE BOY BLUE.

(*Sequel to "Little Boy Blue."*)

BY MARJORIE MCIVER (AGE 11 WHEN WRITTEN).

"TIME was when we both were quite clean and new,
And never had known a tear;
But that was the time when Little Boy Blue
Kissed us and put us here!
And he bade us wait till he came to play,
And not to make any noise,
And mutely we promised that we 'd obey;
And we *have*," say the little toys.
"We have waited for hours and for years," say they,
"With life at its afternoon,
Without moving an inch while time flies away;
Then surely he 's coming soon.
For years we have waited for Little Boy Blue,
Each in his same old place,
Longing to hear him laugh and coo,
*Longing* to see his face!
Perhaps he has gone forever and aye
And forgotten his little toys,
Happy perchance in childish play
With hundreds of other boys!
Perhaps he has flown to a farther shore
Where angels and cherubs play.
It is growing late, and he comes no more,
And we 're tired and old," say they.

## A CRUSADER HERO.

BY ALBERTA ELEANOR ALEXANDER (AGE 9).

IN an ancient town—almost in ruins, in fact—there was a monument of a St. Bernard dog. And in that same old town, on a warm afternoon, a school-boy mounted the winding staircase that led to the top of the monument, and there sat down and looked at the dog. And then—and then—and then the dog came down from his pedestal, and placed his paw in the boy's hand.

"I don't know your name, but I 'll say good morning. I 'm generally called the Crusader Dog, and I will tell you my history. I belonged to the Count of Poitiers, the brother of St. Louis. My master had a most beautiful wife, who loved him so much that she came with him to the war; but the count thought it was too risky to let her go about with him, so he left her at a small fortress, with me as a companion. While we were staying in this fortress my mistress bore a baby boy, and when it was just a week old we were besieged by the enemy. At last one night the enemy gained the upper hand, and my mistress and I, with the baby, managed to slip away, for confusion reigned everywhere, and took the direction that we thought the army was in. About sunrise my mistress grew very weary, and when she could hold out no longer, she took the sleeping babe, wrapped it in her shawl, tied it round my neck, bade me go to my master, and fell to the ground. After I had trotted on for a long, long time, I got so faint and tired that I felt I could not hold out much longer; but at that moment I saw the glitter of an army in the distance. Taking heart, therefore, I limped on, and at last reached the advance-guard, which my master commanded; and with a bark of joy I fell at his feet. When the count recovered from his surprise he untied the bundle, and what was his astonishment to find a sleeping babe! My master fetched me water, but it was too late. I staggered up to him, licked his hand, and fell—dead!"

And then—and then the boy awoke and found that it was only a dream; but he thought it was the most interesting dream he had ever had.

## WHAT I SAW FROM MY WINDOW.

BY HELEN WALL (AGE 10).

I STOOD and watched at my window
At the robin making its nest
With the twigs and hairs from the fence,
And how she made it so neatly,
Which no human hand could make,
And weave it, and bind it so strong.

But soon as I looked again, a long time after,
I looked, and what do you think I saw?
There in the nest I had watched were six tiny eggs.
But robin could not spare one—no, not one.

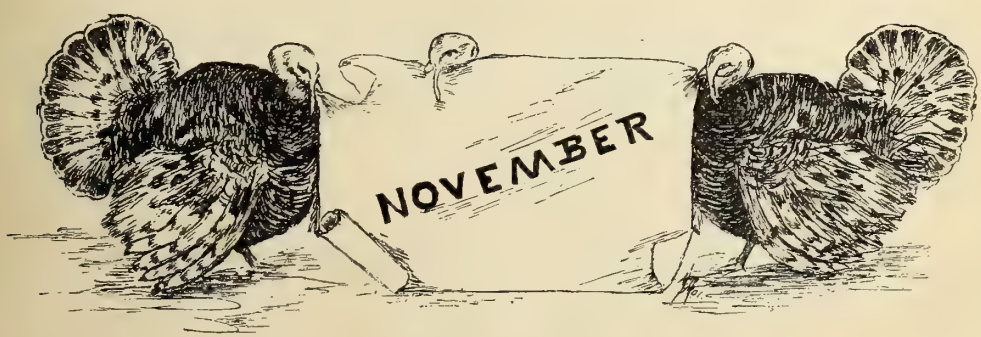
For you know they were her dearest and her best.
But eggs were not long to be seen,
For a sudden change came over them all.
Soon I saw fly from the nest
Six tiny birds, mother and all.

Then soon I saw from my window
Six strong birds, healthy and wise,
Fly to the fair South
To enjoy summer's sun and exercise.

## HEROISM.

BY CECIL WILLIAMS (AGE 15).

WHAT is a hero? He is one who for a good cause risks life or limb, who sacrifices his own good for the benefit of others, who endures adversity with patience




BY HELEN A. TRAPIER, AGE 15.

# ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE

## NOVEMBER



BY MAUDE L. HAMILTON, AGE 14.

and without evil intent toward the cause of it. Such a man is a hero.

There are many who endanger themselves either from rashness or fear of ridicule, and thereby run a risk of losing health and life which were given us by God to be made use of. These persons are no heroes, because through foolhardiness they perform acts of daring, but rather are downright fools and not to be commended. Besides all this, there is something else which distinguishes the true hero from him who is but one in name, and that is steadfastness. In history we may discern between the true hero and the one unworthy of that title of honor by observing his conduct after honor and glory have come to his name. Too often he shows himself by mean actions unworthy of his fame; prosperity has turned his head.

One class of heroes of whom too little has been said are the scientific investigators, who, for the sake of advancing knowledge, expose themselves to all dangers of death and disease, that their fellow-men may live more free from the troubles of life. And though these men work without desire of recompense, yet their actions are often criticized and misunderstood.

What is the reward of heroism? A place in men's hearts and in the annals of history; and who shall say that this reward is not sufficient?

### EVERY-DAY HEROISM.

BY KATHARYN HOYT (AGE 11).

THE Boy climbed slowly into bed, and mama came and put out the light. The room was darker than usual—at least, he thought so. He gazed about, his eyes becoming accustomed to the darkness.

Over in the corner there was something tall and black. The Boy thought it moved, and his heart beat very fast. He lay still; he was hot and cramped. Oh, it was coming toward the bed! He dove precipitately under the bedclothes.

You must remember he was only a very little boy and he had never slept in a big room all by himself till to-night. How grand he had felt when mama told him he was to sleep all alone, as brother Hal had gone away!

Many, many things rushed through his mind as he lay half smothered by the bedclothes. He remembered hearing his mother say to Hal that when he was frightened by something he must get up and see what it really was.

Soon he peeped cautiously out. There it was moving again. It *was* a *man!* no—yes, it *was* a man, coming nearer and nearer. The Boy did not dare to stir, and now he was cold and pale. "It" began to go across the room, then receded. The Boy was gasping with fright, and his hair bristled. He could n't disturb mama. What should he do? "It" was coming nearer, nearer, nearer.

Finally the Boy gave a desperate leap and went over to see what "it" really was. Then he began to laugh hysterically, for "it" was only a long wrapper blowing in the breeze that came in at the open window.

The Boy crept back to bed, still weak and shivering from his fright. But he had n't been eaten by the wrapper, and he had n't disturbed mama, who had a bad headache. I, for one, think he had been quite brave for such a very little boy of six short years.

### A LITTLE HEROINE.

(*A True Story.*)

BY ELSIE FLOWER (AGE 14).

ANNA was visiting her cousins, Iva and Ora.

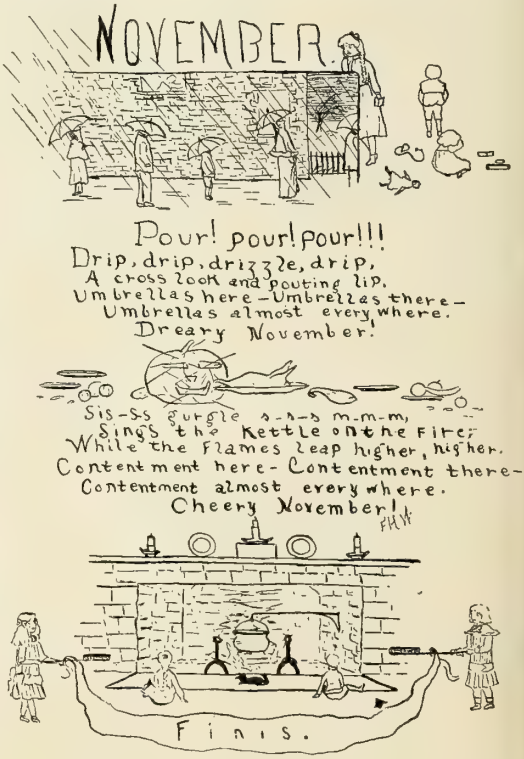
One morning, as the three girls were walking down the street, they passed a large red school-house.

"Just look at that cruel boy; he is stoning a little sparrow," cried Anna to her cousins, as she pushed through the throng of playing children.

"Oh, don't; oh, please don't!" she said. "It is very cruel to stone little birds."

The boy dropped the stone, and looked abashed. The boys that had been encouraging the sport were very red also, and there was an awkward silence, broken only by the school-bell calling the children from their play.

The big boy said, "Thank you. You have taught me a lesson, and I will never stone a little bird again"; and then, as he marched into the school-room door, he waved his cap to Anna as a sort of good-by.




BY FLORENCE HELEN WOOD, AGE 14.

## CHAPTERS.

One of the best ways to get pleasure out of the League is by joining a chapter, so that all the members in one neighborhood may work and play together. It is no trouble, and no special rules are required. Simply meet and elect officers, and make the rules to suit yourselves. Then work hard to make progress and win prizes, and have all the fun you can as you go along. A good many chapters have prize-winners among them, and these chapters are very proud. They should be, for it means they have worked and tried hard. One chapter has two gold-badge winners among its members.

Chapter 132 earned money last summer in various ways to send a poor city child to a fresh-air farm for two weeks. They painted dinner-cards, knitted doll-slippers, made plaster models, etc. Good luck to 132!

Chapter 146 gave a most successful performance during the summer of "The Sleeping Beauty," and were highly complimented by the Elmira "Telegram" and other leading papers.

On July 3, Chapter 198 gave a fair for the benefit of the Children's Free Hospital of Milwaukee, and realized twenty dollars. The members sold fancy work made by themselves, candy, lemonade, ice-cream, and cake.

Beatrice Stevenson, 122 Orchard St., Newark, N. J., President No. 257, would like to know the address of Martha Williams of Philadelphia, as Miss Williams's letter to the chapter has been mislaid and cannot be answered in consequence.

Ethel Lee, Chapter 263, Honesdale, Pa., writes that on the Friday after St. Nicholas comes there is a "reading meeting" during which St. Nicholas is read. At the "play meetings" they have singing, recitations, and games; also great fun. 263 would like to correspond with chapters whose members are fifteen and sixteen years of age.

## NEW CHAPTERS.

No. 353. Lucile Smart, President; Jeanie Smart, Secretary; six members. Address, 414 Woodlawn Road, Roland Park, Baltimore, Md.

No. 354. Gladys Hodson, Secretary; three members. Address, 1963 St. Anthony Ave., Merriam Park, Minn.

No. 355. George Cassell, President; Irene Bates, Secretary; six members. Address, 617 E. Locust St., Bloomington, Ill.

No. 356. "McKinley Chapter." Verne McIntosh, President; Sidney Kann, Secretary; six members. Address, 403 First St., Manistee, Mich. Meetings Tuesday and Friday evenings. "We have planned to read out of St. Nicholas a half-hour at every meeting, and read all the League news."

No. 357. "Jolly Seven." Helen Babcock, President; C. Lynde Babcock, Secretary; seven members. Address, Box 35, Wortendyke, N. J. Colors, blue and white. "We draw pictures and make up stories, the best of which go to the League." Meetings Mondays and Thursdays.

No. 358. "Shoo-fly." Dorothy Winslow, Secretary; six members. Address, 239 Hampden Court, Chicago, Ill.

No. 359. "Four-leaved Clover." Elizabeth Upham, President; Edward S. Hale, Secretary; four members. Address, Box 86, Claremont, N. H. The purpose of 359 is to cultivate a love for literature and composition.

No. 360. "The Haledon Association." Julian A. Leonhard, President; Edwin A. Leonhard, Secretary; four members. Address, Box 1646, Paterson, N. J.



"A HEADING FOR NOVEMBER." BY ROMAINE HOIT, AGE 17.

# The Roll of Honor.

A list of those whose work, though not used, has been found well worthy of honorable mention and encouragement.

### VERSE.

Carl Bramer
Helen Becker
Bertha Forbes Bennett
Alma Jean Wing
Leslie Leigh Du Cros
Dorothy Bull
Agnes Churchill Lacy
Catherine Lee Carter
Kenneth C. Heald
Grace Harriet Graef
Helen Van Nostrand
Gladys Knight
Marguerite M. Hillery
Mary Norton Allen
Emma Kellogg Pierce
Katherine Bastedo
Margaret Kennedy
Esther B. Schmitt
Alberta P. Livernash
Harry Uswald
Louisa MacGill Gary
June E. Paris
Gertrude Crosland
John Burger
Kate Colquhoun
Pauline Croll
Edith C. Newby
Ethelinda Schaefer
James Carey Thomas
Walter Stahr
Jeannette C. Klauder
Harlow F. Pease
Leon Bonnell
Ethel B. Chappell
Reginald Cain Bartels
Hilda Larson
Ruth Carlin
Minnie Boyd
Carl R. Byoir
Ruth Brierley
Susan Ghriskey Flugel
Alice L. Halligan
De Wayne Townsend
Edna C. Ely
C. Brewer Goodsell
Katherine T. Halsey
Esther Johnston
Hazel Hyman
Mary Averill
Caryl Greene
Eleanor Myers
Emma L. Hawksridge
Nannette F. Hamburger
Catherine D. Brown
Agnes D. Campbell
Margaret Clemens
Catherine Delano
Dorothy Lenroot
Albertine Cleveland

### PROSE.

Marjorie Hagedon
Laura T. Woodbridge
Dorothy Belden
Theodora Kimball
Glenn Southwell
Joseph Eichwald
Dorothea Sidney Paul
Eleanor Mildred Wright
Ruth M. Peters
May Margaret Beirer
Dorothy Marie Burnham
Daisy M. Clifton
Julia W. Williamson
Dorothy Marie Russell
Helen D. Fish
Florence Rose Elwell
Helen Frith
Edith H. Smith
Katie Breckenridge Bogle
Mary P. Parsons
Margaret Clarey
Johnetta Moore
Alice Edwina Robinson
Denison H. Clift
Irene Hogey
Elizabeth Henry
Ralph Deake Provost
Lucy Greene Phillips
Marian Barbour
Elizabeth Townsend
Gladys R. Britton
Allan Henry Baron, Jr.
Katherine C. Gurney
Pauline Angell
Belle Kinnear
Alice Moore
Sada C. Mason
Peter Nissen
Mildred Baldwin
Edith Lambert
Estelle Feinthel
Irma Louise Herdegen
Helen C. Moodey
Earl Van Deman
Ida Weene
Harry Salziger
Martha E. Sutherland
Dorothy Crandall
Gertie Rosenstein
Hazel E. Wilcox
Sarah McDavitt
Susie M. Molleson
Helen Hamilton Robins
C. W. Wilson
Herbert Allan Boas
Mildred Palmer
Janie Potter
Gertrude Kaufmann
Elizabeth L. Alling
Helen C. Jewett
Ruth Forbes Eliot
Martha Gruening
Rosa H. Neale
Barbara Hoyt
Elsa Hildenbrand
Netta Pearson
Alice A. Rogers
Katherine L. Marvin, Jr.
Helen Galbreath
Vernal Revalk
Mary Shier
Norman L. Burton
Katherine Sedgwick
Mildred McFadon
Roy M. Sterne
Nellie M. Furlong
Muriel Collis
Bertha Goldman
Harold R. Norris
Catherine M. Neale
Catherine H. Straker
Henry David Wooderson
Rebecca Painter
Elizabeth C. Field

### DRAWINGS.

Elizabeth Otis
Melton R. Owen
Frances Leone Robinson
Bion Barnett
Mary Eleanor George
Tom Stanley
G. E. R. Michelson
C. N. Cruttenden
Chester E. Haring
Edward C. Day
Flinthoff B. Wright
Edgar Pearce
Henry Balcom
Harvey Robinson
Harold P. Hall
Doris Cole
Hans Anderson
Isabel Crosby
Gertrude E. Mills
Ethel McFarland
Nettie L. Irwin
Robert Gastrell Barton
Doris Chittenden
Constance Chestnutt
Katherine Allison
Beth Howard
Mabel Miller Johns
Dorothy Coit
Irma J. Diescher
Flossie Bryant
Louis Moen
Bessie Barnes
Helen A. Flick
Lois Wallace
Tina Gray
Joshua W. Brady
Irene Frederica Rau
Yvonne Jequier
Bayse N. Westcott
Preston H. Wood
Fannie B. Burrill
Rita Wood
Violet Robin
Elizabeth Fuller
Edith G. Daggett
Dorothy Turple
Margaret Goold Harder
Henry Clinton Hutchins
Helena L. Camp
Jacob Riegel, Jr.
Lois D. Wilcox
Margaret Dobson
Miles S. Gates
Katherine P. Moore
Dorothy B. Heyward
Katherine McIver
Mamie H. Wadman
Jessie Metcalf
Sarah Adelaide Chamberlain
Mary Elvira Woodson
Paul W. Haasis
Margaret Winthrop Peck
Roger K. Lane
Frederick S. Gest
Felix Nicola Gayton
Catherine H. Harkins
Sara D. Burge
Anna Skidmore
Freda Muriel Harrison
Hilda Warren
Marjorie L. Gilmour
Winnifred Merrill
Martha D. Stringham

### PHOTOGRAPHS.

Lewis B. Wagman
Esther Dunwoody
Frank Damrosch, Jr.
Hazel de W. Downs
Morris Platt
Howard S. Wheeler
Carl D Matz
Elisabeth Swift
Jesse L. Friedley
Nettie Ortmayer
Belle M. Chamberlain
Harold R. Callisen
Seymour Blair
Helen Bigelow
William Beach Smith
Floyd Godfrey
William Winfield Cobb, Jr.
S. Butler Murray, Jr.
Gerald Mygatt
Donald Frazer Crane
Helen Johnson




"A HEADING FOR NOVEMBER." BY FRED STEARNS. (WINNER OF ALL PRIZES.)

John D. Matz
William Merrylees
Jack Coolidge
Jack Willets
Jean Torgeus
Minton M. Warren
Amy Peabody
Rowland H. Rosekelly
Edward B. Fox
Preston Reynolds

Hildreth Markham
Eleanor Colby
Herbert Post

PUZZLES.

Mary L. Brigham
Harriet Marston
Mary Ware
M. Ethel Lee
Mila Leonard Landis

Eugenie Sterling
Henrietta F. Freeman
Doris Bissel
Basil Aubrey Bailey
Blanche Phillips
Dagmar Florence Curjel
Dorothy Calman
Flewellyn Plant
James Shute
McV. and M. Tibbits

Eva A. Mooar
Marjorie Rossiter
Alice Moore
Wilna Taylor
Sarah H. Atherton
Reginald Cain-Bartel
Josephine Godillot
Eleanor Horne
Dorothy Winslow
George T. Colman

William Ellis Keysor
Gertrude Macdona
Emil Simon
Charlotte V. Simonds
Beatrice Martindale Butler
Samuel P. Haldenstein
Alice K. Bushnell
Gertrude H. Schirmer
William Carey Hood
Ethel C. Williams

## LEAGUE NOTES AND LETTERS.

THERE are still a few League members who are careless about attaching their ages, addresses, etc., to their contributions. The rules are very clear on these points, and contributions not properly prepared cannot be considered.

## NOT ORIGINAL.

IT pains us to call attention to a July letter entitled "A Visit to Japan." It was not an original contribution. And the same thing, we are grieved to say, is true of a little poem entitled "The Moon," printed in August. These things make us very sorry, and the senders will be very sorry, too, when they see this notice. Perhaps the little girl who sent "The Moon" did not know any better — she was so young. But every member who sees this will know better, and will know, too, that it is impossible to deceive all of the League, even though the editor may not always detect a counterfeit.

## SUGGESTIONS.

A GOOD many members have approved the idea of having a competition for young musical composers. Perhaps this will come later. At present we have too little room. How would a competition for young sculptors do, also, with photographs of their modeling?

Netta Pearson, of St. Petersburg, Russia, would like more time allowed to contributors so far away. We would gladly do this if we could, but we are obliged to close so far ahead that the 20th is about the last day we can hold for foreign mails. Netta sends a clever poem — too late for the competition (October), but well worth printing. Here it is:

### HIGH LIFE IN THE FARM-YARD.

"OF course," said Mrs. Hen to me,
As she, with patience rare,
Tended her naughty little chicks,
"I hardly think it 's fair"

"For folks to say the family
Of cows is higher than
Our family, because they are
More useful unto man.

"Oh, no! I don't believe in that;
For is not Coxcomb dear
Cousin to good Sir Weathercock,
Who lives not far from here?

"His perch is on the high church spire,
Hundreds of feet in air;
Now, tell me if you 've ever seen
A weather*cow* up there?"

Khagendra Nath Majundar, of Calcutta, sends a most interesting photograph which we would reproduce if we had room. Also a nice letter, in which, among other things, she tells us that the weather in India this year has been so warm that 116° and 120° F. have been reached in certain localities. "No man goes abroad without an umbrella." We should think not.

Doris Hirshfield writes interestingly about San Carlos Mission, an old church of Monterey, Cal., built in 1772 by Father Junipera Sierra. We are sorry not to be able to print the entire letter, but it is much too long.

An old friend, Rebecca F. Isaacs, of Cincinnati, sends a copy of "Old Hughes," a school magazine published at the Hughes High School. Miss Isaacs is editor-in-chief, and deserves credit for producing a very excellent publication. The editor is going to place in the hall a receptacle in which contributions may be placed by those too modest to offer them in person.

## ABOUT QUESTIONS.

UNLIKE the Nature and Science department, the League department has no query-box, and it is very seldom that it becomes necessary to ask a question. The League leaflet is very full, and if read carefully and thoughtfully will answer every question of any importance that is likely to arise. The editor would gladly answer everything if he had time, and does so when there seems to be a real need.

BERGEN, NORWAY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am an American girl spending the summer abroad. I am thirteen years old and belong to the League.

I have been up to the North Cape. The steamer landed behind the cape in a little bay, and the passengers got out in little boats and climbed up a zigzag path to the top. It is about one thousand feet high. We went up into the clouds. When we got to the top we walked almost half a mile to a little house. It was very cold and foggy outside, so every one went in to get warm. At midnight the steamer came around to the front of the cape and fired off the cannon. It was the Fourth of July, and when the clouds lifted for a moment, we saw the ship down below, all decked out with flags in honor of the day. All the Americans cheered and waved flags. It was very jolly. We stopped at Hammerfest on the way up. I expected it would be cold so far north, but it was very warm. The town was all lighted by electricity, because it is dark for three months in the winter. It is not very busy in summer, but in winter it is very lively with all the fishing and whaling. We saw the midnight sun twice. It was very beautiful and weird. We could not think it was midnight. It seemed like sunrise. We also saw a great many Lapps. They are very dirty and jolly, and have learned more English than the Norwegians. We also saw a herd of reindeer. They are getting very scarce now, because so many are shot. We went past an island where there are millions of birds. The ship fired off the cannon to make them fly out. They all began to cry, and so many flew out that the sky was almost black. We fired some rockets over the island, which made still more fly up. There were many young ones in the water, and when the steamer came they dove and swam a long way under water, because they were too young to fly. We saw, with the field-glass, millions of




BY WALTER COHN, AGE 14.

nests all along the rocks, with eggs and small birds in them. I have never seen so many at once.

I am very much interested in the St. Nicholas League, and I am going to try to get a badge. I hope the League will continue to produce such good work, though it makes it very hard for me. With many good wishes to ST. NICHOLAS, I am,

Your interested reader, CAROLYN E. PUTNAM.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This is my first letter to you, although I have had you for five years. I look forward so to getting you each month, and enjoy you *so* much when you *do* get here, that now I hardly think I could ever get along without you.

I am a League member, and, as Miss Posegate says in the August number, I often "read ST. NICHOLAS backward."

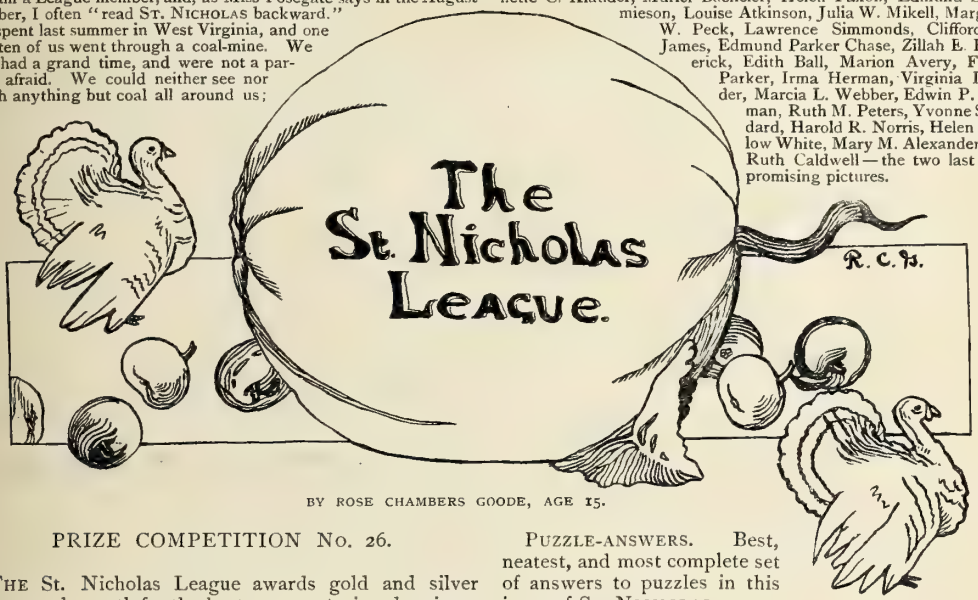
I spent last summer in West Virginia, and one day ten of us went through a coal-mine. We just had a grand time, and were not a particle afraid. We could neither see nor touch anything but coal all around us; and once in a while we would catch the glimmer of a miner's tiny lamp 'way ahead. That helped to make it all the more weird. We all breathed a sigh of relief when we at last saw the light.

I have a splendid collection of postal-cards. If any League members are collecting, I would be very glad to write to them on Washington souvenir cards, in exchange.

With best wishes for a long life for ST. NICHOLAS and the League,

Your devoted reader, ALICE B. PARET.

Other entertaining and appreciative letters have been received from Marion B. Gifford, Helen Lathrop (with drawing), Florence Adams, Eleanor R. McClees, Sidney F. Kimball, Grace Tetlow, Alfred McLester Brown, William D. Milne, Irving Roberts, Jeannette C. Klauder, Muriel Bacheler, Helen Paxon, Edmund S. Jamieson, Louise Atkinson, Julia W. Mikell, Margaret W. Peck, Lawrence Simmonds, Clifford P. James, Edmund Parker Chase, Zillah E. Frederick, Edith Ball, Marion Avery, Foster Parker, Irma Herman, Virginia I. Elder, Marcia L. Webber, Edwin P. Lehman, Ruth M. Peters, Yvonne Stoddard, Harold R. Norris, Helen Ludlow White, Mary M. Alexander, and Ruth Caldwell—the two last with promising pictures.




BY ROSE CHAMBERS GOODE, AGE 15.

## PRIZE COMPETITION No. 26.

THE St. Nicholas League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle-answers.

A SPECIAL CASH PRIZE. To any League member who has won a gold badge for any of the above-named achievements, and shall again win first place, *a cash prize of five dollars* will be awarded, *instead of another gold badge.*

*Competition No. 26* will close November 15 (for foreign members November 20). The awards will be announced and prize contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for February.

VERSE. To contain not more than twenty-four lines, and may be illustrated, if desired, with not more than two drawings or photographs by the author. Subject to relate in some manner to George Washington.

PROSE. Story, article, or play of not more than four hundred words. It may be illustrated, if desired, with not more than two drawings by the author. Subject to relate in some manner to school or school life.

PHOTOGRAPH. Any size, mounted or unmounted, but no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "From my Best Negative."

DRAWING. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash (not color). Subject, "A February Heading." May be landscape or interior, with or without figures.

PUZZLE. Any sort, the answer to contain some word or words relating to valentines or the valentine season.




BY HELEN E. JACOBY, AGE 13. (A FORMER PRIZE-WINNER.)

PUZZLE-ANSWERS. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS.

WILD-ANIMAL OR BIRD PHOTOGRAPH. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of a gun. For the best photograph of a wild animal or bird, taken *in its natural home: First Prize*, five dollars and League gold badge. *Second Prize*, three dollars and League gold badge. *Third Prize*, League gold badge.

## ADVERTISING COMPETITION.

A REPORT of this competition, with a list of prize-winners, will be found on advertising page 13.

## RULES FOR ALL COMPETITIONS.

EVERY contribution of whatever kind *must* bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, *who must be convinced beyond doubt that the contribution is not copied*, but wholly the work of the sender. If prose, the number of words should also be added. These things must not be on a separate sheet, but *on the contribution itself*—if a manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, on the *margin or back*. Write or draw on *one side of the paper only*. A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only. Members are not obliged to contribute every month. Address all communications:

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE,
Union Square, New York.

# THE LETTER-BOX.

## EDITORIAL NOTE.

THE "little English girl" whose portrait, engraved by Timothy Cole, is the frontispiece to this number, is the Princess Sophia, daughter of George III. of England. She was born in 1777, so the period of her earliest childhood was that of the American Revolution, since she was but six when peace was declared. She lived until 1848, in which year her niece, Queen Victoria, had been eleven years on the throne.

John Hoppner, from whose painting Mr. Cole engraved the frontispiece, was a boy chorister in the Royal Chapel, and the king made him an allowance so that he might study art. At the age of twenty he won a silver medal, and at twenty-four a gold medal, from the Royal Academy.

Hoppner became a successful and fashionable portrait-painter, the only rival of the great Sir Thomas Lawrence.

Both were said to be "handsome men, of fine address and polished manners."

Hoppner married the daughter of his landlady, Mrs. Wright, and at her house he occasionally met Benjamin West, Garrick, Foote, and Benjamin Franklin. Hoppner died in 1810.

---

OAKLAND, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We are three little girls from Honolulu. Our names are Mary, Jane, and Susie. We have lived in Honolulu all our lives, and have come to California for the first time on a visit. We each have a pony and go down to *Waikiki* (the sea-beach) to bathe. Last summer it was so hot in Honolulu that mama took us up to the volcano on Hawaii, where it is very cool, and we saw Mauna Loa in eruption. My little sister Jane and myself went to the lava flow, and it was very beautiful, but awfully hot. We are very anxious to go home again; but we think that California is very beautiful. Mama and papa are in Europe, and as soon as they come back we will go home. My little sister Jane is afraid to ride in cars without horses. We are four, five, and seven in age. We have taken you for a long time, and we like you very much. Miss Johnson, our governess, who is writing this for me, says it is time to stop. *Aloha nui* (love to you), and we hope to still read you for a long time. JANE, SUSIE, MARY.

P.S. Mary has burned all the blue envelopes.

SUSIE.

---

"HILLCREST," WINCHESTER, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In the September number of ST. NICHOLAS there is a letter from William Force Stead which gives an extract from an annual of 1760, which states that Shakspere's house was torn down and the mulberry-tree destroyed. I will try to explain this.

In 1597 Shakspere bought a new house, called "New Place," for £60, which had been the property of Sir Hugh Clopton. After it had passed through several hands, Sir John Clopton tore it down in about 1700, and built a new house on the site of the old one for Hugh Clopton (a descendant of the man from whom Shakspere bought the house), who was about to be married.

The house which we are now shown is the birthplace of Shakspere, where he lived before he bought New Place.

The mulberry-tree was the first one that had been brought to Stratford-on-Avon, and is supposed to have been planted by the great dramatist at the back of his mansion at New Place. It had attained a large size in 1758, when it was cut down by its then owner, the Rev. Francis Gastrell. Probably at that time it was in a state of incipient decay.

My authority is J. O. Halliwell-Phillipps in his "Outlines of the Life of Shakspere."

Trusting that you will find this an acceptable answer to the query, I am,

Your devoted reader,

DOROTHY M. TEMPLE BROWN.

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VINTONDALE, CAMBRIA CO., PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I was very much interested in Miss Marie Ortmayer's letter in the July ST. NICHOLAS, and I thought you would like to hear about our little magazine.

We call it the "Dragon-Fly," and it is all original. There are only two on our staff, but as the magazine is a monthly we have plenty of time to prepare the copies, although they are all done by hand. We have drawings, poems, and stories, besides puzzles and current events.

Living in the mountains, I am, of course, interested in flowers, trees, and birds. I collect leaves and flowers, but I am especially fond of bird-study. Lately I have been watching a nest that I think is a mourning-dove's; but I can't be sure yet.

My brother and I have an Indian pony, and I am very fond of horseback-riding. Every other day, when it is not too hot, the side-saddle is put on "Nita," the pony, and we go for a fine ride through the woods.

I am thirteen, and think the League is splendid. I try to contribute to every competition.

Wishing a long life to ST. NICHOLAS and the League,

I am, your sincere friend,

ISADORE DOUGLAS.

---

TEZIUTLAN, ESTADO DE PUEBLA, MEXICO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We get ST. NICHOLAS, and I think it is very nice.

I have read a story in it called "A Boy of a Thousand Years Ago," and thought it very nice.

I like the St. Nicholas League and think it is one of the best things in the magazine.

We have a waterfall which is 975 feet high. Its name is Atexcaco. When the water is falling it looks fog.

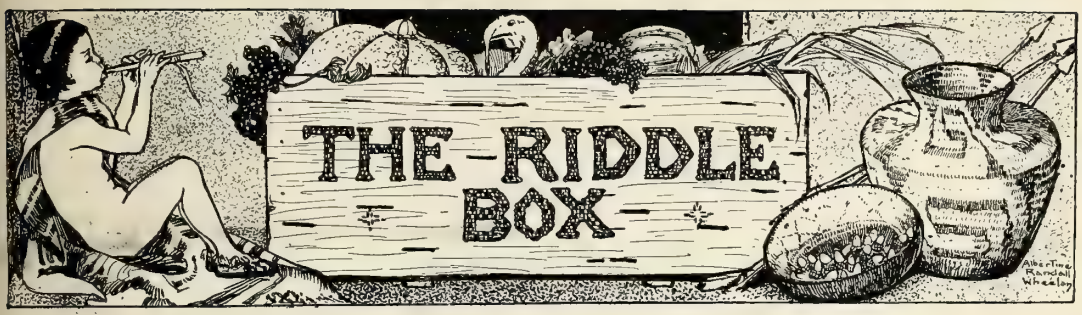
At the top there are fern-trees twenty feet in height. The fern leaves do not grow on the trunk like branches; they grow only from the top.

We have a fern-tree just starting to grow in our yard. When the leaves are coming out they are called monkey-tails.

June is the beginning of the rainy season, and sometimes it rains for two weeks at a time without stopping.

It is very seldom that we have hot weather. The Indian name for fog is *chipi-chipi*.

Your loving reader, ELENA BARRON.




## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE OCTOBER NUMBER.

CONCEALED WORD-SQUARE. 1. Erase. 2. Raven. 3. Avert. 4. Serve. 5. Enter.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, grapes; finals, apples. Cross-words: 1. Grains. 2. Raceme. 3. Appeal. 4. Philip. 5. Entrap. 6. Sahara.

CLASSICAL PRIMAL ACROSTIC. Apple of Discord. 1. Apollo. 2. Pygmalion. 3. Proserpine. 4. Latona. 5. Erato. 6. Orion. 7. Flora. 8. Daphne. 9. Ithaca. 10. Scylla. 11. Cupid. 12. Olympus. 13. Romulus. 14. Diana.

CONNECTED SQUARES. I. 1. Dire. 2. Idol. 3. Rock. 4. Elks. II. 1. Seat. 2. Ease. 3. Asks. 4. Test. III. 1. Talk. 2. Ague. 3. Lute. 4. Keep.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA,

It was the pleasant harvest-time,
When cellar bins are closely stored
And garrets bend beneath their load.

A DOUBLY BEHEADED ACROSTIC. Pumpkins. 1. Im-peach. 2. St-urge-on. 3. Re-miss. 4. Im-pure. 5. Ta-ken. 6. Br-ink. 7. Ki-ne. 8. Re-strain.

INVERTED PYRAMID OF SQUARES. I. 1. Bird. 2. Idea. 3. Rear. 4. Dart. II. 1. Dare. 2. Arab. 3. Race. 4. Eben. III. 1. Come. 2. Opal. 3. Maim. 4. Elms. IV. 1. Tree. 2. Rena. 3. Ends 4. Ease. V. 1. Name. 2. Anon. 3. Mood. 4. Ends. VI. 1. Ease. 2. Adit. 3. Silo. 4. Eton.

NOVEL ACROSTIC. Initials, Grapes; next row, Autumn. Cross-words: 1. Gadfly. 2. Rumble. 3. Attack. 4. Puddle. 5. Embody. 6. Snooze.

ENIGMA. Christmas. (Sham, stir, match.)

PI.

The sun is but a blur of light,
The sky in ashy gray is lost;
But all the forest trees are bright,
Brushed by the pinions of the frost.

CENTRAL ACROSTIC. Queen Victoria. Cross-words: 1. Toque. 2. Brute. 3. Fleas. 4. Speed. 5. Bends. 6. River. 7. Spine. 8. Picks. 9. Watch. 10. Close. 11. Arrow. 12. Price. 13. Heart.

DOUBLE DIAGONAL. Left to right, Bartlett; right to left, Greening. Cross-words: 1. Blooming. 2. Barberry. 3. Fireweed. 4. Spiteful. 5. Painless. 6. Waitress. 7. Initiate. 8. Gauntlet.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS Riddle-box, care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE AUGUST NUMBER were received, before August 15th, from Joe Carlada — "The Thayer Co." — Ruth A. Sherrill — Louise Atkinson — Honora P. Russell — Elsie Fisher Steinheimer — Theodora B. Dennis — Evelyn F. Keisker — Elsie Danner — Nellie T. Graef — Katie Clary — Julia D. Walker — Marie H. Whitman — Edyth F. Vermeulen — Rachel Rhoades — Josephine La Tourette — Agnes Cole — Olive R. T. Griffin — Ruth M. Cornell — Louise E. Jones — Harriet Frances Seaver — Mabel Miller Johns — Augustus Bertram George — "The Triumvirate" — Margaret Wilkie Gilholm — Grace L. Massonneau — Margaret Clifford — Helen Souther — Eula Frantz and Laura Hartwell — Sara Lawrence Kellogg — Edythe R. Carr — "Allil and Adi" — Mary Miller — Hilda Hughes — Nessie and Freddie — Eleanor R. McClees — Jessie K. Angell.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE AUGUST NUMBER were received, before August 15th, from J. F. McNamara, 2 — Grace Archdeacon, 2 — Sarah Parker, 4 — Margaret A. Rupp, 8 — Samuel C. Frazee, 3 — Fred Foote, 5 — Willie Naseth, 4 — Claire L. Sidenberg, 2 — Ruth A. Bliss, 4 — Sarah A. Howell, 9 — Harriet G. Russell, 2 — Edith Patrick, 5 — Frederick Carter, 4 — Florence and Edna, 9 — Tandy A. Bryson, 4 — Albert Beecher, 10 — Brian McCormick, 2 — May Adsit, 11 — "Rat and Mouse," 5 — Dorothy Buckingham, 5 — Kenneth G. Hamilton, 6 — "Adsie and Dotsy," 7 — Helen Adele Seeligman, 10 — Charlie C. Atherton, 9 — Mary S. Wren, 5 — M. W. Johnstone, 11 — Harriet G. Byers, 9 — Mabel Barnaby Clark, 3 — Bertha V. Emmerson, 3 — Ethel M. Albertson, 8 — Mabel, George, and Henri, 11 — Ernest Gregory, 11 — Helen Humphreys, 2 — Helen Warner Johns, 4 — Jessie E. Wilcox, 11 — Corene Bryant and Mama, 2 — Lucia B. Woodward, 5 — Dorothy A. Baldwin, 10 — Mary S. Pusey, 9 — Ruby Benjamin, 5 — Gertrude L. Cannon, 8 — Clemento Wheat, 9 — Lilian S. Burt, 11 — Selma Milcke, 7 — Frances Dubois, 4 — Margaret Alline Fellows, 11 — Rosalie L. Hausmann, 10 — Mary B. Wagner, 11 — Sidney F. Kimball, 11 — Jennie M. Clow, 5 — H. Richards and M. Alexander, 10 — Marjorie R. and Helen P., 8 — Emily, 2 — Grace L. Craven, 5 — Papa and the Bird, 3 — Jack Blaikie, 6 — Marion B. Farnsworth, 11 — Lilian Morrison, 3 — Reginald Cain-Bartels, 11. (So many sent answers to only one puzzle that these cannot be acknowledged.)

### DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

MY primals and finals name two words often heard on Thanksgiving.

CROSS-WORDS (of equal length): 1. Evidence. 2. An Eastern country. 3. A famous pianist. 4. Circumference. 5. A scoundrel. 6. To bury. 7. Measures of distance.

MILA L. LANDIS (League Member).

### LOST LETTERS.

(EXAMPLE: Insert a letter in to crowd, and make a dairy product. Answer, cram, cr-e-am.)

1. Insert a letter in a sly look, and make one afflicted with a terrible disease. 2. Insert a letter in an insect, and make part of the head. 3. Insert a letter in a boy's name, and make a common fruit. 4. Insert a letter in a sex, and make the tree which is Canada's emblem. 5. Insert a letter in a legal claim, and make to compare. 6. Insert a letter in learning, and make a river of France. 7. Insert a letter in small animals, and make a kind of pie. 8. Insert a letter in a dock, and make a musician. 9. Insert a letter in attitude, and make to balance. 10. Insert a letter in a tribe, and make pure.

The inserted letters will spell something very popular at Thanksgiving dinners.

MARY L. BRIGHAM.
(Winner of a gold badge.)

### CONCEALED WORD-SQUARE.

One word is concealed in each sentence.

1. Did Bob acknowledge the admirable invitation?
2. Yes, but how he did glare at it first.
3. And then he said that recently he had been slighted.
4. At last he sent back a testy answer.

MARY B. CAMP (League Member).

### NOVEL ACROSTIC.

(*Gold Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

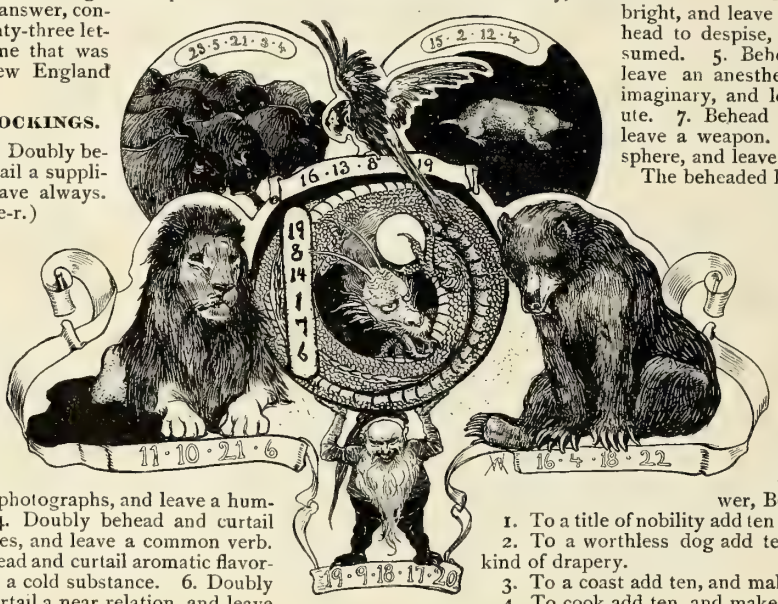
ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed, and written one below the other, the initial letters and the central letters will each spell important days in November.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. To negotiate. 2. Assists. 3. The center of an amphitheater. 4. Parts of chickens. 5. Certain raptorial birds. 6. One who is canonized. 7. Thick shade. 8. Interior. 9. A Russian drink distilled from rye. 10. A likeness. 11. Knots of wool removed by the comb. 12. Struggles for breath.

SCOTT STERLING.

### ILLUSTRATED NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

THIS differs from the ordinary numerical enigma in that the words forming it are pictured instead of described. The answer, consisting of twenty-three letters, is a name that was famous in New England years ago.




### DOUBLE DOCKINGS.

(EXAMPLE: Doubly behead and curtail a supplication, and leave always. Answer, pr-aye-r.)

1. Doubly behead and curtail fixed, and leave a unit. 2. Doubly behead and curtail a near relation, and leave a common article. 3. Doubly behead and curtail certain books to hold photographs, and leave a humming noise. 4. Doubly behead and curtail one who carries, and leave a common verb. 5. Doubly behead and curtail aromatic flavorings, and leave a cold substance. 6. Doubly behead and curtail a near relation, and leave a common word.

When the six remaining little words are rightly guessed and written one below another, the central letters, reading downward, will spell the name of a place where many go on Thanksgiving.

MARY WARE (League Member).

### DOUBLE DIAGONAL.




CROSS-WORDS: 1. Endeavoring. 2. A famous musical composer. 3. Carved. 4. A kind of cotton cloth. 5. Hits. 6. A European people.

From 1 to 2, and from 3 to 4, when read in connection, spell a holiday.

M. ETHEL LEE.

(Winner of gold and silver badges.)

### NOVEL ZIGZAG.

(*Silver Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

ALL of the eleven words described contain three syllables. The middle syllables all contain the same number of letters. When the words are rightly guessed, write the middle syllables one below another. Then the zigzag, beginning at the upper left-hand letter and ending with the lower right-hand letter, will spell the name of something much used on Thanksgiving.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A forefather. 2. Food of the gods which was said to give eternal youth. 3. An imaginary line encircling the earth. 4. In a pliant manner. 5. One given to argument. 6. One who professes. 7. To come to a decision. 8. Humble penitence. 9. Pain inflicted for an offense. 10. Exclusion. 11. To decree beforehand.

ALICE F. RUPP.

### BEHEADINGS.

1. BEHEAD of old and leave metal in its natural state. 2. Behead nearly, and leave a tournament. 3. Behead bright, and leave a bar. 4. Behead to despise, and leave consumed. 5. Behead to tie, and leave an anesthetic. 6. Behead imaginary, and leave to distribute. 7. Behead contracted, and leave a weapon. 8. Behead a sphere, and leave part of the ear.

The beheaded letters will spell a delightful recreation.

A. B. BARNES (Member of League).

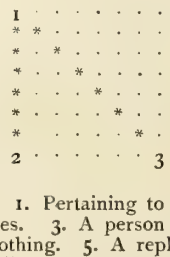
### PHONETIC ADDITIONS.

(EXAMPLE: To a busy little insect add ten and make to have vanquished. Answer, Bee-ten, beaten.)

1. To a title of nobility add ten and make sure.
2. To a worthless dog add ten, and make a kind of drapery.
3. To a coast add ten, and make to curtail.
4. To cook add ten, and make to terrify.
5. To a blind animal add ten, and make a melted metal.
6. To a falsehood add ten, and make to become less dark or lowering.
7. To a knot add ten, and make to make closer.
8. To hasten add ten, and make to intensify.

HERBERT I. PRIESTLEY.

### PRIMAL ACROSTIC AND DIAGONAL.




CROSS-WORDS: 1. Pertaining to the body. 2. One of the United States. 3. A person who adheres to his sovereign. 4. Clothing. 5. A reply. 6. Unsafe. 7. To disfigure. 8. Power.

From 1 to 2, those who first celebrated Thanksgiving; from 1 to 3, the place where it was celebrated.

HARRIET MARSTON (League Member).

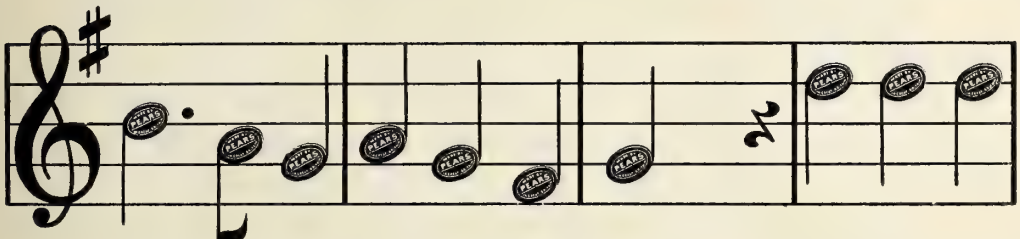
THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK.

# ONE SPEECH
# ONE AIR
# ONE SOAP

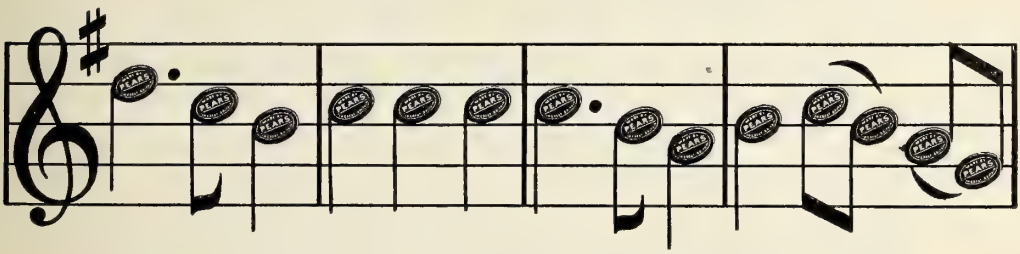
PEARS' SOAP



**Pears' Soap!** 'tis of thee, Sweet queen of



Pu - ri - ty! Of thee I sing; Soap by our



Fathers tried, Soap of two Nations' pride, Of thee on



every side, loud praises ring.

*All rights secured.*

# ST. NICHOLAS STAMP PAGE.

THE Pan-American series of postage stamps has given a great impetus to collecting. Many who had never before been interested in stamps have taken up collecting. Young collectors have always been especially interested in United States issues. There was a period when older collectors cared very little for them, but signs of a renewed interest are not wanting, and those who have continuously sought to add to their collections of United States stamps will have no reason to regret their foresight. There are great quantities of United States stamps to be had in ordinary and poor condition, but when the endeavor is made to secure them in fine condition, either unused or lightly canceled, it is found to be a much more difficult thing than one would think. The earlier issues come very badly centered in many cases — that is, the perforations cut the designs. It was also the principal object with the postmasters from 1847 to 1870 to cancel the stamps effectively. Therefore a great deal of ink was used for the purpose, injuring the stamp as a specimen.

American issues generally, not only the United States but Central and South America, are much sought after by young collectors. It is possible to find almost every kind of stamp in the issues which have been made for the Western Hemisphere. The designs of such a country as Uruguay, for instance, cover almost all the field of designing in stamps, so that specimens of each of the issues show the progress that has been made from the earliest times to the present not only in designing but also in the engraver's art.

Collectors are now awaiting the publication of the new catalogue, which will show the changes which have been made in prices during the past year. These will affect many of the stamps which are to be found in the possession of young collectors. There will be considerable advance made in the stamps of the Portuguese colonies known as the "crown type." The prices of many of these have always been low, and the advances now made are no greater than the changes in the market warrant. Every one has been looking for higher prices on stamps of the British colonies, which have come to be commonly known as "Queen's heads." This refers to the particular varieties which bear the picture of the Queen, either in profile or full face. An average advance of from one fifth to one quarter is expected in all such stamps.



TEN-CENTESIMI STAMP OF ITALY.

The lately issued 25-centesimi stamps of Italy, of the same design as our cut, bearing the head of the new king, have been surcharged for use in Khania in the Island of Crete and Bengazi in Tripoli. The previous issue was surcharged with the value 1 piaster only, but it has been thought best to distinguish between the stamps used in separate places by the addition of the town name.

High values of stamps for Korea have appeared recently, and as this country is now a member of the Postal Union, these stamps will probably be found in used condition at reasonable prices, and young collectors may obtain them. The design of the 2-ch stamp has also been changed, and the earlier issue is likely to be scarce.

Asiatic stamps generally have had considerable attention paid to them ever since the Chinese war. The unusual designs and peculiar combinations of color which are found in some of them prove very interesting, and there are also several countries, such as Siam, where the large number of varieties furnishes a great opportunity for collectors.

### ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS.

The 1900 issue of Fernando Po differs from that of 1899 in the date only. A collection of issues of this sort is among the least valuable from a collector's point of view, and one may well be satisfied with a single specimen of each value so far as they can be obtained. —The one-penny revenue stamp of Montserrat is not very valuable unless it has been postally used. The stamp canceled with pen-marks was used as a revenue, and while it may fill the space in an album, it is not the stamp for which that space was designed. —The question so frequently asked in relation to the variations in triangles on United States stamps is fully answered by any catalogue in which illustrations may be found. — A correspondent objects that it is impossible at the present time to secure a complete collection of stamps. It is seldom that a complete collection can be secured of anything that collectors desire. It is best to obtain, by special effort, the stamps which please one especially; and the securing of a large number of these will furnish as much satisfaction as can be obtained from making a collection complete. —Inverted surcharges are in almost all cases more valuable than those in which the surcharge is in its ordinary position. There are, however, only a limited number of collectors who are willing to buy these and pay the high prices that are frequently asked for them. —Nearly all of the Helgoland stamps of the first issue which are seen are reprints. The only common ones are the 2-sch. and 6-sch. The last issue, however, is quite common in unused original stamps. —There are very many varieties of shade in the stamps of the Danish West Indies from 1873 to 1896, and collectors generally select only the variations of denomination.

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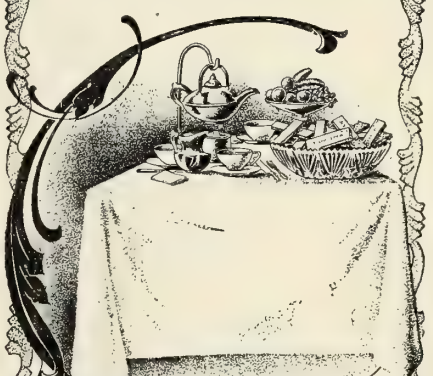
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# Ramona and Athena Sugar Wafers

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## *Advertising Competition No. 9.*

*One hundred dollars* in cash prizes.
Twenty prizes of five dollars each.

The members of St. Nicholas League are invited to prepare advertisements for any one of the firms who have taken part in any of the previous competitions. Any member can submit an advertisement for each firm. It is wiser to submit one which stands a chance of winning a prize than to send half a dozen crude, undeveloped ideas. Remember that the fundamental idea of an advertisement is to increase the sale of the article mentioned. It is always well to secure descriptive circulars direct from the advertiser.

This competition will be in force during the months of November and December—from October 25th until December 24th.

## *Report of Advertising Competition No. 7.*

Advertising Competition No. 7 has tried the patience of the members of the League not a little. It was held in force much longer than was originally planned, and the responses were so numerous that it is difficult to give a complete and satisfactory report even now. The Roll of Honor, in justice to all the competitors, ought to be about twice as long. No. 7 may be considered as the banner competition of the entire series.

It is probable that quite a number of sketches will be accepted by the advertisers, although it is not possible to give any definite estimate as to how many.

### PRIZE-WINNERS IN ADVERTISING COMPETITION No. 7.

CASH PRIZES OF FIVE DOLLARS EACH.

Pleasaunce Baker (14), Grasmere, Fla.
Clarke De Ball (16), Paola, Kan.
Arthur Bell (17), Faribault, Minn.
Mabel B. Clark (13), Newton Centre, Mass.
Marjorie Stowe Collins (15), Springfield, Mass.
Charles N. Cruttenden (16), Northfield, Minn.
Edward C. Day (16), San Anselmo, Cal.
Douglass Ferry (15), Chicago, Ill.
Helen H. Ferry (15), Pittsfield, Mass.
Louise Fletcher (14), Jacksonville, Fla.
Katherine E. Foote (16), Guilford, Conn.
Alfred L. Gimson (16), Lambertville, N. J.
Rose Chambers Goode (15), Boydton, Va.
Yvonne Jéquier (16), Faubourg du Crêt. Neuchatel, Switzerland.
Lila Johnson (17), Charleston, S. C.
Imogene McClees (13), Columbus, Ohio.
Sarah C. McDavitt (13), St. Paul, Minn.
Ruth M. Peters (14), Dorchester, Mass.
Rachel Rhoades (12), Urbana, Ill.
Dorothy Lyman Warren (13), Albany, N. Y.

WINNERS OF THREE-DOLLAR PRIZES.

Muriel Bacheler, J. Ernest Bechdolt, John R. Boyd, Marie Flanner, Hugo Graf, Harry L. Howard, Eldridge W. Jamieson, Clyde R. Miller, Eleanor Hollis Murdock, Ruth Olyphant, Reinhold A. Palenske, Jeanette E. Perkins, Edith E. Peters, Imogene B. Pierce, Geddes Smith, Clarence Tritt.

### ROLL OF HONOR.

COMPETITION No. 7.

Edith Azalia Adams, Gertrude E. Allen, Harold G. Allen, John Allison, Elizabeth Ballard, Bertha Bartlett, Robert Gastrell Barton, Alberta Bastedo, Joshua W. Brady, Charlotte J. Briscoe, Bessie H. Brown, Katherine Eliza Butler, Grace Buzby, Frank W. Byrne, Helena L. Camp, Jos. B. Champlin, Richard de Charms, Jr., Ernest J. Clare, Clara Clement, Eleanor Clifton, Thomas C. Cole, Kate Colquhoun, Delmar G. Cooke, Alice M. Crane, Stewart S. Crise, Ruth E. Crombie, Edith G. Daggett, Edgar Daniels, Marjorie Day, D. M. Dexter, Elise Donaldson, Anna A. Dorman, Ralph E. Dyor, Anna C. Edgecomb, Cecil Edwards, Gabrielle Elliott, Margaret Estabrook, Catharine Evans, Helen D. Fish, Agnes Haviland Forshew, Ralph Fox, Bessie Frazer, Elizabeth Freeman, Mary Eleanor George, Helen L. Gifford, Paul Glenn, Henry Goldman, C. Brewer Goodsell, Elise D. Gordon, N. Walter Gregg, Serena Gould, L. George Hager, Ruth B. Hand, Josephine Harvey, Henry D. Hammond, Margaret Hammond, Catherine P. Hargrave, Jessie Harris, Louise M. Haynes, Van Wyck Hewlett, May Higginbottom, Romaine Hoit, Gladys Eleanor Holden, Sylvia Holt, Marjorie Gorre Hood, Rosabelle Horton, Beth Howard, Edwina Howard, Katharine Huntington, Helen E. Jacoby, Eldridge W. Jamieson, Helen Jewell, Marian D. Jewett, Peirce C. Johnson, Grace R. Jones, Marion Kappes, Grace Kilborne, Sidney F. Kimball, Dorothy Knight, Irene C. Kohn, Roland Krebs, Henry C. Lanneau, Edwin P. Lehman, Ruby Belle Litchfield, Arthur J. Lockwood, Virginia Lyman, Helen L. Markham, Dettie Maxwell, Frank S. McDonald, Rebecca McDougall, Jean Challis McDuffie, Charlotte N. McKinney, Florence McManus, Phoebe A. H. Mears, Hilda Meigs, Allen G. Miller, Louis Moen, Margaret Morris, Charlotte Morton, Marion Paulding Murdock, Joseph H. Neebe, Irving A. Nees, Everingham Noble, Eugene O'Connor, Jr., Leicester W. O'Connor, Clara M. Okie, Maurice M. Osborne, Jacqueline Overton, Morrow Wayne Palmer, Harry H. Parker, Leigh K. Patton, Holman I. Pearl, George H. Plough, Dorothea Posegate, Alice Presbrey, Richard Purdy, Carolyn Putnam, Stanley Randall, Rosine Raoul, Ernestine Rhein, Oscar Ritter, Marguerite Rogers, Margaret A. Rupp, Dorothy Russell, Monica Samuels, Ray Sapp, Margaret E. Sayward, Edna L. Schell, Katherine M. Schmucker, Albert D. Schrader, Franc M. Scriver, Clara Shanafelt, Laurence M. Simmonds, Jean Paul Slusser, Herbert W. Smith, Isabel Smith, Levi P. Smith, Reynold Albrecht Spaeth, Allan Morgan Standish, Essa M. Starkweather, Helen Starr, Mary Stebbins, Fred. Stearns, M. Letitia Stockett, Emily Storer, Emma Swezy, Genevieve Taylor, J. Deems Taylor, Florence Alice Tirrill, Albert B. Toppan, Alice M. Torrey, Orion Vance, Pauline Vanderburgh, Helen de Veer, Mary B. Wagner, Alice E. Wardwell, Corinne R. Wendel, Howard S. Wheeler, Eleanor S. Whipple, Alice G. Whitman, Marie H. Whitman, Dorothy Willey, Julia W. Williamson, Francis D. Willoughby, Helen Wilson, W. Ray Wilson, Raymond S. Wise, Florence Helen Wood, Laura M. Woodworth, Marion C. Woodworth, Beaumont Adréon Young, Anna Zucker.



# NOVEMBER

## Beginning A Year



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MARK TWAIN

THE most novel feature of THE CENTURY MAGAZINE for the new volume which begins with the November number, is a group of humorous stories and sketches by the best-known American humorists and by a number of contributors new in this field. Among those who will contribute are :

**"Mark Twain,"**
**F. P. Dunne ("Mr. Dooley"),**
**Joel Chandler Harris ("Uncle Remus"),**
**Edward W. Townsend, ("Chimmie Fadden"),**
**George Ade,**
**Ruth McEnery Stuart,**
**James Whitcomb Riley,**
**Paul Laurence Dunbar,**
**Gelett Burgess,**
**Frank R. Stockton,**
**Tudor Jenks,**
**Ellis Parker Butler,**
**Carolyn Wells,**
**Harry S. Edwards,**
**Chester Bailey Fernald,**
**Charles Battell Loomis,**
**Oliver Herford,**
**Elliott Flower,**
**Albert Bigelow Paine,**
**Beatrice Herford.**

The magazine will contain, also, articles reminiscent of the older American humorists, beginning with

### "A RETROSPECT OF AMERICAN HUMOR"

in the November number, written by Professor W. P. Trent, of Columbia, and including portraits of the following :

**"Artemus Ward,"**
**"Petroleum V. Nasby,"**
**"Josh Billings,"**
**"Mark Twain,"**
**John G. Saxe,**
**"Mrs. Partington,"**
**"Miles O'Reilly,"**
**Charles G. Leland ("Hans Breitmann"),**
**John Hay,**
**"Bill Nye,"**
**James Whitcomb Riley,**
**Frank R. Stockton,**
**"Danbury News Man" (James M. Bailey),**
**Donald G. Mitchell,**
**H. C. Bunner,**
**"Sam Slick,"**
**Eugene Field,**
**Richard Grant White,**
**"Orpheus C. Kerr,"**
**Capt. George H. Derby ("John Phoenix"),**
**Oliver Wendell Holmes,**
**Mortimer Thomson ("Q. K. Philander Doesticks, P. B."),**
**James Russell Lowell,**
**Charles Dudley Warner,**
**Bret Harte,**
**Frederick S. Cozzens.**

In the November CENTURY the humorous features consist of

### TWO SHORT STORIES BY MARK TWAIN.

**"Recollections of Artemus Ward,"**
**By JAMES F. RYDER.**

**"First Lessons in Humor,"**
**By CAROLYN WELLS.**

**"The Indiscretion of John Henry,"**
**A Tale of a Woman's Club,**
**By WALTER LEON SAWYER.**
Illustrated by Florence Scovel Shinn.

**Three Humorous Negro Poems,**
**By PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR.**

**"Mr. Appleby's Vote,"**
**By CATHARINE YOUNG GLEN.**
Illustrated by Frost.

**"The Crocodile ; The Porcupine ; The Tortoise."**
**By OLIVER HERFORD.**





EUGENE FIELD



H.C. BUNNER



WARNER



ARTEMUS WARD



MILES O'REILLY



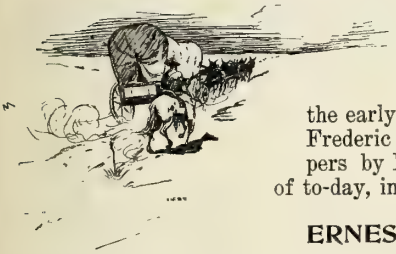
SHILLABER

# CENTURY

## of American Humor"



### THE OLD AND THE NEW WEST



will be described and illustrated during the coming volume of THE CENTURY, in a series of vivid articles by Emerson Hough, author of "The Story of the Cowboy," describing the early emigration movements, with illustrations by Frederic Remington; to be followed by a series of papers by Ray Stannard Baker on the great Southwest of to-day, including "The Desert," "Irrigation," etc.

### ERNEST SETON-THOMPSON

contributes "The Legend of the White Reindeer" to the November CENTURY,— a thrilling story of the North, with his own illustrations.

### A NOVELETTE BY CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY

begins in the November CENTURY,— "Barbarossa," a dramatic sketch in four parts, illustrated by the German artist Werner Zehme. This will be followed by a novelette by ANNE DOUGLAS SEDGWICK, author of "The Confounding of Camelia," etc. Other novelettes will follow.

### PRESIDENT McKINLEY

is affectionately described in an article on some of his personal characteristics, written by Secretary John D. Long; and the Rev. J. M. Buckley, D. D., who has made a careful study of the subject, writes on "The Assassination of Kings and Presidents." There are poems on the recent tragedy, and editorials.

### NEW YORK SOCIETY

is to be delightfully treated by Eliot Gregory ("The Idler"). His first paper, entitled "Our Foolish Virgins," profusely illustrated by a new artist, appears in November.

### ART FEATURES.

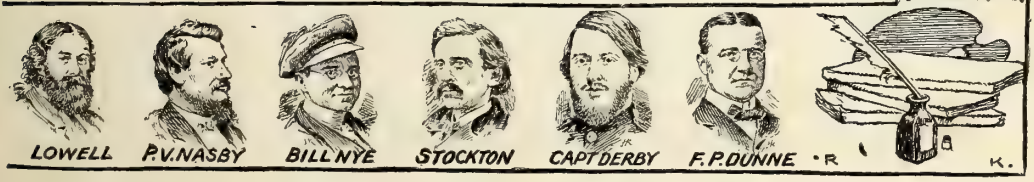
Mr. Timothy Cole, who is engraving for THE CENTURY in Europe, will follow his wonderful series of Italian, Dutch, and English masters with a number of engravings showing the greatest work of the old Spanish masters. The first of these appears in November, another striking illustrative feature of which is three full-page pictures by Castaigne, Howard Pyle, and Keller, illustrating scenes in "Don Quixote."

---

**New Subscriptions** to THE CENTURY should begin with this November number, price $4.00 a year. Send to the publishers for a prospectus illustrated in color. Address

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# BOOKS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

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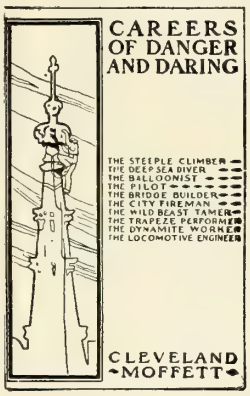
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| The Deep-Sea Diver. | The Wild-Beast Tamer. |
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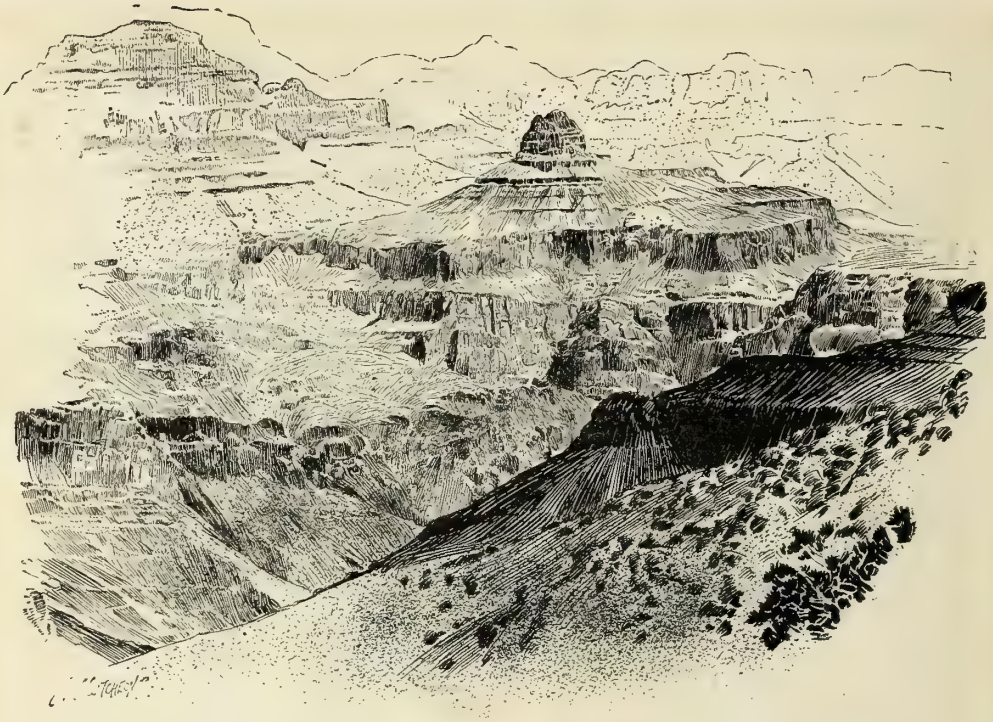
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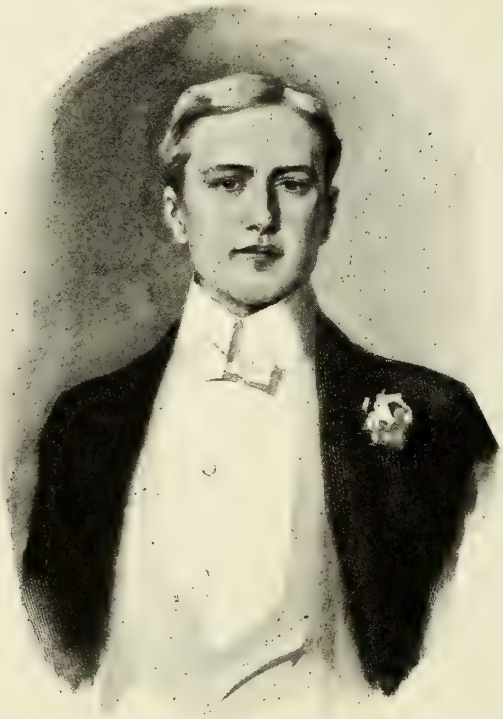
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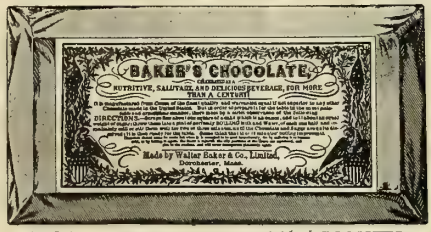
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CHRISTMAS NUMBER

# ST. NICHOLAS

Dec, 1901




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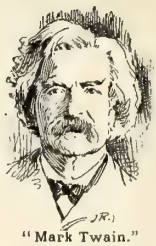
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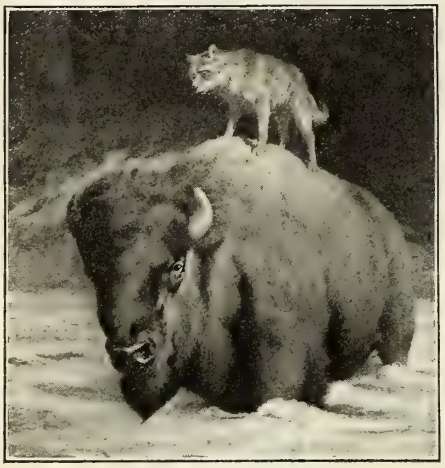
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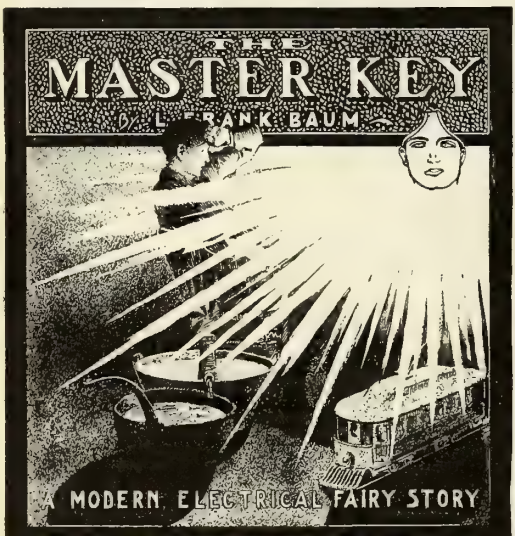
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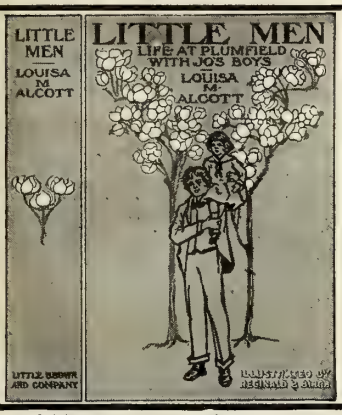
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THE CHRISTMAS STORY.

# ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XXIX. DECEMBER, 1901. NO. 2.



## THE IMP'S CHRISTMAS VISIT

BY JOSEPHINE DODGE DASKAM

ON the day before Christmas, or, to be perfectly accurate, at half-past three o'clock on the afternoon of the 24th of December, the Imp was driving through a heavy Vermont blizzard, huddled on the back seat of an old-fashioned sleigh, between his mother and his Aunt Gertrude. Facing them sat his father and his Uncle Stanley; and Joshua Peebles, the driver, was perched upon the raised seat in front.

The Imp was cold and cramped; his mother was cold and frightened; his father was cold and angry. And the horses, to judge from their actions, were cold and tired, for they stopped suddenly in the middle of the whirling flakes and refused to move a step, for all Joshua Peebles's clucking and urging.

"Oh, dear," cried the Imp's mother, "what a dreadful storm! What *shall* we do, Mr. Peebles? Is n't this terrible? How I wish we had stayed at the hotel!"

"Mebbe 't would 'a' been jes' as well if you had," replied Mr. Peebles politely.

"That 's enough of that," said the Imp's father decidedly. "Do you know where we are at all, Peebles?"

"Well," Mr. Peebles began, "I ain't so sure as I might be, but I *guess* we 're on the road. I guess we 're somewheres, more or less."

The rest of the party, cold and unhappy as they were, laughed at this cautious remark, and the Imp poked his nose out of the bearskin rug to see what had amused them. His sharp little eyes pierced the thick white veil around them, and he cried triumphantly:

"Here we are! Here 's Grandma Stafford's! Let 's get out, quick!"

Joshua Peebles shook his head. "No, sonny, you 're wrong. This ain't your gran'ma's by a good three mile. We ain't near to any place — wish we were. That 's just a snow-bank you see." He stopped suddenly and shaded his eyes with his big red worsted gloves.

"By gracious, it is a house!" he shouted. "It ain't Mis' Stafford's, but it *is* Darius Hobbs's! I did n't know we 'd come so far. Now, look here, folks; I guess you 've had

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enough o' this. You just get out while you can, and go right into Darius's and wait till this lets up. The team can't drag you much further, and that 's a fact. With your weight out, I 'll take 'em on to Mis' Stafford's — it ain't but two miles, and if I get stalled before I get there I can stop off at Deacon Scofield's. She 'll know why you had to wait. What do you say?"

"But I don't see any house," the Imp's father began doubtfully.

Mr. Peebles handed him the reins, jumped down, sank nearly to his waist in snow, and plowed ahead a few yards.

"Here 's the gate!" he called back. "Come in my path before it fills up, an' bring the ladies along. Hurry up, now!"

Almost before they realized how they had come, the little party was standing on the snowy front porch, surrounded by traveling-bags and suit-cases, the Imp congratulating himself publicly on his good eyesight; he was very proud that he had discovered the house first.

"I 'll ring the bell, Mr. Peebles," he said, stamping his feet in imitation of the men, and seizing the white china bell-knob. "Here 's some writing pinned up," he added, pointing to a sheet of paper above it.

Aunt Gertrude stepped forward, shivering, and read the writing aloud.

"'Have gone to Cousin Lon's for the day. Will be back to-morrow,'" she read with chattering teeth.

They stared at one another in consternation.

"Well," cried Mr. Peebles, "if that ain't the greatest! Gone over to 'Lonzo's, have they? Well, they 'll stay there quite a spell, I guess. They 're snowed-up there, jes' as you 're snowed-up here."

Poor little Aunt Gertrude sank down on the white step and choked. She had never been so cold in all her life. The Imp's toes began to ache, and he whined fretfully. Why did n't his father do something?

"Well, what 'll we do, Joshua?" said Uncle Stanley, as cheerfully as though there were a dozen things they *might* do and he were offering the choice.

"Do?" repeated Joshua, "do? Why, just go right in an' make yourselves to home, that 's all! Darius and his folks would want ye to do that. I know where they keep the key," and he reached up behind one of the blinds and took down a big brass door-key.

"Here, Mr. Stafford, here you are. Make a fire and find something to eat, and when this lets up I 'll come and get you. I dares n't leave the team another minute, or they 'll freeze stiff. Good-by!"

They watched him beat a way to the dejected horses, clamber into the sleigh, and shake the reins. The team started up, the bells jingled faintly, he faded into the shifting flakes. Uncle Stanley half lifted Aunt Gertrude to her feet, patted the Imp's heaving shoulder, fitted the key into the lock, and threw open the front door.

"Walk in, my friends, and make yourselves at home," he said politely. "Ring once for ice-water, twice for hot water, and three times for the bell-boy. I regret that the family is, with the exception of myself, over at Cousin 'Lonzo's, but anything that I can do —"

"Oh, Stanley, you are too absurd!" cried Aunt Gertrude; but they all laughed, and then they felt better.

The Imp pranced ahead into the deserted sitting-room, and looked curiously about him. A large, tall stove, with many shining knobs and a little white china bowl on the top, stood well toward the center. The carpet was covered with big wreaths of bright flowers, which he thought cheerful and pretty in the extreme, and there were many interesting pictures on the walls. He was just beginning the careful study of one hanging over the worn haircloth sofa, in which an enormous, long-haired man with a very cross face was engaged in bending two great stone pillars which supported the building he was about to destroy, when his father caught his hand.

"On to the wood-house," he cried, "or your Aunt Gertrude will turn into a yellow-haired icicle with a pink nose!" And he led them through a clean, bare kitchen into a fascinating room full of piled-up logs, little, middle-sized, and big, with all manner of shingles and lightwood besides. He and Uncle Stanley and the Imp carried in armfuls of this, and soon a fire was lighted in the black stove, and they were toasting their toes in a circle around the shining knobs. As the light glimmered red

through the isinglass doors, casting many rosy shadows now on their faces, now on the furniture, and the delicious warmth crept into their cold, tired bodies, a sudden impulse seized the older ones, and they burst into laughter till the room rang with it, the Imp, as was his custom, laughing loudest of all as he sprawled contentedly on a gay rug by the side of his mother's chair, though he had no idea what they all were so merry about. When Aunt Gertrude had finished at last, and his mother had wiped her eyes, the Imp turned to her curiously, and asked confidentially:

"What is it, mother? Tell me. Is it a joke?"

"A joke?" repeated Uncle Stanley huskily. "A joke? By all means, my dear child. I was laughing because your Grandmother Stafford sprained her ankle, and we thought it would be so pleasant to spend Christmas in the country with her and cheer her up!"



"'I 'LL RING THE BELL,' SAID THE IMP, ADDING, 'HERE 'S SOME WRITING PINNED UP!'"

"And I," said the Imp's mother, pursing her mouth into a queer little shape, "I was laughing because I packed everybody's presents to everybody else into a fine big box together, so they would be easily got at when we came to grandmother's."

"And I," continued the Imp's father, a little crossly, "*I* was laughing because I insisted upon storing the box in the hotel barn to save lifting it about — and then the barn burned to the ground."

"And I," Aunt Gertrude concluded, her voice shaking a little, she had laughed so hard, "I was laughing because I teased Brother Donald to let us start from the old hotel, blizzard or no blizzard, till he gave way and let us come — and here we are!"

The Imp stared at them a moment incredulously. Then he shook his head.

"I don't believe you at all!" he declared with decision. "I don't believe a word! There 's some other reason!"

And then, because they were the jolliest family in the world, and never gloomy for more than an hour at most, they began to laugh again, and actually laughed away all their misfortunes.

"It 's an adventure, a real adventure!" cried the Imp's mother, "and we ought to be delighted with it. We 're a house-party for over Christmas, that 's what we are!"

"Well, let 's inspect the house, then," suggested Uncle Stanley. "Imp, lead the way. Take us to our rooms, please."

The Imp giggled and started up the stairs. Four doors opened on the narrow upper hall, and he peeped into each, waving the rest of the party back till he had made his assignments. After a swift glance into the third room he beckoned Aunt Gertrude to him.

"This is for you, 'cause the looking-glass is full of pictures," he announced.

She entered with much ceremony, and they peered in over her shoulder.

"Yes, this must be the daughter's room," said Mrs. Stafford. "See the ribbons on the curtains, and the little knickknacks."

"This one with the blue quilt is for Uncle Stanley," the Imp called out importantly, "'cause there 's skates and a hockey-stick there!"

Uncle Stanley bowed and took possession of his property, and the Imp moved on to the front room.

"This is yours," he said, looking slyly up at his mother, "'cause there 's one picture here like my baby picture, and one like when I was three, and one like me with my corduroy trousers!"

His mother leaned down and kissed him. "Yes," she said softly, "this is the mother's room. And where is yours, dear?"

"Mine 's this small one in here," said the Imp, "with the two little girls' pictures."

At the head and foot of the cot-bed hung pictures of a little pink-faced girl in a bright blue frock, with a chain of daisies around her neck. Under one was written, "Wide Awake," under the other, "Fast Asleep," and, as Uncle Stanley remarked, there was no doubt that the legends described the young lady correctly.

"There 's a door between ours," the Imp added in confidence to his mother, "same as at home. I guess there always is, most us'ally, don't you?" And she agreed with him cordially.

They brought up their bags and unpacked them, so as to spend as little time as possible at night in the cold upper rooms; and then with one consent they fled to the kitchen, where a fire was soon lit, Aunt Gertrude and the Imp's mother smiling and competent in their clean gingham aprons, and his father and Uncle Stanley eagerly stumbling over each other in their well-meant efforts at assistance. They were very hungry, and delighted shouts greeted the frizzling ham and eggs that found its way to the stove, and the good home-made bread and deep pumpkin-pie that came out of the pantry.

"Only we sha'n't have any real Christmas dinner," said Aunt Gertrude, a little sadly, in the midst of all the fun and chatter. Aunt Gertrude always decorated the table on these occasions, and enjoyed her work as much as the praises she won by it.

The Imp's mother looked mysteriously at her, one hand on the brown stoneware teapot.

"I don't know about that; maybe we shall," she announced. "When I went into the cellar for butter I saw — I saw —"

"What? Oh, what?" they cried eagerly, as she paused.

"I saw a big, big turkey, with bowls and bowls of cranberry sauce!"

"Ah!"

"And mince-pies —"

"Ah!"

"And nuts —"

"Ah!"

"And I could make a plum-pudding; I 'm sure I could!"

"Say no more," said Uncle Stanley solemnly, "but Gertrude, start the decorated place-cards!"

"Only, only —" Mrs. Stafford looked doubtfully at her husband, "I 'm not sure if it 's right, Don dear, to step in so coolly and eat up their nice Christmas dinner. You see, when they started away yesterday morning, it was just the end of the storm, they thought, and they expected to be back. They had no idea it would begin again at noon. And we have n't any right —"

"For that matter, we have n't any right to this ham and that most delectable pie, nor to the feather-beds we shall get into to-night," said the Imp's father cheerfully. "Where do we draw the line? They 'll eat their Christmas dinner where they did n't expect to, and if they 're nice people they 'll be glad that this surprise-party had such a good dinner to eat at their house. I should n't wonder if we could find some way to repay them before we get away."

"Joshua Peebles said to make ourselves at home; yes, he said Darius's folks would want us to," suggested the Imp helpfully; and that seemed to settle the matter, for they washed the dishes and set the table for breakfast in the best of spirits.

In fact, as they sat about the stove in the sitting-room and laughed till they cried, as they discussed the probable characteristics of the Hobbs family, each one drawing a vivid picture of some member of it, and insisting that he was right and the others wrong if they held different views, they almost forgot that the box was burned, and that something was lacking this Christmas Eve.

Suddenly, however, in the midst of Uncle Stanley's brilliant picture of William Henry Hobbs, whose room he was to occupy, and who, he insisted, had gray eyes and hated baked beans, the Imp heaved a sigh.

"We 've none of us got any presents on the tree, have we?" he said softly—"not even one."

"That 's a fact, Imp," Uncle Stanley agreed. "It *is* a pity, too. If I had just one, I would n't mind. Just the idea of the thing, you know."

They looked at one another in silence. Then the four older ones got up from their chairs as one person and ran upstairs. In a few minutes they came down, one by one, and as if they had waited for the coast to clear before they ventured. When they had settled themselves, somewhat consciously, in separate and distant chairs, the Imp's father arose, stepped toward Uncle Stanley with a package in his hand, and remarked:

"My dear Stanley, let me present you with this box of fine cigars, with my compliments and best wishes for the season. They are really too good for you, but Christmas comes but once a year."

Uncle Stanley seized his present with unfeigned delight, even cutting a little caper as he tucked it under his left arm. With his right hand he offered his brother a long, slim object.

"My dear Donald," he replied, "let me, before thanking you for this truly valuable and unexpected (by both of us) present, beg your acceptance of my fountain-pen, for which you have hinted in vain for two years, and which I am certain you have been near stealing before this. A merry Christmas and a happy New Year!"

The Imp's father smiled broadly and grasped the pen eagerly.

"Good enough!" he cried. "I 'd rather have this than anything you own, Stan!"

They all laughed with excitement, wondering what would come next, and Aunt Gertrude took the floor.

"Here is my alligator card-case, Stanley," she said, "so you won't need to borrow it any more. Be careful of it, and—merry Christmas!"

"Bless you, Gertrude," returned Uncle Stanley. "I can't go all around, but you 'll get your reward sometime, and meanwhile I take great pleasure in presenting you, my dear nephew, with this camera, which is a much larger one than I should ever have purchased for you, and with which I ask only that you 'll allow me to get a few of these blizzard scenes."

Speechless with joy, the Imp seized the camera and balanced it in his trembling hands. His cup ran over.

"Gertrude," said Mr. Stafford, "I believe



"SPEECHLESS WITH JOY, THE IMP SEIZED THE CAMERA AND BALANCED IT IN HIS TREMBLING HANDS." (SEE PAGE 103.)

you have often remarked that these sleeve-links matched your belt-buckle. Let me offer them to you, with the compliments of the season!"

"Oh, brother Don! They are too lovely!" sighed Aunt Gertrude, flushing with pleasure. "Helen, dear, this is only my 'party' handkerchief, but you always said it was the prettiest one you ever saw"; and she laid it in her sister's lap.

Mrs. Stafford drew two fat, square boxes from behind her back and extended her hands to the Imp's father and Uncle Stanley.

"Here, you two babies," she said, "let me pat my lovely handkerchief, and take this old-fashioned molasses, Don; yours are burnt almonds, Stanley!"

The Imp interrupted their thanks. "Everybody 's given something to everybody else but just excepting me," he said sorrowfully, "and I have n't a single present, 'cause all my things were packed in mother's bag, and it 's only clothes and cough med'cine, anyway — you would n't want 'em. But I 'm going to give something to somebody, just the same. I 'm going to give my 'Sports of All Nations' puzzle to little Hezekiah Greenleaf Hobbs, that sleeps in my little room!"

They looked at one another silently. "It 's the best present that 's been made to-night, Perry boy," said his father, "and I 'm going to leave my 'Kidnapped' and 'Treasure Island' here for Mr. Hobbs. I see he 's a reading man by the books on the table, and I 'll read something else at grandmother's."

"I 'll put my new blue satin stock in the bureau drawer when I go," said Aunt Gertrude, after a moment.

"And I 'll give William Henry my club-skates that I brought up," added Uncle Stanley; "his are clumsy, old-fashioned things."

The Imp's mother hugged him and smiled on them all.

"Is n't this fun?" she asked them delightedly. "Won't they be surprised? I shall leave my new bedroom slippers for Mrs. Hobbs; I noticed hers, and they 're about worn out. I 'm so glad I had big bows put on, and saved them. They 're just her size. And we must write them a letter, and tell them what a good, good time we had, must n't we?"

They trooped upstairs with their presents, the Imp assuring any one who cared to listen that no Christmas he had ever known could compare in brilliancy and bliss with this one; but as they all were telling one another the same thing, it is to be doubted if anybody heard him.

Christmas morning, after breakfast, they sat quietly about the stove, while the Imp's father read to them out of a big calf-bound Bible about that First Birthday; and the Imp, who had gone out early with the men, through all the sheds and buildings that joined the house to the barn, to find something for the chickens and cows and horses to eat,— his father, who had been a boy on a farm, had thought of that, — remembered the dimness of the big barn, and the warm, moist smell of the stable, and wove it into the story till he seemed to see it all. Then they went into the parlor, and Aunt Gertrude sat down in front of the melodeon in the corner, and they sang "It Came upon the Midnight Clear," which was the Imp's favorite hymn, as it is that of many people, and which he shouted so lustily as to shake the glass prisms on the candelabra beside him.

And the dinner! His mother rolled up her sleeves and made a pudding of puddings,— she seemed to find the spices by instinct,— while Aunt Gertrude set the table, and trimmed it with cranberry strings and evergreen sprigs that Uncle Stanley pulled off, leaning out of an attic window. The farm-house cellar was a cave of treasures. "They seem to know just what we like," the Imp remarked, as they cracked the butternuts on a flat-iron and selected the celery. There was food and fuel enough to stand a siege, as his father said, and they watched the steady fall of the flakes with more interest than dismay.

When the turkey smoked in the oven, they put on the best their traveling-bags afforded, and sat merrily down around the red and green table. Never, never were dishes so delicious.

"You must really cook your Christmas dinner to appreciate it," said Uncle Stanley, who had done little but pound his finger on the flat-iron and steal the celery hearts.

Later they drank toasts in black coffee to the Hobbs family, collectively and individually,

and made plans for inviting them to their next Christmas at grandmother's.

"For I 'm sure they 're nice, nice people," said the Imp's mother.

And after dinner they popped corn in the stove, and told stories, and played the most delightful games, of which they knew more than any other family in the world, and altogether so enjoyed themselves that not till a thundering knock at the door sent them to the windows did they realize that the storm had stopped.

Joshua Peebles stared in at the corn-popper, the candy, and the merry, brightly dressed ladies.

"Well, well," he said, "I guess you ain't so bad off, after all! You seem to keep your spirits up. I keep the snow-plow up to my place, an' the minute it stopped, I started out. So you can get up to ol' Mis' Stafford's right away. I passed by 'Lonzo Dearborn's place, and yelled out to 'em that you was here, an' they yelled back they hoped you 'd found the turkey. They wanted you should have everything just 's if you was in your own home."

"There!" cried the Imp's mother, "I said they were nice, nice people!"

"An' so they are," said Joshua Peebles — "nice as they make 'em! Now come on, and maybe you 'll get a little of your Christmas yet."

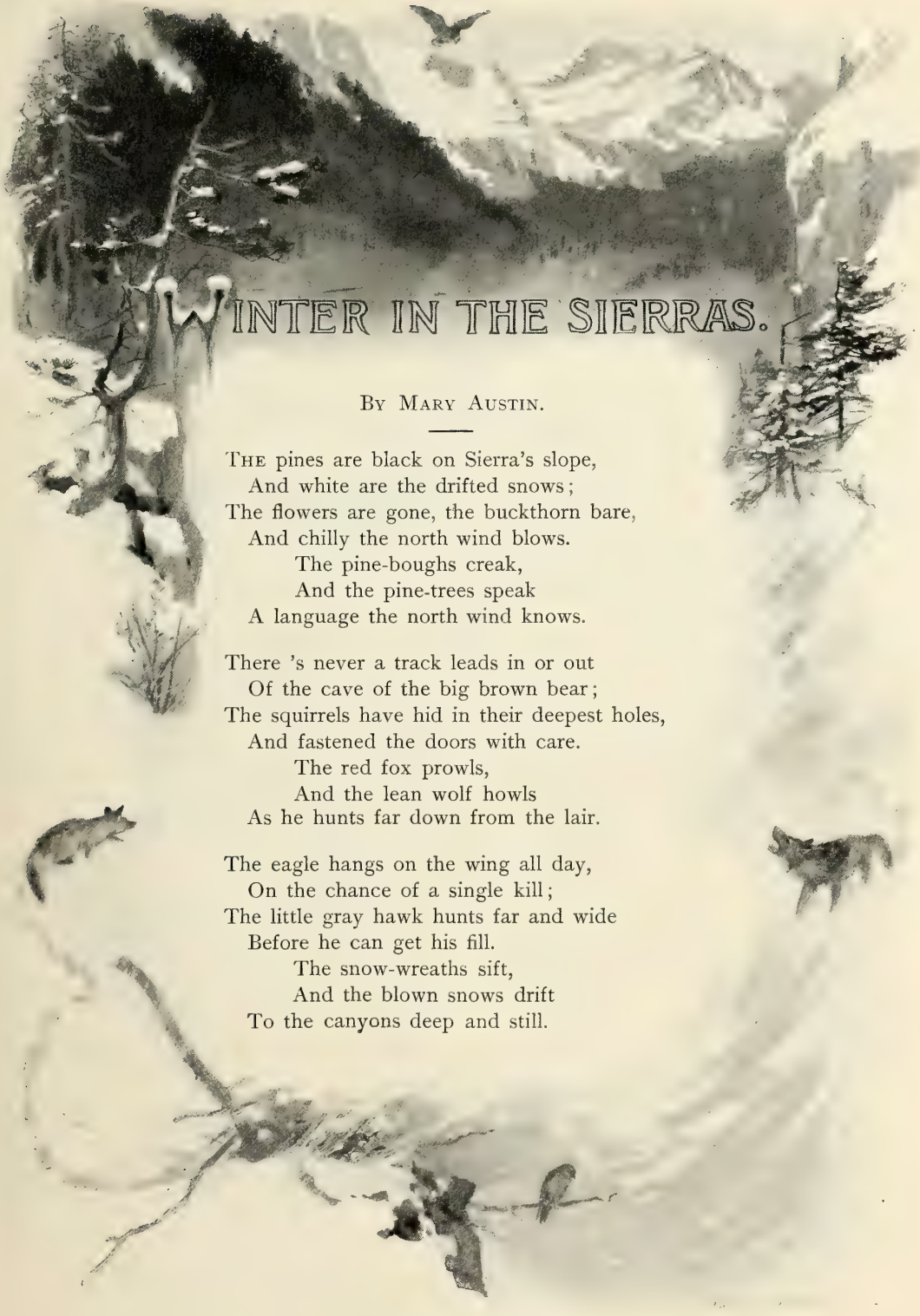
"My dear Mr. Peebles," said Uncle Stanley, in his best manner, "we have had more Christmas to the square inch than we have enjoyed for many years. A tree, Mr. Peebles, is for institutions; stockings are for the very young only. For real pleasure all round, let me recommend to you a Christmas on an abandoned farm!"

"Except I 'd like to have seen little Hezekiah Greenleaf Hobbs!" murmured the Imp.

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IN NEW AMSTERDAM. AN INVITATION TO THE CHRISTMAS DINNER.



# WINTER IN THE SIERRAS.

By Mary Austin.

The pines are black on Sierra's slope,
And white are the drifted snows;
The flowers are gone, the buckthorn bare,
And chilly the north wind blows.
The pine-boughs creak,
And the pine-trees speak
A language the north wind knows.

There 's never a track leads in or out
Of the cave of the big brown bear;
The squirrels have hid in their deepest holes,
And fastened the doors with care.
The red fox prowls,
And the lean wolf howls
As he hunts far down from the lair.

The eagle hangs on the wing all day,
On the chance of a single kill;
The little gray hawk hunts far and wide
Before he can get his fill.
The snow-wreaths sift,
And the blown snows drift
To the canyons deep and still.



# THE PRINCESS LOVELY-LOCKS.

(*A Christmas Fantasy.*)

By Helen Gray Cone.

At midnight clear, as Bessy dear was nestled warm in bed,
To hear the chimes, the silver chimes, she raised her sleepy head;
And all the troop of pleasant thoughts that Christmas always brings
Came fluttering round her pillow, like a flight of elfin wings.

She thought about the Christmas tree that was her heart's delight,
With tapers tall and many a ball of gold and silver bright;
She thought of skates and sugar-plums and fairy-books and fun.
Her drowsy lids began to droop; she heard the clock strike one.

Her brother Ted, with curly head, had dared to boast and say
He 'd be the first one out of bed at dawn of Christmas Day.
"But he shall see, aha!" said she; and then, "How long it seems!"
And then—she drifted, drifted down a silver tide of dreams.

She was the Princess Lovely-locks; she paced a garden fair;
She pored upon an ancient book, a book of magic rare;
And there, in letters quaint, she read the best of all the spells—
To turn to silver sugar-plums the notes of Christmas bells.

Then, pondering o'er that wondrous book, she shook her head and sighed
To think the silver sugar-plums would scatter far and wide;
But when she came to turn the leaf, she found a spell with power
To bind the wriggle-giggle elves to serve a single hour.

She called the wriggle-giggle elves that frisk beneath the moon.
They rode on furry flittermice, they pranced with pointed shoon.
She sent them to the belfry-tower, while folk were sound asleep,
To catch the silver sugar-plums and pile them in a heap.



But ah, the young Prince Curly-pet was listening all the time!
With laughter gay he rushed away, the belfry stair to climb.
He flung the sleepy ringers gold; he locked the door within;
He climbed till he was out of breath, the sugar-plums to win.

But Leafy-ear and Twisty-top, the tricksiest of elves,
Could point, with pride, a way outside, by stony knobs and shelves;
And soon the Princess Lovely-locks—most wonderful to see—
Went leaping up the belfry like a squirrel up a tree!

She climbed without, and he within, and at the top they met.
"I really meant them half for you!" said young Prince Curly-pet.
The little wriggle-giggle elves were tittering overhead,
And—"Oh, ho, ho! I told you so!" said early, curly Ted.




"THINK OF THE BOYS AND GIRLS WHO BORE
THE QUAINT OLD PIOUS 'NAMES OF GRACE.'"

# LITTLE PURITANS.

By Ethel Parton.

Call the roll of the long ago,
  Boys and girls of our brisk to-day;
Faintly still to harkening ears
Floats an echo across the years
    Of other children's play.

Think of the boys and girls who bore
  The quaint old pious "names of grace":
Weighted down with those wondrous names,
Strange that they still could play at games
    And laugh and leap and race!

Calm *Consider* and placid *Peace*
  With smiling *Silence* shy and sweet,
*Mercy* and *Love* and *Charity*,
*Obedience*, *Humility*,
    *Meek*, *Modest*, and *Discreet*,

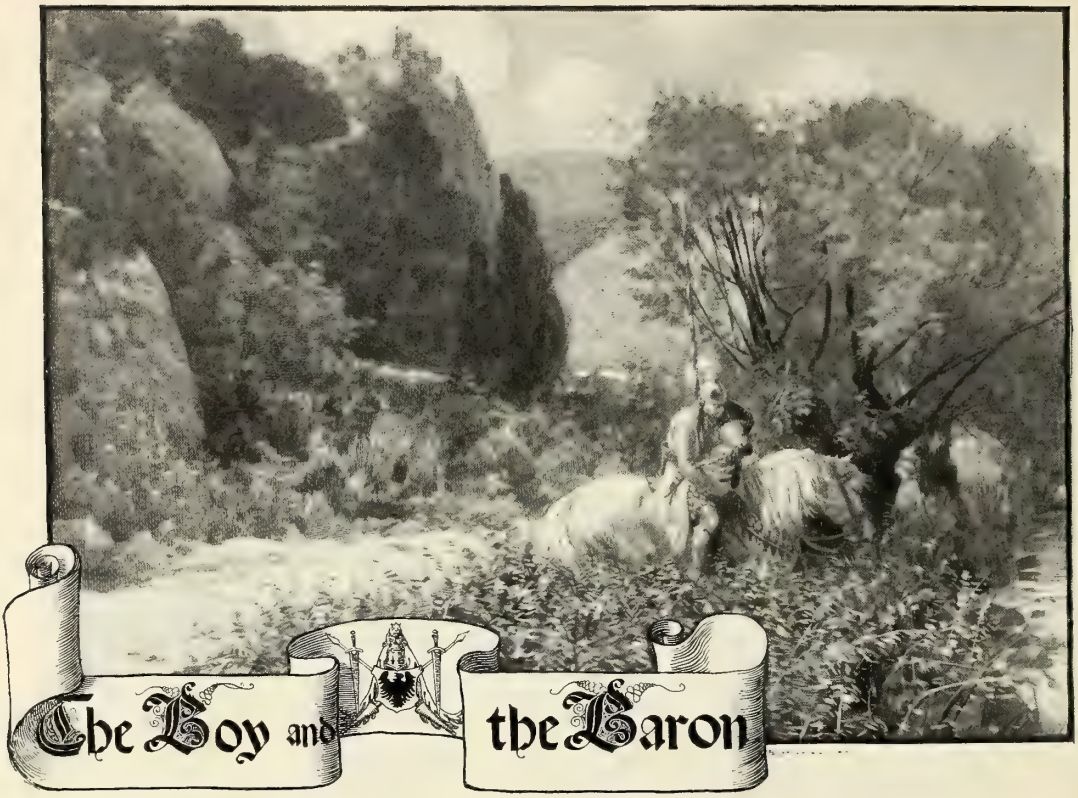
Frank-eyed *Righteous* and blithe *Rejoice*,
  Dimpled *Plenty* and pale *Decline*,
*Welcome* and *Thankful*, *Gift*, their mate,
Eager *Willing* and sober *Wait*,
    *Repine-not*, and *Resign*,

With *Magnify* and *Sin-deny*
  And *Hope-on-high* and *Trust*,
*Zeal-of-the-land* and *Strive-again*,
*Hate-evil*, *Cleanse-mine-heart*, *Refrain*,
    *Earth*, *Lowly*, *Ashes*, *Dust*,

*More-trial* and *Deliverance*
  And *Weep-not* and *Content*,
*Preserved*, *Approved*, *Elected* too,
*Fight-the-good-fight-of-faith* and *True-*
    *Repentance* and *Lament*,

*Faint-not* and *Wrestle*, *God-reward*,
  *No-merit*, and *Reviled*,
*Fly-temptation*, *Sorry-for-sin*,
And *Through-much-tribulation-we-enter-in-*
    *To-the-kingdom-of-heaven.* (Poor child!)

Young folk, catch your breath and laugh
  (As, honoring still, you may)
At the good, grave folk of the long ago
Who named their innocent babies so,
    And be thankful for to-day!




By Adeline Knapp.

*The following story is the second of the long stories complete in one number that are to appear in the present volume of* St. Nicholas.

*It is a stirring, romantic tale, interesting to boys and girls alike, and dealing with the time of the robber-barons in Germany, "when the sunlight fell on glancing steel and floating pennon," and when the nobles were absolute lords of their own castles and the regions round about. It was the time of the crusaders, too, and of the outlaw, and of sudden changes in the life of man and boy.*

*We commend the story to all our readers, who, we are sure, will be glad to follow the fortunes of the lad left by the "shining knight" to become the ward of the armorer, and, later,—well, read the story.*

## Chapter I.

### What the Children Saw from the Playground on the Plateau.

One sunny forenoon in the month of May, more than six hundred years ago, a few boys and girls were playing under some gnarled, low trees that clustered in small groups here and there in a pleasant meadow on a high plateau. This meadow was part of a great table-land overlooking a wide stretch of country. The south side descended in a steep cliff, and up and down its slope the huts of a little village seemed to climb along the stony path that led to the plateau. Farther away lines of dark forest stretched off out of sight. On all sides were mountains, covered with trees or crowned with snow, from which, when the sun went down, the wind blew chill. Beyond the stream a highway climbed the valley, and the children could see, from their playground, the place where it issued from the edge of the wood and wound through a narrow pass among the hills.

Toward the north, and far overhead, rose the grim walls and towers of the great castle that watched the pass and sheltered the little village on the cliff-side. Those were rude, stern times, and the people in the village were often glad of the protection which the castle gave from attacks by stranger invaders; but they

paid for their security from time to time when the defenders themselves sallied forth upon the hamlet and took toll from its flocks and herds.

It was "the evil time when there was no emperor" in Germany. Of real rule there was none in the land, but every man held his life in his own charge. Knights sworn to deeds of mercy and bravery, returning from the holy war at Jerusalem, were undone by the lawlessness of the times, and, forgetful of all knightly vows, turned robbers and foes where they should have been warders and helpers. The lesser nobles and landholders were become freebooters and plunderers, while the common people, pillaged and oppressed by these, had few rights and less freedom.

The children under the oak-trees played at knights and robbers. Neighboring the meadow was the common pasture where tethered goats and sheep, and large, slow cattle, stood them as great flocks and caravans to sally out upon and harry. Now and again a party would break forth from one clump of trees to raid their playmates in a pretended village within another. Of storming castles, or of real knight's play, they knew naught; for they were of the common people, poor working-folk sunk to a state but little above thraldom, and they heard, in the guarded talk of their elders, stories only of the robber-knights' dark acts, never of deeds daring and true, such as belong to unspotted knighthood.

As the young folk lay in make-believe ambush among the shrubbery near the edge of the plateau, Ludovic, the oldest boy, suddenly called to them to look where, from the forest, a figure on horseback was coming out upon the highway.



"THE TWO KNIGHTS WHEELED THEIR HORSES AND DASHED AT EACH OTHER AGAIN AND AGAIN." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

"See!" Ludovic cried. "Yonder comes a sightly knight. Look, Hansei, at his shining armor and his glittering lance."

"He is none of hereabout," nodded Hansei,

flashing his wide blue eyes upon the gleaming figure. "My lord's men-at-arms are none so shining fair. Whence may he be, Ludovic?"

"How should I know?" asked Ludovic, testily, with the older boy's vexation when a youngster asks him that which he cannot answer. "Small chance he bringeth good," added he, "wherever he be from; but, in any case, let us lie here until he passes."

"He weareth a long ruddy beard," said keen-eyed Gretel, as a slight bend in the road brought the knight full-facing the group.

"It is no long beard," said Hansei, who had been watching eagerly. "'T is something that he bears before him at his saddle-peak."

This was, indeed, true. The shining stranger, as the children could now plainly see, held in front of him, on the saddle-peak, a good-sized burden, though what it was the young watchers could not, for the distance, make out. Nevertheless, they could see that it was no common burden; nor, in truth, was it any common figure that rode along the highway. He was still some distance off, but already the children began to hear the ring of the great horse's iron hoofs on the stones of the road, and the jangle of metal about the rider when sword and armor clashed out their music to the time of trotting hoofs. But as they watched and harkened, their delight and wonder ever growing, there came suddenly to their ears, when the knight had now drawn much closer, the tuneful winding of a horn.

The rider on the highway heard the sound as well; but, to the children's amaze, instead of pricking forward the faster, like a knight of hot courage, he drew rein and turned half-way about, as minded to seek shelter among the willows growing along stream. There was no shelter there, however, for man or horse, and on the other hand the narrowing valley shut the road in, with no footing up the wooded bluff. When the knight saw all this, he rode close into the thicket, and leaning from his saddle, dropped, with wondrous gentleness, his burden among the osiers.

"'T is some treasure," murmured Ludovic. "He fears the robber-knights may get it."

By now there showed, coming down the pass, another knight; but the second comer was no such goodly figure as the one below. His armor, instead of gleaming in the sunlight, was tarnished and stained. His helmet was black and unplumed, and upon his shield appeared the white cross of a Crusader. Nevertheless, albeit of no glistening splendor, he was of right knightly mien, and the horse he bestrode was a fine creature, whose springy step seemed to scorn the road he trod.

"'T is a knight from the castle," the children said, and Hansei added, "Mighty Herr Banf it is, I know him by his white cross. Now there will be fighting!"

Down below, where the road widened a bit, winding with a bend of the stream, the shining stranger sat his horse, waiting, lance at rest, to see what the black knight would do. The moment the latter espied him he left the matter in no doubt, but couched his lance, and bore hard along the road, as minded to make an end of the stranger; whereupon the latter urged forward his own steed, and the two came together with a huge rush, so that the crash of armor against armor rang out fierce and clear up the pass, and both spears were shattered in the onset.

Then the two knights fought with their swords, dealing such blows as seemed to the children, watching, enough to fell forest trees. They wheeled their horses and dashed at each other again and again, until the air was filled with the din of fighting, and the young watchers were spellbound at the sight.

The shining stranger was a knight of valor, despite the unwillingness he first showed. He laid on stoutly with his blade, so that more than once his foe reeled in the saddle; but the black knight came back each time with greater fury, while the stranger and his horse were plainly weary.

Especially was this true of the horse. Still eagerly he wheeled and sprang forward to each fresh charge; but each time he dashed on more heavily, and more than once he stumbled, so that his rider missed a blow, and was like to have come to the ground through the empty swing of his sword.

At last the Crusader came on with mighty force, whereupon his foe charged again to meet him; but the weary horse stumbled, caught him-

self, staggered forward a pace or two, and came first to his knees, then shoulder down, upon the rough stones of the road. The shining knight pitched forward over his head and lay quite still in the highway, while the Crusader reined in beside him with threatening blade, and shouted to him to cry "quits." But the stranger neither moved nor spoke; so the other alighted from his horse, and bent over him to see his face.

When he had done this he drew back, and putting his horn to his lips, blew four great blasts, which he repeated again and again, waiting after each to listen.

Presently an answering horn sounded in the distance, and a little later a party of mounted men came dashing down the road from the castle. These clustered about the fallen knight, and when one, who seemed to be their leader, and whom the children knew for Baron Everhardt himself, saw the stranger's face, he turned to the victor and for very joy smote him between the iron-clad shoulders, from which the children thought that the new-comer could have been no friend of their baron.

Then the men stooped and, by main force, lifted the limp figure in its jangling armor, and set it astride the great horse that stood stupidly by as wondering what had befallen his master. The latter made no move, but lay forward on the good steed's neck, and so they made him fast, after doing which the whole party turned their faces upward, and rode along toward the castle.

Not until the last sound died away up the pass did the children come out from their maze and great awe. They drew back from the edge of the cliff and looked wonderingly at one another, for it seemed to them as if years must have gone by since they had begun their play on the plateau. At last Ludovic spoke.

"The treasure is still among the osiers," he said. "When night falls, Hansei, thou and I will slip down across the stream and find it. There may be great riches there. But no word about it; for if they knew it at the castle we should lose our pains."

Solemnly Hansei agreed to Ludovic's plan, and the children left the plateau, thinking of all that they had seen, and silently climbed down the path to their homes along the cliff.

## Chapter II.

### How Karl the Armorer took the Shining Knight's Treasure from among the Osiers.

The children had scarcely gone from the plateau when there came down the defile from the castle a tall, broad-shouldered man, clad in leather that was worn and creased, showing much hard wear. Over his left shoulder he carried two great swords in their scabbards, and his right hand gripped a long, stout staff. The face beneath his hood was brown and weather-beaten, of long and thoughtful mold, but turned from overmuch sternness by the steady, kindly gleam of his gray eyes.

Had the children still been upon the plateau they would have known the figure for Karl of the forge in the forest below the village. He had been, as was often his errand, to the castle, this time with a breastlet that he had wrought for the baron, and was returning with the very sword wherewith the Herr Banf had made end of the shining knight, and with that blade also which had been the stranger's own, to make good all hurts to their tempered edges and fit them for further service in battle.

He swung along the descending road until he came over against the place by the clump of osiers, where the children had seen the knight drop his burden. There he suddenly stopped, and leaned to listen. He thought that he heard a faint cry from the green tangle; so he waited a little space, to learn if it would sound again. Sure enough, it came a second time—a feeble, piteous moan, as of some young creature in distress, and spent with long wailing.

He plunged in among the osiers; but he had gone but a step or two when he started back in dismay, for he had nearly trodden upon a yellow-haired babe who sat among the willows. He reached up his arms, and Karl stooped and raised him to his broad chest.

"Now, what foul work is here?" he muttered to himself. "This is no chick from the village, nor from the castle either, or there would have been hue and cry ere this!"

He pressed back the little face that had been buried against his neck, and surveyed it sharply.

"What is thy name, little one?" he demanded.

At sound of the armorer's voice the child again looked at him, and seemed not to understand the question until Karl had several times repeated it, saying the words slowly and plainly, when at last the baby said, with a touch of impatience: "Wulf, Wulf," adding plaintively: "Wulf hungry."

Then he broke down and sobbed tiredly on Karl's big shoulder, so that the armorer was fain to hush him softly, comforting him with wonderful gentleness, while he drew from his own wallet a bit of coarse bread and gave it to the little fellow. The latter ate it with a sharp appetite, and afterward drank a deep draught from the leather cup which Karl filled from the stream. As he was drinking, a sound was heard, as of some one passing on the road, whereupon the boy became suddenly still, looking at Karl in a way that made the armorer understand that for some reason it had been taught him that unknown sounds were a signal for silence.

"Ay?" thought Karl. "That 's naught like a baby. He has been with hunted men to learn that trick."

When the child had eaten and drunk all he would, he settled down again in Karl's arms, asking no questions, if, indeed, he could talk enough to do so, a matter of which the armorer doubted; for the little chap was but three or four years old at most. He took it kindly when Karl settled him against his shoulder, throwing over him a sort of short cloak of travel-stained red stuff, in which he had been wrapped as he lay among the osiers, and stepped out upon the road. He first made sure that no one was in sight; then he walked hurriedly forward, minded to leave the highway as soon as he reached a little foot-path he knew that led through the forest to his forge.

Good fortune favored him, and he gained the foot-path without meeting any one; so that, ere long, the two were passing through the deep, friendly wood, the baby fast asleep in Karl's arms. Karl stepped softly as any woman, lest his charge awaken.

Thus they fared, until at last they reached the forge and the hut where the armorer dwelt alone. Karl laid little Wulf upon a heap of skins just beyond the great chimney, and began to prepare food for himself and his charge.

## Chapter III.

### how wulf fared at karl the armorer's hut.

Big Karl the armorer was busy at his forge, next morning, long before his wee guest awakened. Working with deft lightness of hand at a small, long anvil close beside the forge, Karl had tempered and hammered the broken point of Herr Banf's sword until the stout blade was again ready for yeoman service, and then he turned to the stranger knight's blade, which was broken somewhat about the hilt and guard.

It was a good weapon, and as Karl traced his finger thoughtfully down its length, he turned it toward the open door, that the early sunlight might catch it. Then he suddenly gave a start, and hastily carried the sword out into the full daylight, where he stared it over closely from hilt to point, turning it this way and that, with knit brows and a look of deep sorrow on his browned visage. After that he strode into the smithy, and went over to where the boy lay, still fast asleep.

Turning him over upon the pelts, he studied the little face as sharply as he had done the sword, noting the broad white brow, the delicate round of the cheek, and the set of the chin, firm despite its baby curves; and as he did so a great sternness came over the face of the armorer.

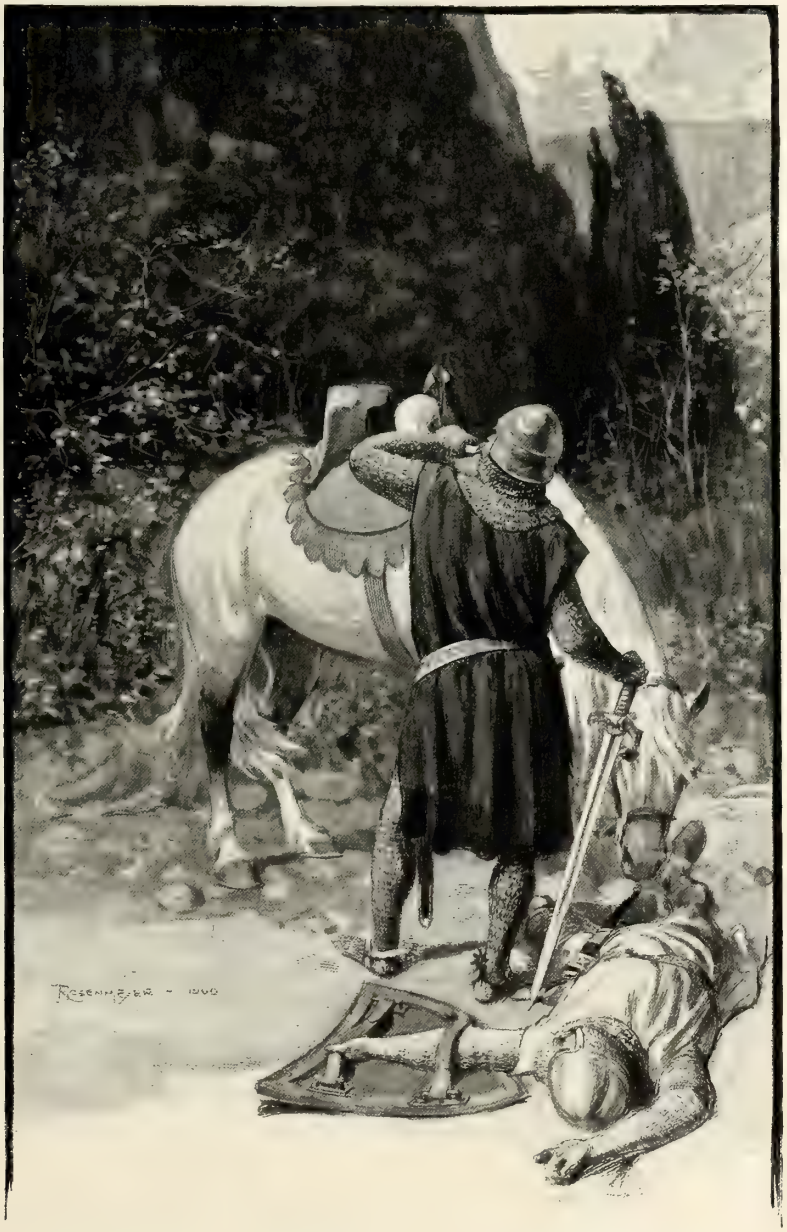
"There 's some awful work here," he said at last to himself. "Heaven be praised I came upon the little one! Would that I might have had a look at the face of that big knight."

Still musing, he turned and went to a cleverly hid cupboard in the wall beside the great chimney. Opening this, he disclosed an array of blades of many sorts and shapes, and from among these he took one that in general appearance seemed the fellow of the stranger's weapon, save that it had, to all look, seen but scant service in warfare.

Karl compared the two, and then set to a strange task. Hanging the service-battered sword naked within the cupboard, he took the new blade and began to ill-treat it upon his anvil—battering the hilt, taking a bit of metal from the guard, and putting nicks into the edge,

only to beat and grind them very carefully out again. He took a bottle of acid from a shelf and spilled a few drops where blade met hilt, wiping it off again when it had somewhat stained and roughened the steel. This roughness he afterward smoothed away, and worked at the sword until he had it looking like a badly used tool put in good order by a skilful smith.

This done, he sheathed it in the scabbard which the stranger had worn, and which was a fair sheath, wrought with gold ornaments cunningly devised. Karl looked at it with longing.



"PUTTING HIS HORN TO HIS LIPS, HE BLEW FOUR GREAT BLASTS." (SEE PAGE 115.)

"I 'd like well to save it for ye, youngster," he said; "but 't is a fair risk as it stands. Let Herr Ritter Banf alone for having spied the gold o' this sheath; it must e'en go back

to him." He laid the sheathed weapon away in a chest with Herr Banf's own until such time as he should make his next trip to the castle.

He had hardly done when, turning, he beheld the child watching him from the pile of skins, looking at the strange scene about him, but keeping quiet, though the tender lips quivered and the look in the blue eyes filled Karl with pity.

"There 's naught to fear, little one," he said with gruff kindness, lifting the boy from the pile. And from out the coals of the forge he drew a pannikin, where it had been keeping warm some porridge.

Very gently he proceeded to give the porridge to the child, with some rich goat's milk to help it along. In truth, however, it needed not that to give the boy an appetite. He ate in a half-famished way that touched Karl's heart.

"In sooth, now," the latter said, watching him, "thou 'st roughed it, little one, and much I marvel what it all may mean. But one thing sure, this is no time to be asking about the farings of any of *thy* breed, so thou shalt e'en bide here with old Karl till these evil days lighten, or Count Rudolph comes to help the land—if it be not past helping. It 'll be hard fare for thee, my sweet, but there 's no doing other. The castle yonder were worse for thee than the forge here with Karl."

"Karl?" The child spoke with the fearless ease of one wonted, even thus early, to question strangers and to be answered by them.

"Ay, Karl," replied the armorer. "Karl, who will be father and mother to thee till such time as God sends thee to thine own again."

"Good Karl," said the baby, when the man ceased speaking, and he reached out his hands to the armorer. The latter lifted him and carried him to the forge door.

"Thou 'rt a sturdy rascal," he said, nodding approval of the firm, well-knit little figure. "Sit thou there and finish the porridge."

The little fellow sat in the wide door of the smithy and ate his coarse food with a relish good to see. It was a rough place into which he had tumbled—how rough, he was too young as yet to realize; but much worse, even of outward things, might have fallen to his share.

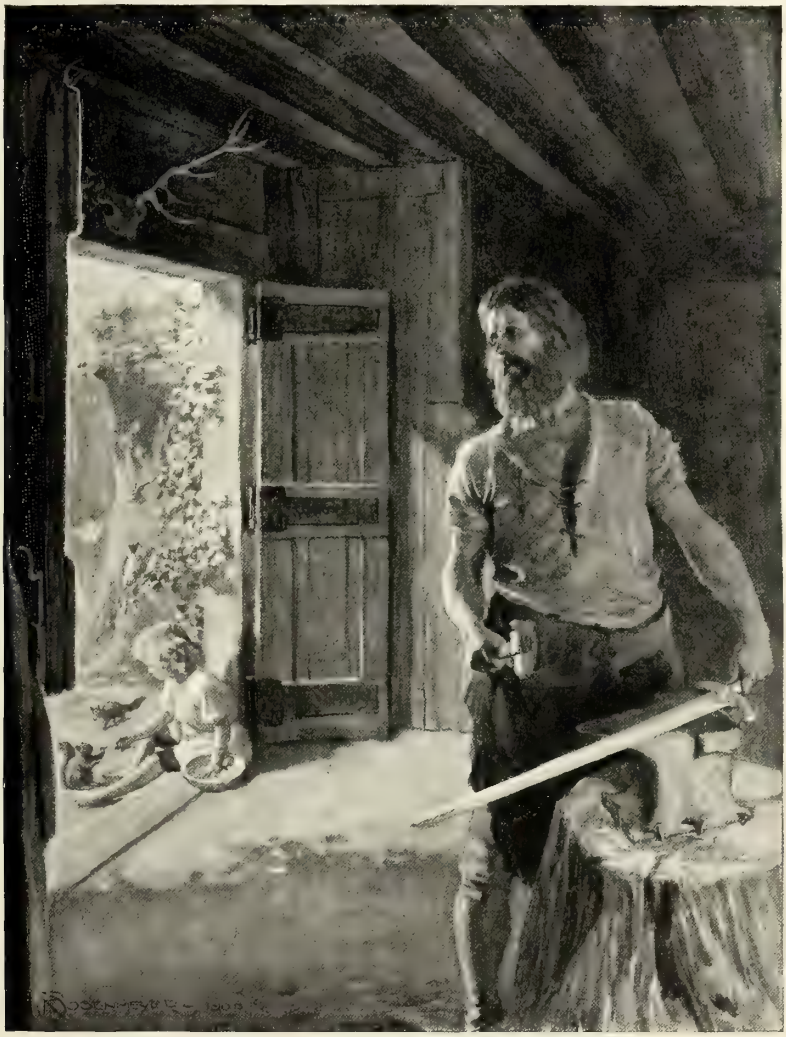
Big Karl at his forge knew naught of books, and to him, in those evil days, had come much knowledge of the cruelty and wickedness of evil men. Nevertheless, safe within his strong nature dwelt the child-soul, unhurt by all these. It looked from his honest blue eyes, and put tenderness into the strength of his great hands when he touched the other child, and this child-soul was to be the boy's playmate through the years of childhood; a wholesome playmate it was, keeping Wulf company cleanly wise, and no harm came to him, but rather good.

Then, besides the ministering care of the gentle, manly big armorer, little Wulf had, through those years, the teaching and companionship of the great forest. It grew close up about the shop, so that its small wild life constantly came in at the open doors, or invited the youngster forth to play. Rabbits and squirrels peeped in at him; birds wandered in and built their nests in dark corners; and one winter a vixen fox took shelter with them, remaining until spring, and grew so tame that she would eat bread from Wulf's hand.

The great trees were his constant companions and friends, but one mighty oak that grew close beside the door, and sent out its huge arms completely over the shop, became, next to Karl, his chosen comrade. Whenever the armorer had to go to village or castle, Wulf used to take shelter in this tree, not so much from fear,—for even in those evil days the armorer's grandson, as he grew to be regarded by those who came about the forge, was too insignificant to be molested,—but because of his love for the great tree. As he became older he was able to climb higher and higher among its black arms, until at last he made him a nest in the very crown of the wood giant.

Every tree, throughout its life, stores up within its heart light and heat from the sun. It does this so well, because it is its appointed task in nature, that the very life and love that the sun stands for to us become a part of its being, knit up within its woody fiber. When we burn this wood in our stoves or our fireplaces the warmth and blaze that are thrown out are just this sunshine which the tree has caught in its heart from the time it was a tiny seedling till the ax was laid at its root. So, when we sit by the coal fire

and enjoy its genial radiance, we are really warming ourselves by some of the same sunlight and warmth that sifted down through the leaves of great forest trees—perhaps thousands of years ago.



LITTLE WULF IN THE DOORWAY OF THE ARMORER'S FORGE.

Into Wulf's sound young heart there crept, as the years went by, somewhat of the strength and the sunshine-storing quality of his forest comrade, until, long before he became a man, those who knew him grew to feel that here was a strong, warm heart of human sunshine, ready to be useful and comforting wherever use and comfort were needed.

At first faint memories haunted him; but as years went by, he learned to think of them as a part of one of Karl's stories, one that he always meant, sometime, to ask him to tell again. The years slipped away, however, and his childish impressions grew fainter and fainter, until at last they had quite faded into the far past.

## Chapter IV.

### How Wulf first went to the castle, and what befell.

For a matter of nine or ten years Wulf dwelt with Karl at the forge, and knew no other manner of life than if he had been indeed

the armorer's own grandson. He was now a well-grown lad of perhaps fourteen years, not tall, but sturdy, strong of thigh and arm, and good to look at, with a ruddy color, fair hair, and steady eyes.

Karl had taught him to fence and thrust, and much of sword-play, in which the armorer was skilled, and while his play at these was that of a lad, the boy could fairly hold his own with cudgel and quarter-staff, and more than once had surprised Karl by a clever feint or twist or a stout blow, when, as was their wont on summer evenings, the two wrestled or sparred together on the short green grass under the great oak-tree.

He was happy, going about his work with the big armorer, or wandering up and down the forest, or, of long winter evenings, sitting beside the forge fire watching Karl, who used to sit, knife in hand, deftly carving a long-handled wooden spoon, or a bowl. The women in the village were always glad to trade for these with fresh eggs, or a pat of butter, or a young fowl; for the armorer had as clever a knack with his knife as with his hammer.

It happened, at last, on a day when Karl was making ready to go to the castle with a corselet which he had mended for the baron himself, that the armorer met with an accident that changed Wulf's whole life. Karl was doing a bit of tinkering on the smaller anvil by the forge, when one support of the iron gave way, and it fell, crushing the great toe of one foot so that the stout fellow fairly rocked with the pain, while Wulf made haste to prepare a poultice of wormwood for the hurt member.

Despite all their skill, however, the toe continued to swell and to stiffen, until it was plain that all thought of Karl's climbing the mountain that day, or for many days to come, must be put aside.

"There 's no help for it, lad," he said at last, as he sat on the big chest, scowling blackly at his foot in its rough swathings. "It 's well on toward noon now, and the baron will pay me my wage on my own head if his corselet be not to hand to-day; for he rides to-morrow, with a company from the castle, on an errand be-



"THE BOY BEGAN TO PAT THE NECK OF THE CHARGER." (SEE PAGE 122.)

yond. Thou 'lt need to take the castle road, boy, and speedily, if thou 'rt to be back by night."

Nothing could have pleased Wulf more than such an errand; for although he often went with Karl on other matters about the country, and had even gone with him as far as the Convent of St. Ursula on the other side of the forest, the armorer, despite his entreaties, had never allowed him to go along when his way lay toward the Swartzburg. This had puzzled the boy greatly, for Karl steadfastly refused him any reason why it should be.

The boy made all haste, therefore, to get ready for the journey, lest Karl should repent of his plan. It was but the shortest of quarter-hours, in fact, before he was passing through the wood toward the road to the Swartzburg.

It was not so very long ere he had cleared the forest and was stepping up the rough stone road that climbed the mountain pass to the castle.

Up and up the stony way he trudged stoutly, until it became at last the merest bridle-path, descending to the open moat across which the bridge was thrown. On a tower above he descried the sentry, and below, beyond the bridge, the great gates into the castle garth stood open.

Doubting somewhat as to what he ought to do, he crossed the bridge and passed through the gloomy opening that pierced the thick wall. Once inside, he stood looking about him curiously, forgetful, in his wonder and delight at the scene, that Karl had told him to ask for Gotta Brent, Baron Everhardt's man-at-arms, and to deliver the corselet to him.

He was still without the inner wall of the castle, in a sort of courtyard of great size, the outer bailey of the stronghold. Beyond where he stood he could see a second wall with big gates, similar to the one through which he had just passed. Before these gates, in the outer court, two young men were fencing, while a third stood beside them, acting as a sort of umpire, or judge, of fence. The contestants were very equally matched, and Wulf watched them with keenest enjoyment. He had fenced with Karl, and once or twice a knight, while waiting at the forge, had deigned to pass the time in crossing blades with the boy, always to the latter's discomfiture; but he had never before stood by while two skilled men were at sword-play, and the sight held him spellbound.

Thanks to Karl, he was familiar with the mysteries of quart and tierce and all the rest, and followed with knowing delight each clever feint and thrust made with the grace and precision of good fence. He could watch forever, it seemed to him; but as he stood thus, following the beautiful play, out through the gate of the inner bailey came three children, a girl a year or two younger than he, and two boys about his own age.

He gave them but the briefest glance, for just at that moment the players began a new set-to that claimed his attention. A moment later, however, he felt a sharp buffet at the side of his head, and turning, saw that one of the boys had thrown the rind of a melon so as to strike him on the cheek. As Wulf looked around both the boys were laughing; but the little girl stood somewhat off from them, her eyes flashing and her cheeks aglow as with anger. She said no word, but looked with great scorn upon her companions.

"Well, tinker," called the boy who had thrown the melon-rind, "mind thy manners before the lady. Have off thy cap or thou 'lt get this"; and he grasped the other half-rind of melon, which the second boy held.

"Nay, Conradt," the little maid cried, staying his hand. "The lad is a stranger, and come upon an errand. Do we treat such folk thus?"

Wulf's cap was by now in his hand, and, with crimson cheeks, he made a shy salutation to the little girl, who returned it courteously, while the boys still laughed.

"What dost thou next, tinker?" the one whom she had called Conradt said, strutting forward. "Faith, thy manners sorely need mending. What dost to me?"

"Fight thee," said Wulf, quick as a flash; and then drew back abashed, for as the boy came forward Wulf saw that he bore a great hump upon his twisted back, while one of his shoulders was higher than the other.

The deformed boy saw the motion, and his face grew dark with rage and hate.

"Thou 'lt fight me?" he screamed, springing forward. "Ay, that thou shalt, and rue it

after, tinker's varlet that thou art!" And with his hand he smote Wulf upon the mouth, whereupon Wulf dropped the corselet and clenched his fists, but could lay no blow on the pitiful creature before him. Seeing this, the other, half crazed with anger, drew a short sword which he wore, and made at Wulf, who raised the armorer's staff which he still held, and struck the little blade to the ground.

By now the two fencers and their umpire were drawn near to see the trouble, and one of them picked up the sword.

"Come, cockerel," he said, restoring it to Conradt, "put up thy spur and let be. Now, lad, what is the trouble?" and he turned sharp upon Wulf.

"'T is the armorer's cub," he said to his companions as he made him out. "By the rood, lad, canst not come on a small errand for thy master without brawling in this fashion in the castle yard? Go do thy message, and get about home, and bid thy master teach thee what is due thy betters ere he sends thee hither again."

"Yon lad struck me," Wulf said stoutly. "I 've spoken no word till now."

"Truly, Herr Werner," put in the little girl, earnestly, "it is as he says. Conradt has e'en gone far out of his way to show the boy an ill will, though he has done naught."

At this Herr Werner looked again upon Conradt. "So, cockerel," he said; "didst not get wisdom from the last pickle I pulled thee out of?"

"Why does the fellow hang about here, then?" demanded Conradt, sulkily. "Let him go to the stables, as he should, and leave his matter there."

"I was to see Gotta Brent," Wulf said, ignoring Conradt and speaking to the young knight.

"See him thou shalt," was the reply. But anything further that Herr Werner might have said was cut short by the sound of a great hue and cry of men, and a groom ran through the gate shouting:

"Back! Back for your lives! The foul fiend himself is loose here!"

At his heels came half a dozen men with stable-forks and poles, and two others who were hanging with all their weight upon the bridle-reins of a great horse that was doing his best to throw off their hold, rearing and plunging furiously, and now and again lashing out with his iron-shod hoofs.

There was a hurrying to shelter in the group about Wulf, who soon stood alone, staring at the horse. The latter finally struck one of the grooms, so that the fellow lay where he rolled, at one side of the court; and then began a battle royal between horse and men.

One after another, and all together, the men tried to lay hold upon the dangling rein, only to be bitten, or struck, or tossed aside, as the case might be, until at last the huge beast stood free in the middle of the court, while the grooms and stable-hangers made all haste to get out of the way, some limping, others rubbing heads or shoulders, and one nursing a badly bitten arm.

"Tinker," called the knight, from behind an abutment of the wall, "art clean daft? Get away before he makes a meal off thee! Gad! 'T will take an arrow to save him now, and for that any man's life would be forfeit to Herr Banf."

There was a scream from the little girl, for the horse had spied Wulf, and came edging toward him, looking wild enough, with ears laid back and teeth showing, as minded to make an end to the boy, as doubtless he was. For the life of him Wulf could not have told why he was not afraid as he stood there alone, and with no weapon save the armorer's staff, which he had not time to raise ere the beast was upon him.

Then were all who looked on amazed at what they saw; for close beside Wulf the horse stopped, and began smelling the boy. Then he took to trembling in all his legs, and arched his neck and thrust his big head against Wulf's breast, until, half dazed, the boy raised a hand and began patting the broad neck and stroking the mane of the charger.

"By the rood," cried one of the grooms, "the tinker hath the horseman's word, and no mistake! The old imp knows it."

"See if thou canst take the halter, boy," called Herr Werner; and laying a hand upon the rein, Wulf stepped back a pace, whereupon the horse pressed close to him and whinnied

eagerly, as if fearful that Wulf would leave him. He smelled him over again, thrusting his muzzle now into Wulf's hands, now against his face, and putting up his nose to take the boy's breath, as horses do with those they love.

"By my forefathers!" cried Herr Werner. "Could Herr Banf see him now—aha!"

He paused, for, hurrying into the courtyard, followed by still another frightened groom, came a knight who, seeing Wulf and the horse, stood as if rooted in his tracks. Softly now the charger stepped about the boy, nickering under his breath, so low that his nostrils hardly stirred, stooping meekly, as one who loved a service he would do, and thus waited.

An instant Wulf stood dazed; then he passed his hand across his forehead, for a strange, troubled notion, as of some forgotten dream, passed through his brain. At last, obeying some impelling instinct that yet seemed to him like a memory, he laid a hand upon the horse's withers and sprang to his back.

Up then pranced the noble creature, and stepped about the courtyard, tossing his head and gently champing the bit, as a horse will when he is pleased.

"Ride him to the stables, boy, and I will have word with thee there," cried the older knight, who had come out last; and pressing the rein, though still wondering to himself how he knew what to do, Wulf turned the steed through the inner gate to the bailey, and letting him have his head, was carried proudly to the stables whence the throng of grooms and stable-boys had come rushing. They came to the group of outbuildings and offices that made up the stables, followed by all the men, Herr Banf in the lead, and the place, which had been quite deserted, was immediately thronged, attendants from the castle itself coming on a run as news spread of the wonderful thing that was happening.

Once within the stable-yard, the horse stood quiet, to let Wulf dismount; but not even Herr Banf himself would he let lay a hand upon him, though he stood meek as a sheep while the boy, instructed by the knight, took off the bridle and fastened on the halter. Then he led his charge into a stall that one of the lads pointed out to him, and made him fast before the manger. When this was done, the horse gave a rub of his head against Wulf, and then turned to eating his fodder quietly, as though he had never done otherwise.

Then Herr Banf took to questioning Wulf sharply; but very little could the boy tell him. Indeed, some instinct warned him against speaking even of the faint thoughts stirring within him. He was full of anxiety to get away to Karl and tell *him* of this wonderful new experience, and he could say naught to the knight save that he was Karl the armorer's grandson; that he had never had the care of horses, and in his life had mounted but few, chiefly those of the men-at-arms who rode with their masters to the forge when Karl's skill was needed. He was troubled, too, about Karl's hurt, of which he told Herr Banf, and begged to be allowed to hasten back to the smithy.

"Go, then," said Herr Banf, at last, "and I will see thy grandsire to-morrow. Thou 'rt too promising a varlet to be left to grow up an armorer. We need thy kind elsewhere."

So, when he had given the nearly forgotten corselet to Gotta Brent, Wulf fared down the rocky way to the forge, where he told Karl all that had chanced to him that day.

"Let that remain with thee alone, boy," the armorer said, when the boy had told him of the strange memories that teemed in his brain. "These are no times to talk of such matters an thou 'dst keep a head on thy shoulders. Thou 'rt of my own raising, Wulf; but more than that I cannot tell thee, for I do not know." And there the lad was forced to let the matter rest.

"It is all one with my dreams," he said to himself, as he sought his bed of skins. "Mayhap other dreams will make it clearer."

But no dreams troubled his healthy boy's sleep that night, nor woke he until the morning sun streamed full in his upturned face.

## Chapter V.

### How Wulf went to the Swartzburg, and of his beginning there.

It was maybe a week after Wulf's visit to the Swartzburg that Herr Banf rode through the forest to the smithy. He was mounted

upon the great stallion that had been so wild that day, and as he drew rein before the shop the horse gave a shrill neigh, for he smelled Wulf. Karl's foot was by so far mended that he was able to limp about the forge, and he and the boy were busy mending a wrought hauberk of fine chain mail which the lady superior of St. Ursula had sent to them that morning.

"A fair day, friend Karl," the knight called out as he sat his horse under the big oak-tree. "Here am I come for that youngster of thine. He is too useful a scamp to be let spend his days tinkering here. Haply he has told thee how this big 'Siegfried' of mine took to him. I' faith, not a groom at the castle can handle the horse!"

"Ay?" said Karl, and he said no more, but stood with hands folded upon the top of his hammer, and looked steadily at Herr Banf.

Wulf, meanwhile, had dropped the tongs that he held, and run out to the horse, who now stood nuzzling his neck and face in great delight.

"By the rood," cried Herr Banf, "'t is plain love at first sight! If any other came so near Siegfried's teeth, I 'd look to see him eaten. I must have the boy, Karl!"

Now, that great horse was none other than the one which the shining knight had ridden on the day of his meeting with Herr Banf. The Crusader had taken the beast for his own charger, and a rare war-horse he was, but getting on in years by now, and turning wild at times, after the manner of his kind. Not a groom or stable-lad about the castle but had reason to know his temper; so that, because of their fear of him, the horse often lacked for care.

When Herr Banf had said that Wulf must come with him, Karl stood silent, watching the lad and Siegfried; but in a moment he said:

"In truth, they seem fast friends. Well, it shall be as the boy says."

"For what he says I will undertake," the knight said, laughing. "Wilt come to the castle, lad?"

Wulf looked from the horse to Karl and back again. It was easy to see where his desire lay.

"Shall I be able to see Grandsire Karl now and then?" he asked, turning to Herr Banf.

"As often as need be," said the knight.

"What shall I say?" Wulf turned to Karl.

"What thou wilt," the armorer nodded. "We have talked o' that."

So had they, and Wulf's question was but the last wavering of the boy's heart, loath to leave all it had yet known. In another moment his will regained its strength, and the matter ended in his taking again the climbing road up the Swartzburg pass, this time with a hand clinging to Herr Banf's stirrup-leather, while the great horse stepped gently, keeping pace with the boy's stride.

"Where didst thou learn to bewitch a horse, lad?" the knight asked as they journeyed. "What is thy 'horseman's word'?"

"I have none," was the reply. "The horse seemed to know me, and I him. I cannot tell how or other."

"By my forefathers, but beasts be hard to understand as men! What was 't thou didst, by the way, to the little crooked cock at the castle?"

"Him they call Conradt, Herr Knight? I did naught."

"Well, he means to fight thee for it."

"Nay," replied Wulf, "that he 'll not."

"How is that?"

"It would not be becoming for me to fight him."

"So," Herr Banf said grimly. "Thou 'st a good idea of what is due thy betters."

"It is not that," explained Wulf, simply. "I am the better of us two; a whole man goes not against a weakling."

The knight looked keenly down at the lad, noting, as he had not done before, the easy movement of his body as he stepped lightly along, more like a soldier than like a peasant. He was alert and trim, with shapely shoulders and the head carried well up.

"A queer armorer's lad, this," thought Herr Banf, in some wonder. But by now they were before the castle watch-tower, and in a moment more, still with one hand at the knight's stirrup, Wulf again entered at the castle gate. There, in the outer bailey, Herr Banf lighted down, and bade Wulf take Siegfried to the stables for the night.

It was Hansei (now grown to young man-

hood) who at supper-time took him into the great hall where the household and its hangers-on gathered for meals, and got for him a trencher and food, though little cared Wulf for eating on that first night, when all was new and strange to him.

The hall was very large, and Wulf, looking up toward its lofty roof, could not see its timbers for the deep shadows there. At either end was a great fireplace, but the one at the upper end was the larger and finer. Near it, on a platform raised above the earthen floor, Baron Everhardt sat at board, with the knights of his train. Below them were the men-at-arms and lower officers of the castle, and seated upon benches about the walls were the fighting-men and general hangers-on of the place.

These sat not at board, but helped themselves to the food that was passed about among them after the tables were served, and ate, some from their hands, others from wooden trenchers which they had secured. Wulf and Hansei were among the lowliest of the lot, and the stable-boys did not sit down at all, but took their supper standing, leaning against the wall just inside the door, and farthest from the hearth, and they were among the last served.

But, as we have seen, Wulf cared little that night for food or drink, though his new friend pressed him to eat. Soon the great tankards began to pass from hand to hand; and the men drank long and deep, while loud jests and mighty laughter filled all the place, until only Wulf's sturdy boy's pride kept him from stealing out, through the darkness, back to Karl at the forge.

Presently, however, he began to notice faces among the company at the upper end of the hall. Two or three ladies were present, having come in by another door when the meal was well over, and these were sitting with the baron and Herr Banf. One of the ladies, Hansei told him, was the baron's lady, and with her, Wulf noticed, was the little girl whom he had seen at the time of his first visit to the castle.

"Who is she?" he asked.

"A ward of our baron's," Hansei answered, "and she is the Fräulein Elise von Hofenhoer. They say she is to be married, in good time, to young Conradt, the nephew of our baron; and that, methinks, is a sorry fate for any maiden."

"Conradt?"

"Yea; the crooked stick yonder, the baron's precious nephew."

Following Hansei's glance, Wulf descried the hunchback boy of his adventure, seated at board, drinking from a great mug of ale. With him was the other boy, who, Hansei told him, was Waldemar Guelder, and some kin to Herr Banf, in whose charge he was, to be trained as a knight.

"He 's not such a bad one," the stable-boy said, "an it were not for Master Conradt, who would drag down the best that had to do with him."

Thus, one by one, Hansei pointed out knights and followers, squires and men, until in Wulf's tired brain all was a jumble of names and faces that he knew not. Glad indeed was he when at last his companion nodded to him, and slipping out from the hall, they made their way to the horse-barn, where, up under the rafters of a great hay-filled loft, the pair made their beds in the fragrant grasses, and slept soundly, until the stamping of horses below them, and the sunlight streaming into their faces through an open door of the loft, awakened them.

## Chapter VI.

### How Conradt plotted mischief, and how Wulf won a friend.

It was perhaps a matter of six weeks after Wulf's coming to the Swartzburg that he sat, one day, in a wing of the stables, cleaning and shining Herr Banf's horse-gear. He was alone at the time, for most of the castle-folk had ridden with the baron on a freebooting errand against a body of merchants known to be traveling that way with rich loads of goods and much money. Only Herr Werner, of all the knights, was at the castle.

Save for Hansei, who stood by him stoutly, Wulf had as yet made no friends among his fellow-workers; but full well had he shown himself able to take his own part, so that his bravery and prowess, and his heartiness to help whenever a lift or a hand was needed, had already won him a place and fair treatment among them. Moreover, his quick wit and

craft with Siegfried, the terror of the stables, made the Master of Horse his powerful friend. And, again, Wulf was already growing well used to the ways of the place, so that it was with a right cheerful and contented mind that he sat, that day, scouring away upon a rusty stirrup-iron.

Presently it seemed to him that he heard a little noise from over by the stables, and peering along under the arch of the great saddle before him, he saw a puzzling thing. Crossing the stable floor with wary tread and watchful mien, as minded to do some deed privily, and fearful to be seen, was Conradt.

"Now, what may he be bent upon?" Wulf asked of his own thought. "No good, I 'll lay wager"; and he sat very still, watching every movement of the little crooked fellow.

Down the long row of stalls went the hunchback, until he reached the large loose box where stood Siegfried. The stallion saw him, and laid back his ears, but made no further sign of noting the new-comer. Indeed, since Wulf had been his tender the old horse had grown much more governable, and for a month or more had given no trouble.

Conradt's face, however, as he drew nigh the stall, was of aspect so hateful and wicked that Wulf stilly, but with all speed, left his place and crept nearer, keeping in shelter behind the great racks of harness, to learn what might be toward. As he did so he was filled with amaze and wrath to see the hunchback, sword in hand, reach over the low wall of the stall and thrust at Siegfried. The horse shied over and avoided the blade, though, from the plunge he made, Wulf deemed that he had felt the point.

While the watcher stood dumfounded, wondering what the thing might mean, Conradt sneaked around to the other side, plainly minded to try that wickedness again, whereupon Wulf sprang forward, snatching up, on his way, a flail that lay to his hand, flung down by one of the men from the threshing-floor.

"Have done with you!" he called as he ran; and forgetting, in his wrath, both the rank and the weakness of the misdoer, he shrieked: "What is 't wouldst do? Out with it!" And he raised the flail.

Taken unaware though he was, Conradt, who was rare skilful at fence, guarded on the instant, and by a clever twist of his blade cut clean in twain the leather hinge that held together the two halves of the flail. 'T was a master stroke whereat, angry as he was, Wulf wondered, nor could he withhold a swordsman's delight in the blow, albeit the sword's wielder was plain proven a ruffian.

He had small time to think, however, for by now Conradt let at him full drive, and he was sore put to it to fend himself from the onslaught, having no other weapon than the handle of the flail.

Evil was in the hunchback's eyes as he pressed up against his foe, as Wulf was not slow to be aware. The latter could do naught but fend and parry with his stick; but this he did with coolness and skill, as he stood back to wall against the stall, watching every move of that malignant wight with whom he fought.

Up, down, in, out, thrust, parry, return! The sounds filled the barn. Wulf was the taller and equally skilled, but Conradt's weapon gave him an advantage that, but for the blindness of his hatred, would have won his way for him. But soon he was fair weary with fury, and Wulf began to think that he would soon make end of the trouble, when he felt a sharp prick, and something warm and wet began to trickle down his right arm, filling his hand. Conradt saw the stain and gave a joyful grunt.

"One for thee, tinker," he gasped, his breath nigh spent. "I 'll let a little more of thy mongrel blood ere I quit."

"An thou dost," cried Wulf, stung to a fury he seldom felt, "save a drop for thyself. A little that 's honest would not come amiss in the black stream in thy veins." And he guarded again as Conradt came on.

This the latter did with a rush, at which Wulf sprang aside, and ere his foe could whirl he came at him askance, catching his sword-hand just across the back of the wrist with the tip of his stick, so that, for an instant, Conradt's arm dropped, and the point of his blade touched the floor. 'T was a trick in which Wulf felt little pride, though fair enough, and he did not follow up the advantage, knowing he had his enemy beaten for the time.

The hunchback stood glaring at Wulf, but

ere he could move to attack again a voice cried: "Well done, tinker! An ye had a blade, our cockerel had crowed smaller, and I had missed a rare bit of sport."

On this both boys turned, for they knew that voice, and Herr Werner came forward, not laughing now, as mostly he was, but with a sterner look on his youthful face than even Conradt had ever seen.

"Now, then, how is this?" he demanded of Wulf. "What is this brawl about?"

The boy met Werner's eyes frankly. "He had best tell," he said, nodding toward Conradt.

"Suppose, then, thou dost," and Herr Werner looked at the hunchback, who, his eyes going down before the knight's, lied, as was his wont.

"He came at me with the flail, and," he added, unable to withhold bragging, "I clipped it for him."

"And what hadst thou done to make him come at thee?"

"I did but look at the horses, and stood to play with old Siegfried here. 'T is become so that my uncle, the baron himself, may yet look to be called to account by this tinker's upstart."

The stern lines about Herr Werner's mouth grew deeper.

"Heed thou this, Conradt," he said with great earnestness. "Yonder was I, by the pillar, and saw this whole matter. What didst thou plan ill to the stallion for?"

"The truth is, not to have him hereabout," muttered Conradt, his face dark with fear and anger. "These be my uncle's stables, and this great beast hath had tooth or hoof toll off every one about the place."

"True, i' the main," Herr Werner said scornfully. "And for this, is it, that the baron thinketh to make thee Master of the Horse? Shall I tell him with what zeal thou followest thy duties?"

Conradt's face was fair distorted now. Fear of his uncle's wrath was the one thing that kept the wickedness of his evil nature in any sort of check, and well he knew how bitter would be his taste of that wrath should this thing come to the baron's ears.

So, too, knew Herr Werner, and, in less manner, Wulf; for his keen wit had taught him much during his six weeks' service at the castle.

"What shall I say to the baron of this?" demanded Herr Werner again, as he towered above them.

"I care not," muttered Conradt, falsely.

But Wulf said: "Need aught be said, Herr Werner? I hold naught against him, save for Siegfried's sake,"—with a loving glance over at the great horse,—"and 't is not likely he 'll be at this mischief again."

"What say'st thou, my fine fellow?" asked the young knight of Conradt; but the latter said no word.

"Bah!" cried Herr Werner, at last. "In sooth, this tinker is at heart a truer man than thou on every showing. Get hence, that I waste on thee no more of the time that should go to his wound," he added; for Wulf, in moving his arm, had suddenly flinched, and his face was pale. In another moment Herr Werner had the hurt member in hand, and as he was, like most men of that rude time, somewhat skilled in caring for wounds, he had soon bandaged this one, which was of no great extent, but more painful than serious, and was quickly eased.

Meanwhile Conradt had moved off, leaving the two alone. Though it would never be set to his credit, his malice had wrought a good work; for in that hour our Wulf got himself a strong and true friend in the young knight, who was well won by the sterling stuff that showed in the lad.

"He hath more of knightliness in him, here in the stables," thought he, as he left Wulf, "than Conradt will ever know as lord of the castle; and, by my forefathers, he shall have what chance may be mine to give him!"

And that vow Herr Werner never forgot.

## Chapter VII.

### How Wulf climbed the ivy tower, and what he saw at the barred window.

Good as his word had Herr Werner been in finding Wulf the chance to show that other stuff dwelt in him than might go to the making of a mere stable-lad. For the next three years he was under the young knight's helping protection, and, thanks to the latter's good offices in part, but in the end, as must always be the

case with boy or man, thanks to his own efforts, he made so good use of his chance that his tinker origin was haply overlooked, if not forgotten, by those left behind him as he rose from height to height of the castle's life.

When all was said and done, 't was hard to hold hatred of such a nature as his. The training of old Karl, and the forest, had done their work well with him, and he was still the simple, sunny-hearted Wulf of the forge, ever ready to help, and forgiving even where forgiveness was unsought. He was by now a sturdy, broad-chested young fellow, getting well on to manhood, noted for his strength and for his skill in all the games and feats of prowess and endurance that were a part of the training of boys in those days. Already had he ridden with Herr Werner in battle, and the baron himself had more than once taken note of the youth, and had on two occasions made him his messenger on errands both perilous and nice, calling for wit as well as bravery.

Only Conradt hated him still—Conradt, with the sorry, twisted soul, that held to hatred as surely as Wulf held to love. He was a year or two older than Wulf, and was already a candidate for knighthood; for, despite his crooked body, he was skilled beyond many who rode in his uncle's following in all play at arms. There was no better swordsman, even among the younger knights, and among the bowmen he had already a name.

Despite all this, however, the baron's nephew was held in light esteem, even among that train of robbers and bandits—for naught better were they, in truth, despite their knighthood and their gentlehood. They lived by foray and pillage and petty warfare with other bands like themselves, and in many a village were dark stories whispered of their wild raids.

Yet few even of his own followers would hold long or close fellowship with Conradt, albeit they dared not openly flout the baron's nephew.

Well knew the baron, overlord of all that district, of the doings of his doughty nephew; but for reasons of his own he saw fit to wink at them, save when some worse infamy than common was brought to his notice in such fashion that he could not pass it by. He were a brave man, however, who could dare the baron's wrath so far as to complain lightly to him of Conradt, so the fellow went for the most part scot-free of his misdeeds, save so far as he might feel the scorn and shunning of his equals.

It was on a bright autumn afternoon that a company of the boys and younger men of the Swartzburg were trying feats of strength and of athletic skill before the castle, in the inner bailey. From a little balcony overlooking the terrace the ladies of the household looked down upon the sports, to which their presence gave more than ordinary zest. Among the ladies was Elise, now grown a fair maiden of some fifteen years. Well was she known to be meant by the baron for the bride of his nephew; but this knowledge among the youths of the place did not hinder many a quick glance from wandering her way, and already had more than one young squire chosen her as the lady of his worship, for whose sake he pledged himself, as the manner of the time was, to deeds of bravery and high virtue.

The contestants in the courtyard had been wrestling and racing. There had been tilts with the spear, and bouts with the fists and of sword-play, when at last one of the number challenged his fellows to a climbing trial of the hardest sort.

Just where the massive square bulk of the keep raised its grim stories a great buttress thrust boldly out from the castle, running up beside the wall of the tower for a considerable distance. The two were just enough apart to be firmly touched on either side by a man who might stand between them, and it was a mighty test of courage and strength for a man to climb up between them, even a few yards, by hand and foot pressure only. It was the great feat to perform among the more ambitious knights and squires about the castle.

The challenger on this afternoon was young Waldemar Guelder, Herr Banf's ward, now grown a stalwart squire; and he raised himself, by sheer strength of grip and pressure of foot and open hand against the rough stones, up and up, until he reached the point, some thirty feet above ground, where the buttress bent in to the main wall again, and gave no further support to the climber, who was fain to come down quickly and by the same way as he went up.

Shouts of "Well done! Well done!" greeted Waldemar's deed when he reached the ground, panting, but flushed with pride, and looked up toward the balcony, whence came a clapping of fair hands and waving of white kerchiefs in token that his prowess had been noted.

Then one after another made trial of the feat; but none, not even Conradt, who was accounted among the skilfulest climbers, was able to reach the mark set by young Guelder, until, last of all, for he had given place time after time to his eagerer fellows, Wulf's turn came.

He, too, glanced up at the balcony as he began the ascent, and Elise, meeting his glance, smiled down upon him. These two were good friends, in a frank fashion little common in that time, when the merest youths deemed it their duty to throw a tinge of sentimentality into their relation with all maids.

Conradt noted their glances, and glowered at Wulf as the latter prepared to climb. No sneer of his had ever moved Elise to treat "the tinker" with scorn. Indeed, Conradt sometimes fancied that her friendship for Wulf was in despite of him, and of the mastership he often tried to assert over her. That, however, was impossible to an honest nature like Elise. She was Wulf's friend because of her hearty trust in him and liking for him, and so she leaned forward now, eager to see what he might do toward meeting Waldemar's feat.

Steadily Wulf set hands and feet to the stones, and braced himself for the work. Reach by reach he raised himself higher, higher, until it



WULF DEFENDS HIMSELF AND THE HORSE FROM CONRADT. (SEE PAGE 126.)

was plain to all that he would find it no task to climb to where the champion had gone.

"He 'll win to it!" cried one and then another of the watchers, and Waldemar himself shouted out encouragement to the climber when once he seemed to falter.

At last came a cry from Hansei: "He has it! Hurrah! Hurrah!" And a general shout went up. From the balcony, too, came the sound of applause as Wulf reached the top of the buttress.

"In truth, our tinker hath mounted in the world," sneered Conradt from the terrace. "Well, there 's naught more certain than that he 'll come down again."

Wulf heard the words, as Conradt meant he should, and caught, as well, the laugh that rose from some of the lower fellows. Then a murmur of surprise went through the company.

The walls of the keep were overgrown with ivy, so that only here and there a mere shadow showed where a staircase window pierced the stones. In the recess where the young men were wont to climb, the vines were torn down, but above the buttress, over both keep and castle, the great branches grew and clung, reaching clean to the top of the tower; and Wulf, unable to go farther between the walls, was now pulling himself up along the twisted ivy growth that covered the face of the tower.

On he went, minded to reach the top and scale the battlement. It was no such great feat, the lower wall once passed, but none of the watchers below had ever thought to try it, so were they surprised into the more admiration, while in the balcony was real fear for the adventurous climber.

He reached the top in safety, however, and passing along the parapet just below the battlement, turned a corner and was lost to their sight.



WULF CLIMBS THE IVY ON THE TOWER AND MAKES A STRANGE DISCOVERY.

On the farther side of the keep he found, as he had deemed likely, that the ivy gave him safe and easy support to the ground, so lowering himself to the vines again, he began the descent.

He had gone but a little way when, feeling with his feet for a lower hold, he found none directly under him, but was forced to reach out toward the side to get it, from which he judged that he must be opposite a window, and lowering himself further, he came upon two upright iron bars set in a narrow casement nearly overgrown with ivy. Behind the bars all seemed dark; but as Wulf's eyes became wonted to the dimness, he became aware, first of a shadowy something that seemed to move, then of a face gaunt, white, and drawn, with great, unreasoning eyes that stared blankly into his own.

He felt his heart hammering at his ribs as he stared back. The piteous, vacant eyes seemed to draw his very soul, and a choking feeling came in his throat. For a full moment the two pairs of eyes gazed at each other, until Wulf felt as if his heart would break for sheer pity; then the white face behind the bars faded back into the darkness, and Wulf was ware once more of the world without, the yellow, autumnal sunshine, and the green ivy with its black ropes of twisted stems, that were all that kept him from dashing to death on the stones of the courtyard below.

So shaken was he by what he had seen that he could scarcely hold by his hands while he reached for foothold. Little by little, however, he gathered strength, and came to himself again, until by the time he reached the ground he was once more able to face his fellows, who gathered about, full of praise for his feat.

But little cared our Wulf for their acclaim when, glancing up toward the balcony, he caught the wave of a white hand. His heart nearly leaped from his throat, a second later, as he saw a little gleam of color, and was ware that the hand held a bit of bright ribband which presently fluttered over the edge of the balcony and down toward the terrace.

It never touched earth. There was a rush toward it by all the young men, each eager to grasp the token; but Wulf, with a leap that carried his outstretched hand high above the others, laid hold upon the prize and bore it quickly from out the press.

"'T is mine! mine! Yield it!" screamed Conradt, rushing after him.

"Nay; that thou must prove," laughed Wulf; and winning easily away from the hunchback, he ran through the inner bailey to his own quarters, whence, being busy about some matters of Herr Werner's, he came not forth until nightfall. At that time Conradt did not see him; for the baron had summoned his nephew to him about a matter of which we shall hear more.

## Chapter VIII.

### How Baron Everhardt was outlawed, and how Wulf heard of the baby in the osiers.

One bright morning, not long after Wulf had climbed the ivy tower, there came to the Swartzburg a herald bearing a message whereat Baron Everhardt laughed long and loud. So, also, laughed the youngerlings of the place when the thing came to be noised among them; albeit two or three, and in especial Wulf and Hansei, who was now head groom, laughed not, but were sore troubled.

The baron had been declared an outlaw.

For an emperor now ruled in Germany, and good folk had begun to dare hope that the evil days might be drawing to a close. The new emperor was none other than Rudolf of Hapsburg, he who had been count of that name, and since coming to the throne he had bent his whole mind and strength to the task of bringing peace and good days to the land, and order and law within reach of the unhappy common folk whose lives were now passed in hardship and fear.

To this end the Emperor Rudolf had early sent to summon all of the barons and the lesser nobles of the land to come to his help against the rebel counts, Ulric and Eberhard of Würtemberg, who had joined with King Ottakar of Bohemia to defy the new ruler. The head of the Swartzburg had been summoned with the others; but, filled with contempt for "the poor Swiss count," as he dubbed the emperor, had defied him, and torn up the summons before the eyes of the herald who brought it.

Nevertheless, in spite of the refusal of nearly all the nobles to aid their emperor, the latter had, with his own men, gone against the two rebel counts and their kingly ally, and had beaten their armies and brought them to sue for peace. Now he was turning his attention to the larger task of putting fear of the law and of rightful authority into the hearts of the robber-nobles.

Of these a goodly number were already declared outlaws, and now the baron's turn had come. Moreover, one of the men of the Swartzburg, who had ridden beyond the mountains on a matter for Herr Banf, had ridden back with word that the emperor, with a strong army, was already out against the outlawed strongholds, and that he meant soon to call at the Swartzburg.

"And a warm welcome shall we give this new emperor of ours," boasted Conradt, on the castle terrace. "Emperor, forsooth! By the rood, Count Rudolf will have need of all his Swiss rabble, if he would bring the Swartzburg's men to knee before him!"

A chorus of assent greeted this speech. For once his hearers listened respectfully to the baron's nephew. Right eager were all the young men for the fray that was threatening; and so great was their contempt for the emperor that they could see for it but one outcome.

"But that his Austrians were in revolt and his army divided," declared one, "King Ottakar had never yielded to the Swiss. He of Hapsburg will find it a harder matter to yoke the German barons." And all his hearers nodded assent to the bragging speech.

What Baron Everhardt, at council with his knights, thought of the outlook, not even Conradt, among those on the terrace, rightly knew; but a few hours later, by orders sent out through the stewards and the masters of arms and horse, the routine of the castle was being put upon a war footing, to the joy of the eager young men. All were busy, each at his own line of duty, in the work of preparation for battle, and, to Wulf's delight, it fell to his lot to fare down the valley to the forge on an errand for Herr Werner.

It was weeks since Wulf had seen Karl, and glad was he now to be going to him; for in his own mind he was sore perplexed in this matter of the new emperor's proclamation of the baron, and he longed for the armorer's wise and honest thought about it all.

"Thou hast seen this emperor of ours?" he said, as he sat in the doorway of the smithy, whence he could look at will within at the forge, or without adown a long green aisle of the forest.

"Ay," said Karl, proudly; "his own man-at-arms was I during the Holy War. Served him have I, and gripped his hand—the hand of an honest man and a sore-needed one in this land to-day."

"Dost think he can master the barons?" the boy asked; and Karl looked troubled.

"These be ill times for thought, boy," he said, "and worse for speech; but if the emperor bring not order into our midst, then, in truth, are the scoffers wise, and God hath forgotten us up in heaven."

"Would I were of his train!" Wulf said, gazing with troubled eyes adown between the black trunks of the great trees. Karl, watching him, gathered rightly that he was worried as to his duty.

"If he be in truth the emperor by will of the people," Wulf added at last, "then are all true men, who love Germany, bound to come to his banner."

"Ay."

"But I am of the Swartzburg's men; and how may I be an honest one and fail at this moment when every blade is needed?"

"'T is hard," Karl said, "and that only thine own heart can teach thee. No man may show another what his best action may be; but perhaps thou 'rt nearer being the emperor's man than the baron's, were the truth known. If I guess rightly, 't were ill faring if one of thy line raised blade against Rudolf of Hapsburg." The armorer muttered this half in his beard, nor looked at Wulf as he spoke.

"Nay, Karl," the boy cried sharply; "make me no more riddles, but speak out plainly, man to man. What is all this that thou hast ever held from me? What mean'st thou by 'any of my line'?"

"Alas!" said the armorer, sadly. "Naught

know I, in truth, and there 's the heartbreak. 'T is a chain of which some links are missing. Would to God I did know, that I might speak of a surety that which my heart is settled upon. But this that I do know shalt thou hear to-day." And coming over by the doorway, Karl took seat upon the great chest near by, and fell to telling Wulf of that which we already know—of his trip to the Swartzburg a dozen years before, and how he had taken him from the osiers.



"THEN THE BARON GRIPPED HER BY THE ARM." (SEE PAGE 135.)

"Never saw I that knight, nor aught dared I ever ask of him; but slain was he by Herr Banf, and no noise was ever made of who he was. Only this I know: that the sword Herr Banf gave me to put in order had been that stranger's, and none other was it than one forged by these own hands for Count Wulfstanger of Hartsburg when he rode with Count Rudolf to Prussia, and he was our emperor's heart's friend. Three swords made I at that time, alike in temper and fashion, and one was for Count Wulfstanger; one was his who is now emperor; and one I kept and brought with me to this place—" Karl halted just here, but Wulf was too taken with the tale to note that.

"But thou knowest not that aught had I to do with that stranger knight," he urged, longing for Karl's answer.

"That do I not. But, lad, thou art as like the Count Otto von Wulfstanger as his own son might be; and how camest thou in the osiers just at that time? Oh, I have worn thin my poor wits over this thing. But naught have I been able to learn or guess. I did what I might, and if ever thou comest to thine own, and thine own be what I think—ah, boy, thou 'rt fit for it!" And the old armorer's face shone with loving pride as his eyes took in the figure in the doorway.

"Thanks to thee, good Karl, I can bear arms and sit a horse and hold mine honor clean," said Wulf, simply. "But oh, Karl, fain would I know the rights of this strange matter!"

He sighed, his thoughts going back to the castle, and to the memory of a fair small hand fluttering a ribband down over the heads of a rabble of scrambling youths. Truly, the tinker's lad, if such he was, was looking high.

"I wish that I might see that sword," he said at last.

"That thou shalt see."

The armorer arose from his seat on the chest, and turned toward the cupboard; but just then there showed, riding out from the forest and up to the door of the forge, two or three riders whom Wulf knew to be from Conradt's mongrel band of thieves and cutthroats.

They had with them a matter of work that, he quickly saw, would keep Karl busy for an hour or two; so, mindful of his errand and of the need to get back to the Swartzburg, where so great things were going on, he arose from the doorway.

What of loyalty and duty his mind might fix upon at last, he knew not yet; but the thought of one who in the trouble to come might be in danger drew him like a magnet. So, bidding Karl good-by, he went his way.

His mind was full of confused thoughts as he fared through the forest. The weighty matters that pressed upon his brain kept mind and heart engaged while he journeyed; but his duty seemed no clearer to him, when he had reached the castle, than it had seemed at the forge with Karl.

## Chapter IX.

### Of the ill news that the baron broke to his maiden ward, and of how she took that same.

Baron Everhardt sat beside a table in the great hall of the castle, scowling blackly at a pile of weighty-seeming papers that lay before him. The baron could himself neither read nor write, but Father Franz, his confessor and penman, had been with him all forenoon, and together they had gone over the parchments, one by one, and the warrior noble had, to all seeming, found enough to keep his mind busy with them since.

The parchments were none other than the deeds in the matters of the estate of the baron's ward, Fräulein Elise von Hofenhoer, regarding which estate the emperor had sent word that he should demand accounting after he had wrought order at the Swartzburg. The baron's face was not good to see when he recalled the words of the emperor's message.

"By the rood!" he muttered, bringing a clenched fist down on the table. "The poor Swiss count were wiser to busy himself with setting his own soul in order against coming to the Swartzburg."

He sprang from his chair and paced the floor wrathfully, when there entered to him his ward, whom he had sent to summon.

A stately slip of maidenhood was Elise—tall and fair, with fearless eyes of dark blue. She seemed older than her few years, and as she stood within the hall even the dark visage of the baron lightened at sight of her, and the growl of his voice softened in answering her greeting.

"There be many gruesome things in these hard days, Fräulein," he said, "and things that may easily work ill for a maid."

A startled look came into Elise's eyes, but naught said she, though the dread in her heart warned her what the baron's words might portend.

"Thou knowest," her guardian went on, "that thy father left thee in my care. Our good Hofenhoer! May he be at greater peace than we are like to know for many a long year!"

There was an oily smoothness in the baron's tone that did not ease the fear in Elise's heart.

Never had she known him to speak of her father, whom she could not remember, and, indeed, never before had he spoken to her at such length; for the baron was more at home in the saddle, or at tilt and foray, than with the women of his household. But he grew bland as any lawyer as he went on, with a gesture toward the parchments:

"These be all the matters of what property thy father left, though little enough of it have I been able to save for thee,—what with the wickedness of the times. And now this greedy thief of a robber-count who calls himself Emperor of Germany, forsooth, seems minded to take even that little—and thee into the bargain, belike—an we find not a way to hinder him."

"Take me?" Elise said, in some amaze, as the baron seemed waiting her word.

"Ay. The fellow hath proclaimed me outlaw, though, for that matter, do I as easily proclaim him interloper. So, doubtless, 't is even." And the baron smiled grimly.

"But that is by the way," he added, his bland air coming back. "I 've sent for thee on a weightier matter, Fräulein, for war and evil are all around us. I am none so young as once I was, and no man knows what may hap when this Swiss count comes hunting the nobles of the land as he might chase wild dogs. 'T is plain thou must have a younger protector, and" —here the baron gave a snicker as he looked at Elise—"all maids be alike in this, I trow, that to none is a husband amiss. Is 't not so?"

Elise was by now turned white as death, and her slim fingers gripped hard on the chair-arms.

"What mean'st thou, sir?" she asked faintly.

The baron's uneasy blandness slipped away before his readier frown, yet still he smiled in set fashion.

"Said I not," he cried, with clownish attempt at lightness, "that all maids are alike? Well knowest thou my meaning. Yet wouldst thou question and hedge, like all the others. Canst be ready for thy marriage by the day after to-morrow? We must needs have thee a sheltered wife ere the Swiss hawk pounce upon thee and leave thee plucked. Moreover, thy groom waxes impatient these days."

"And who is he?" Elise almost whispered with lips made stiff by dread.

"Who, indeed," snarled the baron, losing his scant self-mastery, "but my nephew, to whom, as well thou knowest, thou hast been betrothed since thou wert a child?"

The maiden sprang wildly to her feet, then cowered back in her chair and hid her face in her hands.

"Conradt? Oh, never, never!" she moaned.

"Come, come," her guardian said, not unkindly. "Conradt is no beauty, I grant. God hath dealt hardly with him in a way that might well win him a maiden's pity," he added with a sham piousness that made Elise shiver.

"Thou must have a husband's protection," the baron went on. "Naught else will avail in these times, and 't was thy father's will."

"Nay, I believe not that," Elise cried, looking straight at him with flashing eyes. "Ne'er knew I my father, but 't were not in any father's heart, my lord, to will so dreadful a thing for his one daughter. Not so will I dishonor that brave nobleman's memory as to believe that this was his will for me."

The baron sprang up, dashing the parchments aside.

"Heed thy words, girl!" he roared. "Thy father's will or not thy father's will—thou 'lt wed my nephew on to-morrow's morrow."

Elise came a step nearer with a gesture of pleading.

"My lord," she said with earnest dignity, "ye cannot mean it! I am a poor, helpless maiden, with nor father nor brother to fend for me. Never canst thou mean to do me this wrong."

"'T is needful, girl," the baron said, keeping his eyes lowered. "This is no time for thee to be unwed. Thou must have a legal protector other than I. Only a husband can hold thy property from the emperor's greed—and perhaps save thee from eviler straits."

"Nay, who cares for the wretched stuff?" cried she, impatiently. "Ah, my lord, let it go. Take it, all of it, an ye will, and let me enter a convent—rather than this."

But for this the baron had no mind. Already had he turned his ward's property to his own use, and her marriage with Conradt was planned but that he might hide his theft from the knowledge of others. Well knew he how stern an accounting of his guardianship would be demanded, did Elise enter the shelter of a convent; but he only said:

"Thou art not of age. Thou canst not take so grave a step. The law will not let thee consent."

"Then how may I consent to this other?"

"To this I consent for thee, minx. Let that suffice, and go about thy preparations."

"I cannot! I cannot! Oh, Herr Baron, dost thou not fear God? As he lives, I will never do this thing!"

Then the baron gripped her by the arm.

"Now, miss," he said, his face close to hers, "enough of folly. Yet am I master at the Swartzburg, and two days of grace have I

granted thee. But a word more, and Father Franz shall make thee a bride this night if thy thieving cur of a bridegroom show his face in the castle. See, now; naught canst thou gain by thy stubborn unreason. I can have patience with a maid's whims, but if thou triest me too greatly, it will go hard but that I shall find a way to break thy stubborn will. Now get yonder and prepare thy bridal robes." And he strode away.

Elise turned and fled from that place, scarce noting whither she went. Not back to the women's chambers. She could not face the baroness and her ladies until she had faced this monstrous trouble alone.

Out she sped, then, to the castle garden, fleeing, poor, hunted fawn that she was, to the one spot of refuge she knew, the sheltering shade of a drooping elm, at whose foot welled up a little stream that, husbanded and led by careful gardening, wandered through the pleasance to water my lady's rose-garden beyond. There had ever been her favorite dreaming-place, and thither brought she this great woe wherewith she must wrestle. But ere she could cast herself down upon the welcoming moss at the roots of the tree, a figure started up from within the shadow of the great black trunk, and came toward her.



"'ONE HOUR PAST MIDNIGHT, AND ALL 'S WELL!'"

She started back with a startled cry, wondering, even then, that aught could cause her trouble or dismay beyond what was already hers. In the next instant, however, she recognized Wulf. He was passing through the garden, and had been minded to turn aside for a moment to sit beneath the elm where he knew the fair lily of the castle had her favorite nook. But he was even then departing, when he was aware of Elise coming toward him.

Then he saw her face, all distraught with pain and sorrow, and wrath filled him.

"Who hath harmed thee?" he cried. "'T were an ill faring for him an I come nigh him."

"Wulf, Wulf!" moaned Elise, as soon as she knew him. "Surely Heaven hath sent thee to help me!" And standing there under the sheltering tree, she told him, as best she might for shame and woe and the maidenly wrath that were hers, the terrible doom fallen upon her.

And Wulf's face grew stern and white as he listened, and there fell off from it the boyish look of ease and light-heartedness that is the right of youth, and the look of a man came there instead.

Now and again, as Elise spoke, his hand sought the dagger at his belt, and his breath came thick from beneath his teeth; but no words wasted he in wrath, for his wit was working fast on the matter before them, which was the finding of a way of escape for the maiden.

"There is but one way for it," he said at last, "and that must be this very night, for this business of the emperor's coming makes every moment beyond the present one a thing of doubt. It cannot be before midnight, though, that I may help thee; for till then I guard the postern-gate, and I may not leave that which is intrusted me. But after that, do thou make shift to come to me here, and, God helping us, thou 'lt be far from here ere daybreak."

"But whither can I go?" Elise cried, shrinking in terror from the bold step. "How may a maiden wander forth into the night?"

"That is a simple matter," said Wulf. "Where, indeed, but to the Convent of St. Ursula, beyond the wood? Thou 'lt be safe there, for the lady superior is blood kin to the emperor, and already is the place under protection of his men. Even if he think to seek thee there, our wild baron would pause before going against those walls."

"'T is a fair chance," said Elise, at last, "but if 't were still worse, 't were better worth trying, even to death, than to live unto to-morrow's morrow and what 't will bring"; and a shudder shook her till she sobbed with grief.

The time was too short even for much planning, while many things remained to be done; so Elise sought her own little nest in the castle wing, there to make ready for flight, while Wulf took pains to show himself as usual about the tasks wherewith he was wont to fill his hours.

## Chapter X.

### How Wulf took Elise from the Swartzburg.

It was a little past midnight, and the air was black and soft as velvet, when two figures crept across the inner bailey and gained the outer court of the castle. Feeling by hand and foot along the walls, Wulf led, while Elise crept after him, holding fast by his sleeve, till at last they were at the postern-gate.

"Gotta Brent's son followed me on watch here," he whispered to Elise. "He is a sleepy fellow, and will not have got well settled to the tramp yet."

"Thou 'lt not harm him, Wulf?" she breathed back anxiously. "Ne'er again could I be happy if any hurt comes to an innocent person through me."

"Nay, let thy heart be easy," replied Wulf. "I will but fix him in easy position for the sleep he loves. He were no fellow to be put on watch in time of danger."

Just then the clank of metal came to their ears, and they knew that the sentinel was drawing near on his beat.

Close back they pressed into the deep shadow of the bastion, while Elise put both hands over her heart in an instinct to muffle its wild beating.

Almost beside them, lantern in hand, the watch paused; but his body was between them and his light, and its rays did not shine into the bastion.

He bent toward them, and Wulf braced himself to spring upon him, when of a sudden a call rang out from the sentinel on the watch-tower far adown the wall.

"One hour past midnight, and all 's well," it said; and the sentinel beside them took it up, bellowing out the words until they sounded fair awful coming out of the darkness. From elsewhere the watch-cry sounded again, and ere it had clean died away Wulf gave a forward spring, catching the sentinel just as he was turning to walk adown his beat.

In a flash the sleepy watchman had received a blow from his own staff that quieted him. Then, dashing out the lantern, Wulf, as best he could in the darkness, thrust a soft leathern

gag into the man's mouth, making it fast by cords to the back of his head. Then he bound him hand and foot, and taking from the fellow's girdle the key of the postern, he grasped Elise's hand, and together they made out to open the gate and creep forth.

Between them and liberty there yet lay the ditch; but Wulf knew where the warden's boat was tied, and he managed to get Elise into the small craft. By now a few stars shone through the darkness, lighting them, feebly enough, to the other side, and presently the pair had clambered again ahead.

"Now for it," whispered Wulf. "Gird thy skirts well, for if we win away now, 't will be by foot-fleetness."

Bravely Elise obeyed him, and taking her hand again, Wulf led off at a long, low run, none too hard for her prowess, yet getting well over the ground. Thus they began descending the defile. It was cruel work for a tender maid, but Elise was of such stuff as in years gone had made warrior queens; she neither moaned nor flinched, but kept steady pace at Wulf's side.

Thus they fared for a matter of two or three miles, and had gotten well away down the pass when they caught, on the still night air, an alarum of horns from the castle. Plainly something was astir, and that, most likely, the discovery that some one had come or gone by the postern-gate.

"The boat will soon tell them which 't is," said Wulf, "and they 'll be after us full soon."

They quickened pace, and sped down the stony road, Wulf with an arm about the maiden's waist, that he might lift her along, she with a hand on his shoulder, bravely keeping the pace.

By now they were beyond the steepest of the way, and near to where the stream that kept it company toward the valley widened over the plain for some miles in a sedgy, grass-tufted morass, with here and there clumps of wild bog-willow and tall reeds.

The noise of pursuit sounded loud and terrible behind them, till they could almost tell the different voices of the men. Then, without warning, over the crest of the mountains towering up on one side rose the late moon, full and lambent, flooding the whole scene with light.

"Quick, quick!" cried Wulf, and fairly lifting his companion, he swung down the rocks that edged the cliff, sliding, slipping, scrambling, still holding her safe, until, with a spring, they gained the shelter of the willows.

There they lay breathless for a moment, while above them a party of horsemen swept by in full cry.

"They will soon be back," said Wulf. "We must e'en pick our way over yonder, Elise."

"We can never!" gasped the girl, almost in despair.

"That were a long day," answered Wulf, easily. "I wot not if any other man from the castle can do it, but well know I how it can be done."

Stooping, he lifted Elise in his strong arms, and resting her light weight on shoulder and chest, went lightly forward, now stepping upon a ready islet of green just showing in the moonlight, now plunging almost waist-deep in water below which other trips had taught him was foothold, but never stopping until he drew near the other side. Then, sore wearied, he raised Elise that she might lay hold on some overhanging boughs and swing herself up among them, after which Wulf crawled ashore and lay panting, while Elise bent over him, calling him softly by name, and taking blame to herself for all his weariness.

He did but wait to get his breath, however; then, as they heard the hue and cry of the returning horsemen, he started up again. Freshened by their short rest, they plunged into the forest.

Well was it for them that Wulf knew, as some men to-day know their home cities, the wayless depths of that wood. With the sureness of a hiving bee, he led Elise through the great tree-aisles. Here and there, where boughs were thinner, the moon's rays sifted in, but for the most part it was fair dark, until, after long travel, as they came to a little bit of open where ancient forest fire had cleared the trees, they saw that the moonlight had given place to the first gray tint of dawn.

On they went for yet another hour, and now it was clear daylight, when, sounding through the woods, came again the noise of horsemen. Evidently the baron's men had skirted the

stream and struck through the forest. For all the fugitives knew, they might show before them any moment now.

"Wulf," cried Elise, "do thou leave me here. I can go no further; but go thou on. I will stay to meet them. They dare not kill me,—would they did!—but if I stay and go back with them to the castle, thou canst escape, and thy death will not be at my charge."

"Hush!" Wulf answered almost roughly. "Dost think I will do thy bidding in this? But here is no place to hide. We must get on, if we may, where the bush is thicker; so hearten thyself for one more trial."

His arm once more on her waist, they ran on, she sobbing with weariness and fear for him, through the forest.

But nearer and nearer, louder and more clear, came the noise of their pursuers, and still more feebly ran the tired pair, stumbling over fallen boughs and matted tangles of dead leaves.

"Wulf, I am like to die of weariness," gasped Elise, at last. "Go on alone, I beg thee."

"Hark!" Wulf interrupted, with a quick gesture. "What is that?"

They were at the edge of another open, which they were minded to skirt, fearful to cross it and risk discovery; but beyond it came the sound of still another body of horsemen crashing through the forest.

"Belike the party have divided," Wulf whispered, "the better to find us." But even as he spoke a squire rode from the bush into the open, bearing a banner that Wulf had never before seen. He shrank back into the thicket, keeping tight hold of Elise's hand; but the newcomer had evidently ridden out by mistake from the body of his fellows, and retired again by the way he came. They could hear him going on through the brush.

"They are not Swartzburg riders," Wulf said; and then a mighty din arose among the trees. The woods rang on all sides with the cries of fighting-men and the clashing of weapons, and in another moment Wulf made out clearly the battle-cry of Baron Everhardt's men. But above it and all the din of fighting there rose another cry,—"For God and the emperor!"—so that he knew that a party of Rudolf's men, if not his whole army, had fallen in with the pursuers, and his hot young blood stirred with longing to be in the fray.

Then he bethought him of the matter at hand.

"Now, now, Elise, this is our chance! We must be off. One more dash and we shall be well on our way to the convent."

He pressed to her lips an opened bottle filled with goat's milk, urging her to drink, and when she had done so, she looked up at him with fresh courage in her eyes.

"I am ready," she said, rising.

He stopped the bottle and secured it at his belt, and again they went on, dashing forward, unmindful of any noise they might make when all the wood was so full of direful sound. The new hope that had come to Elise gave her fresh strength, so that it seemed to her as if she had but just begun to run.

In this fashion they traveled on until at last Wulf halted in the deepest depth of the great forest.

"We shall be safe to rest here," he said, still speaking softly, "while we break our fast."

## Chapter XI.

### How the fugitives came to St. Ursula and met the emperor.

The milk was still sweet, and being young, wholesome creatures, the two made out to take the food and drink they needed, and were afterward able to go on their way, warily, but steadily, through the woods.

Nevertheless, it was close upon nightfall when the convent walls showed gray before them where the woods had been cleared away.

All was bustle and confusion there. The close was full of armed men, and about the stables and courtyards were many great war-horses, while grooms and men-at-arms ran to and fro on divers errands, or busied themselves about the horses and their gear. Altogether the scene was one of such liveliness as Wulf had never dreamed the convent could take on.

At the little barred window of the cloister gate where he knocked with Elise, a lay sister was in waiting, who told them the reason of all this business. The new emperor, with his train, was the convent's guest. That night he would

bide there, awaiting the coming of the bulk of his army, wherewith later he meant to attack the Swartzburg. The sister admitted our travelers, and took Elise straight to the mother superior, leaving Wulf to find the way, which well he knew, to the kitchen.

The emperor and the mother superior were together in the latter's little reception-room when Elise was brought before them, trembling and shy, as a maiden might well be in the presence of royalty and of churchly dignity; but the mother superior, though she had never seen the little maid, called her by name, the lay sister having made it known, and turned with her to the emperor.

"This, sire," she said, "is the child of your old friend Von Hofenhoer, and sometime ward of our baron, who, I fear, is ill prepared to make accounting of his stewardship. But why she is here I know not yet, save that the sister tells me that she was brought here a refugee from the castle by the grandson of old Karl of the forge—he of whom you were asking but now."

The emperor was a tall, lean man, with eagle-like visage, clean-shaven and stern. His long, straight hair fell down on either side of his gaunt face, and his eyes were bright and keen. He was plainly, almost meanly dressed. Nevertheless, he was of right kingly aspect, and, moreover, despite his stern looks, he smiled kindly as he placed a hand on Elise's bowed head.

"Thy father was my good comrade, child," he said, "and sorry am I to see his daughter in such plight; but thou shalt tell us about it presently, and we shall see what is to be done."

The lay sister returned, bearing some wine and a plate of biscuits; and seating her in an arm-chair, the mother superior bade Elise partake of these, which she did gladly. When she had finished, the two dignitaries, who were own cousins and old friends, drew from her, little by little, the story of her flight from the castle, and of her reasons therefor.

As the emperor heard her tell of the baron's cruel demand, he paced up and down the little stone-floored room, now frowning sternly, now softening again as he looked upon the fair young maiden, so spent with fear and hardship.

"This is bad work," he said at last, "and well is it that we have come to clean out the jackal's nest. But this boy Wulf whom she speaks of, he must be here yet. Him I would see—and our good old Karl. Would he were here now!"

So Wulf was summoned before the great emperor, and came with swift-beating heart. Brought face to face with Rudolf, he fell upon one knee, cap in hand, and waited the monarch's will.

When the latter spoke it was with great kindliness; for well was he pleased with the goodly looking youth.

"Rise," he said, when he had glanced keenly over the kneeling figure. "And so thou 'rt my old friend Karl's grandson. If there 's aught in blood, thou shouldst be an honest man and a brave; for truer nor braver man ever lived, and well knows Rudolf of Hapsburg that."

A thousand thoughts and impulses surged through Wulf's brain while the emperor spoke, but the moment seemed none for speech, other than that with which he finally contented himself, saying simply:

"He brought me up, sire."

"And that is thy good fortune," cried the emperor. "But tell me when I may have speech of my friend; for there is a matter hath brought me hither that needeth his help, though I knew not that he were even alive until the mother superior here told me of his presence hereabout. Well knew she how Rudolf loved his ancient man-at-arms."

"If he knew what was afoot," Wulf said respectfully, "he would be here now to honor the emperor. Readily could I take him a message, your Majesty," he added.

"That were well done," began Rudolf. But Mother Ursula interrupted.

"Nay," she said; "the baron's men belike are even now scouring the country for the boy. 'T were the price of his life to send him forth again, at least till the Swartzburg is taken."

"True enough," said the emperor. "In faith, my longing in this matter hath made me forgetful. Well, I must e'en seek another messenger."

"If I might go, sire," Wulf persisted, with manly modesty that still further won Rudolf's

straightforward heart, "no messenger could go so quickly as I—by ways I know that are quite safe. I can fare back now, and be there by daylight."

"By the rood, no!" cried the emperor. "Thou shalt rest some hours ere we think further of this. There 's none too much such timber as thou in the land, that we should be in haste to fell it. Get thee now to refreshment and rest, and if we need thee thou shalt know it."

Thus dismissed, Wulf was fain to be content with retiring; and despite his anxiety to serve the emperor, who had won the boy's whole loyal heart, right glad was he, after a hearty supper, to go to bed. So, when he was shown, at last, into the traveler's dormitory, he threw himself down upon the hard cot spread for him, and fell at once into a deep sleep.

## Chapter XII.

### How Wulf took the emperor's message to Karl of the Forge.

It still wanted an hour of daybreak when the convent porter bent over the pallet where Wulf lay and shook the boy into wakefulness.

Mother Ursula and the emperor were still talking when Wulf, having knocked at the door of the little reception-room, answered the former's call to enter. To all appearance, neither had taken any rest since Wulf had last seen them, and so eagerly was the emperor talking that neither paid any heed to the boy as he stood waiting their pleasure.

"He was known to have ridden hither," Rudolf was saying, "and to have brought the boy. He was minded to leave him with you, my lady, against his going again to Jerusalem; but no word ever came from either. Right gladly would I lay down the crown, that is proving overburdensome to my poor head, to set eyes upon the face of either."

The emperor paced the floor sadly, his stern, homely face drawn by emotion.

"He would have sought out Karl, had he known," Rudolf went on. "I must see the man. Ah, here is the boy!"

He turned, seeing the boy, who advanced and did knee service. Rudolf bade him rise.

"So," the emperor said, "we are going to use thy stout legs, boy. Make thou their best speed to thy grandsire, and tell him that Count Rudolf rides to the Swartzburg and would have him at hand. Canst do that?"

"Ay, sire."

"But stay," said Rudolf. "Haply he has grown too feeble for bearing arms?"

Wulf flushed with indignation for stalwart Karl.

"Nay," he said stoutly. "He will carry what weapon thou wilt, and enter the castle close behind thee."

"Sh!" cried Mother Ursula, shocked at the boy's speech. "Thou 'rt speaking to the emperor, lad!"

Rudolf laughed. "Let the boy alone," he said. "One may speak freely to whom he will of a man like Karl. Now hasten," the emperor said kindly, "'t is time thou wast on the way,—and God be with thee!"

And Wulf went forth.

As he passed through the refectory the porter handed him some food, which he put into his wallet, and filling his leathern water-bottle at the fountain in the convent yard, he fastened it to his belt and swung out on his journey.

By now had come dawn, and the birds were beginning their earliest twitter among the trees. Later, squirrels and other small wood-creatures began to move about, and to chatter among the boughs and in the fallen leaves. The forest was full of pleasant sights and sounds, and the early morning breeze brought sweet, woodsy smells to his eager nostrils.

By and by a red fox stole across an open with a plump hare flung back over his shoulder, and Wulf gave challenge for sheer joy of life and of the morning. Reynard paused long enough to give him a slant glance out of one wise eye, then trotted on. Long pencils of early sunlight began to write cheery greetings on the mossy earth and on the tree-trunks. The witchery of the hour was upon everything, and Wulf felt boundlessly happy as he stepped along. All his thoughts were vague and sweet —of Elise safe at the convent, doubtless still sleeping; of the emperor's gracious kindness; of Karl's joy at the message he was bringing; even the sorry medley of half-knowledge about

his own name and state had no power to make him unhappy that morning.

Not but that he longed to know the truth. He had never been ashamed to think of himself as Karl's grandson; but the bare idea of something other than that set his blood tingling, and caused such wild hopes to leap within him that but for the need to walk warily, on this errand so fraught with danger, he could have shouted and sung for joy.

He went on steadily, stopping but once, in the middle of the forenoon, to eat a bit of bread and to refill his water-bottle at a clear, pure stream which he crossed.

Traveling thus, bent now only upon his errand, he never saw the stealthy shadow that, mile after mile, kept pace with him beyond the thicket, dodging when he paused, moving when he moved, until, satisfied as to where he was going, the evil thing hurried back over the way to keep tryst with a master as evil, and to carry to Conradt the welcome news that the tinker had gone alone back to the forge, where quick work might surprise and catch him.

It was the middle of the afternoon when he reached the forge and found Karl, who stared at sight of him.

"I 'd dreamed thou wast safe away, boy," he said, shaking him lovingly by the broad shoulders. "What madness is this? The baron's men have been here for thee, and thy life is worth naught if they find thee. Why art thou so foolhardy, son?"

"Count Rudolf is at St. Ursula's, and sends for thee," Wulf said, laughing at his fears.

Karl turned on the instant, and seized a great sword that lay on the anvil.

"Say'st so? And thou hast seen the count? —I mean the emperor? How looked he? What said he? And he remembered old Karl? Ah, his was ever a true heart!" The rough face was alight with loving, excited pride.

"Give me a bite to eat, and we 'll fare back together," Wulf said; but Karl became anxious again.

"Nay," he said. "Thou 'st escaped the baron's wolves this time, but by now they swarm the woods. Moreover, thou art tired out. Bide thee in hiding here. They will never dream that thou art simple enough to come aback to the forge at this time. Here is thy best refuge now. Rest, then, and by to-morrow the emperor's men will have harried them all back to the castle to defend the place."

To Wulf this word seemed wise, and fain was he to rest, being footsore and weary; so he busied himself with helping Karl make ready.

At last Karl went to the cupboard beside the forge, and opening it, lifted out the shining knight's sword.

"This is the blade I have told ye of, lad," he said,—"the very one; for I gave Herr Banf mine own, that had never seen battle and kept this one for thee."

He ran his thumb along the keen edge. "Mayhap thou 'st no claim on earth to it," he said, "yet no man hath showed a better, and thou 'lt give it play for the emperor, whose service owns it. So take it, Wulf. But, lad, lad," he cried, "as thou lov'st God and this poor lost land, remember 't was a brave and a true man first carried that sword 'gainst foe!"

"Ay, ay, Karl, I will remember," said Wulf, solemnly, taking the sword in hand. Karl had fitted it with a plain, strong scabbard, and it was ready for stout and worthy deeds. A thrill went through the boy as he girt it to him, and silently, within his own mind, he vowed that blade to knightly and true service, and hid it high up behind the forge till the time should come for him to wield it.

Then Karl bade him good-by, and stepped forth through the woods to do the emperor's bidding.

## Chapter XIII.

### How Danger Came to Wulf at the Forge.

Once Karl was gone, Wulf set to work to cook some food for himself over the forge fire, and when he had eaten he was about to throw himself down upon the armorer's pallet to seek the rest he so much needed, but suddenly his quick ear caught some slight noise in the forest.

He sprang up, and waited to hear further.

Sure enough; all too plainly, through the trees, but still far off, could be heard the sound of horsemen.

Softly closing the door behind him, Wulf

sprang to the great oak, his friend and shelter in childhood and boyhood, now his haven in deadly peril. Easily he swung himself up, higher and higher, until he was safe among the thick foliage of the broad, spreading top. So huge were the branches, even here, that a man might stand beneath and look up at the very one where Wulf lay, yet never dream that aught were hidden there.

The baron himself was of the party who rode up around the smithy just as Wulf was settled in his place. Straight to the door he strode, and with the head of his battle-ax struck it a blow that sent it inward on its hinges.

One or two men bearing torches sprang into the house, and the single room became suddenly alight; but no one showed there. Hastily they searched the place, while the baron, from the doorway, roared forth his orders, sending one man here, another yonder, to be at the thicket and scour all the places. One even came under the great tree and held up his torch, throwing the light high aloft, but seeing naught of Wulf.

Then the baron laughed savagely.

"This be thy chase, nephew Conradt," he jeered. "Said I not he would never be here? The armorer's whelp is a hangman's rogue fast enough, but no fool to blunder hither once he were safe away with the girl." And mounting, the company raced, flockmeal, away from the place, so that soon not one remained, nor any sound from them came back upon the wind.

Nevertheless, Wulf deemed it best not to venture down, but lay along a great bough of the oak-tree, and at last fell into a doze that lasted until daylight. Even then, when he would have descended, his quick ears caught the sound of passers at no great distance off; so he kept his hiding-place hour after hour, until at last, when the sun shining upon the tree-tops told him that the noon was close at hand, all seemed so still that he swung himself down, stiffly, for he was cramped and sore, and gained the ground.

But at that moment again came the sound of approaching men, and from all the openings about the clearing appeared horsemen and foot-soldiers, while from beyond rose the noise of horses and armor, and of men's voices.

Springing up aloft to gain his sword, and then to the door, Wulf stood at bay, blade in hand, meaning to sell his life dearly, rather than be taken, when a voice that he knew was raised, and Karl the armorer shouted:

"Nay, lad! an thou 'rt a loyal German, give thine emperor better homage than that!" And, through all his weariness and daze, Wulf made out to come forward and kneel at the emperor's stirrup.

They were friends, not foes, who had come this time.

## Chapter XIV.

### Of the Great Battle that was Fought, and of How Wulf Saved the Day.

Now were Wulf's anxieties well over; for this great company of riders and foot-soldiers were none other than the main part of the Emperor Rudolf's army, that had ridden on that day from St. Ursula's wood, and the emperor's will was that to-morrow should see the attack begun on the Swartzburg.

They were still an hour's march from the place set for resting that night, where would gather to them a smaller body that had come by another way, minded to meet with a company of riders from the castle, known to be thereabout. So, when he had spoken kindly to young Wulf, for whose sake, indeed, the troop had made their way lie past the forge, Rudolf of Hapsburg bade the boy fall in with the men, and the whole company again went forward.

Getting for himself a good bow and arrow from the smithy, Wulf fell in with the ranks of footmen, and then was he amazed to find that his right-hand neighbor was Hansei, from the Swartzburg.

Right pleased was he at the discovery, though well he wondered what it might mean, and he made haste to ask Hansei about the matter. Then did he hear how, two days before, a company of knights and others from the castle, riding in chase of Elise and himself, had fallen in with an outriding party of Rudolf's men, and there had been fighting.

"Ay," said Wulf, remembering, "and there at hand were we when that fighting began."

"Glad am I that we knew it not," Hansei cried, "for the most part of the emperor's men were slain or taken prisoner, and few escaped to

carry word to the convent. But with them ran I, for I had small stomach to fight 'gainst the lawful rulers of this land, and thou a hunted man beside."

Then did Hansei ask Wulf of his faring in the woods, whereupon Wulf, as they marched, told him all the story.

So talking, the two kept pace with the marching company, until, by nightfall, they came up with the other party, and camp was made, well on the road toward the Swartzburg.

No fires were built, for Rudolf of Hapsburg was minded, if possible, to come close before the castle gates ere those within were aware; but every man cared for his own needs as best he might, and before long the whole host was sleeping, save for the watchers.

It was nigh upon daybreak when a wild alarum went through the camp. Every man sprang to his feet and grasped his weapon as he ran forward in the darkness to learn what the matter was. The cries of men, the clashing of weapons and armor, the shrill screams of wounded horses, came up on every side, while so dark was it that for a little time the emperor's soldiers scarce knew friend from foe as they pressed on, half dazed.

Soon, however, they made shift to form their array in some sort of order, and there in the forest began a mighty battle.

For the baron, filled with vanity and wrath, and made foolhardy by the easy victory his men had won over Rudolf's soldiers two days before, had planned this night attack, knowing, through Conradt's spies, where the emperor's army were lying, and had deemed that it would be a light matter to set upon that force in the darkness, and destroy it, man and horse.

But Baron Everhardt had believed that that smaller body which the spies had seen and brought him word of was the main army, and so the men of the Swartzburg had all unthinkingly walked into a trap where they had been minded to set one.

Sharp and grim, now, the fighting went on, sword meeting sword, pike striking spear, as knight met knight or common soldier alike in the confusion. Above all the din rang out the battle-cries of the two parties, the Swartzburg men ever meeting the royal war-cry, "God and the emperor!" with their own ringing watchword, "The Swartzburg and liberty!" until the whole wood seemed filled with the sound.

In the midst of the fray went Rudolf of Hapsburg, with his great two-handed sword, clearing a way for those behind him. No armor wore he, save a light shirt of chain mail, and no shield save his helmet; but beside him fought Karl the armorer, with a huge battle-ax, so that Wulf, catching glimpse of him in the press at day-dawn, felt a great joy fill his heart at sight of that good soldier.

Not long could he look, however, for he and Hansei were in the thick of it, well to the fore, where Rudolf's banner-bearer had his place. In the close quarters there was no work for the bowmen, so Wulf fought with the sword that Karl had given him the day before, and a goodly blade he found it, while Hansei wielded a great pike that he had wrested from one of the baron's men, and laid about him lustily wherever a foe showed.

So the hours passed; and many men were slain on either side, when it began to be felt by the emperor's soldiers that the Swartzburg men were slowly falling back toward the defile, to gain the castle.

"If they do that," Hansei gasped, as he met Wulf again, "a long and weary siege will we have to make; for thou well knowest the Swartzburg's strength, and well hath the baron made ready."

Then to Wulf came a right war-craftly notion, which he told to Hansei, whereupon the two set to gather to them some scores or more of the young men, and these fell back toward the edge of the battle, until they were out of the press, and hastened through the wood, as only Wulf knew how to lead them.

They came at last to the morass, not far from where he and Elise had crossed that night when they fled from the castle.

"There is never a crossing there!" Hansei cried, aghast, when he saw the place; but Wulf laughed.

"Crossing there is," he said lightly, "so that ye all follow me softly, stepping where I step. Mind ye do that, for beyond the willows and the pool yonder is quicksand, and that



"WITH HIS BATTLE-AX THE BARON STRUCK THE DOOR A BLOW THAT SENT IT INWARD." (SEE PAGE 143.)

means death, for no footing is there for any helper."

Thus warned, the young men looked at one another uneasily; but none fell back; so, unseen by the foe, and noting well each step that Wulf made, at last they won clear across that treacherous morass, and came safe a-land again among the osiers, well up the pass toward the Swartzburg.

More than an hour they waited there, and by and by the sound of battle began swelling up the defile. The baron's men were in retreat, but fighting stoutly as they fell back, pressed close by the foe. Already had the baron wound his horn, loud and long, and cheerily was it answered from the watch-tower with a blast which told that the keepers there were in readiness, and that open gates and safe shelter awaited the retreating men—when out at their backs sprang Wulf and his fellows, and fell upon them, right and left.

Then wild confusion was on all. Those attacked at the rear pressed forward upon their comrades, who knew not what had happened, but drove them back again to meet the swords and pikes of those lusty young men, who made the most of the foes' surprise, and cut down many a seasoned warrior ere he could well learn how he was beset.

Then the baron sounded his horn again, and out from the castle came all of the Swartzburg's reserve to the rescue, and Wulf and his little band were in turn beset, and like to be destroyed, had not Rudolf himself, now riding his great war-horse, and followed close by Karl, cut a way through the Swartzburg ranks to their aid.



"RUDOLF HIMSELF, NOW RIDING HIS GREAT WAR-HORSE, AND FOLLOWED CLOSE BY KARL, CUT A WAY THROUGH THE SWARTZBURG RANKS."

By now the fighting was man to man, pell-mell, all up the pass, and so confused was that mass of battling soldiery that friend and foe of the Swartzburg pressed together across the draw and in through the castle gates, fighting as fight a pack of wolves when one is down.

Then above all the din sounded Herr Banf's

voice, calling the men of the Swartzburg to the baron; and there, against the wall of the outer bailey, made they their last stand. Well had Baron Everhardt fought among his men, but at last a well-hurled spear thrown from one of the emperor's soldiers pierced his helm as he was rallying his friends, and there he fell.

Quickly Herr Banf and Herr Werner took him up and bore him within the inner bailey, while without the fighting went on. But the castle's men fought half-heartedly now; for their leader was gone, and well knew they that they were battling against their lawful emperor. So, ere long, all resistance fell away, and the emperor and his men poured, unhindered, into the courtyard.

The Swartzburg was taken.

## Chapter XV.

### How the Shining Knight's Treasure was Brought to Light.

It was high noon when the last of the knights of the Swartzburg had laid down his arms at the feet of the emperor and had sworn fealty to him. Of the castle's company Herr Banf alone was missing; for he had ridden forth, in the confusion that followed the entrance of Rudolf's men, to make his way through the woods and thence out from that land, minded rather to live an outlaw than to bend knee to the foe of his well-loved friend.

A wise ruler as well as a brave soldier was Rudolf of Hapsburg, and well knew he how to win, as well as to conquer. So, when all the knights had taken oath, to each was returned his arms, and then the emperor greeted him as friend.

Within the castle hall the dead master lay at rest, and beside him watched the baroness, a pale, broken-spirited lady, whose life had been one long season of fear of her liege lord, and who felt, now, as little sorrow as hope. The emperor had already visited her, to pay her respect and to assure her of protection, and now, with the two or three women of that stern and wild household of men-folk, she waited what might come.

Meanwhile, through castle and stables and offices the emperor's appointed searchers went, taking note of all things; but Rudolf of Hapsburg sat in the courtyard, in sight of his men, who were by now making shift to prepare themselves a meal; for the greater number had not tasted food that day.

To Wulf the whole changed scene seemed like a dream; so familiar the place, yet so strange — as one in dreams finds some well known place puzzling him by some unwonted aspect. He stood watching the soldiers feeding here and there about the bailey, when there came two squires from the keep, leading between them a bent and piteous figure.

It was a man who cowed and blinked, and sought to cover his dazzled eyes from the unwonted light of day. Him the soldiers brought before the emperor, and on the moment Wulf knew that face to be the one which he had seen at the barred window of the keep on that day when he had climbed the tower.

"What is this?" demanded Rudolf, as he looked the woeful figure up and down. Scarce bore it likeness to a man, so unkempt and terrible was its aspect, so drawn and wan the face, wherein no light of reason showed.

"We know not, your Majesty," one of the squires replied; "but we found him in a cell high up in the keep, chained by the ankle to a stone bench, and I broke the fetter with a sledge."

By now the nobles and knights of Rudolf's army were gathered about; but none spoke, for pity. Then the emperor caused all the knights of the Swartzburg to be summoned, and he questioned them close, but not one of them knew who the man might be, or why he was a prisoner at the Swartzburg. Indeed, of all the company, only one or two knew that such a prisoner had been held in the keep. Of the two men who might have told his name, one lay dead in the great hall, and one, Herr Banf, was riding from the Swartzburg, an outlaw.

But the emperor was troubled.

A haunting something in that seemingly empty face drew his very heartstrings, and made him long to know the man's name. And then suddenly through the press of knights and nobles rushed forth Karl the armorer, and clasped the woeful figure in his arms, while Karl himself trembled and sobbed with wrath and sorrow.

"See, my lord!" he cried, bringing the man closer before Rudolf. "Look upon this man! Knowest thou not who 't is?"

The emperor had grown very white, and he sighed as he passed one hand over his eyes.

So white now was the emperor that his face was like death, but the lines of it were set in fierce wrath, too, as, little by little, he began to see that Karl might be right. He bent forward and laid a hand on the man's shoulder.



"THE EMPEROR LAID HIS DRAWN SWORD ACROSS WULF'S BOWED SHOULDERS."

"Nay," he said, "it is never — it cannot be — "

"Ah, my lord, my lord!" sobbed the armorer, his great chest heaving, and the tears streaming down from his unashamed eyes. "It *is* the count — Count Otto himself, thine old comrade, whom thou and I didst love. Look upon him, and thou wilt know him!"

"Otto, friend Otto!" he called loudly, that the dulled senses might take in his words. "Otto, dost know me?"

Slowly the other looked up; a dim light seemed to gather in his eyes.

"Ay, Rudolf," he whispered hoarsely; then the light went out, and he shrank back again.

"There is a tale I would have told your

Majesty," Karl said, recovering himself, "if the herald had not come just as he did on the night before last." And then, seeing Wulf in the throng, he called him to come forward.

Wondering, the boy obeyed, while, with a hand on his arm, Karl told the emperor all that he had been able to tell Wulf that day at the forge — of the battle between the knights, of how he had thereafter found the stranger child in the osiers, and how he had kept the blade that Herr Banf had won.

"Now know I of surety," he said at last, "that that knight was Count Otto von Wulfstanger, but who this boy may be I can only guess."

Now a voice spoke from amid the throng. Hansei, who had been edging nearer and nearer, could keep silence no longer.

"He must be the 'shining knight's' treasure! Well I remember it, your Majesty!" he cried.

"What meanest thou?" demanded Rudolf; and there, before them all, Hansei told what the children had seen from the playground on the plateau that day, so many years agone.

The emperor's face grew thoughtful as he looked at Wulf from under lowered brows.

"Ay," he said at last. "'T is like to be true. Count Otto rode this way with his child, meaning to leave him with our cousin at St. Ursula; for his mother was dead, and he was off to the Holy Land. He must have missed the convent road and got on the wrong way. Thou art strongly like him in looks, lad."

His voice was shaking, but Wulf noted it not; for he had drawn near to Karl, who was bending over the wan prisoner. The boy's heart was nearly broken with pity.

Was this his father, this doleful figure now resting against Karl, wholly unable to support itself? Gently Wulf pressed the armorer back and took the slight weight in his strong young arms. "'T is mine to have charge of him, if ye all speak truth," he said.

Few were the dry eyes in that company as Wulf clasped the frail body to him and the weary head rested against his breast.

"See that he is cared for," the emperor said at last, and from the throng came the noblest of those knights to carry the count into the castle. Wulf would have gone with them, but just then the emperor called him back.

"Stand forth," he said, pointing to a spot just before him, and Wulf obeyed.

"Thou hast fought well to-day, boy," Rudolf went on. "But for thy ready wit, that led thy fellows by a way to fall upon the foe from behind, this castle had been long in the winning, and our work by that much hindered. Thou hast proved thy gentle blood by the knightly deed thou didst for the young maid, now our own ward, and sure are we that thou art the son of our loved comrade Count Otto von Wulfstanger. Kneel down."

Then, as Wulf knelt, fair dazed by the surging of his own blood in his ears, the emperor laid his drawn sword across the youth's bowed shoulders.

"Rise, Herr Wulf von Wulfstanger," he said.

The young knight, trembling like any timid maid, got to his feet again, though how he could not have told.

"He 'll need thy nursing a bit, Karl," Rudolf of Hapsburg said, an amused smile playing about his grim mouth; and our Wulf never knew that the old armorer more carried than led him away to quiet and rest.

Not all in a day was order restored at the Swartzburg; for many and woeful had been the deeds of the high-handed robber who had so long ruled within those grim walls. They came to light little by little under the searching of the emperor's wardens; and when the parchments relating to the Swartzburg properties came to be examined, it was found that not the baron, nor Conradt, his heir-at-law, had all along been owner of the castle, but young Elise von Hofenhoer, whose guardian the treacherous noble had been. There were other outlying lands, as well, from which the baron had long collected the revenues, and it was to keep his hold on what he had so wrongfully seized that he would have by force have married Elise to Conradt, his wicked nephew and ready tool.

The emperor himself now became guardian to the maiden, who, happy in the safe shelter of St. Ursula, was to remain there until such time as a husband might claim the right to fend for her and hers, if need should come.

And now our Wulf of the forge and the for-

est abode in the hall of his father, Count Otto von Wulfstanger, and made bright that wronged one's days. Rudolf of Hapsburg had long been in charge of the estates of the lost nobleman, and a straight accounting made the honest soldier-emperor to Wulf, as his heir, of all that he had held in trust.

With old Karl for helper and adviser, Wulf, all doubt and mystery cleared, ruled in the hall of his fathers. Later he brought to that stately home his fair bride from St. Ursula, given into his keeping by the emperor himself, and there, the story tells, Baron Wulf von Wulfstanger and his lady lived long a life of usefulness and good deeds, whereby those hard times were made easier for many, and the sunshine, gathered through the years, made warmth and light for others, as must always be in this world when any life is lived for the sake of usefulness and helpfulness.

THE END.

# UNCLE SAM'S TOYS.

By Will H. Chandlee.

It will doubtless surprise many St. Nicholas readers to learn that Uncle Sam has one of the largest collections of toys in the world. He keeps them in the National Museum at Washington, where they may be seen by hundreds, nicely arranged and labeled, in the exhibition hall. But on the balcony in the west end of the big building is the real Santa Claus shop. Like the spider's parlor in the nursery song, the way to this wonderland is "up a winding stair."

On each side of the long balcony is a range of tall pine cases fitted with drawers in which are stored toys and games from all parts of the world. To be sure, these drawers contain many other interesting objects besides, for it is in this department that everything relating to ethnology is sorted and catalogued for exhibition. Ethnology is the science which tells us of human races in their progress from savagery to civilization—how people in all parts of the world live, of the things they use in every-day life, and how they use them.

The toys and games in Uncle Sam's collection have been gathered, by his agents, from every known country. Many of them are rare and costly, and beautifully made; but the most interesting and unusual are the product of uncivilized hands. Some are gorgeously colored and decorated with beads and shells, while others are grimy and pitifully mean; but they have each brought their measure of joy to some childish heart, somewhere.

Of dolls alone there are enough to give any little girl reader a new one every day until she becomes too old to care longer for them: ivory babies from Alaska, dressed in little coats of deer fur to protect them from an Arctic winter; South Sea Island puppets with scarcely any clothes at all; Indian papooses decked with beads and buckskin; pink-cheeked waxen beauties from Paris; almond-eyed Japanese in red kimonos; black wooden images from the Kongo; and various other dolls fashioned from clothes-pins, pine cones, and corn-husks:

Some in rags,
Some in jags,
And some in velvet gowns.

Uncle Sam is especially rich in Alaskan dolls. Some of them are of ivory, no bigger than your thumb; but the clothing is made with the great-

est care from the softest sealskin, trimmed with beads and edged with white hair from the leg of the deer. Others are two or three feet in height, and are carved from wood, and equally well dressed, even to their mittens, skin caps with ear-flaps, and their perfectly correct snow-shoes. Then there are the dolls of the Zuñi and the Moqui Indians of Arizona and New Mexico. These are a brilliant and cheerful gathering, and occupy a drawer all to themselves. Some are made of wood and others of baked clay, and all are painted in gaudy colors. Some among them have real hair, done up in funny little knots above their ears, or in braids with feathers and red flannel. I show you a picture of one of them; he represents a fire-dancer. His body is painted black and is spangled all over with glistening tinsel, which makes him appear as if he were covered with sparks.



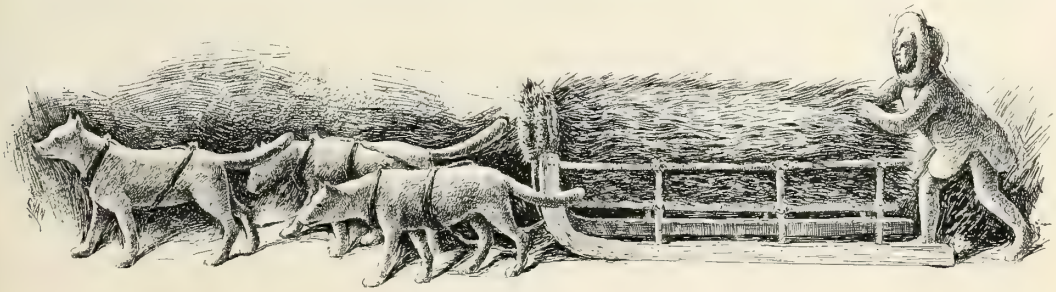
MOQUI INDIAN FIRE-DANCER DOLL.

Many of the more beautiful toys were made by the Eskimos. During the long Arctic nights these wonderful little people carve, from the tusks of the walrus, figures of every conceivable shape and design. Often entire villages are made, the huts, bidarkees (or canoes), and dog-sledges being in perfect miniature. The long sledge shown in the picture is from Labrador. It is a fine specimen of native workmanship. The dogs are cut out of fine-grained white wood, and are most natural in their attitudes. The toy-makers of Nuremberg or of Switzerland could not have done more skilful work. The art of these Arctic folk is the more wonderful when one considers the very primitive tools which they have to use. The knife with which they carve the dainty little figures is seldom more than a bit of steel barrel-hoop, ground down to an edge, and lashed with thongs of walrus-hide to a handle of bone or drift-wood.




LABRADOR DOLL IN WINTER DRESS.

The toys of the Zuñi Indians are modeled in clay and baked to prevent them from crumbling. Cows, goats, and frogs, streaked and spotted with paint, hold the first place in this collection, but there are also clay whistles and bird-warblers, the latter quite like the tin ones seen in our shop-windows. The bird is made to sing by filling its hollow body with water and blowing through a tube inserted in its back.



ESKIMO DOG-SLEDGE CARVED OUT OF WOOD BY ESKIMOS.



FROM UNCLE SAM'S "NOAH'S ARK."

There are also clay rattles of various shapes and sizes in the Zuñi exhibit, and wooden birds that flap their jointed wings like those we hang upon our Christmas tree.

In the collection of games there are a great many objects interesting either for the oddity of their shape, curious operation, or beauty of workmanship. One novel game consists of four pieces of bone attached by a bead string to a long steel bodkin. The bodkin is held in one hand and the bones tossed up into the air. A skilful player may succeed in catching one or more of the bones upon the steel point, and scores accordingly. This game is a favorite with the Cheyenne Indians, and is not unlike our own game of "cup-and-ball."



ZUÑI RATTLE AND FLAPPING BIRD.

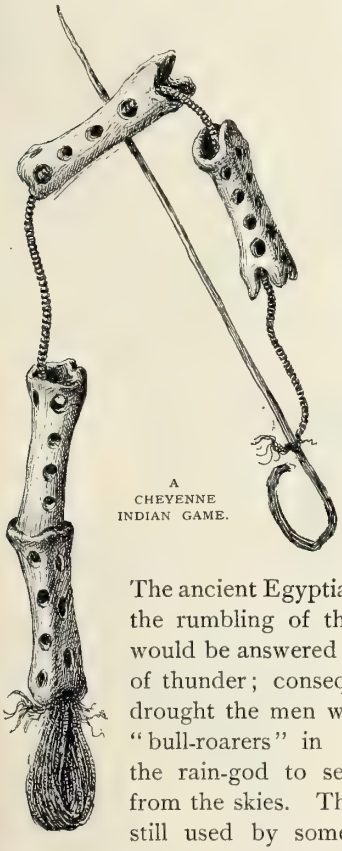
A card game from Persia, valued at many hundreds of dollars, has its board inlaid in



WAITING TO BE CATALOGUED.

solid gold; and a set of chessmen from India are of beautifully carved ivory, each "man" being at least four inches in height.

Another curious game, from which our "jack straws" is probably descended, consists of a bundle of arrows of carved ivory or wood. It was an ancient custom to toss these arrows into the air, and after they fell to the ground they were drawn out by the men grouped around them. In this manner, and according to the numbers and symbols upon the arrow, captains were appointed in the army and various duties were assigned the soldiers.



A CHEYENNE INDIAN GAME.

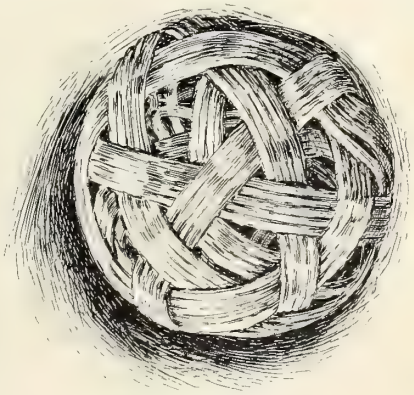
The so-called "bull-roarer," one of the oldest of toys, has an interesting history. It is nothing more than a bit of wood attached to a string, which, on being whirled around rapidly, produces a loud, rumbling sound. The ancient Egyptians believed that the rumbling of the "bull-roarer" would be answered by the rumbling of thunder; consequently during a drought the men would sally forth, "bull-roarers" in hand, to invoke the rain-god to send them water from the skies. This curious toy is still used by some savage tribes, who believe its roaring noise will frighten away evil spirits that may be lurking near.

Tops and teetotums abound in the west balcony of the National Museum. They differ but little the world over. Uncle Sam has scores of them from Alaska, India, the Kongo, China, and some from the Zuñi Indians. They are of various shapes and colors, some long and slender, others short and thick, with "pegs" of ivory, stone, horn, bone, or metal. Those of the Zuñi are painted in gaudy stripes or



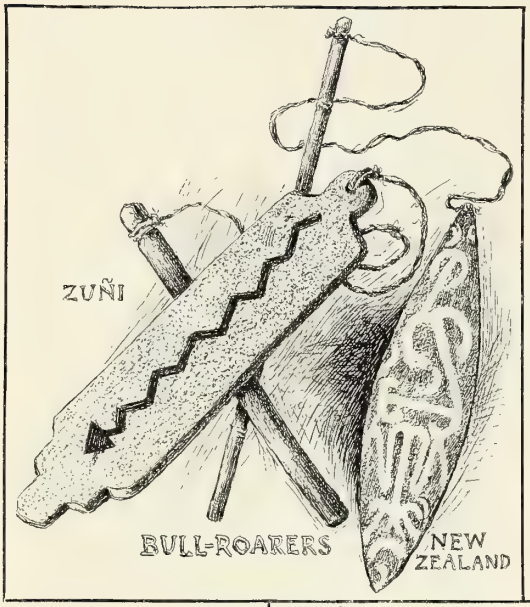
"TOYS BY THE DRAWERFUL."

rings of white, red, green, and black. The large top shown in the drawing is spun by



A BAMBOO FOOTBALL FROM SIAM.

pulling a thong or cord made of rawhide through a hole in the side of its socket. One



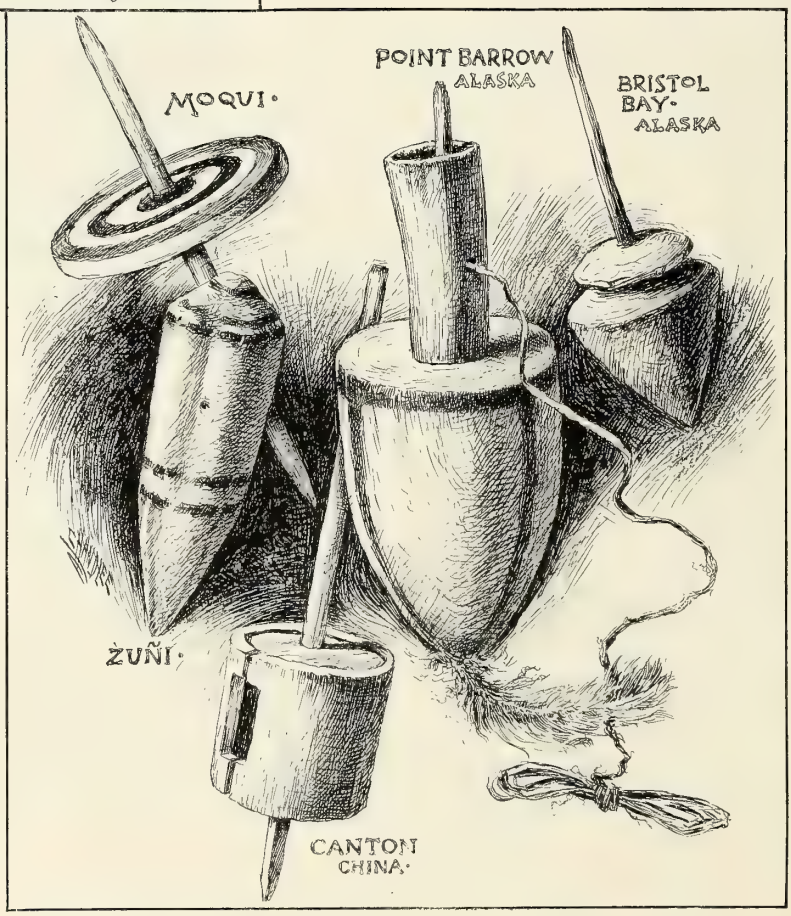

stone incased in buckskin. The large football in the picture is of Siamese manufacture; it is made of woven bamboo, is very springy, and is indestructible.

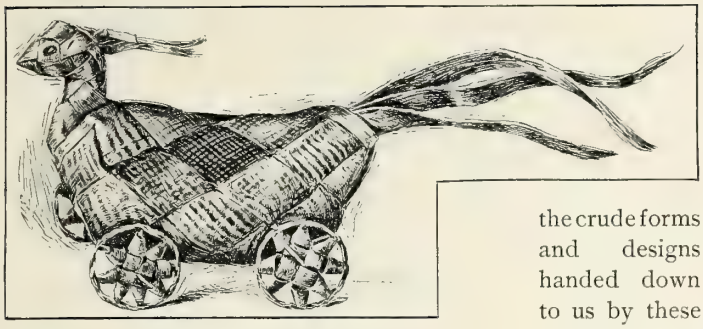
Dice, dominoes, parcheesi, and checkers have not been forgotten by Uncle Sam in his collection of games. He has a generous supply of them on hand. Some counters are mere bits of bone, roughly whittled wood, or painted shells, while others are of elaborately carved and polished ivory.

The mounted soldier, dressed in the costume of a warrior of the Spanish invasion, is from Mexico. His armor is made of bits of leather and is covered with strips of tin-foil to represent steel, as are also his feather-bedecked helmet and the point of the spear which he carries in his hand.

The thought that comes to one when viewing this collection is that the boy of to-day can find its elegantly finished descendants in any toy-window, it may be, with the word "Patented" marked upon them.

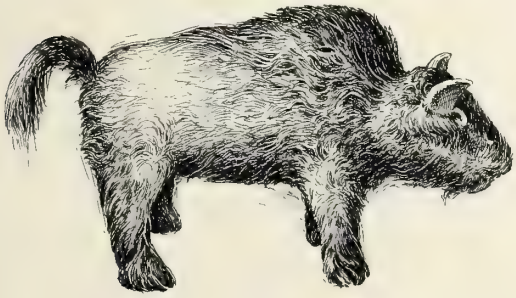
Another exhibit of especial interest to boys is a collection of balls—baseballs, handballs, and footballs. One among them is a nicely rounded bit of solid rubber. Others are built up of tightly wrapped deer-hide; these are used by the Indian boys. There are others still of wood; and one ball in particular, which it would not be advisable for any boy to attempt to "take off the bat," even with an extra heavy pair of catcher's gloves, is made of





A STRANGE BIRD ON WHEELS, FROM INDIA.

ing the toys and games of savage and semi-civilized races is the similarity that exists between them and those of our own race. "See how



FOR A SIOUX INDIAN BOY.

these poor people have tried to copy our playthings," one is tempted to say; but here we are mistaken, for our toys and games, as well as many of the articles we use every day, are nothing more than improvements upon the crude forms and designs handed down to us by these savages, for as men become more civilized, so the work of the hand and the brain advances — ever going on toward the stage of perfection.

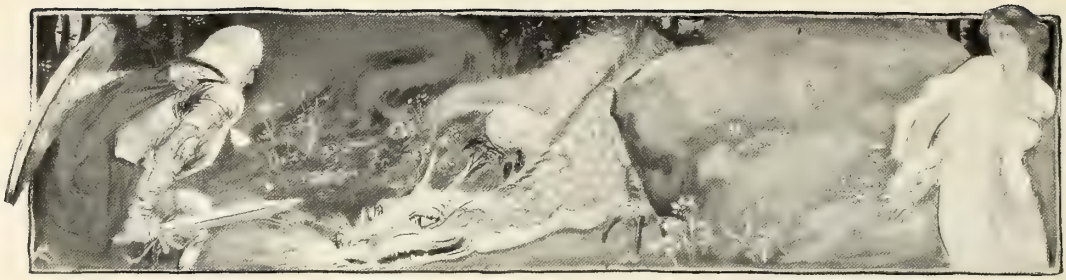
When next you are visiting Washington, do not fail to visit the National Museum, where the guardian of the treasure in the west balcony will show you more dolls and balls, tops, teetotums, and wonder-things than one could dream of in a year of Christmas Eves.



A DOLL OF PINE BARK.



FROM OLD MEXICO.



# ST. GEORGE OF TO-DAY.

By Bertha E. Bush.

"I 'd like to be a hero," said Donald, my boy, to me,
"Like St. George who killed the dragon and set the princess free.
I 'd like to ride on a prancing steed and carry a long bright lance,
And kill a terrible monster. But a fellow has no chance!
The dragons all are dead now, and the dangers are so small—
A boy who lives in these times can't do brave deeds at all."

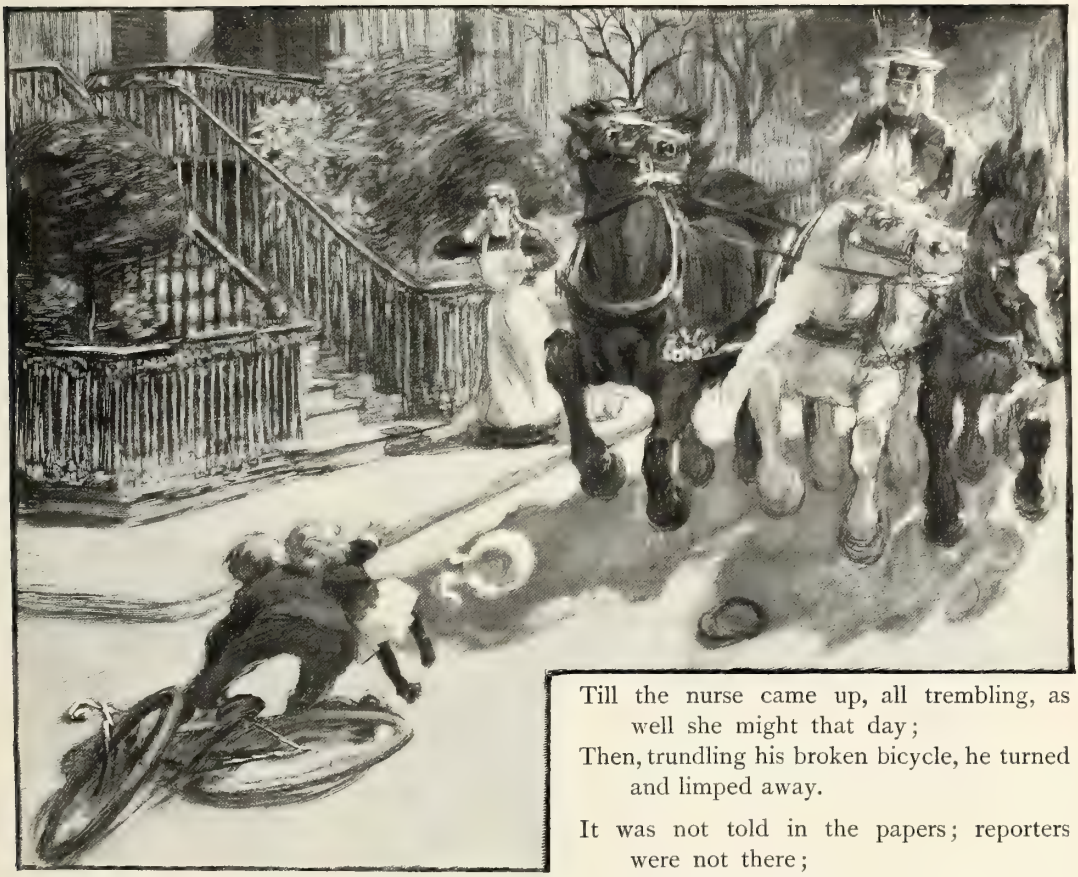
Ah, Donald, the tales of our own day are better than legends to me:
I know of a boy in this city as brave as St. George could be.
He does not ride on a prancing steed, he is not armor-clad;
He 's freckled, and rides a bicycle—an every-day kind of a lad.
But he dashed across this very street in the face of death, one day,
And saved the life of a little child—and quietly went his way.

'T was ten o'clock, when our street, you know, is dull—when, as a rule,
The fathers and mothers are busy, the children are at school.
The only passers-by I saw, as I stepped to the window there,
Were a nursemaid taking a baby out to breathe the pleasant air,
And one little happy toddler with eager, dancing feet,
Who had slipped away from her nurse's care and wandered into the street.

Glad with the joy of the morning, she stood on the crossing there,
With her shining eyes and tripping feet and flying flossy hair,
Half baby elf, half cherub, and wholly filled with glee,
In the bright September sunshine, careless and blithe and free,
Clapping her hands in pure delight at the sight that met her eye—
A sight that froze my heart with fear, yet I could not make a cry.

For just beyond her came the sound of a startling, clashing gong.
A fire-engine dashed down the street, the horses fierce and strong
Running, racing at furious pace that none could check or stay—
And the baby girl, unknowing, was standing right in the way!
The driver strained at the bits full strength, but he saw the child too late;
He could not—could not—swerve his steeds to save her from her fate!

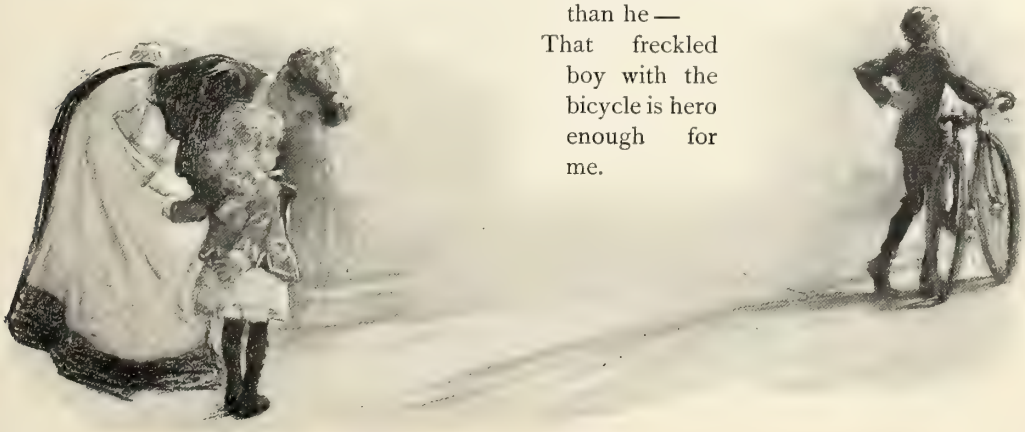
Would God not send his angel? To save her there was none.
He did; he sent an angel, but a very human one.
A boy came scorching down the street with cap pulled over his eyes:
'T was a race between boy and horses; and straight to the goal he flies!
He snatched the child from just before the terrible trampling feet,
And fell—but, falling, whirled her to the corner of the street.



The engine clattered on its way, and now, the danger by,
Like any frightened baby, the child began to cry.
She had not feared the peril, but she feared her rescuer,
And, in awkward boyish fashion, he tried to comfort her —

Till the nurse came up, all trembling, as well she might that day;
Then, trundling his broken bicycle, he turned and limped away.

It was not told in the papers; reporters were not there;
And the frightened nursemaid's only thought was of her "dreadful scare."
So nobody knows his name, my boy, and the only rewards he got
Were a badly broken bicycle and many an aching spot.
But I know St. George of Dragon fame could not be braver than he —
That freckled boy with the bicycle is hero enough for me.





# LITTLE MISS HOPEFUL.

BY MARY M. PARKS.

The Ways and Means Committee was in session on the shed roof. Properly mama should have been chairman of this committee; but a chairman who has been ill, and is very weak and totally discouraged, is likely to be a damper on proceedings. "Little Miss Hopeful" made an excellent chairman.

"I wrote Uncle Jim," she said.

"Much good that 'll do!" said Fred. "Did n't mama write him, and did n't the letter come hustling back from the Dead-letter Office?"

"I wrote to the old home place in New Hampshire."

"Well, you are a genius!" cried Joe, with a burst of laughter. "Why, Uncle Jim has n't been there in years."

"That 's why I wrote," retorted Little Miss Hopeful, whose really true name was Becca. "Don't you know how it is in stories? No matter how far they wander, they always come back at last to—to weep over the—the tombs of their ancestors; and usually at Christmas-time. And every year, as long as I live, I 'm going to write to Uncle Jim. Then," she continued, her eyes growing larger and darker, "some day he 'll come back and find his folks all gone, and he 'll wander about, feeling very sad; and he 'll pass the little old post-office; and the old postmaster will see him and say, 'Are n't you Jim Lawrence? Here 's a letter for you.' Then he 'll open it and—"

"You little goose!" gasped Joe. "Don't you know that in real life things never happen as the authors say they do in story-books?"

"Why, Joe Wilson," said Becca, "they do, too! There was old Mrs. Graham's son, that had to wash for a living,—I mean *she* had to wash for a living,—and he went to the Klondike and came back rich; and now she has a lovely house, and everything."

"Pshaw! Why, Uncle Jim might not answer, anyway," said Joe. "He has n't seen mama for years, and he never saw us—"

"Joe, for shame on you!" snapped Becca, her eyes flashing. "You know he 'd come on the next train. Would n't you?"

"Yes, I would," said Joe, "but—" He did n't finish the sentence. He had long ago learned that it is useless to argue with a girl. What can a fellow do with a creature that flies at him like a whirlwind, taking his breath away, and does n't leave him a leg to stand on, when all the time he knows he is right? A dignified silence is the only resource.

"Anyway, we don't know that he 'll get it this Christmas," Fred remarked. "How much money is left now?"

"Five dollars and twenty-three cents and a postage-stamp," replied Becca. "I counted it yesterday."

"We ought not to have come way out here to Arkansas," said Fred.

"No," Becca agreed; "but mama did n't know. It 's a warm climate, and we have no rent to pay, and she thought we could raise things; and so we can if we live till spring. If we only had a little more money!" and as she concluded she bounced up and stamped on the shingles with wrathful impatience.

"Calm yourself or you 'll go through this old roof, sis," said Fred. "I wonder how papa happened to get hold of this place?"

"In trade some way, mama said, and it was all the creditors left us. I suppose they thought a little farm away down in Arkansas was not worth taking. They had never seen it. I do think it is the loveliest spot on earth," said Becca, looking about with dreamy delight.

If only one could live on beauty! The wee, whitewashed shanty was not comfortable, but it was exceedingly picturesque as it clung like a swallow's nest to the steep, woodsy slope. Below, Kimball's Creek, crystal clear, swept singing around the hill. Beyond the creek was a level stretch of magnificent timber with a tangled undergrowth of vines and shrubs. It was lovely even in winter.

"If we can only manage till spring," said Joe.

Then the black fear that they had been resolutely keeping down lifted its ugly head. It was a fear too awful to speak of—too awful even to think of. Little Miss Hopeful pushed it bravely away.

"About Christmas," she said.

"No use to talk about that," groaned Joe. "Of course we can't have a dinner, or presents. I told mama we did n't expect anything, but she only cried the more; and of course we can't decorate the house: she could n't bear to see it."

"But I 've a plan," continued Little Miss Hopeful, her eyes beginning to sparkle. "We 'll go to the empty cabin across the creek, and decorate both rooms with cedar and mistletoe, and have a Christmas tree. I 've a lot of colored paper and candles left from last Christmas. And we 'll have an old English Christmas, like the one told about in the 'Sketch Book.' We 'll act it all out."

"Yes, that 'll be great!" Joe exclaimed. "There are loads of mistletoe up the creek."

"I thought I should get the money for a bicycle this year," said Fred, rather dismally; "but I 'd rather have all the roast turkey I could eat than forty bicycles."

Becca's face twitched. She was hungry, too. She could bear that; but nothing wrings a woman's heart, even a very little woman's, like the thought of a hungry boy; and a boy who prefers a meal of roast turkey to a bicycle has been pretty well starved.

"Come!" she cried hastily, springing to her feet. "Let 's go look at the cabin."

As they ran down the road, they stopped short with exclamations of dismay. A thin blue streak was rising from the trees around the cabin. "Oh, dear!" said Becca. "Some one must have moved in!"

As they drew a little nearer they saw a covered wagon with two lean horses tied behind it by the cabin door; and on the bank of the creek sat three children, sunning themselves.

"Have you moved into the cabin?" Becca asked pleasantly.

The oldest child nodded. "Our folks thought we 'd stop thar a spell," she said.

"I suppose you will be there until after Christmas," said Becca.

"I dunno," said the girl.

Becca saw that the children's feet were bare.

"Does your mother allow you to go barefoot in the winter?" she asked severely.

"Ha'n't got any shoes," replied the child.

Becca turned away in dire dismay, and slowly and silently the three walked back up the road. Each one knew the painful thought that was troubling the others. Was the day coming when they also must go barefoot for the lack of shoes?

Then Becca's active, generous little mind flew off on another tack.

"I 'd be willing to give her Emmeline, but I could n't give up Alice," she said.

"Pshaw! why, you need n't to," said quick-witted Joe. "She 'd be happy as they make 'em, with Emmeline. And I 'll give the biggest boy my musical top."

"I 'll give my toy soldiers to the littlest kid," said Fred. "I 'm getting too big to play with 'em, and it 'll be a good way to break off."

"If we had any extra shoes we could give 'em some, but these are all I have," said Becca, pausing and regarding them gloomily.

"Nonsense!" said Joe, cheerily. "If you gave 'em their choice they 'd take the toys."

"Yes, they would!" said Fred. "We can give 'em a Christmas they 'll remember as long as they live. That little kid's eyes 'll pop clear out of his head when he sees those soldiers!"

Little Miss Hopeful's face took fire again. "Oh, oh!" she cried, hopping up and down like a very active cricket. "We 'll go there Christmas, and decorate the east room, and have the Christmas tree, and give 'em the things. Oh, what fun!"

The next morning the children went to call on their new neighbors. A sad-faced but kindly woman met the children at the door.

"Howdy! Howdy! Come right in and set down," she said hospitably.

A tall, thin, pale-faced man sat humped over the fire, coughing now and then. Poor Becca winced as she looked at him, for she saw on his face the same look of illness and despair that darkened her own mother's.

"Was it you-'uns that was talkin' to my chillen down at the branch yesterday? Wall, sissy, I 'm 'shamed that we cain't do better by our chillen," said the woman, her thin face flushing. "But 'pears like we 've hed the wust luck. Craps a-failin' an' critters a-dyin', an' pa 's ben sick, an' so much of the time we 've ben on the road. Our chillen hain't hed no kind o' raisin', an' that 's a fact. 'Pears like we done fergot it all, we 've been so poor."

There was a slight pause in the conversation, and Becca seized the opportunity.

"We wanted to ask you if we might decorate the east room to-morrow and have a Christmas tree there, and we would like so much to have your children help us with it."

"Law bless you, honey, come right along an' make yourselves to home!" said the good soul. "My chillen 'll be proud to help you."

Christmas morning Becca and the boys were up before the sun, and had their scanty breakfast over in a twinkling.



THE CHRISTMAS TREE IN THE OLD CABIN.

The father of the family met them at the cabin door, and if they had seen him anywhere else they would not have known him, for the doleful look was lost in one wide grin. "Look-a here, sissy," he said, dragging something forward. It was a huge wild turkey!

"Oh, where did you get it?" gasped Becca, while the boys whistled an accompaniment.

"Shot 'im this mornin' afore sun-up; an' I would n't 'low mam ter tech a feather of 'im till you-'uns hed seen 'im," he said proudly.

"You-'uns goin' to have a tu'key dinner?" asked the mother, as they entered the room.

"No 'm," said Becca.

"Reckon you-all's folks would come ovah an' eat tu'key with us?" she inquired timidly.

"There 's only mama," said Becca; "but we never could get her to come. She 's been ill, and she 's very weak and nervous. We can't leave her long, but she likes to have us go sometimes, for noise worries her and she knows we can't keep still always."

"Pore soul! But ef I 'd hev early dinner, could n't you-'uns eat with us an' then take some home to your mother?"

"I think we could, thank you," said Becca, looking at the boys' glistening eyes.

"Pa, give me thet tu'key this minute. Might hev hed it a-cookin' an hour ago but fer your foolishness!" said the woman, jokingly.

In an incredibly short time the bird was browning beautifully, and the east room was a bower of green. Becca decorated the tree. Then she lighted the candles, closed the outer door, darkened the window, and called in the company. The room and tree, lighted by the candles and the firelight, were really beautiful. Becca and her brothers recited some Christmas poems and sang a song or two, and then the presents were distributed. The wonder and delight of the children over their little gifts was pathetic.

"Pore leetle child!" said the mother, looking at her small daughter with moist eyes. "She nevah had a doll afore, 'cept a rag one. I wish 't I had somepin fer you-'uns, sissy."

"Oh, we 've had lots of Christmases," said Little Miss Hopeful. "And think of the turkey!"

The turkey, indeed! What if there was not much else to eat? It was a king of turkeys; and the head of the family cracked jokes and told thrilling Indian tales until they could hardly eat for listening, hungry as they were.

"We 've had a perfectly lovely time, and we 've enjoyed it all so much; but we must hurry back to mama," said Becca, as they rose from the table.

"That 's right, honey," said the woman. "An' here 's a nice bit of tu'key I saved out for her. I 'm 'fraid we 'll nevah see you-'uns any moah, honey. We 're all goin' back to ol' Kaintuck to-morrow," she continued, her face tremulous with delight. "After you-'uns was here yesterday, we thought of how gran'pa would be glad ter see us, an' that we wa'n't doin' right by the chillen. So we air goin' back to gran'pa's. He 's got a big stock-farm, an' he 's gittin' ol', an' he 'll be proud to have us come back an' look after things."

"Oh, I 'm so glad!" said Becca.

"An' we 'll nevah fergit this Christmas, sissy. We 'll give the chillen some schoolin', an' keep Christmas every year."

"It 's the strangest thing—" said Becca, proudly flourishing her turkey-tail fan, as they trudged homeward (for their new friends had bestowed upon them the turkey tail and wings), "I did n't think we would have a good time at all this Christmas, and it 's one of the jolliest we ever had. I do hope mama is all right. It seems like such a very long time since we left her."

She ran lightly up the shaky steps and threw open the door; then she stopped with a shock that she never forgot: for there sat a man who was nothing more nor less than an enlarged copy of her brother Joe. With a squeak of alarm, she turned and clutched her brother to make sure that he was really there in the flesh and unchanged. Then she had another start; for on the other side of the fire sat their mama, no longer wan and weeping, but sweet and smiling, pink-cheeked and shining-eyed.

"Children," she said, "this is your Uncle Jim."

Whereupon, for the first time in her life, little Miss Hopeful forgot her manners. She whirled squarely about with her back to her uncle, and faced her brothers with an exulting smile on her pert little face.

"Aha!" she chirped, "what did I tell you?"

The next minute she was crying comfortably in Uncle Jim's arms, while Fred and Joe were dancing a hornpipe that shook the little house.

# BOOKS AND READING.

**READING ABOUT HOLIDAYS.** When holiday times are approaching, it is well to prepare for them by making yourself acquainted with the reasons for the keeping of the various days. About Christmas you need no information of that kind, but instead you will be interested in learning in how many ways the day is kept in various lands and by different races. The Germans, the French, the Italians, the Spaniards, the Greeks — each have customs peculiar to themselves and very well worth knowing about. Few children of to-day would like to give up Santa Claus and the Christmas tree, but we Americans and English borrowed both from Germany. Perhaps in the many books about holidays may be found other plants as well worth cultivating as the Christmas tree, or men who will make as welcome visitors as Santa Claus himself.

**CHRISTMAS MONEY.** Far down in the toe of the stocking there may be found a little gold piece, and upon its smiling yellow face there is the promise of pleasures to come. But like the king with the golden touch, you will soon find that gold cannot be eaten, and is most valuable when changed into another form. Before making the magical transformation, do not forget that the book-store is one of the magician's caves where the gold piece may be made to take another form, and a form that is nearly indestructible. Like the fairy food, a book may be consumed again and again without being at all smaller. Like the Flying Horse, the book may be made to carry you anywhere on the globe. Once within its pages you travel safely anywhere, as if clothed in the Suit of Invisibility; and your speed will put to shame the Shoes of Swiftness. Better than the Inexhaustible Purse, a book not only retains all its own wealth, but continually adds to yours. There is no end to a book's magical power. It may be the means of blessing a friend or reconciling an enemy.

Now, what is the secret that makes a well written book so great a marvel? A book is a little box of thoughts, and in thought all things have their beginning and must find their end.

What fairy-story wand can be weighed in the balance against the pen of Thackeray or of Dickens? The pen — or rather the mind behind the pen — is the magic of our day.

**READING ESSAYS.** Do not young people read too many stories? There is so much good writing in articles that it seems a pity not to begin upon them before the days of our youth are past. You need not commence with Emerson or Macaulay, for they are not the easiest to understand. Thoreau, Stevenson, Arthur Helps, Burroughs, Charles Lamb — all have written essays that young readers will enjoy. In order to find good reading of any kind, there is no better way than to ask questions of those who are wiser. Older readers take great pleasure in advising their juniors, and you will soon learn where to go when seeking the best advice.

**QUOTATIONS.** If you must quote, do quote correctly. Is the pen mightier than the sword? Thousands say or print, "The pen is mightier than the sword." It may be true, but if it is meant for a quotation it is not fairly given. The original lines in the play are:

> Beneath the rule of men entirely great,
> The pen is mightier than the sword.

This error has been corrected over and over again. But those who misquote seldom read what they are pretending to quote, but quote from a man who quoted from another man who — and so on. In many books will be found long lists of these prevalent misquotations.

**NEWSPAPERS.** It seems that children and newspapers may very well thrive separately. There is, of course, a class of newspapers which are carefully written and well edited, and meant to be good reading for every age that reads at all. But even the best newspaper is not the best reading for children. If there is news in which children are rightfully interested, it would be an easy matter for some older person to read it aloud or to repeat to children what is important for them to know. Childhood is a time when the home life should

come first, since the same surroundings can never return; and the doings of the grown-up world should not greatly concern children in a happy home. Outside interests will force their way to the young mind soon enough, and the child who begins to read newspapers too early is much to be pitied. As to the newspapers or magazines that are not good company for any one, they are worst in children's hands.

INTERRUPTIONS. It is a wise rule to "do one thing at a time." And in nothing is the rule more important than in reading. The mind is very accommodating, and will try to do its work under the most discouraging circumstances. You can sit in a room full of people who are talking and laughing, and yet can read with some understanding. But where this is not necessary it should never be done. Read in quiet and in solitude if you hope for the best results. At least, keep the best books for the quiet hours, and this for two reasons. One is, that you may see all there is in the book; another is, that your mind may do its work with the least effort and the least fatigue. At the same time, it is well to teach yourself to forget what is going on about you, so that you may be able to work even when silence and solitude are not attainable. Like most good rules, this one about interruptions needs to be applied with wise judgment.

BOOKS NOT BOOKS. Is n't it Charles Lamb who speaks of "books that are not books"?—such as account-books, cookery-books, almanacs, and such homely, useful creatures of the pen? Of course none will deny the value of these, but it is not with these that this department has mainly to do. Yet there are some volumes not to be called literature that should be familiar to book-lovers; and one of the most valuable of them is the pocket note-book.

Each of you who learns to keep such a handy little friend will learn to select the sort that suits your needs; but a good one is a rather thin book, with flexible cover, and the pages ruled in "quadrillé ruling"—that is, in faint squares. This ruling is useful whether you write or draw, and becomes more valuable as you learn its many uses. By means of the little squares, the pages can be at once divided into columns or regular spaces of any kind. You may use a wide or narrow ruling, or, as the lines are faint, none at all. If you mean to carry a note-book, by all means try the quadrillé ruling. But the reasons for carrying the book must go into another paragraph.

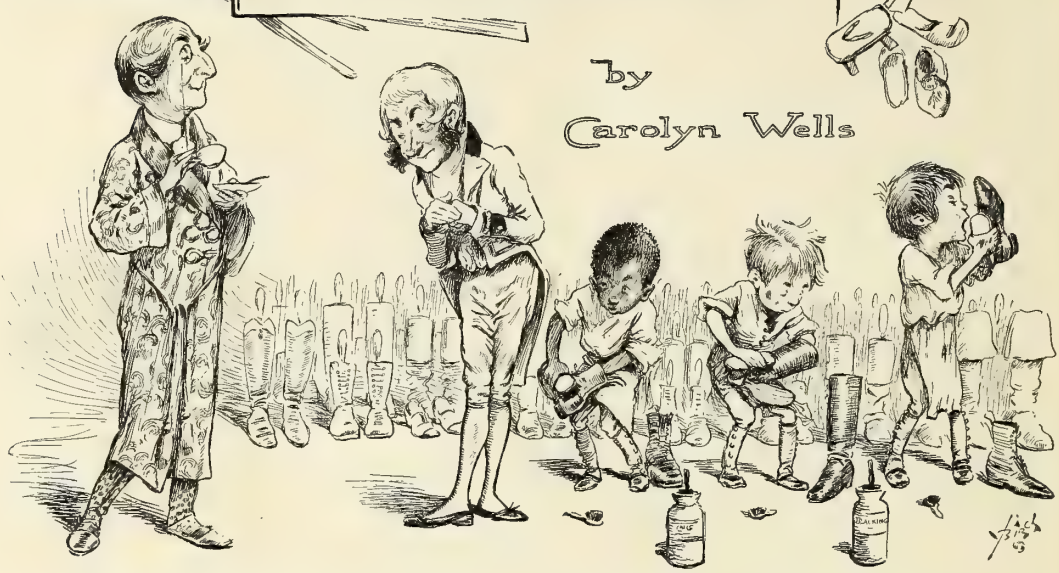
A NOTE-BOOK'S USES. Every note-book user will have his own favorite items. At Christmas, for instance, there are the lists of presents bought or to be bought, or worth thinking about. At New Year's, there are the new leaves to be turned over, and the good resolutions to be jotted down. But for the reader, besides these items, the note-book should be ready to act as a memory. As you read you come upon a reference to — let us say, Christopher Columbus. Now the name seems familiar to you as a well-read student of history, but for a moment you do not recall just what he did. Was he the conqueror of Peru, or did he found Jamestown? If you will take out your note-book, and make a note like this: "Columbus, Christopher. Why was he celebrated?" you will impress your mind with the question, and will before long be able to record the answer. And do not forget to mark in some way the memoranda that are used up. Then, when you look for a new memorandum, you will not find the old ones in the way. It is a good plan, also, to look over the book now and then for the sake of removing "dead" pages.

MERRY CHRISTMAS! There is no other Christmas gift that can bring the pleasure given by a happy human face. It is the gift that may be made by poor or rich, by old or young. It is the gift to which all are entitled, with which all are pleased. It is written in a language all can read, and carries a message none will refuse. Every kindly thought is at once printed upon the face in lines that cannot be misread, and published through eyes and lips to every reader. This is the Christmas carol all may write, and which all will read on Christmas morning to their health and happiness. Before the lips are opened for the morning greeting, the whole face should speak the yet unspoken words:

"I wish you a very merry Christmas!"

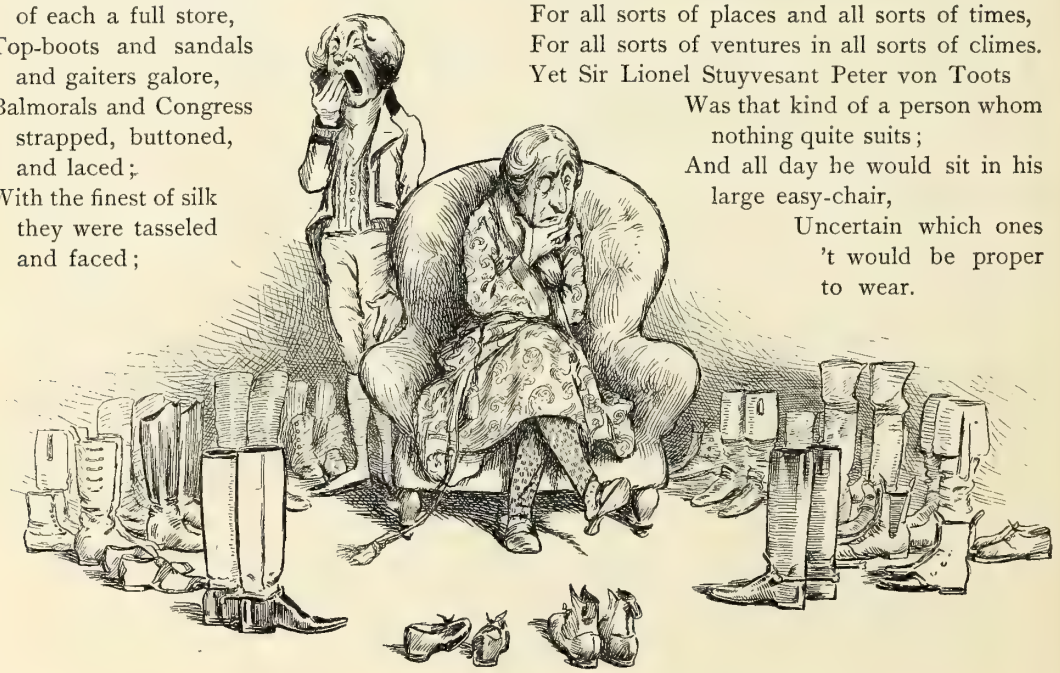
# A DILEMMA

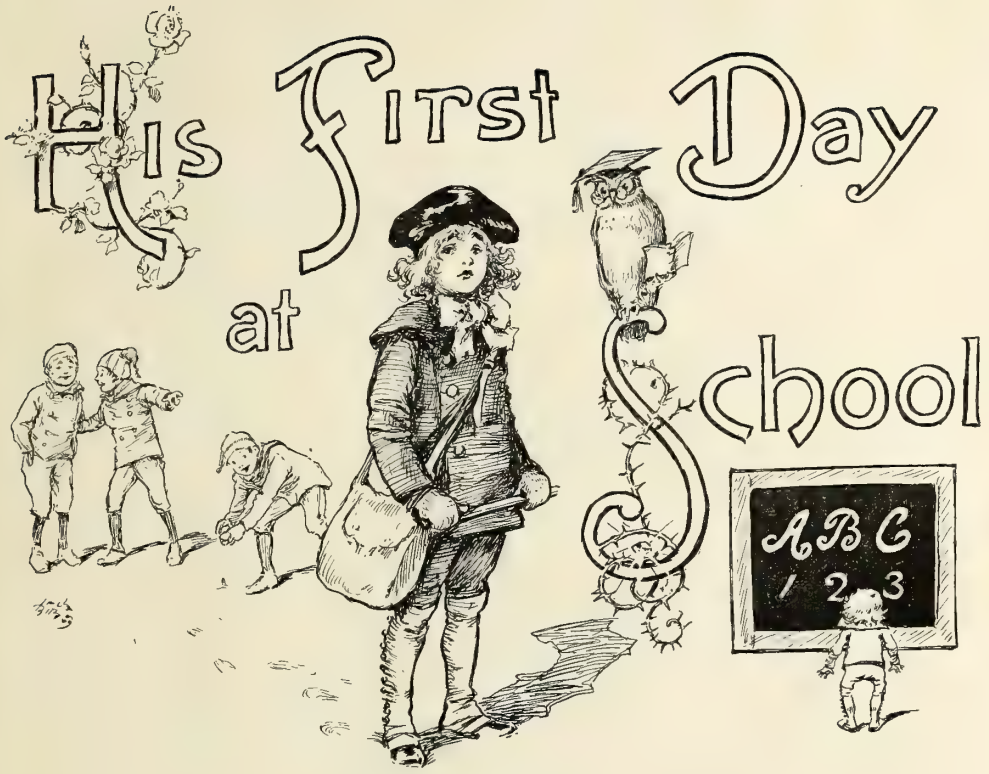
by Carolyn Wells



Sir Lionel Stuyvesant Peter von Toots
Had one hundred and ten pairs of beautiful boots:
Blüchers and Wellingtons, Hessians and Jacks,
Round toes and pointed toes, russets and blacks,
High-lows and buskins,
of each a full store,
Top-boots and sandals
and gaiters galore,
Balmorals and Congress
strapped, buttoned,
and laced;
With the finest of silk
they were tasseled
and faced;

Bathing, golf, tennis, and bicycle shoes,
Worsted-worked slippers of marvelous hues,
Dancing-pumps, too, of bright patent leather—
In short, he had foot-gear for all sorts of weather,
For all sorts of places and all sorts of times,
For all sorts of ventures in all sorts of climes.
Yet Sir Lionel Stuyvesant Peter von Toots
Was that kind of a person whom
nothing quite suits;
And all day he would sit in his
large easy-chair,
Uncertain which ones
't would be proper
to wear.






By Mary Catherine Hews.

A pair of mittens, warm and red,
New shoes that had shiny toes,
A velvet cap for his curly head,
And a tie of palest rose;
A bag of books, a twelve-inch rule,
And the daintiest hands in town—
These were the things that went to school
With William Herbert Brown.



A ragged mitten without a thumb,
Two shoes that were scorched at the toes,
A head that whirled with a dizzy hum
Since the snowball hit his nose;
A stringless bag, and a broken rule,
And the dingiest hands in town—
These were the things that came from school
With happy "Billy" Brown.




"WAIT FOR ME!"

# THE STORY OF BARNABY LEE.

By John Bennett.

(*Author of "Master Skylark."*)

[*This story was begun in the November*, 1900, *number.*]

## Chapter XXXII.

### NEW PERIL.

The weather was now grown intensely hot. The sun came up like a drop of blood and went down like a ball of red-hot copper; the wind died in the streets. The men from the Esopus garrison, who had been ordered in to the fort, came in dripping wet with sweat and white with the dust of the blazing road. Two of them had been sunstruck and were wholly unfit for fighting; the rest were worn out with marching through the bitter heat. They threw themselves flat on the ground like dogs, and lay there, panting, unable to speak, their

swollen, parched tongues hanging out of their mouths. They brought a little powder with them, and that was of some use to the garrison.

The noise of their marching was scarcely still before there came a startling, sudden cry; the mill-brake was set with a fierce creak; the great arms swept on for half a turn, trembled, stopped; down from the loft came Jan de Witt, the miller, as white as his floury jacket.

"Your Excellency, there is no grain to grind!" he cried, when he came to the Director-General's presence. "The bins are empty. Unless we can get some grain to grind, we shall be starved like cats in a garret!"

What he said was true: there were not a hundred *schepels* of meal; there were not enough barley-grits, beans, and peas to victual the servants a fortnight; there was no meat—the days were too hot; no fish, for it was not the season. The company's stores had been stowed in ships to be sent to Curaçoa.

"Commissary, unload me those stores," said the Director-General.

"Your Excellency, the stores are gone," replied the commissary.

"Gone?" exclaimed Stuyvesant, suddenly pale. "I told thee to hold the sloops!"

"Ay, but, your Excellency, the Chamber of Deputies said—"

Stuyvesant looked around him as if seeking something to break. His mustache worked up and down; he set his teeth into his trembling lip; at the corner of his mouth a bubbling trickle of foam ran down. "God forgive the Chamber of Deputies!" he said. "They have taken from us the only food I had held for the garrison!" Then he sprang erect, for there was no time to waste in vain recriminations, nor had he strength to expend in useless wrath. "Sergeant Harmen Martensen!" he cried; and when the gaunt, shrewd Fleming came, "Sergeant," he said, "take Dirck Smidt's boat and run the coast as far to the eastward as ye dare go. Get food, food of any sort, and smuggle it into the city. Pay twice, pay thrice, but bring us food, whatever be the cost. Return as soon as in God's grace ye be permitted."

Martensen took the flyboat, with him Nicolas Bayard, and skirted the coast of Long Island Sound as far as the mouth of the Fresh Water River, offering twice and thrice their worth for beef, pork, peas, and wheat, and any price for bread-stuffs, but secured scarce one measure of maize with a flitch or two of pork, and escaped by the very skin of his teeth from a twenty-four-gun English frigate, to which he gave the slip in the darkness. "Nobody will sell us provisions, your Excellency," he said when he reached the Director-General's room, "but all of them gave us curses!"

Then Stuyvesant went to the farmers, and begged them to thresh out the grain in their fields; but the farmers would neither thresh the wheat nor lend him any assistance.

"You idiots and simpletons!" he said. "Will ye not even clothe your own scarecrow?"

"The rats in the fort eat more than the crows," replied the farmers, sullenly. They hated the arbitrary hand which had laid down the law to them.

Then Stuyvesant bought the grain of them, and paid for it out of his private pocket; his serving-men and negro slaves threshed it wherever a threshing-floor could be found; and as fast as the serving-men beat out the grain, the negroes carried it down to the mill in baskets and barrows, buckets and bags, upon their shoulders and heads. Most of them wore but a breech-clout, the weather being sickeningly hot, and the sweat ran like water over their necks and down their bare black bodies.

The threshers, too, worked stripped to the waist, shining with perspiration; the flails were flying all day long, and drummed on into the twilight until it was too dark to see, and the workmen could hardly lift their arms. Three of them were taken ill from the heat and the over-exertion, and one who had drunken deeply of schnapps to strengthen his failing arm was never the same man afterward. "Ach, Gott!" said one, "I have threshed wheat before; but to-day I have threshed ashes. My flail smoked; the flying wheat was like sparks among the straw!"

When they were done they lay down by the pond and put their heads into the water, although it was trodden muddy and was almost as warm as blood. They were all of them shaking from head to foot, and were fairly gray with weariness; one of them cried, and others choked, as if they had been tired children; the

strength of their hearts had gone out of them as weakness of body came in.

Day and night, so long as there was a breath to turn the windmill sails, the millstones were kept going until their rumble seemed like the undertone of the trouble upon the town. The air was full of the drifting meal, which floated everywhere. The miller's men coughed with the flour-dust, and their linen shirts grew pasty with sweat and the flour which lay upon them. They wrought as if they had forgotten the world in the sudden stress of toil.

The first night of the grinding a hurricane arose, howling about the open doors and roaring through the building. The miller's candles, thrust in the wall, sent shadows lurching over beams, bins, and grain-sacks; the revolution of the millstones made the whole tower tremble.

"Ye dare not grind in such a wind," declared the miller from the sand-hill.

"Dare I not?" replied Jan de Witt. "Watch thou, and see if I dare not!" and so saying, he cast loose the brake.

The mill-cap swung around with a stubborn creak; the sails gave one slow, beaten tug, then turned with a hum before the gale. Fast and faster they went, until it seemed they must be torn asunder by their very speed and whirled in fragments over the town. The oiler and his oil-pot hurried here and there; the mill was shaking like a tree; the thunder roared overhead, and the millstones thundered down below; the hot meal poured into the empty bin in a swift, uninterrupted stream.

A man stood on the staging, knife in hand, ready to cut away the sheets if there were chance to do so when all possible furling was past; sacks of grain, like headless bodies of legless men, came whirling up from below, with a constant whistling of tackle-blocks. The creaking of mill-gear, the slat of the sails, the rumble of the turning stones, were all the sounds that could be heard above the rush of the river below and the roar of the wind overhead.

In his coat of painted canvas the miller was everywhere, now directing the work within, now struggling on the staging, at imminent risk of being hurled bodily over the railing; twice he reefed the roaring sails in the teeth of the blinding gale, lest that worst of all mill calamities, the wrecking of the sails, should send the cap of the mill and its running-gear in fragments to the ground. The wind blew out the candles; he wrought on in the darkness, finding the hopper as a man would find his mouth in a place of unbroken gloom, by long familiarity; there was no time to seek a light, nor use to call for one amid the roar of the storm. The man in the mill-loft groped here and there at his duty in the darkness, pushing the sacks to the miller's feet, aiding him, and never seeing his face, nor scarcely hearing his shout. They only wrought; and their dogged pluck was kin to heroism.

Then the wind began to fail. "It is going," said the miller. "Ach, the sun goes down to rise again, but the wind arises only to go down. God lend it to us a little longer!" But the wind was falling fast. By dawn there was not sufficient breeze to turn the windmill sails. There was not enough wind on the gallery to cool the miller's beaded forehead, nor enough on the fort-wall to stir the grass along the outer slope. Jan de Witt prayed with silent lips, but the sails of the mill stood motionless. Toward evening a few gray flecks stole up from the western horizon, with a host of clouds behind them, and there was lightning beyond the rim of the earth, and thunder in the distant hills; but no wind came of it. The raccoon hides and muskrat skins hanging upon the mill-side stank in the slumbrous heat; the sails above hung as limp and listless as the shirt-sleeves of a dreamer.

"Our grinding is done," said the miller. "God hath other use for the wind, no doubt; but we 've not enough meal in New Amsterdam to keep us in bread for a single week!"

Then Stuyvesant seized the bake-shops, to supply the garrison, but got only six or seven measures of meal, some loaves of bread, a pan of rusks, and a schepel or so of biscuit, which made scarce a mouthful for his men. Then the brewers were forbidden to malt any grain which might be made into meal, and all fruit matured enough for use was gathered and laid in store; the kine of the city were numbered in lot, to be drawn for in case of need; the provender even of the animals, the ground-nuts and unmatured fruits of the wood, were gathered

against starvation. Yet even with all there was not food enough to provision the city against a siege.

"Oh, Barnaby, what is to become of us?" asked Dorothy, with a quivering voice, as she came with his supper on a tray. "There is scarcely any bread to be had; the bakers are empty-handed; Andreas brings but the hominy cake, and the flour is almost gone. What is to become of us?"

"I do not know," said he. "Indeed, I think that nobody knows. Why do they not surrender?"

"Would they butcher us all if we did?"

"Do ye take them for savages?"

"I do not know; thou art right savage at times; and then—" here she put out her hand, and taking his, held it, trembling—"if John King's men should ever catch thee, my poor Barnaby, what would they do with thee?"

"I believe they would kill me," he answered; and then they were very still, and listened to the crying in the English camps along the distant shore, and to the hurry of feet about the fort, making ready for the fray.

That night, at sundown, through the coppery waters of the bay there came, in a small boat, to the English admiral's flagship the captain of a freebooter to offer his services. "Place me in the vanguard of your attack," he said, lowering, with a baleful scowl, "for, blight me green! I 've a grudge against that Dutch burgh, and I would pay it off."

"I am not here paying grudges," said the commander of the English; "I am here to take New Amsterdam for my master, the Duke of York. You will take your place in column as we are pleased to line you, and attack as I give the order. Corporal, show the gentleman up!"

And the corporal showed the gentleman up.

*(To be continued.)*



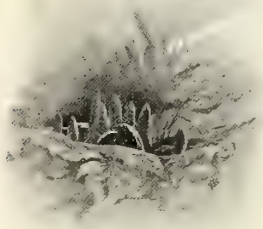
"'PLACE ME IN THE VANGUARD OF YOUR ATTACK,' SAID THE FREEBOOTER, WITH A BALEFUL SCOWL."




ASK the school-boys, especially such as live in country places, whether summer or winter brings the greatest pleasure. Two to one they will vote for winter. . . . But the frolics out of doors! It makes the blood tingle even now to think of them.—BRADFORD TORREY.

## THE SPRING FLOWERS ARE HERE.

"SPRING flowers here!" you exclaim. "But this is December, the beginning of winter, when we 've just lost the flowers."



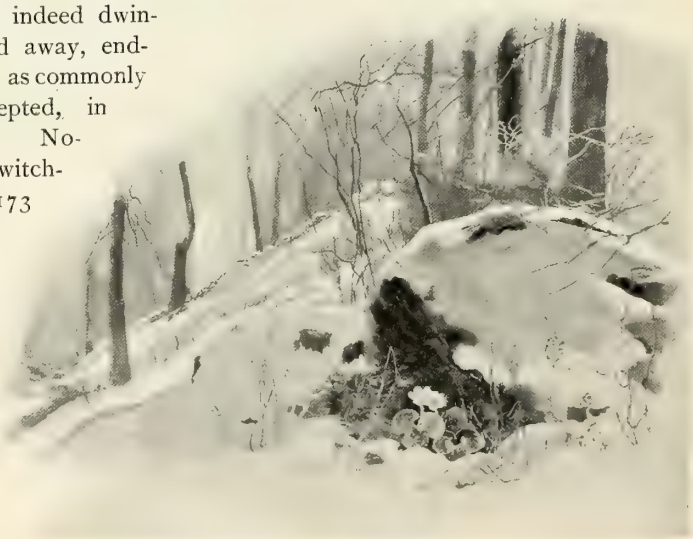
THE BUD OF THE SKUNK-CABBAGE BEGINS TO PUSH UP THROUGH ITS OWN DEAD LEAVES AND OTHERS LATE IN AUTUMN.

Yes, that is true, but not the whole truth. It tells us of this year's flowers, but what about those for next year? The profusion of flowers has indeed dwindled away, ending, as commonly accepted, in late November's flower, the mysterious witch-hazel that we pictured on page 173 of Nature and Science for December, 1900. That flower we may regard as the last of the floral act for each year. There is a moment's pause only in appearance, really no pause, for already the curtain has started to rise, disclosing just a peep of next year's flowers.

The young buds of the skunk-cabbage push their way up before winter sets in. Thoreau writes of it in October: "Mortal and human creatures must take a little respite in this fall of the year. Their spirits do flag a little. But not so with the skunk-cabbage. Its withered leaves fall and are transfixed by a rising bud. Winter and death are ignored. The circle of life is complete."

"But," perhaps you next argue, "while this may be plant life starting in the fall, it is n't really and truly a 'flower' as we commonly use that word."

Admitted. Let 's consider another,— one of the sweetest, most fragile and beautiful flowers



THE FRAGILE HEPATICA.
"The first wild flower of spring" sometimes commences to bloom in December under the snow.

of spring,— the hepatica, or liverwort. Britton and Brown's "Illustrated Flora" gives its time of flowering, "December— May."

Mrs. Dana tells us that "these fragile-looking, enamel-like flowers are sometimes found actually beneath the snow."

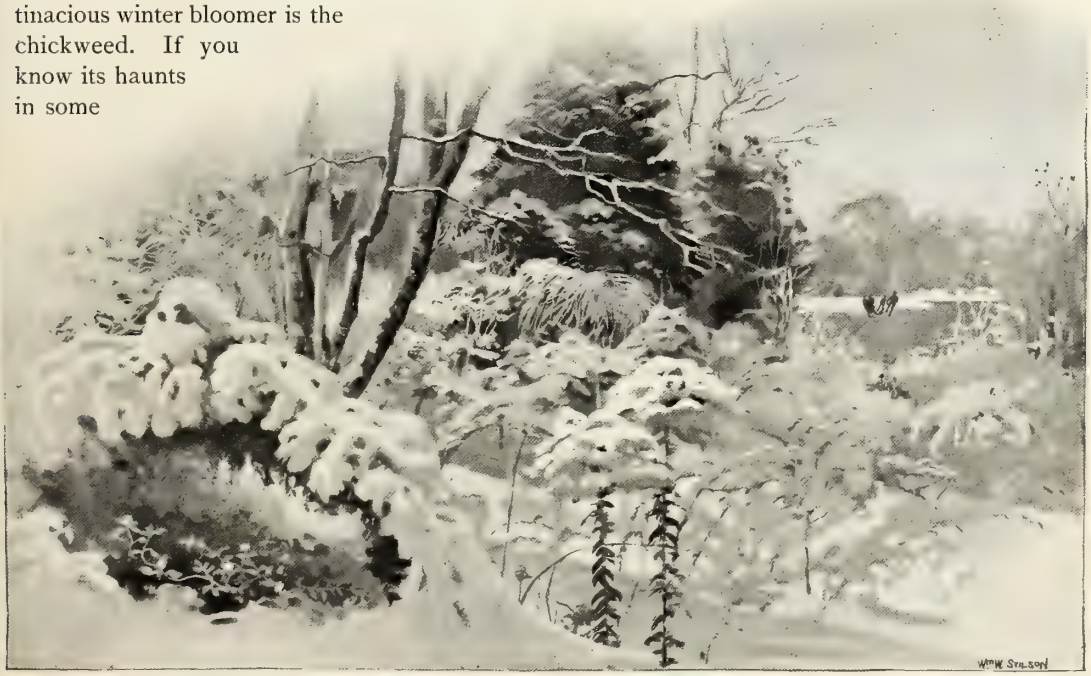
William Hamilton Gibson writes: "If the open winter lures any wood blossom to open its eye, it will surely be the liverwort, even as this flower occasionally anticipates the spring in ordinary winter weather. I have before me a letter from an authority who picked them under a foot of snow on December 9, and this, too, in a winter not notably mild."



THE DANDELION SOMETIMES BLOOMS IN SHELTERED PLACES IN MIDWINTER.

The same writer tells us of two other winter flowers: "The dandelion occasionally continues in bloom through the entire winter. During the year 1871 I picked a dandelion every month in the calendar. . . . Another astonishingly pertinacious winter bloomer is the chickweed. If you know its haunts in some sunny nook, you may dig away the snow and pick its white starry blossoms, larger and fuller now than those of summer."

John Burroughs, in writing of "Spring at the Capital" (Washington), says: "Though the mercury occasionally sinks to zero, yet the earth is never so blighted by the cold but that, in some shel-



THE STARRY BLOSSOMS OF THE CHICKWEED, OR STITCHWORT, UNDER THE SNOW OFTEN SEEM LARGER AND FULLER THAN THOSE OF SUMMER.

tered nook or corner, signs of vegetable life still remain, which on a little encouragement even asserts itself. I have found wild flowers here every month in the year: violets in December, a single houstonia in January (the little lump of earth on which it stood was frozen hard), and a tiny weed-like plant, with a flower almost microscopic in its smallness, growing along graveled walks and in old plowed fields in February. . . . I have found the bloodroot when it was still freezing two or three nights in the week, and have known at least three varieties of early flowers to be buried in eight inches of snow."

Bradford Torrey, in "A Rambler's Lease," says: "Winter in New England is not a time for gathering flowers out of doors, though, taking the years together, there is not a month of the twelve wherein one may not pick a few blossoms, even in Massachusetts."

Thus we see that there is ample authority from older observers that some plants fruiting in 1902 will commence to put forth their bloom in the winter months, so that even in this December the spring flowers are really here.

When we thus take into consideration this fact of the spring flowers commencing to bloom in winter, Longfellow's poem "The Flowers," from which the following is quoted, has an especially deep and true significance:

In all places, then, and *in all seasons*,
Flowers expand their light and soul-like wings,
Teaching us, by most persuasive reasons,
How akin they are to human things.

Will our young folks, who love to roam the woods and fields, please keep on the lookout for spring flowers — yes, even in beds of snow — when you may be on a skating or coasting outing? Please "write to St. Nicholas about it," sending the specimens.

Keep on the lookout also for many plants that retain their fresh green appearance but do not bloom. In the brooks, springs, and marshes you will find algæ and higher forms of water-plants, sometimes nearly as luxuriant as in midsummer.

## A QUICK-TEMPERED KINGLET.

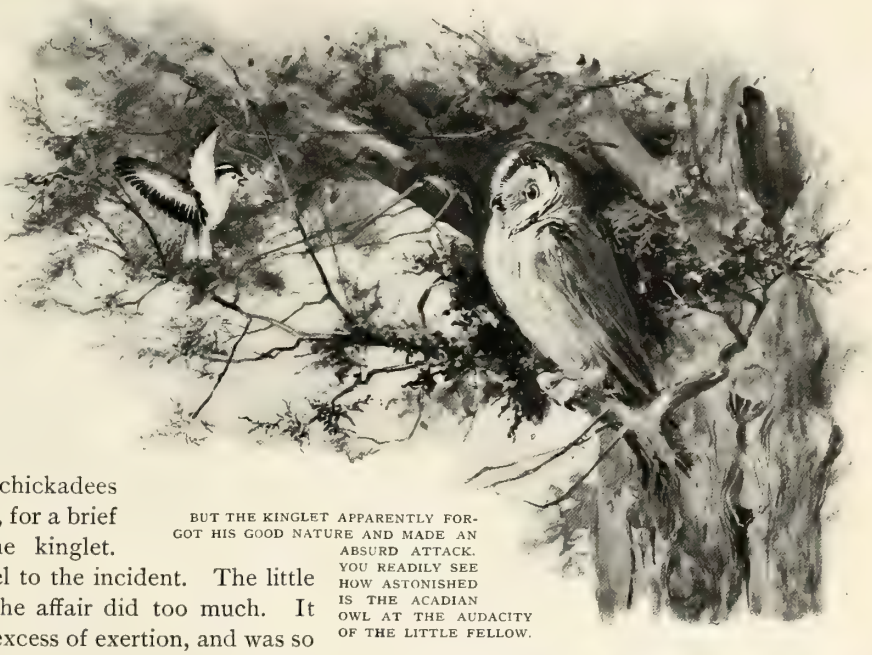
Bravery and bigness do not always go together. Those who are familar with our door-yard birds know how effectually the house-wren persecutes the prowling cat and drives it away from the neighborhood of the bird's nest. King-birds drive off the crow and even greatly annoy the fish-hawk, and humming-birds are absolutely fearless at times, and successfully defend their nests if their antagonist is but a single bird of another species.

These instances refer to birds in spring and summer, when the nest and eggs or the young are the immediate object of a bird's solicitude. In winter we do not expect to witness such instances of courage on the part of the smaller of our birds. In fact, sparrows flee when a sparrow-hawk appears. But recently I saw a golden-crowned kinglet question the right of an Acadian owl to take his ease in an evergreen. Never was there a more inoffensive bird than this little owl at the time. It was cuddled up in a heap and half asleep. But the kinglet found the bird, and immediately set up a shout, and darted into the tree, snapped its beak, and, I think, twitched the owl's feathers. At any rate, there was no more sleep for the bird in the tree. But it was not moved to vacate at the mere bluster of a little kinglet. It sat still,



THE CHEERY AND LIVELY GOLDEN-CROWNED KINGLET.
In his ordinary good nature calling out his shrill *zee, zee, zee* from among the evergreens.

slowly opened its beak now and then, and moved its head to and fro. This was kept up until the sharp chirping of the kinglet attracted other birds, and a more serious attack was made. The owl then took flight, and while the rejoicing was general, not one of the sparrows, nuthatches, and chickadees made more clatter, for a brief moment, than the kinglet.



BUT THE KINGLET APPARENTLY FORGOT HIS GOOD NATURE AND MADE AN ABSURD ATTACK. YOU READILY SEE HOW ASTONISHED IS THE ACADIAN OWL AT THE AUDACITY OF THE LITTLE FELLOW.

There was a sequel to the incident. The little bird that started the affair did too much. It was overcome by excess of exertion, and was so limp and listless when I saw it last, it seemed to me it was thinking whether it had not made a goose of itself. It is possible that some little birds, like some small children, never take time to consider if the gain derived is worth the effort it calls for. CHARLES C. ABBOTT, M.D.

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## "WE WILL WRITE TO ST. NICHOLAS ABOUT IT."

### SINGING MICE.

In response to the request (page 561, Nature and Science for April), many letters have been received stating interesting experiences with singing mice. These letters not only tell of hearing the music, but of the proof that it was produced by the mice.

HADDENVILLE, FAYETTE CO., PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am glad you want to hear of a singing mouse, as I had been for a long time going to write to you about one we knew several years ago when we lived in a double house in a small town. For several weeks we heard a strange musical noise in the wall. One day when my sister and I were taking an afternoon nap and mama was putting the baby to sleep and the house was very still, a mouse came, and sitting upright, proceeded to eat cooky crumbs, pausing to sing between bites. After that it grew quite tame, and we heard and saw it often every day. We fed it, and it seemed to grow happier and happier. It sang a low, sweet song, something like a canary-bird a short way off. It seemed to sing the same tune over and over. When we sat in the room we could plainly hear it in the closet on the opposite side of the kitchen. Sometimes before taking a crumb it would stop, sit up, and holding its front feet together as if holding something, though they were empty, it would sing as if giving thanks for its dinner. It always sat and held its paws together while singing, but often it has food in them. Several people visited us on purpose to hear it. It often kept us from sleeping with its music. It seemed too happy to keep still. After about a month the lady on the other side of the house put out some poison, and we suppose our mouse got some, as we never saw or heard it afterward. We have since been sorry we did not catch it, as we might easily have done.

Your friend, KEYS COLLEY (age 12).

ENGLEWOOD, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In your April, 1901, number there was a request for a description of a singing mouse. Quite a family of them lived in our house. Just at dusk they would begin to sing, first a faint, musical warbling, like a young canary, then changing into loud

trilling, and dying down into a soft twittering. It was some time before we knew what it was, as we were not then acquainted with singing mice. We were so sure that birds must have crept in under the flooring that we had a carpenter remove several boards, and we put a bird-cage close to the opening. For a long time it was a great mystery to us. At first there must have been only one pair of mice; but soon a little family came into existence, and they sang so loudly that they kept us awake. One of the little fellows was finally caught. He sang very faintly for several nights (we watched him, so we knew he sang); then he stopped from loneliness, and would sing no more; so we opened the cage door and he ran off to join his mates. I enjoy the Nature and Science department very much.

Your constant reader, SHIRLEY WILLIS (age 12).

### A GOOD SUGGESTION — KEEPING RECORDS.

BUNKER HILL, ME.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a new subscriber, but I enjoy you very much. We have a summer place in Maine where there are lots of rocks, and there is a lake at the foot of the hill where our house is. In the lake there are some islands, and on one of these we have a camp.

I have made a list of the birds and flowers I saw so far this past summer, and am sending them to you. I hope this will be published.

Your faithful reader, MARGERY BEDINGER.

P. S. I am nine years old.

### THE AUSTRALIAN KINGFISHER.

MARYBOROUGH, QUEENSLAND.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am writing this time about the laughing-jackass. He is like a kingfisher, only larger and not so pretty. He has a brown back and a white breast. He is a very quiet bird, and comes about the garden, and will not fly away unless you go quite close to him. He is very useful in killing snakes. Nobody ever shoots him unless it is what we call a "new chum," who does not know what a useful bird he is. He laughs just like a man. At daybreak, if you are awake, you may hear him and his fellows laughing loudly. They often laugh at sunset and at other times during the day. Sometimes I see three or four of them sitting on a fig-tree or a gum-tree laughing as if they were enjoying a great joke.



"LAUGHING-JACKASS."

Your loving reader,

HARRY E. ALDRIDGE (age 7).

Our young friend has very correctly described the appearance and habits of this large Australian kingfisher, commonly known as the "laughing-jackass."

### THE DROLL AND GENTLE KANGAROO-RAT.

VINTONDALE, CAMBRIA CO., PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Our old cat brings a great deal of the game she catches to the house, and not long ago she brought us a kangaroo-rat. None of us had ever seen one, and as books say that they are rarely seen, as they feed at night, we were very glad "Bennie" had brought it to us. The rat's body was about four inches long, but its tail was fully seven. It was a soft brown above, shaded light and dark, and a downy white underneath. Its hind legs were long and strong, and its front ones little, just like a real kangaroo's. It had great ears, long whiskers, and sharp gnawing-teeth. The tail was slender and hairy, with a brush of fur on the end. Altogether it was the prettiest little creature, and I was so glad to have seen it. The next day the cat caught another rat, but since then has not brought any home.



KANGAROO-RAT.

Your sincere friend,

ISADORE DOUGLAS (age 13).

It 's difficult to have a kindly regard for that cat. It seems as if even she ought to know what a droll, saucy, elf-like, gentle little animal is a kangaroo-rat! If she kills any more, please instruct her, by any method found to be the most effective, that the kangaroo-rat is n't to be classed with the common rats, but in interesting and harmless ways is fully the equal — perhaps even the superior — of the white rat.

### PARTLY INAPPROPRIATE COLOR NAMES OF BIRDS.

PLAINFIELD, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: You ask for lists of our birds, besides the scarlet tanager, where the name describes the plumage of the male and not the female. I will name some I have seen.

The male rose-breasted grosbeak has the head and upper parts black, with white spots on the wings; the under parts are white and the breast is crimson. The female looks like an overgrown sparrow, and has the breast streaked with brown. Where the wing-linings

are rose in the male they are sulphur-yellow in the female. The ruby-crowned kinglets are olive-green above and grayish white below, with some olive on the sides. The male has a concealed ruby-colored patch in the center of the crown, which is usually difficult to see. This is lacking in the female. The purple finch has a raspberry-red body (not purple), with brown wings and tail. The female is olive-brown above and whitish below.

The American red crossbill is a curious-looking bird. The lower mandible turns up at the end, and the upper one turns down in the same manner. The body is mostly deep red. While the females have a crossed bill, their plumage is not red, but greenish olive, with brownish tints. [See letter and illustrations, page 744, ST. NICHOLAS for June, 1900.—ED.]

The handsome red-winged blackbird, with his yellow-edged scarlet epaulets, is a frequenter of bush-covered swamps. The rest of his plumage, besides his shoulders, is glossy black. The female is dark brown, spotted with black and buff. [See illustration, page 753, ST. NICHOLAS for June, 1901.—ED.]

Very respectfully,
WILLIAM GRAY HARMAN (age 13).

The golden-crowned kinglet (see anecdote on page 172 of this number) differs from the female in the golden spot similar to the ruby spot referred to in the above letter.

WINDSOR, CONN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: You asked the young folks to tell of birds having a common name inappropriate to the female.



INDIGO-BIRD.

The indigo bunting, which comes north with the scarlet tanager [See letter and illustration, ST. NICHOLAS for May, 1901, page 655. —ED.], is one, the female being dark brown with a yellowish-white breast, pure white underneath. The female ruby-throated humming-bird has a whitish throat in place of the ruby feathers on the male. The tail quills are tipped with white.

Your interested reader,
HELEN CARY (age 16).

NEWTON, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a great lover of nature, and always read every word in the Nature and Science department. The other day, as I was out in the woods, I saw an olive-green bird, and near by there was a bright yellow bird with black wings and tail. When I went home I looked in a book and saw that the olive-green bird was the female American goldfinch, and that the yellow bird was the male American goldfinch. They did not look at all alike.

Your loving reader,
MIRIAM L. WARE
(age 11).



GOLDFINCH.

The goldfinch is an excellent example of plumage of male differing from female, and also of changing from winter to summer, similar to the male bobolink. In winter the male is drab on the back and brownish white underneath.

Other common names are "wild canary," from its beautiful song, and "thistle bird," from its love of the fluffy seeds of the thistle. While the color of the male is largely yellow, the term yellowbird is best used exclusively for a very different bird—the yellow warbler, or summer yellowbird. In this the male is entirely yellow, except reddish-brown streaks on breast and slight olive-brown on wings and tail. The female of this bird is almost the same color, except that the reddish-brown streakings are less distinct. The goldfinch is refined and musical. We can't help loving him. He seems to reciprocate by changing his coat and braving our winter storms.

### BEETLES WITH MANDIBLES LIKE STAG-HORNS.

SUMTER, S. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I send you to-day two bugs, or beetles, which I found in a log. Please tell me what they are.

Your loving reader,
CHARLES E. RICHARDSON.

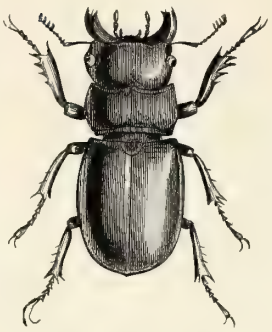


STAG-BEETLE. EXCELLENTLY SHOWING THE BRANCHING ANTLER-FORM OF MANDIBLES.

The insects you send are stag-beetles, so called from the sharp prongs on the mandibles of the males of some species, that resemble the sharp branches on the antlers of a stag. Members of

this family of beetles are sometimes spoken of as "roebucks," "horn-bugs," etc.

The adults are found on the trunks of trees. They eat the sap, for procuring which their jaws are especially adapted. It is probable that some species feed on decaying wood. They lay their eggs in crevices in the bark near the roots.



"HORN-BUG." SHOWING THE STRONG JAWS, SOMEWHAT ANTLER-FORM, FOR BITING DECAYING WOOD.

### THE "HORSE-HAIR SNAKE" MYTH.

Hickory, Harford Co., Md.

Dear St. Nicholas: At school, the girls found some "snakes" out along the side of the road. They said they were "horse-hair snakes." I would like to know if they are little snakes, and how large they grow. They have a little mouth, but I could not see any eyes. The snake looked like grayish brown. They think if you put a horse-hair in the water and set it in the sun and leave it there nine days, it will turn into a snake. Do you think it is true? It has to be the right temperature.

Truly yours,
Lester Tucker
(age 11).

The so-called "horse-hair snake" does not come from a horse-hair, and has nothing to do with a horse or its hairs, except that it is hair-like in form.

It is an internal parasite of crickets and grasshoppers. It escapes from the insect and goes to the water to lay its eggs. The young, in turn, seek a grasshopper or cricket, where the greater part of its life is spent.

See the chapter "Those Horse-hair Snakes," in "Eye Spy," by William Hamilton Gibson.

You now know more than those who told you to put horse-hairs in water and keep them at the "right temperature." You may keep the hairs and water at any temperature, but you will never make a horse-hair change into a snake.

Strange, is n't it, that many people, old and young, believe this myth, when a little experimenting will prove the falsity of it! In many rural communities this absurd belief in tiny horse-hair snakes is generally maintained.

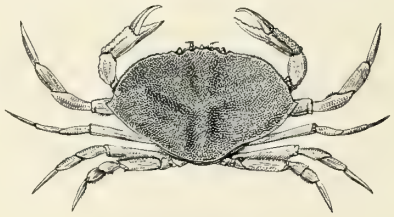
### THE HERMIT-CRABS.

Gloucester, Mass.

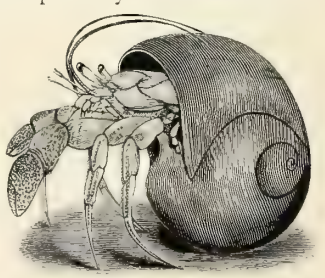
Dear St. Nicholas: I wonder if all the boys and girls have seen a hermit-crab? It gets into a shell and puts out its head and front claws. If you wave your hand in front of it, it will go back into its shell with a snap. Sometimes when we try to pick them up they will dig with their front claws, and are under the sand in a minute.

Yours truly,
G. Lucille Smith (age 11).

The rear part of the hermit-crab is not hard like that of a shrimp or crawfish, nor short and doubled underneath like that of the common crab, but is soft and fleshy, and in itself is not well protected from enemies. Therefore the hermit-crab usually takes possession of some cast-off shell, like that of a whelk or snail, by backing into it and inserting the tender part of its body in the spiral part and filling the aperture with its claws and other hard parts. Sometimes the hermit-crab occupies a plant-stem or other similar tube. In moving about, the hermit-crab carries this borrowed house, and its appearance is somewhat similar to that of a snail. When the hermit-crab outgrows one shell he quits it and takes possession of another. The troubles of this house-hunting are very amusing to an observer. He often tries many shells before he finds one that will fit. Sometimes he covets a shell occupied by another hermit-crab, and then a struggle ensues. We may be certain, however, that the crabs, in such a contest, do not see the funny side of the matter, as we do.



A COMMON CRAB.



HERMIT-CRAB IN SHELL OF SEA-SNAIL.

Securely fas-

tened to the surface of the shell, near the opening, there is often a sea-anemone, with its mouth and tentacles near the head of the crab. By this strange partnership (which the naturalists call "commensalism") the sea-anemone is carried to new feeding-places, and the crab is protected from its enemies by the defensive tentacles of the anemone. It is evident that the crab is aware of this benefit, for observers have experimented by removing the sea-anemone. The crab will then go in search of another. When he finds one attached to a rock he will tear it off and place it on his own shell, to which the sea-anemone soon attaches itself.



HERMIT-CRAB IN A WHELK-SHELL WITH SEA-ANEMONE ON IT.

Among the names applied to the hermit-crab by fishermen are "jack-in-the-box," "thief," and "stone lobster." The first name seems especially applicable and expressive of the manner in which the queer little animal occupies the shell.

### A SCREECH-OWL IN A QUEER PLACE.

WAUKESHA, WIS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Last night my brother Walter heard a noise in the grate. He said, "What 's that in the grate?" He and Aunt Mary looked into the grate and saw an owl sitting in there. Then Walter and my brother Otto went into the cellar and made a cage big enough for ten owls. When the cage was done Aunt Mary opened the grate door and caught the owl and put it in the cage. Walter took the cage down into the cellar and gave the owl a little meat. The next morning Aunt Mary and our servant Freda looked into the cage, and the owl was gone, and they looked around and saw it sitting on a water-pipe. Then papa, Walter, Otto, and I looked through a bird-book to see what kind of an owl it was, and we think it is a screech-owl. Then Walter took it out to the barn, where it is now.

Your faithful reader, GILBERT LACHER (age 8).

It is pleasing to note that our young friend and the other members of the family treated this midnight visitor merely as an owl, although found in such a strange position, and in the night, too. They caged it and studied it as they would if it had been caught in the forest.

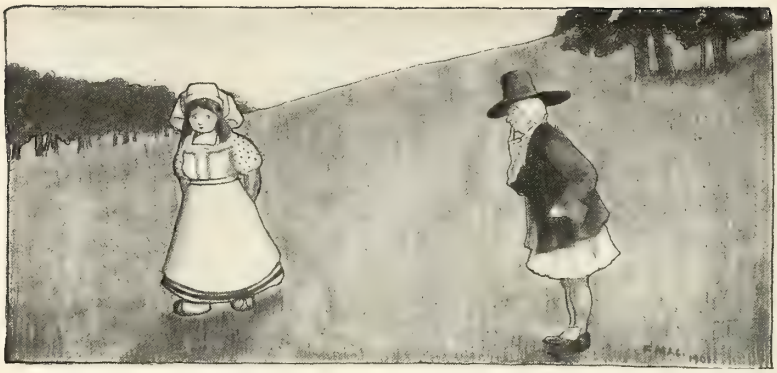
How strange it is that so very many absurd superstitions have been associated with this harmless bird, even under ordinary circumstances! But to find it at night in the fireplace! Think how that would have startled some people nowadays, and everybody a few years ago. Addison, in one of his essays on "Omens and Prognosticks," tells us that "a screech-owl at midnight has alarmed a family more than a band of robbers." Just imagine such a family putting the bird in a cage and calmly looking up particulars in a "bird-book"!

By the way, there is one real mystery about the screech-owl. Sometimes its plumage is rusty red, and at another time gray and black, and this peculiarity of color does not depend on age, sex, or season, as it does in so many other birds with which we all are familiar.

Dr. Chadbourne has proved by experimenting that "the screech-owl may pass from one phase of color to another without change of plumage." Its call is a tremulous whistle rather than screech.



A SCREECH-OWL.



# THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE FOR DECEMBER.

"MERRY CHRISTMAS!" BY FRANK L. MACDONALD, AGE 17. (GOLD BADGE.)

Oh, Christmas, merry Christmas,
With all your gifts and cheer,
We wish you came 'most every day,
Instead of every year.

HELEN STEVENS (AGE 13).

How swiftly the months go by, and how soon the year is done! To the League editor it *is* as if merry Christmas "came 'most every day," for it seems but yesterday since he was writing the holiday greetings for last year; and even those of the year before, for our first League Christmas, are only a step farther back—a week, perhaps, or a month at the farthest.

And now, here we are for the third time entering a holiday competition together. Not all together, either, for in the two years that have slipped away a goodly number of our talented ones have reached the age limit for League work, while a few—a mourned and privileged few—have set sail for that quiet haven of peace where age does not matter and the prizes of earth are left behind. Those who, because of their added years, have withdrawn their work from the League pages, and perhaps made it a part of their life aim and effort, are still eagerly watching our progress, while those others—the silent ones—will not, we believe, forget their hopes and efforts here.



"PRESIDENT McKINLEY WAVING TO HIS WIFE." (SEE LEAGUE LETTER.) BY PEARL SCHWARTZ, AGE 14. (GOLD BADGE.)

We have a present for the League this time, in the form of a letter from the man whom the League editor considers to be the strongest art force in America to-day—Howard Pyle. It is written with special reference to the young artists, but as Mr. Pyle is also an author of both prose and verse of the very highest rank, we may take whatever he says as being meant as well for the young writers of the League.

WILMINGTON, DEL.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE.

DEAR SIR: I find myself much interested in the work which you are doing in the St. Nicholas League. It is not only that I am so interested in young artists and in their efforts to produce beautiful and interesting pictures; apart from this, I enjoy studying for its own sake the honest competitive effort that the prizes which you offer through the valuable pages of your magazine stimulate. I never fail, when the ST. NICHOLAS enters the house, to turn to the leaves of the League and to look at the pictures that embellish it, wondering as to who are the boys and the girls who draw them, what they are like, what their homes are like, what are their ambitions, their desires, their aims in life. Who knows but that some great future artist, who is destined, after a while, to reach high-pinnacled altitudes, is here essaying his first unfledged effort at flight? Who knows but that some future man of might may sometime look back to the very page of the magazine which I hold open in my hand, and may see in it his first young work that won the glory of his first young prize in life! These are the thoughts that make the pages of the League so interesting to me.

I am, besides, more personally interested in that I have a school of art of my own in Wilmington, Delaware, where I live, and where I teach a few pupils, some three or four of whom are not older than these young people of the League, and who are now starting at the very elementary beginning of their art studies. Hence, also, I never open the pages of the League without wondering whether I may not see in it some as yet unopened flower of art that is destined to be transplanted to my own little garden.

I wish you every success in your endeavors to stimulate such young efforts in so beautiful a field of life-work, and I am, Very sincerely yours,

HOWARD PYLE.

## PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION No. 24.

IN making the awards, contributors' ages are considered.

VERSE. Gold badges, Doris Francklyn (age 14), 15 Washington Sq., New York City, and Nancy Barnhart (age 12), 4221 Delmar Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

Silver badges, Saidee E. Kennedy (age 14), Merryall, Pa., and Jessica Nelson North (age 10), Edgerton, Wis.

PROSE. Gold badges, Gladys Ralston Britton (age 15), "The Audubon," B'way and 39th St., New York City, and Isadore Douglas (age 13), Vintondale, Pa.

Silver badges, Elinor C. Holmes (age 14), 83 Linden St., Allston, Mass., and Florence R. Beck (age 11), 348 W. 35th St., New York City.

DRAWING. Gold badges, Frank L. Macdonald (age 17), Box 177, Parry Sound, Ont., Can., and J. Ernest Bechdolt (age 17), Box 278, Eugene, Ore.

Silver badges, Margaret J. Russell (age 13), Luray, Page Co., Va., and Samuel D. Otis (age 12), Sherwood, Cayuga Co., N. Y.

PHOTOGRAPHY. Gold badges, Pearl Schwartz (age 14), 2231 Clay St., San Francisco, Cal., and Seymour Blair (age 12), Hôtel Ritz, Place Vendôme, Paris, France.



"KING EDWARD VII. PROMENADING." BY SEYMOUR BLAIR, AGE 12. (GOLD BADGE.)

Silver badges, J. Deems Taylor (age 15), University Heights, New York City, James S. Wroth (age 16), Cor. 5th St. and Cooper Ave., Albuquerque, N. M., and Milroy Carrie (age 9), Box 732, Owen Sound, Ont., Can.

WILD-ANIMAL AND BIRD PHOTOGRAPH. First prize, "Wild Deer," by Frederick S. Brandenburg (age 12), 22 Langdon St., Madison, Wis. Second prize, "Cinnamon Bear," by Florence Lang (age 12), 349 Hudson Ave., Chicago, Ill. No third award.

PUZZLE-MAKING. Gold badge, Antoinette Greene (age 17), 1821 7th Ave., Troy, N. Y.

Silver badge, Ernest Gregory (age 10), 8 Spring St., Marblehead, Mass., and William Ellis Keysor (age 10), 1326 S. 31st St., Omaha, Neb.

PUZZLE-ANSWERS. Gold badge, Margaret Wilkie Gilholm (age 14), 441 E. 29th St., Los Angeles, Cal.

Silver badges, Edythe R. Carr (age 12), 587 Public St., Providence, R. I., and Olive R. T. Griffin (age 11), Rockport, Mass.

Prizes are usually sent within fifteen days after the announcement of the names of prize-winners.

## WHEN WINTER COMES.

BY DORIS FRANCKLYN (AGE 14).

(*Gold Badge.*)

DEAR birds, you seek a warmer clime
When chilling blasts of winter blow;
I cannot bear to part with you;
Please tell me why you go?
They only sigh,
And make reply,
"Alas! It *must* be so."

Fair queen of flowers, sweet rose, you fade
And die beneath the frost and snow.
Please live! I cannot bear to think
That you no longer grow!
She bowed her head,
And sadly said,
"Alas! 'T is ordered so."

Why should the summer's dear delights
Be forced by winter far to go?
My mother, tell me; 't is so sad!
I 'm sure that you will know.
My mother smiled,
And said, "Dear child,
Some day *we all* shall know."

## "SNAP'S" CHRISTMAS.

BY ISADORE DOUGLAS (AGE 13).

(*Gold Badge.*)

MY name is "Snap," and I am a black, white, and tan fox-terrier. I am out in the woodhouse now, and I want to tell you about to-day, which has been my first Christmas.

For a whole week I have been as good as a terrier pup can be,—and it seems to me that is saying a good deal,—for the children had told me how Santa Claus would bring you presents if you were good.

I could hardly get to sleep the night before Christmas, and early in the morning I woke up. Of course I had intended going down with the children; but I grew so curious to see what Santa Claus had brought me that I got out of my basket in master's room and went softly downstairs.

The tree which had grown in the parlor the day before yesterday had blossomed in the night with glittering silver. However, I did not look at it long, but began to hunt about for the things Santa had brought me.

First, there was a beautiful doll. I had never had a doll before, and I began to play with this one right away. But she would n't roll when I put her on the floor, so I began to shake her, which was great fun till her head dropped off, and then I left her.

Then I found a ball; but I don't like balls much when there is no one to roll them, so I tore it apart to see

what was inside. It had smothery white stuffing; so I went on.

Next I came to a rubber cow. She was great fun, because I could chew her; but when I put my foot on her she squeaked, so I put her in the coal-hod.

Then I had some candy; but before I had finished it I heard the children coming, so I ran behind the tree and hid. When the door opened I quaked, for the room was all torn up, and fragments of the doll, the ball, and the candy were lying about.

"The rascal!" said master; then he saw me. After that we chased over the house for some time before he caught me. Never mind what happened next.

So here I am in the woodhouse. And I have n't a very good opinion of Christmas!



## OUR PRESENT.

BY NANCY BARNHART (AGE 12).

Illustrated by the Author.

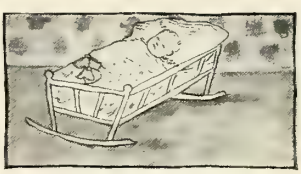
(*Gold Badge.*)

IT was early in the morning,
While the stars were yet in the sky,
We awoke to the fact that 't was Christmas—
Edward, Alice, and I.

We had as many presents
As Santy could make or buy;
Our stockings were almost bursting—
Edward, Alice, and I.

But we had one little present
Better than all the mince-pie:
We had a wee baby brother—
Edward, Alice, and I.

His hands and his feet were so tiny;
His eyes were as blue as the sky;
We liked him the best of our presents—
Edward, Alice, and I.

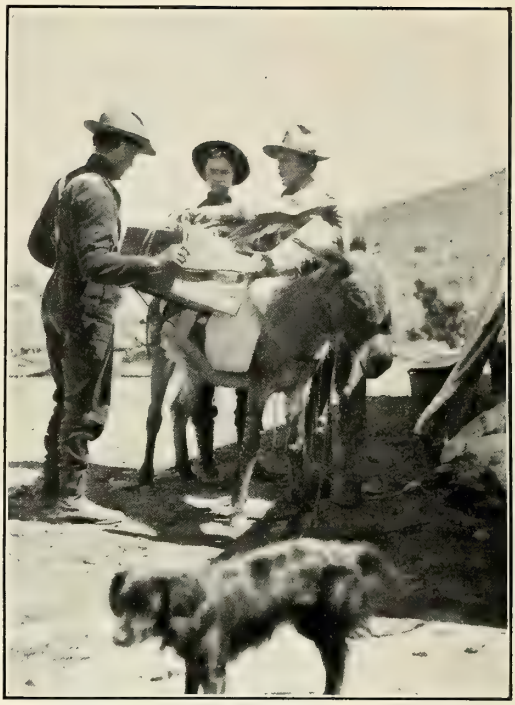


## MILLICENT'S NEW YEAR SURPRISE.

BY ELINOR C. HOLMES (AGE 14).

(*Silver Badge.*)

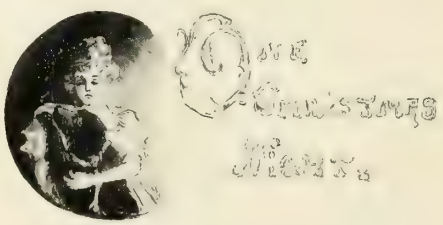
ON the day preceding the Christmas vacation, Miss Whitney, teacher of the ninth grade, stood on the platform, wishing the scholars a merry Christmas. Millicent Robarts waited till all the others were in line, then she stepped up to the platform. Miss Whitney smiled. "You will be back after vacation, won't you?" she asked. Millicent shook her head. "Are you going to a private school?" asked the teacher, laying her hand on the girl's shoulder. Millicent nodded. "Well, good-by, then," said Miss Whitney. Millicent hastily turned away. When she got to the door Miss Whitney called, "You will come and see me, dear." Millicent had to bite her lip to keep the tears back, but she turned with an unsuccessful effort to appear smiling, and nodded her head. Without waiting for the line, she sped down the stairs and out into the open air. She walked briskly home, ran up into her room, and throwing herself on the bed, cried as though her heart would break. Her mother questioned her at the table, but she begged to be let alone. After supper she drew her mother into a corner, and, sitting on the arm of her chair, told her all. Her mother spoke soothing words, and she soon felt better.



"PREPARING FOR THE TRAIL." BY JAMES S. WROTH, AGE 16. (SILVER BADGE.)

The Christmas week passed quickly, bringing pleasures that made Millicent forget her grief. But when the day came for beginning her private-school work, it returned, and she could not forget it. She entered the cloak-room, and after removing her wraps she walked gloomily along the corridor. As she neared the schoolroom door she felt an arm slip around her waist. She was surprised, for she knew none of the girls. She looked up, then started back. It was Miss Whitney.

"It can't be," muttered Millicent, as one in a dream. Miss Whitney smiled. "Yes, it can, dear," she said, as Millicent threw her arms about her neck. "You see, I 'm not a ghost or a vision." Millicent told her how she felt that last day. "Oh! I have had many pleasant surprises, but none so delightful as this New Year surprise," she added.



BY GLADYS RALSTON BRITTON (AGE 15).

(*Gold Badge. Illustrated Story.*)

THE snow fell unceasingly that Christmas night. The evergreens tossed their branches as if to rid themselves of their burden, while the old oaks only groaned.

But for this, there was no sound, except the sleet hitting the glass where a solitary street-lamp lighted part of a road which led to an old-fashioned country house.

The wind blew fiercely, tearing more a ragged sign tied to the lamp-post. The writing was blurred and indistinct; the only words discernible were:

$100 REWARD FOR RETURN OF SETTER DOG. STOLEN JANUARY, 1901.

Through the raging storm struggled a dog; he stopped once or twice to sniff the air, then crept close to the lamp-post as if hoping to receive shelter.

A rope hung from his neck, and his whole appearance told of a desperate struggle for freedom.

Slowly he crept on. Would they love him still?

The snow was drifting deeper and deeper. Shivering pitiably, he reached the broad piazza, painfully dragged his benumbed limbs to the window, and placed his front paws on the sill. His deep eyes looked full of hope; surely he would be remembered!

With a low whine, he feebly scratched the glass. One or two children turned, but thinking him a stray dog, resumed their games.

His brown eyes grew dim; his stiff paws fell from the sill: he was forgotten!

Ah, no; if he could have seen the tears that filled his little mistress's eyes, and how often she refused to join the noisy games, and the words, "Oh, Dan! this time last year! How cruel to steal you from me!" were on her lips, it would have made his dog-heart leap for joy.

On one of the many times that she sought the window she saw a dark object on the steps. Tremblingly she opened the door, and just as he was going away heartsick, he heard "Dan! Oh, my Dan!" and his mistress's arms were around his shivering body and he was borne into the house.

So kind and gentle all were to him, but to his heart none were so dear as the slender girl who still held him close and whispered: "Dan, your home-coming was not in vain, for we all still love you."

Safe from the cruel ones who stole him, and once more among his own, that weary, happy dog found love and comfort all his life.



"MOONRISE IN DECEMBER." BY J. DEEMS TAYLOR, AGE 15. (SILVER BADGE.)

## JACK'S JOURNEY.

BY FLORENCE R. BECK (AGE 11).

(*Silver Badge.*)

ROSIE had more dolls than either she or nurse could keep count of. Nurse cut paper dolls by the hundred, and these were very troublesome ones, for they were continually blown out of the window or into the fire. The more substantial dollies had all lost some part of their bodies. Poor Ethel, the big wax doll, was minus a wig and an arm, Lily traveled about without a head, and Gracie and Bella had each lost an eye.

The only one that could be kept in good condition was Jack, who was made of worsted. When he raveled, nurse mended him. When he lost a leg or arm, nurse sewed it on again. When he was bad, Rosie usually punished him by putting him in papa's overcoat pocket, which had hung on the hat-rack in the hall since the last cold weather.

This particular day, when Rosie was having her bath, she had seated Jack on the edge of the bath-tub, and the naughty boy had fallen into the water. After she had dried him on the heater, he was put in papa's overcoat pocket. When Mr. Raymond (papa) came home that night, he announced that as it was quite cold he would have to wear his overcoat on the next morning.

Rosie had forgotten all about poor Jack, and the next morning Mr. Raymond walked off with Jack dangling from his pocket. Down the street walked Mr. Raymond, and almost every one laughed at the queer spectacle. At the corner was a man who asked him if he was out of his baby-clothes yet. Mr. Raymond wondered what it all meant. At last a friend walked up to him, and, first asking him if he kept a toy-shop, told him that a worsted doll was sticking out of his pocket. Mr. Raymond immediately poked Jack into the depths of his inside pocket.

When Mr. Raymond got home that night, he told Mrs. Raymond of Jack's journey, and handed him over to Rosie with advice not to allow him to go on



"WASH DAY." BY MILROY CARRIE, AGE 9. (SILVER BADGE.)

such a trip again. The result was that Jack never again ventured out of the house, and Rosie has found other ways to punish him for misbehavior.

## THE DECEMBER WOODS.

BY JESSICA NELSON NORTH (AGE 10).

(*Silver Badge.*)

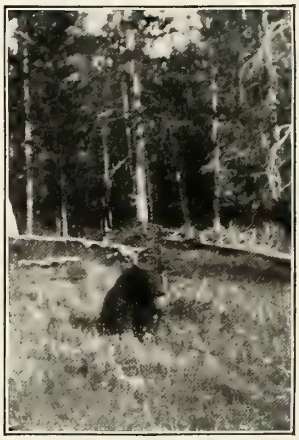
I ROAMED in the woods in winter
When the trees were blank and bare;
When the gusts of wind blew the snow in heaps,
In the path of the hurrying hare.

A few leaves clung to the tree-tops,
But those were old and brown;
And the winter breeze shook the snowy trees,
And blew the dead leaves down.

I gathered a bunch of ivy-leaves,
Still bright with autumn's glow;
I picked a cluster of berries red,
All sprinkled with feathery snow.

I reached the hill above the creek;
The snow began to fall;
And thick and fast the wintry blast
Blew snowflakes over all.

I turned my footsteps homeward,
Along the smooth worn track;
A chipmunk hurried up a tree,
With stripes upon his back.



"BEAR." BY FLORENCE LANG, AGE 12. (SECOND PRIZE, "WILD-ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPH.")

The dull gray clouds had parted,
And faintly I could see
That the early setting winter sun
Was shining down on me.



"A 'WILD' MONKEY." BY IRENE F. WEBMORE, AGE 14.

## FIRELIGHT PICTURES.

BY SAIDEE E. KENNEDY (AGE 14).

(*Silver Badge.*)

IN the firelight's fitful glow
Shadowy pictures come and go—
Pictures that I love to see,
For they bring sweet thoughts to me.

Thoughts of childhood's careless play
In the heaps of odorous hay,
In the fields where daisies grew,
Freshened by the sparkling dew.



"WILD DEER." BY FREDERICK S. BRANDENBURG, AGE 12. (FIRST PRIZE, "WILD-ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPH.")

I can see the old homestead,
And my little trundle-bed,
Where I slept till morning's light
Told me of new day's delight.

But the pictures that I see
Are not there for you, but me;
So I 'll hide them in my heart,
Nevermore with them to part.

## THE TALE OF A CUCKOO CLOCK.

BY MARGARETE MÜNSTERBERG (AGE 12).

I AM sitting in my study by the open fire, and the old cuckoo clock is striking seven.

Tell me, little cuckoo, do you know a story for the St. Nicholas League?



"NOT A WILD ANIMAL." BY KARL MANN, AGE 12.



"SAN LORENZO RIVER." BY JEAN FORGENO, AGE 12.

"Listen!" said the bird. "Far away in the Black Forest there stood a mighty oak-tree. It was rumored among the peasants that, being fairy-haunted, it would bring great luck to him who had its wood.

"When this tree was hewn down, the cutters gave the superfluous pieces of wood to young Richard, and from them he carved me and my house. I remember that as he was putting me into my abode, little Gertrude snatched me—and dropped me! Since that day I have had a little quiver in my voice.

"Soon your mother, who was traveling in Germany, bought me, to take me across the sea.

"'I made this clock of the lucky tree's wood,' murmured Richard, as he made me ready for sale; 'a few shillings—and that is all my luck!'

"Years have passed since then. But what do you think? Two years ago, when the full moon was shining into your study, on a cold December night like to-day, I looked through the window and saw a young man and a girl walk by your house.

"'Alas!' I heard the former say, 'why did I come to this country to seek my fortune? I have no hope to find it here, and we are all alone. Let us return to our home!' I cried my name to announce the ninth hour. Suddenly the young man turned around, and looked into this room.

"'Oh, Gertrude!' he cried, 'did you hear the quiver in that cuckoo's note? Do you remember the day you dropped the bird I had carved? Surely in that upper room hangs the first clock I made.'

"He stood still, then said with emotion:

"'The voice of that cuckoo is like a greeting from home. I have found a native friend in this country. Gertrude, we shall stay!'

"Since then they have passed your window many a night, and yesterday Gertrude said:

"'See our good cuckoo! To him you must thank your fortune. Now a hundred laborers are working in your clock factory. The oak-tree's wood has brought you luck, after all.'"



"A HARVESTER." BY MAY GRUENING, AGE 16.




"A MOUNTAIN TOWN." BY WILLIAM WARDEN BODINE, AGE 13.



"RING-ROUND-ROSY." BY FRANCES LEONE ROBINSON, AGE 13.

## POEM OF THE SEASONS.

BY HILDRETH BURTON SMITH (AGE 8).

THE trees are turning green,
And flowers can be seen.
Springtime is coming to us now.

The birds have left their nests
In the oak-trees' leafy crests.
Summer-time is coming to us now.

The trees seem nearly dead,
The leaves are turning red.
Autumn is coming to us now.

## THE CLOSING YEAR.

BY MARGUERITE BEATRICE CHILD (AGE 14).

THE time of mists and glowing leaves,
October, full of joy, is past;
And Winter with his snow and cold
Now walketh in our midst at last.

The trees are tossing long, bare arms,
The snow falls whirling swift to earth;
And over all the white-clad world
There rings the sound of children's mirth.

The wind doth sing the livelong day,
And glad its song, and sweet, though wild;
It telleth of a little Babe
Of long ago, the Manger-Child.

The mem'ry of that little Child
Brings peace and joy unto all men,
And helps them to be good and true
Until the Yule-tide come again.



"A LITTLE JAP GIRL ON CAPE COD." BY CHARLES ALMY, JR., AGE 13.



"DECEMBER." BY PAULINE CROLL, AGE 16.

## THE CAT AND THE RAT.

BY LILLIAN HILLYER (AGE 9).

'T WAS a moonlight night,
And out came a rat;
In looking around
He spied a cat.

Then came a scramble,
And then came a crash;
A stand was knocked over
And fell with a smash.

The pussy-cat hid
Behind the mat;
But no one can tell
What became of the rat.

The cedar-trees are white
From a long snowy night.
*Christmas-time is coming to us now.*

## WINTER.

BY OSSAN IBERG (AGE 17).

Illustrated by the Author.



THE wind, keen; gloomy the scene;
The snow deep and cold, the air sharp and bold;
But remember, it 's December.



"A PLEASANT SPOT." BY MARGUERITE WILLIAMS, AGE 13.

## THE MERMAID'S CHRISTMAS TREE.

BY GRACE REYNOLDS DOUGLAS (AGE 11).

(*A winner of gold and silver badges.*)

ILSA sat among the rocks down by the shore, gazing out at the sea.

She had left her companions because she wished to be alone to write a Christmas story.

Alas for Ilsa! She could not think of a winter story while the beautiful September sun peeped through his fleecy robes down on the clear blue ocean, and the sea-gulls were flying hither and thither, dipping their pointed wings in the whitecaps.

Her paper and pencil fell to the sands, and she nestled down, idle but happy.

As Ilsa watched a large breaker rolling in, she noticed something on its crest. It looked like a mass of seaweed. When it came nearer she saw that it was a little maiden with floating hair. She carried a large branch of coral quite close to the rock where Ilsa lay hidden from view, and then looked timidly around.

"'T is a mermaid," thought Ilsa, as she gazed eagerly through the crevice of the rocks.

Planting the branch of coral in the sand, the mermaid dived down, and brought up some pink and white shells and other sea treasures.

These she tied with bits of seaweed and hung them on the coral branch.

Then she brought a cluster of pearls, which she shaped like a star and placed on the topmost twig.

"Why, she 's trimming a Christmas tree!" murmured Ilsa, clasping her hands with delight.

The mermaid now brought some little jellyfish, which she stuck on the branches of the tree; they shone in shadows like candles.

When all was finished, taking a silver shell from her girdle, she blew softly, and soon a crowd of little round objects came rolling over the sand.

"Oh, they 're little sea-urchins, and this is their Christmas tree!" whispered Ilsa.

"Now, what tune shall we sing?" asked the mermaid, after she had distributed the presents to the merry little sea-urchins.

"Nep-tune! Nep-tune!" cried a chorus of wee voices.

"Neptune? Why, he 's the god of the sea!" cried Ilsa, in delight, jumping up from her hiding-place.

The mermaid gave a frightened look and raised her silver shell to her lips.

Immediately a great wave came rolling in, and mermaid, sea-urchins, and Christmas tree vanished like magic.

"Come back! Come back! I did n't mean to spoil your party!" cried Ilsa; but the only reply was the moaning of the breaker, which, returning, cast at her feet the mermaid's silver shell.



"A LITTLE QUAKER." BY GERTRUDE HERBERT, AGE 15.

## PAPA TURKEY'S WARNING.

BY KATHARINE VAN DYCK (AGE 12).

"SAY, pa," said Tommy Turkey
One dark December day,
"What makes you look so sad and thin,
While I am fat and gay?

"I feel as happy as can be,
For now the cook is kind,



"MOUNTAIN SHEEP." BY LOUISE CLENDENNING SMITH, AGE 15.

And gives just twice the food to me
That once I used to find."

"Come here, my son, while I explain:
You 're young and cannot know
How danger, woe, and dreadful pain
Beset a turkey so.

"I 've heard your grandpap often say
That every girl and boy
Just dote on turkeys fat and gay,
And pick their bones with joy.

"And so I say, beware, dear son;
Reduce your weight, and so live on."

## THE OPEN FIRE.

BY MARGARET STEVENS (AGE 10).

As I sit before the open fire,
Some thoughts do visit me
Of brownies and the fairies
And the mermaids of the sea.

And they stand before me wav-'ring,
Then they quickly float away;
Soon I hear them up the chimney,
And this is what they say:

"Oh, we belong to the open fire—
A life which is gay and free;
We pass our days in the flames so bright;
Oh, come, oh, come with me."




"FROM LIFE." BY J. ERNEST BECHDOLT, AGE 17. (GOLD BADGE.]

## CHRISTMAS IN OTHER LANDS.

BY WILLIAM BEUKMA (AGE 15).

It would perhaps be interesting to hear how people in other lands celebrate Christmas.

In England, Christmas is celebrated at the present time much the same as here; but before the Commonwealth they spent Christmas very merrily.

Each family procured the largest log they could, and on Christmas Eve it was dragged into the house and lighted. It was called the Yule log, and it was considered a bad omen if it went out before it was consumed. About a week before Christmas the men of the family went out to hunt a boar, for this animal was very common in England then, and one was brought home in time for the feast on Christmas.

The head of the boar was served garnished with lemons, and only a brave man was considered fit to carve it. The day was finished with merrymaking.

These customs died out under the stern laws of the Puritans until no traces remained.

In the Catholic countries, Spain, France, Italy, and Austria, Christmas is solemnly celebrated in the churches. In some Austrian towns they have a custom of placing lighted candles in their windows to give light for the Christ Child.

In Holland, on the eve of December 6 (St. Nicholas Day), the children used to fill their shoes with grain for the horse St. Nicholas was supposed to ride, and place them by the fireside. In the morning the shoes were found full of sweetmeats and toys.

The nearness together of the gift-days St. Nicholas Day and Christmas




"WHO IS IT?" BY MARGARET J. RUSSELL, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE.)

## ALMIRA, LOUISA, AND MARY JANE KENT.

BY MILDRED ELIZABETH JOHNSTON (AGE 12).

The father and mother had gone off to Boston,
Being twenty-five miles by the way which they went,
And leaving at home their three little daughters,
Almira, Louisa, and Mary Jane Kent.

The children performed all their small household duties;
Then, with laughter and singing and sighs of content,
They went out of doors and sat on the green grass,
Almira, Louisa, and Mary Jane Kent.

And then in the distance a yell smote the still air;
A horseman appeared, on his flying steed bent;
"The Indians! The Indians are coming!" he shouted.
"Run, Almira, Louisa, and Mary Jane Kent!"

The children stood stock-still, bereft of their senses;
Those terrible moments they came and they went;
Then all of a sudden their senses came to them.
"To the hall! to the passage!" cried Mary Jane Kent.

They opened the trap-door,—it creaked on its hinges,—
And down the dark steps of the passage they went,
With a prayer in each heart for God to deliver
Almira, Louisa, and Mary Jane Kent.

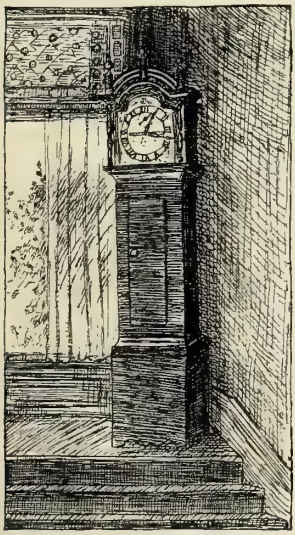
The Indians came on with dancing and singing;
They burned the old house, and to ashes it went;
But the children escaped through an underground passage—
Almira, Louisa, and Mary Jane Kent.



"OUR OLD SHOP." BY SAMUEL D. OTIS, AGE 12. (SILVER BADGE.)

caused them to be merged into one, and both were celebrated on Christmas Day. So St. Nicholas became associated with Christmas.

In Sweden, a sheaf of wheat is placed outside the door for the birds, and in some places a cake of meal is placed outside for the Christ Child.



"THE OLD CLOCK ON THE STAIRS." BY RALPH E. DYAR, AGE 17.

## DECEMBER.

BY ELSIE N. GUTMAN (AGE 14).

"See, the snow is falling fast;
Come out, sis, and play.
Do not poke up in the house;
Come out, come, I say.

"Now the sun is shining fine,—
Come out quickly, girl,—
And the sleighing is divine;
O'er the snow we 'll whirl."

Sister did not hear a word
(She's of the League a member),
For her mind was occupied
With ST. NICK for December.

## WINTER BUTTERFLIES.

BY ALLEINE LANGFORD (AGE 13).

Butterflies are coming, coming from the sky;
They are soft and fluffy—see how fast they fly.
They are coming faster, lighting everywhere.
Oh, how fast they 're coming, flying through the air!
Now they're blocking highways, lighting on the trees;
Then they fly or flutter softly in the breeze.
They have made a cover for the plants and grass,
Lighting on the housetops quickly as they pass.
Can you quickly guess, now, what are these butterflies?
They are tiny snowflakes falling from the skies.

## THE ROBIN'S CHRISTMAS.

BY MARGUERITE ASPINWALL (AGE 13).

The snow had been falling all night, and in the morning the sun had come out, making everything sparkle brilliantly. All the people in the houses came to the windows. "What a beautiful Christmas!" they would say, and later they would appear muffled in furs and buffalo robes and go for long sleigh-rides, returning with red noses and ears, to hurry into the house exclaiming, "How bitterly cold it is to-day!" Now all this was very well for people who had buffalo robes and warm houses, but for the poor little cold and hungry robin on the lawn the case was very different. He had quite despaired of finding a worm, for he had been hunting all morning without success. But worms do not love the snow; and yet he was so hungry!

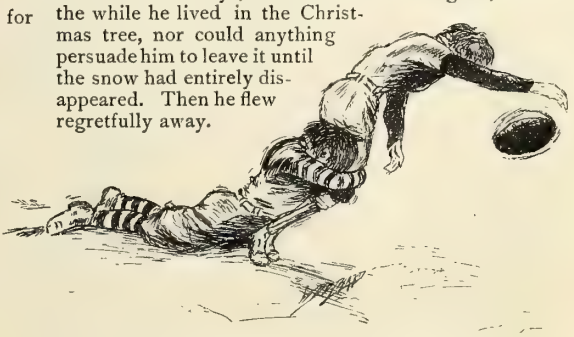
The cold increased. The robin settled down on a dead twig outside the window of a large house. Inside he could see a blazing fire, and in one corner of the room a fir-tree twinkled with candles and toys. Every one was warm and happy in there. They had plenty to eat, and need not mind the cold.

He left his perch and hopped upon the window-ledge, and huddled in a corner, shivering. Suddenly the window opened and a pretty little girl looked out. "Oh, you poor, cold, hungry robin!" she cried pityingly;



"BRINGING IN THE SADDLE HERD." BY EDWARD A. GILBERT, AGE 11.

and taking him gently in her hands, she carried him into the room, and shut the window. She took him to the fire, and gave him a nice meal of bread-crumbs, and then let him fly about. He was very friendly and grateful, and after flying around the room he alighted —where do you think?—on the topmost branch of the Christmas tree, where he remained very happily all day, looking gravely about him. He stayed in the house for two days, until the snow had gone, and all the while he lived in the Christmas tree, nor could anything persuade him to leave it until the snow had entirely disappeared. Then he flew regretfully away.



"A GOOD TACKLE." BY WALTER I. DOTHARD, AGE 16.

## THE ROLL OF HONOR.

A list of those whose work has been found worthy of honorable mention and encouragement.

### VERSE.

Janet Percy Dana
Frances C. Reed
Mary H. Cunningham
Emma L. Hawkridge
William Rose Benet
C. Brewer Goodsell
Edith Lambert
Ezhehnay Yale
Marjory McIver
Rosalind Ach
Florence Cochran Turner
Adele Gutman
Helen C. Coombs
Joseph Walker
Helen H. Cody
Marjorie Dyrenforth
Marguerite Stuart
Grace Harriet Graef
Pauline Angell
Leon Bonnell
Marcia L. Webber
Walter H. Haller
Alice M. Jenkins
Frances Fales Gordon
Elizabeth H. Sherman
Marguerite Eggleston
P. M. Price
Marnie Stearns
Carl Bramer
Mary Sims
Jeanette C. Klauder
Harry E. Wheeler
Daniel Stoneglass
Selina Tebault
Inez Fuller
Margaret Beirer
Margaret C. Hall
Helen Cromwell
Jessie Carey
Mary Kent
Agnes Churchill Lacey
Emily Barber
Benjamin F. McGuckin
Mabel B. Clark
Helen T. Sawyer
Irene N. Mack
Elizabeth Chapin
Edna G. Clark
Elsie M. Kraemer
Dorothy Bourne
Aloise Gebhardt
Charlotte E. L. Hudnut
May H. Ryan
Otto Freund
Birdie Bruns
Helen Reed
Edith V. Butler
Maurice Young
Floy De Grove Baker
Katherine Alice Crane
Bessie Neville
Lois Whitney

Lorraine Roosevelt
Donna Margaret Drew
Eirian Chittenden
Alma Jean Wing
Mildred Wurth Remare
Paul H. Prausnitz
Mary S. Marshall
Dorothy Garnett Beanlands
Marie A. Kasten
Hilda Millet
Harlow F. Pease
Helen Esler
Howard P. Rockey
David MacGregor Cheyney
James Carey Thomas
Isabel Robinson
Denison H. Clift
Alf Macbeth
Harry G. Salziger
Henry Goldman
Mary E. Scheinman
Charlotte P. Dodge
Rudolph Benson
Margaret G. Hart
Mary Childs
Gertrude Fisher
Louise Richards
Anna R. Cole
Blanche B. Baltzer
Ruth M. Peters
Julia F. Kinney
Margaret Hamilton
Gladys Knight
Earl VanDeman
Agnes Dew Lowe
Ruth Pasko
Ruth C. Sharp
Halle Schaffner
H. Frederica Buckley
Eleanor Wright
Anna Dutton
Margaret O. Guerber
Ethel Rispin
Annie Wagner
Helen W. Smith
Dorothy Averill
Dorothy Heroy
Michelle C. Ticknor
Charlotte Morrison
Gladys Crockett
Sarah Hinks
Roscoe Adams
Daisy Deutsch
Oda Andrews
Rosa M. Neale
Winifred Quelch
May S. Lilienthal
Florence H. Block
Marjorie Sawyer
Mildred G. Burrage
Norvelle W. Browne
Mary Shier
L. Blanche Phillips
Dorothea Sidney Paul
Margaret C. Richey
Erica Thorp
June Deming
Marguerite Reed
Beatrice A. Speier
Rebbecca Turner
Eleanor Clarke
Elsa Fueslein
Eleanor Bliss Southworth

### PROSE.

Marion Lenn
Mary I. Badger
Irving Babcock
Marion S. Comly
Maria Letitia Stockett
Helen L. White
Anna E. Holman
Margaret Prall
Eleanor Alberta Alexander
Sara D. Burge
A. Marguerite Dye
Beulah H. Ridgeway
Mabel Stark
Nellie Littell McCulloch
Wynonah Breazeale
Helen C. Jewett
Dorothy Maclean
Florence Marie Senn
Fern L. Patten
Ona Ringwood
Elizabeth Eckel

Yvonne Jequier
Julia W. Williamson
Pleasaunce Baker
James H. Daugherty
Carol H. Bradley
Edythe Nicholson
Manierre Dawson
Ruth Felt
Margaret C. Bradshaw
Aileen Gundelfinger
C. Wilder Marsk
Reinhold Palenske
Rose Fenimore Gaynor
Louise Moen
Joshua W. Brady
Nellie T. Graef
Rose C. Goode
Douglass Ferry
Florence Mildred Caldwell
Viola Gaines
Irving A. Nees
Katherine Hill
Clara Clement
Lucile Christina Mellen
Courtland N. Smith
Doris Cole
Katherine E. Foote
Lesley M. Storey
Margaret Estabrook
Mildred Winslow
Charlotte Morton
Edgar Pearce
Paul Micou
Raydia Squires
Grace L. Croll
Doris Webb
Allie Johnson
Albert Toppan
C. Alfred Klinker
Addison G. Brooks
Mary E. Brey
W. M. Laughlin
Elizabeth Bradley Dunphy
Mildred Wheat
Mildred Curran Smith
Sophie Hodgkin
Margaret A. Rupp
Mabel S. Baldwin
Marjorie Day
Harriet Park
Harriet S. Smith
Virginia Lyman
Laurence M. Simmonds
Jack Willets
Eunice Hussey
Constance Arnold
Sally W. Palmer
Alta M. Shaw
Theodora Kimball
Agatha Snow
Monica Samuels
Mary Seeman
Helen Ruff
Elizabeth Otis
Arnold Lahee
Eddie L. Kastler
Bertha Burrill
Alice Clark
Henry A. Young
Nellie Sellers
Mary E. Young
Delmar G. Cooke
Fred A. Demmler
Ruth E. Combie
Elise Donaldson
Margaret Aline Fellows
Ruth Noyes
Mary Eleanor George
Roger K. Lane
Monica P. Turner
Harry Barnes
Margery Bradshaw
Sara Marshall
Margaret A. Dobson
Rhoda E. Gunnison
Ruth Colby
Laura Gardin
W. Palenske
J. Nevin Pomeroy
Grace M. Buchanan
Henry C. Hutchins
Hildegarde Lasell
Helen E. High

### DRAWINGS.

Bessie Barnes
Ray Sapp
Pauline Vanderburgh
Dorothy Huggard
Chester Ivers Garde
Alice Seabrook
John R. Boyd
Alice Mae Gray
Caroline Van Denise
Morris Hadley
John L. Binda
Clare S. Currier

Mary M. Alexander
Thomas Porter Miller
Fanny Taylor
Clyde J. Allen
William W. Dyer
Alice Paine
Elinor Colby
Marguerite E. Gale
Katherine E. Butler
Elise Urquhart
Elizabeth D. Keeler
John Paul Jones, Jr.
Charles Wharton
Dorothy A. Bennett
Donald V. Newhall
Helen Holly
Karl Tiedemann
Kenneth I. Treadwell
Arthur J. White
George D. Roalfe

### PHOTOGRAPHS.

William Carey Hood
Laura Astor Chanler
Louise B. Myers
Louise Putnam
Hannah Stuart
John W. Seley
Thomas S. Eliot
Alida Smith Pear
Jesse W. Lilienthal
Mildred D. Woodbury
Gertrude Weinacht
Daisy de Hensch
Earl D. Matz
John D. Matz
Wendell R. Morgan
Elizabeth B. Milliken
Enid M. Schreiber
Frances Isabel Ormiston
Barclay White, Jr.
Anna B. McFadon
James Gamble Reighard
Leda Wallace
K. Bushnell
Grace Dickinson
Luke A. Staley
Lilla A. Greene
Charles R. Selkirk
Carl W. Boegehold
Loulon Sloet
Grace Dickinson
Anna B. Moore
Helena S. Lang
Lillian Menaugh
William Ives Washburn, Jr.
Chester S. Wilson
Margaret Boyd Copeland
Helen Frith
Campbell Townsend
Alice M. Gorham
John R. McCoy
Robert Y. Hayne
Matthew Gault, Jr.
Russell Hawes Kettell
James J. Polk
Elizabeth Coolidge
Fred Bonawitz
Freda Phillips
Katherin Coggin
Elizabeth Heroy
Edward Hooker Taylor
Edward W. Rice
Frances T. Parker
Gretchen Franke
Mary Noyes
Eleanore Raoul
Fay Ressmeyer
Elizabeth Tenney
Harriet Marston
Macy Willets
Charles S. Smith
Rachel Rhoades
Gertrude Hawk
Lena E. Barksdale
Paul G. Thebaud, Jr.
Ina F. Thorne
Ernest Gloor, Jr.
Fred Stegman
Helen L. Cooper
Violet Van Cortland
Enid Isaacson

Thomas MacIver, Jr.
Frances Mears
Dorothy Fay
Elsie L. Williams
Reginald French
Elizabeth Williams
Mildred Ockert
Adeline L. F. Pepper
Mary Thompson
Byam Whitney
Rebecca W. Hussey
Arthur P. Smith
Marie G. Ortmayer
Herbert Post
Edward B. Fox
Morris Pratt
Esmonde Whitman
Lydia K. Hopkins
Elisabeth B. Alley
Frank Bodine
Hildegarde Allen
Edith Iva Worden
Mamie M. Suddath
Alice Bushnell
Eleanor E. Dana
William T. Van Nostrand
Helen W. Reed
Mary Higginbottom
Margaret Denniston
Reginald Fitz
Dorothy Woodman
Isabel H. Noble
Dorothy Noyes
C. B. Andrews
Mary Noyes
L. Beatrice Putzman
Isabel Crosby
E. Marie Derge
J. Parsons Greenleaf
Elizabeth M. Hussey
Maud E. Dillard
Suzanne Glover
Bruce C. Kennedy
W. G. Cane
Mary H. Cunningham
George Willcitt
Eno Hanner
Hugues Jequier
Charles Yates
Warren Ordway
Nathalie V. Bailey
Rosamond Sergeant
S. B. Murray, Jr.
Ruby F. Allen
Ruth W. Schultz
Louisa May Waterman
Edward R. Squibb
Harold R. Callisen
M. G. Osborne

### PUZZLES.

Estelle J. Ellisson
Priscilla Lee
F. B. Rives
George F. Parsons
Gertrude L. Cannon
Dagmar Curjel
Doris Webb
Zane Pyles
Rosalie L. Hausmann
Ruth A. Benjamin
Marion Pond
Margaret Brown
Dorothy Miner
Elsie Fisher Steinheimer
Anna Benton
Herbert Allan Boas
Dorothy Calman
Irla Zimmerman
Maurice Elliott
Alfred P. Merryman
Gladys Williams
Elizabeth V. C. Jones
Helen Paxson
Ruth Bliss
Marjorie Wallbridge
Helen Greene
Leonora Stephens
Lucile G. Weber
William D. Warwick
Mayburry Smith
Belle Schonwasser

## LEAGUE NOTES AND LETTERS.

THIS is a photograph month. More good photographs have been received than ever before (with the exception of wild-animal pictures), and some that we use are unusually remarkable. For instance, we have one of the King of England taking a walk, as unprotected as any citizen; and, what is still more interesting, we have a special picture of our own late lamented and honored President. The following letter, which accompanied the photograph, explains how this picture was taken:

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: When President McKinley was out here he lived right on the opposite corner from us and I had a very good chance to see him. I shook hands with him three times, and he spoke to me twice. I have a very good picture of him that I took myself with a kodak, and I am sending it to you. It represents the President waving to his sick wife as he was leaving for a drive. She was up for the first time and at the window. I am fourteen years old. Yours truly,

PEARL SCHWARTZ.

Marguerite M. Hillery, a very old friend, says that all her friends take ST. NICHOLAS. Miss Hillery would like us to resume our "Gems from Young Poets" which used to be a part of the League. We will do so gladly as soon as we can get a little more room.

A lady writes to the League to suggest that one of the League aims should be courtesy and good manners. In England there is a Children's National Guild of Courtesy, which is said to be accomplishing great good. Certainly a like organization would not be out of place in America, and the St. Nicholas League members, if they live up to its ideals of nobler living, can hardly fail to be gentle and courteous in their deportment. Hence, those who wish to do so may, if they like, give to the League a subtitle of "A Society for the Development of Kindness, Courtesy, and Talent."

Doris Webb, an old friend and prize-winner, sends a clever and ingenious ST. NICHOLAS alphabet.

### THE ST. NICHOLAS ALPHABET.

BY DORIS WEBB (AGE 16).

A 's for the Articles — read by all ages,
B 's "Books and Reading" — most popular pages,
C 's for the Children who read it so oft,
D 's their Delight when it 's flourished aloft,
E 's for the Elves — inside without doubt,
F 's for the Fairies who often peep out,
G 's the Gold Badge — most earnestly sought,
H is for History — pleasantly taught,
I 's Illustrations — most lovely to see,
J 's for the Jingles — as gay as can be,
K 's useful Knowledge — so easily gained,
L 's for the League — its success has n't waned,
M 's for its Motto of learning and living,
N 's "Nature and Science," much interest giving,
O 's for Old numbers, now treasured with care,
P 's for the Poems we find here and there,
Q 's for our Questions when we "want to know,"
R 's for the Riddles that puzzle us so,
S for ST. NICHOLAS — long may it last!
T 's for its Tales of the present and past,
U 's for its Union of study and play,
V 's former Volumes, in battered array,
W 's Winner of badges or mention,
X is for Xcellence, sure of attention,
Y is for Young People — all of them need it,
Z 's for the Zeal of the children to read it.

Other entertaining and complimentary letters have been received from Louisa Wardrope, Dagmar Florence Curjel, Hugo Graf, Lucy S. Robinson, John Seley, John R. Boyd, Benjamin F. McGuckin, Anne Kress, Florence Rust, Benjamin F. Burch (with copy of the "Philatelic Era," a bright paper), Margaret Miller Burnham, Imogene Bastque Pierce, Bessie Marshall, Vera Matson, David M. Cheney, Ralph P. Blackledge (too long — cannot use material of this sort), Yvonne Jequier (with suggestion for a League for members over 18), Frederick S. Brandenburg, John A. Ross, H. H. D. Klinker, Anna L. James (with picture), Jean Olive Heck, Margaret Marsh, Wendell R. Morgan, Bertha Carmen Herbst, Curtis Hoppin Nance (with long letter on the Philippines — too long), Theodora Kimball, and with pictures from Hugh Melvin, Lovering Hill, and Gordon Burton Smith.




BY BETH HOWARD, AGE 14.

## CHAPTERS.

OWING to the great number of contributions received this month, and the many good ones selected for use, we have been obliged to condense our chapter report. All the chapters are prospering, and many new ones are forming. These will be reported as rapidly as possible.

### A FEW OF THE NEW CHAPTERS.

No. 361. "Valentine Chapter." Anna White, Secretary; eight members. Address, Box 174, Lansdowne, Pa.

No. 362. "Merry Six." Anna Smith, President; Marjory Marsh, Secretary; six members. Address, Decorah, Ia.

No. 363. "Cyclone City Club." Mary Sanders, President; Mazie Regan, Secretary; eight members. Address, Southwest St., Grinnell, Ia.

No. 364. "Jolly Six." Alice Rogers, President; Beatrice Weeks, Secretary; six members. Address, Grove St., Barre, Mass.

No. 365. "Clover Leaf." Three members. Address, 892 Elmwood Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.

No. 366. Louisa Hodge, President; Charlotte Hodge, Secretary; three members. Address, 316 W. 108th St., New York City.

No. 367. "Family Chapter." Eva Neill, President; James Neill, Secretary; four members. Address, La Grande, Ore.

No. 368. W. Barclay Doron, President; John Ross, Secretary; six members. Address, 312 E. 14th St., Davenport, Ia.

No. 369. "The Beavers." Florence Turner, President; Helen Conolly, Secretary; five members. Address, Brockville, Ont., Can.

## PRIZE COMPETITION No. 27.

THE St. Nicholas League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle-answers.

A SPECIAL CASH PRIZE. To any League member who has won a gold badge for any of the above-named achievements, and shall again win first place, *a cash prize of five dollars* will be awarded, *instead of another gold badge.*

*Competition No. 27* will close December 15 (for foreign members December 20). The awards will be announced and prize contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for March.

VERSE. To contain not more than twenty-four lines, and may be illustrated, if desired, with not more than two drawings or photographs by the author. Subject to contain the word "hope" or "hopes."

PROSE. Story, article, or play of not more than four hundred words. It may be illustrated, if desired, with not more than two drawings by the author. Subject, "My Narrow Escape," and must be a true story. May be humorous or serious.

PHOTOGRAPH. Any size, mounted or unmounted, but no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "Chilly Days."

DRAWING. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash (not color). Subject, "Sketched from Life." May be landscape or interior, with or without figures.

PUZZLE. Any sort, the answer to contain some word or words relating to the March season.

PUZZLE-ANSWERS. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS.

WILD-ANIMAL OR BIRD PHOTOGRAPH. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of a gun. For the best photograph of a wild animal or bird, taken *in its natural home: First Prize*, five dollars and League gold badge. *Second Prize*, three dollars and League gold badge. *Third Prize*, League gold badge.

## ADVERTISING COMPETITION No. 9.

A REPORT of this competition with a list of prize-winners will be found on advertising page 9.

## RULES FOR ALL COMPETITIONS.

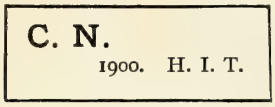
EVERY contribution of whatever kind *must* bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, *who must be convinced beyond doubt that the contribution is not copied*, but wholly the work of the sender. If prose, the number of words should also be added. These things must not be on a separate sheet, but *on the contribution itself* — if a manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, on the *margin or back*. Write or draw on *one side of the paper only*. A contributor may send but one contribution a month — not one of each kind, but one only. Members are not obliged to contribute every month. Address all communications:

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE,
Union Square, New York.

# THE LETTER-BOX.

BERKELEY, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I would like to tell you about the Cozy Nook Club. Last summer some of us boys decided to have a club-house in a tree. The boys in the club were Russell, Roland, Pier, John, Marshall, Sheldon, Lair, and Stephen (myself). We chose a tree to build the house in, and gathered up some lumber. Then we began building. First we put some beams across the branches, and laid the floor on them. John had some pieces of a shed-roof that he gave us, and we pulled them up into the tree by ropes, and we had a hard time doing it, too. We bought some shingles, and soon had the roof shingled to keep the rain out. Then our lumber was used up, and we had no money to buy some more; so we had a circus and made two dollars on it, and bought enough lumber to finish the house, and we are working on it now. The house is seventeen feet long, and six or seven feet wide. This is the kind of flag we have:




Our colors are blue, red, and brown.

Good-by, from
STEPHEN FIELD CHRISTY.

P. S. I will write some more in a few months about the Cozy Nook Club. I got ST. NICHOLAS last Christmas, and I was very much pleased. Roland is my chum, and Russell is my cousin.

---

FORT GRANT, ARIZONA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am an army girl and I travel around a great deal. Year before last I was in Cuba, and I stayed there a year and a half.

Often we would have a cloud-burst.

Last year papa was ordered away to Fort Grant, Arizona. There is an Apache Indian camp a half a mile from the post, and I see a great many Indians.

They make some of the most beautiful baskets and ollas I ever saw.

We have a great many Navajo rugs that we sent to Fort Wingate, New Mexico, for.

They are made by the Navajo Indians.

The post is situated at the foot of the Graham Mountains. Sincerely,

MARGUERITE COLE.

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MANCHESTER.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: As an English reader of your magazine I am interested in the letters concerning the Cromwell monuments. I believe that until last year the statue in Manchester was the only monument to Cromwell in England. Your correspondent in the July number gave a splendid description of the statue, but there was a slight mistake as to the name of the nearest station. There are two stations quite near, Victoria and Exchange; but Oxford Road is almost on the outskirts of the city. In the early part of last year a statue was put up in London. It is near the Houses of Parliament, in front of the old Westminster Hall. Cromwell is represented with a scroll in his hand, and wearing a costume similar to that of the statue in Manchester. He stands upon a granite pedestal, at the foot of which is carved a recumbent lion. The statue faces Westminster Abbey.

I have never written to you before, but I thought that your readers would perhaps like to hear about the Cromwell monuments from one who has seen them both. I take a great interest in ST. NICHOLAS, and enjoy the stories very much indeed. I think that the serial "A Boy of a Thousand Years Ago" was splendid, and I am very fond of all historical tales. Wishing you every success, I am, Yours very truly,

A "MANCHESTRIAN."

---

PARIS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My sisters have taken you for years and liked you very much. Now they are grown up, and I am taking you, and I enjoy all the stories very much. I especially liked "Quicksilver Sue," "Betty," and "Trinity Bells." I like the continued stories best.

My home is in Cleveland, Ohio, but we are all spending the winter in Paris. We have seen many interesting things. We have seen Napoleon's tomb, the Panthéon, Notre Dame, and many other places, but I like the little Church of St.-Étienne the best.

The other day we saw "Robinson Crusoe" given as a French play. It was very different from the real story. In the play, Robinson Crusoe was married and had a little boy. His little boy was fishing one day, and found in the mouth of one fish a piece of paper which Robinson Crusoe had written on the island, telling where he was and asking for help. Then Mrs. Crusoe sent an expedition which found him. Robinson Crusoe looked just as he does in pictures, with his big umbrella and funny fur cap, and his leggings made of skin. He had a real parrot, a sheep, and a dog on the stage.

Christmas Eve he went to sleep in his hut and dreamed of his home, and the scene changed and you could see what he was dreaming about.

On Christmas Eve here in Paris we went to midnight mass at St.-Sulpice. The church is very old and large. It was very crowded. We went an hour beforehand and only got seats near the back of the church. The church was lighted with a great many candles, and just before twelve a large star of red and pale yellow lights came out over the altar. At twelve o'clock the bells rang and the two organs began to play, first one and then the other, and the choir-boys sang Christmas carols. We all enjoyed it very much.

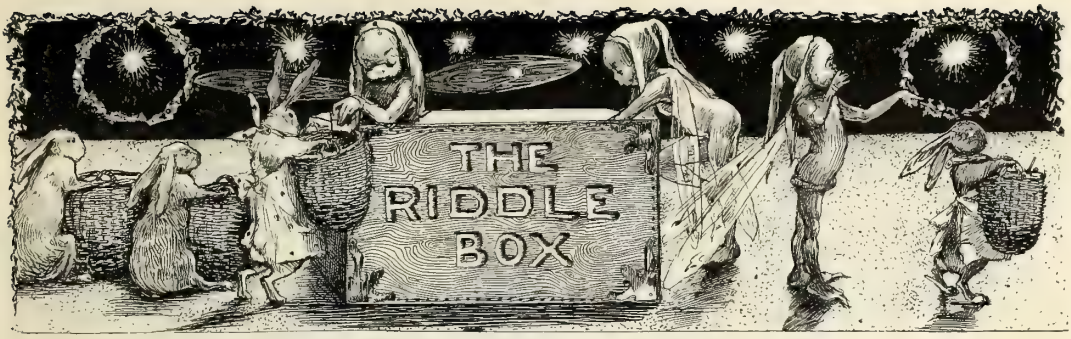
I am going to a French school here, where the children speak only French. We play in the Luxembourg gardens for an hour every day. The children here play mostly with green tops, which they hit with a stick to make go. I have one, but cannot make it go well.

The boys here wear funny little black aprons, and some wear wooden shoes; they make a great noise.

I have been down the Seine in a little boat, and have seen the Exposition buildings which are on both sides of the river and are very beautiful, but were not half finished then. Our French cook's husband worked on the roof of the United States Building.

I enjoy the ST. NICHOLAS more than ever, here in Paris, because I have no other English books to read.

From your twelve-year-old reader,
EDITH L. CUTTER.




## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, Pilgrim; finals, Fathers. Cross-words: 1. Proof. 2. India. 3. Liszt. 4. Girth. 5. Rogue. 6. Inter. 7. Miles.

LOST LETTERS. Pumpkin pie. 1. Le-p-er. 2. Mo-u-th. 3. Le-m-on. 4. Ma-p-le. 5. Li-k-en. 6. Lo-i-re. 7. Mi-n-ce. 8. Pi-p-er. 9. Po-i-se. 10. Cl-e-an.

CONCEALED WORD-SQUARE. 1. Back. 2. Area. 3. Cent. 4. Kate.

NOVEL ACROSTIC. Initials, Thanksgiving; central letters, Election Days. Cross-words: 1. Treat. 2. Helps. 3. Arena. 4. Necks. 5. Kites. 6. Saint. 7. Gloom. 8. Inner. 9. Vodka. 10. Image. 11. Noyls. 12. Gasps.

ILLUSTRATED NUMERICAL ENIGMA. Governor William Bradford.

DOUBLE DOCKINGS. Centrals, Church. 1. Pl-ace-d. 2. Mo-the-r. 3. Al-bum-s. 4. Be-are-r. 5. Sp-ice-s. 6. Fa-the-r.

DOUBLE DIAGONAL. From 1 to 2, Thanks; 3 to 4, giving. Cross-words: 1. Trying. 2. Chopin. 3. Graven. 4. Chintz. 5. Knocks. 6. Greeks.

NOVEL ZIGZAG. Cross-words: 1. An-ces-tor. 2. Am-bro-sia. 3. E-qua-tor. 4. Pli-ant-ly. 5. De-bat-er. 6. Pro-fes-sor. 7. De-ter-mine. 8. Con-tri-tion. 9. Pun-ish-ment. 10. Ex-cep-tion. 11. Pre-des-tine. Zigzag, Cranberries.

BEHEADINGS. Yachting. 1. Y-ore. 2. A-bout. 3. C-lever 4. H-ate. 5. T-ether. 6. I-deal. 7. N-arrow. 8. G-lobe.

PHONETIC ADDITIONS. 1. Sir-ten, certain. 2. Cur-ten, curtain. 3. Shore-ten, shorten. 4. Fry-ten, frighten. 5. Mole-ten, molten. 6. Lie-ten, lighten. 7. Tie-ten, tighten. 8. Hie-ten, heighten.

PRIMAL ACROSTIC AND DIAGONAL. From 1 to 2, Pilgrims; 1 to 3, Plymouth. Cross-words: 1. Physical. 2. Illinois. 3. Loyalist. 4. Garments. 5. Response. 6. Insecure. 7. Mutilate. 8. Strength.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS Riddle-box, care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE SEPTEMBER NUMBER were received, before September 15th, from Joe Carlada — M. Mc.G. — "The Thayer Co." — Louise Atkinson — Charles Stevens Crouse — Bertha Kellogg K. — Edyth F. Vermeulen — Margaret W. Gilholm — "Allil and Adi" — Olive R. T. Griffin — Pauline Coppee Duncan — P. W. White, Jr. — Edythe R. Carr.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE SEPTEMBER NUMBER were received, before September 15th, from Alice L. H., 11 — Daniel M. Miller, 9 — Ruth E. Frost, 2 — Florence and Edna, 9 — "Winifred and Bessie," 9 — Agnes R. Lane, 2 — Mabel B. Clark, 2 — "Etta, Betty, and the Bird," 8 — Ernest Gregory, 11 — "Somebody and Nobody," 11 — Norman S. Sherwood, 5 — Nettie Lawrence, 1 — Eleanor R. McClees, 11 — Marjorie Rossiter, 7 — Bessie Gallys, 3 — Rosalie L. Housmann, 7 — Grace L. Craven, 4 — Zenobia C. Aymar, 5 — Margaret Abbott, 1 — Willie Naeseth, 1 — Sara A. Cheesman, 1 — Alice Robinson, 1 — Gladys C. Hinckley, 1.

### DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

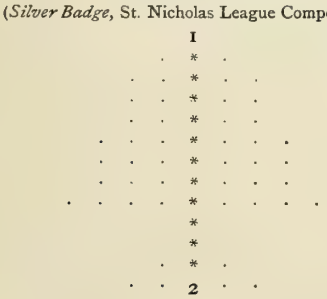
My primals name a well known author, and my finals one of his books.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. An old-fashioned dance. 2. A musical term meaning "slow." 3. Measure. 4. Instruments for cutting. 5. A city of Kansas. 6. A graceful tree. 7. In a light or affected manner. 8. To lead on. 9. Closer.

HELEN MURPHY.

### A CHRISTMAS TREE.

(*Silver Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition.)




CROSS-WORDS: 1. In Santa Claus. 2. A pronoun. 3. An Asiatic country. 4. Harmony. 5. Summer blossoms. 6. Conquest. 7. A European country. 8. A South American country. 9. Helping. 10. In Kris Kringle. 11. In Christmas. 12. Frequently. 13. Distinguished.

From 1 to 2, something pleasant to receive.

ERNEST GREGORY.

### WORD-SQUARE.

1. QUICK. 2. A part of the body. 3. To escape from cleverly. 4. A kind of earthwork. 5. General direction.

HELEN MURPHY.

### BEHEADINGS.

1. BEHEAD a garment and leave an animal. 2. Behead to hurt and leave part of the body. 3. Behead proportion and leave the goddess of vengeance. 4. Behead an idol and leave to study. 5. Behead market and leave a beverage. 6. Behead lofty and leave everything. 7. Behead to disguise and leave to inquire. 8. Behead a tiny particle and leave a masculine nickname. 9. Behead minute particles of stone and leave a conjunction. 10. Behead severe and leave craft. 11. Behead a vegetable and leave to cover with a preparation of sugar. 12. Behead a famous garden and leave a retreat. 13. Behead to see and leave one who keeps a constant watch.

The beheaded letters will spell the name of an object that may prove to be very common.

GEORGE FISH PARSONS, JR. (League Member).



### RHYMED NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

(*Gold Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

WHEN the omitted words are rightly supplied, the letters forming them will make the Christmas quotation in the last two lines.

The 29-42-39-14-30-10-43-28-38 bells are ringing;
Sweet through the 45-17-44-12-36-31-16-6 air
Comes the sound of voices singing
From the old 29-19-23-47-29-46-37 there.

Faintly at first they echo,
Then ever stronger 8-4-40-35-24
They fade in the perfect music
Of a single rapturous 22-33-47-15.

Higher it 21-32-42-43-21, and higher;
26-11-27-4-29-36-12-1 the starry sky,
Till angels once more sing 41-36-13-19 men
The 3-2-34, old 45-20-2-9-25-5.

It 4-36-47-18-21 from the vault of heaven
And 30-29-14-7-46-21 back again:
"1-2-3-4-5 6-7 8-9-10 11-12 13-14-15
16-17-18-19-20-21-22
23-24-25 26-27-28-29-30, 31-32-33-34-35-36-37
38-39-40-41-42-43-44 45-46-47."

ANTOINETTE GREENE.

### ZIGZAG.

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed, and written one below another, the zigzag, beginning at the upper right-hand letter, will spell a common name.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. One of the planets of the solar system. 2. To rend. 3. A feminine name. 4. Minute. 5. A bucket. 6. A spice. 7. To cry out. 8. To gather. 9. Fortune. 10. A fish.

ESTELLE J. ELLISSON (League Member).

### A CHRISTMAS ZIGZAG.

(*Silver Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

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. * . . * .
* . . * . .
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. . * . . *
. * . . * .
2 . . 4 . .
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CROSS-WORDS: 1. The South American alligator. 2. A masculine name. 3. Missile weapons. 4. Boundaries. 5. A mariner. 6. One who designs on metal by means of acid. 7. The highest point. 8. A maker of men's clothes. 9. A brook.

From 1 to 2 and from 3 to 4 are both familiar words nowadays.

WILLIAM ELLIS KEYSOR.

### A FINAL ZIGZAG.

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. . . 1 .
. . . . 2
. . . 3 .
. . . . 4
. . . 5 .
. . . . 6
. . . 7 .
. . . . 8
. . . 9 .
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CROSS-WORDS: 1. A well known fruit. 2. Gaiety accompanied with laughter. 3. A jewel esteemed for its fine luster. 4. A South American country. 5. A quadruped that is not as necessary to man as it formerly was. 6. A man of great stature. 7. A dwarf. 8. An Asiatic country. 9. To make a short stop.

From 1 to 9, a welcome holiday.

PRISCILLA LEE (League Member).

### CONNECTED DIAMONDS.

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    . . .
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I. UPPER DIAMOND: 1. In flabbergast. 2. Part of the body. 3. To bear from a more distant to a nearer place. 4. Finish. 5. In flabbergast.

II. LEFT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In flabbergast. 2. A measure for cloth. 3. To throw. 4. A tavern. 5. In flabbergast.

III. RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In flabbergast. 2. A tree which often grows to great size and lives many centuries. 3. A fine, soft, and valuable fur. 4. The whole number, quantity, or amount. 5. In flabbergast.

IV. LOWER DIAMOND: 1. In flabbergast. 2. An animal. 3. To part with. 4. A period of time. 5. In flabbergast.

From 1 to 2, what all like to receive at the holiday season; from 3 to 4, what all like to give at the holiday season.

DAGMAR CURJEL
(Winner of a silver badge).

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK.

# THE SOVEREIGN SOAP






# PEARS'

## By Special Warrant, Soapmakers to
## HIS MAJESTY THE KING

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# ST. NICHOLAS STAMP PAGE.

THE stamps of Austria have always been popular with young collectors. There are a large number of varieties, and the designs differ one from another to such an extent as to make the appearance of the page of an album, when completed, quite attractive. The prices also are not high, and there is, therefore, opportunity for the young collector to make a good showing of the different issues. Fine specimens, particularly of the early issues, are rare enough to give some zest to the endeavor to secure them. A similar statement will apply to the stamps of Hungary and Bosnia, so that these also may be secured by young collectors without much difficulty. It is always a good plan, when one does not have an unlimited amount of money to spend, to direct one's attention toward those countries which are interesting, but which, at the time, are not what are known as "fashionable" countries—that is, countries whose stamps are in especial demand by advanced collectors and whose prices have therefore been advanced unduly.



ONEPENNY STAMP OF JAMAICA.

The picturesque onepenny stamp of Jamaica, bearing upon it a waterfall, has recently been altered to meet the desire for bicolored stamps. These are always in great demand, not only by the public, but also by collectors, and any government issuing them always reaps a large revenue from the extraordinary sales which are made. The change in this instance is one which certainly adds greatly to the beauty of the stamp. All collectors will now be on the lookout for an impression of this Jamaica stamp with center inverted.

The Pan-American issue has been found with centers inverted in the one- and two-cent values only. There have been reports of other values, but none of them have been seen up to the present time by those who would certainly know them to be stamps with inverted centers. There have been many attempts to deceive by those who were endeavoring to perpetrate a joke upon collectors. The centers have been cut from stamps and they have been pasted upon others and sent through the mails. Post-office clerks are not in the habit of examining stamps to discover facts of this nature in relation to them, and therefore these altered stamps pass without difficulty. The one-cent Pan-American stamp with inverted center, while it is scarce, seems to exist in much larger quantity than the two-cent. It has been discovered in many parts of the country, and a considerable number of sheets must have escaped the observation of the Post-office authorities. There is no evidence, however, that more than one lot of one hundred stamps of the two-cent value with inverted centers ever reached the public.

The changes which are likely to take place in the stamps of Africa make that grand division always interesting to collectors. Italy has issued a new stamp for use in Tripoli, and the final settlement of the South African troubles is certain to produce many new issues, leaving those of the present time to increase in scarcity and value. The halfpenny stamp of the South African Republic recently surcharged E. R. I. existed in very small quantities, so that it was immediately followed by a surcharge of a halfpenny on the twopenny stamp of the same issue. Provisionals of this character are likely to be very frequent until the close of the war. It is reported that the French intend to do something to render portions of the Desert of Sahara fertile by means of a system of irrigation. It has been the custom of France to issue special series of stamps for each country or city under its colonial system, and therefore we may expect numerous varieties in case this work is done. There is no grand division in which there is a larger variety of design than may be found in the stamps of Africa. Those of Zanzibar and the French Congo show the bright colors and rude designs especially pleasing to natives, while the simple elegance of the new stamps of Southern Nigeria and the older issues of British Central and South Africa has not been surpassed.

One of the best ways for the young collector to increase the size of his collection is to purchase packets or sets of stamps. This is the cheapest way of securing stamps, and those who sell stamps thus can afford to make the price very much lower than they do when selling them singly. The principal difficulty in the past has been the fact that the collector accumulated too many duplicates. The largest firms, however, recognizing this fact, now offer packets and sets in series, so that one may buy one number after another with the assurance that the stamps previously purchased will not be duplicated. The number of stamps that have been issued up to the present time is so great that it is possible to furnish many thousands of varieties in cheap packets.

## ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS.

THE reason why some unused stamps of a face-value of a few cents each are catalogued at a lower price than those of stamps of other countries having the same face value is because there is a difference in the currency of these countries. This is sometimes an established fact. For instance, the currency of China and Japan is regularly about one half that of the United States. In other cases it comes from a special depreciation. This is the case now in the United States of Colombia, where revolutions have caused the paper currency to depreciate to such an extent that it is worth less than twenty cents on the dollar in our money. The face value of many stamps that are sold to collectors has very little to do with the price that is asked for them in the market.

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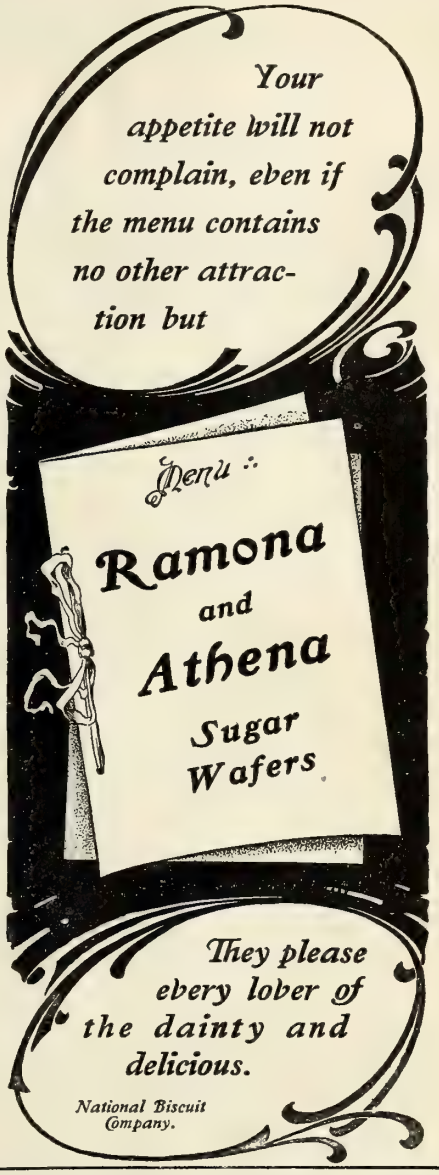
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PAN AMERICAN EXPOSITION

BUFFALO. 1901

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*One hundred dollars* in cash prizes.
Twenty prizes of five dollars each.

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Following is a list of firms:

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Cook's Flaked Rice.
E. R. Durkee & Co.
Eastman Kodak Co.
Electric Vehicle Co.
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Charles B. Knox.
Lake Shore & Mich. Southern R. R.
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The time of this competition has been extended to January 25th.

The report upon Advertising Competition No. 8 will be made in the January number.

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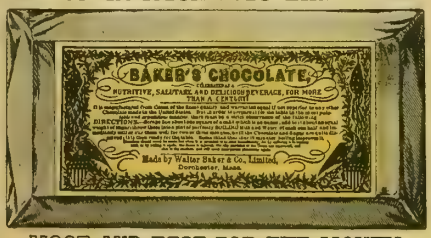
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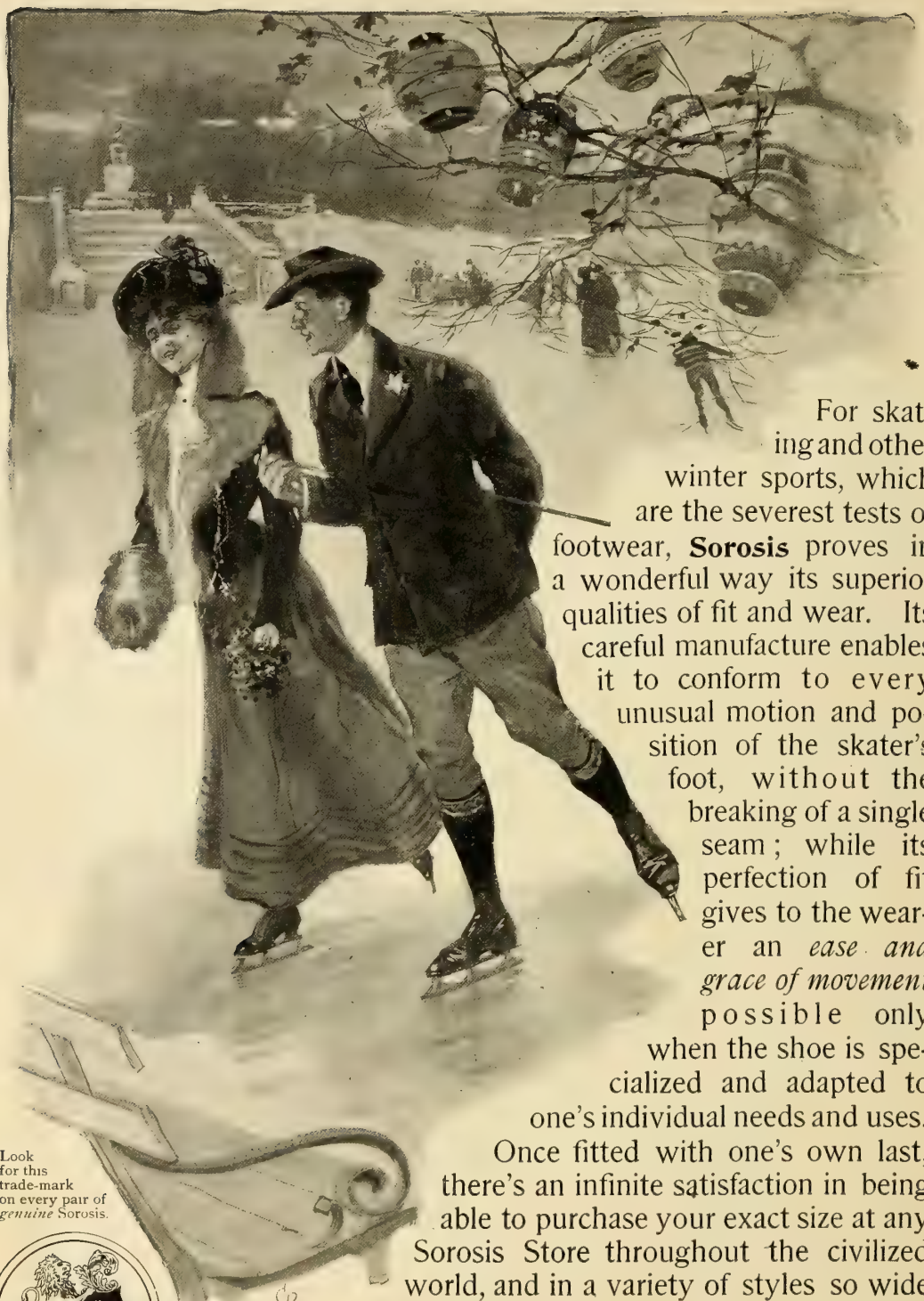
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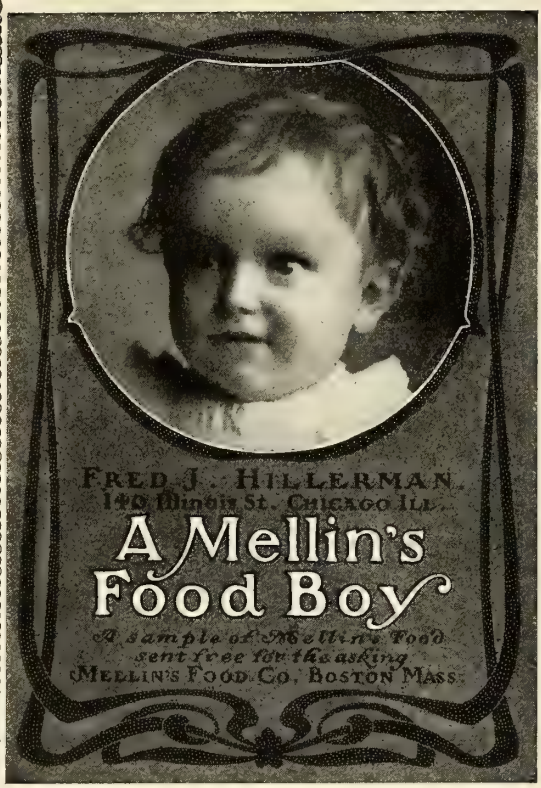


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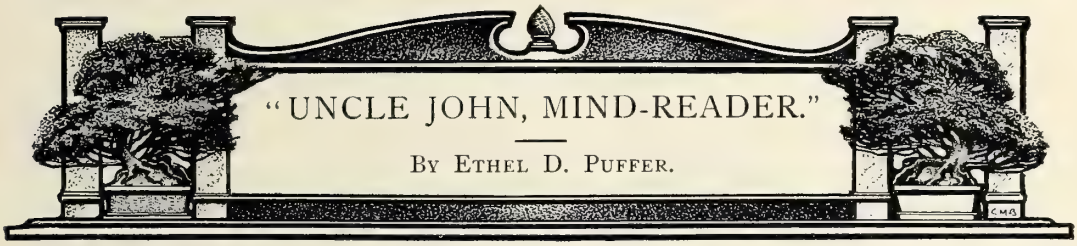


FROM A PORTRAIT PAINTED BY ADELAIDE COLE CHASE.

"SARAH."

# ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XXIX. JANUARY, 1902. NO. 3.



## "UNCLE JOHN, MIND-READER."

BY ETHEL D. PUFFER.

IF Peggy had not been so deeply absorbed in her thoughts she must have heard the footsteps of her Uncle John when he came and looked over her shoulder. The autumn rain was dripping from the dull yellow leaves of the trees, and whirling them in tempestuous voyages down the gutters on both sides of the street, beating the scanty grass on the lawn, the patient horses, and shivering passers-by in a persistent attack, as if determined to make its last effort of spite before the soft snow should wrap the landscape in its comforting embrace. Not a summery outlook, certainly, nor one in which you would have expected a lively little girl to find such promise of out-of-door enjoyment as would keep her restless attention chained for the long, silent half-hour that had passed; and yet this extraordinary uncle leaned over and whispered in the golden-veiled little ear:

"I think that you will certainly win in *next* June's tennis tournament, Peggy!"

Peggy wheeled round on the window-seat, quite pale with astonishment.

"How in all the world did you guess that I was thinking of the tournament?" she quavered. "I have n't said one word!"

"Oh, I 'm a modern magician, you know," answered Uncle John, gravely. "Any inquiries to make to-day about future events?"

"No; but truly," Peggy was insisting, when a gruff voice was heard from under the table, where a pair of spectacles seemed to be in imminent danger of falling into a bulky volume, — that may have been Cæsar, but looked like "Gulliver's Travels,"— read in semi-darkness between two dusty elbows.

"I 'll bet a penny," said the voice, "that you can't tell what I 'm thinking of!"

"Perhaps not exactly, most valiant nephew," said Uncle John, speaking this time with slow, rolling intonation and the air of a tragedy hero, "but I would wager the half of my ducats that — at — this — very — moment — you — are — wondering if Bacon wrote Shakspere. Am I right?"

The spectacled youth — Ted was fourteen, but looked older — was open-mouthed. "My gracious, you almost hit it!" he cried. "I *was* wondering if Shakspere ever visited Venice. Now, did you read my thoughts, honestly?"

"We shall have to call you 'Uncle John, Mind-Reader,'" was Peggy's suggestion.

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Uncle John settled himself leisurely in his big leather chair and turned a twinkling eye upon the eager children. "I was only tapping the regular telegraph line," said he, teasingly. "Ran a little ahead of time in your case, Ted."

"Uncle, you are horrid!" cried Peggy. "I just believe you willed us to think those things, like the wicked goblin I was reading about yesterday in my 'Gray Fairy Book.'"

"Well, I did and I did n't, little Peggy. Would you really like to know? It would n't bother you to hear a real explanation? After all, there 's nothing simpler in the world than my little trick. See, this is the idea of it: Suppose old Rover here on the hearth-rug hears you calling on the other side of a field of Deacon Jones's best timothy. *He* never stops to think that Deacon Jones will be furious, not he! He plunges across, the quickest way. Well, now, the next time Rover comes by that field, how is he most likely to go across? By his own path, is n't he? The way he went before. And if you stood on the other side and heard him barking, you 'd know pretty well at what spot the old brown nose would appear. Now in that restless brain of yours you 're making paths for thought all the time. You know that the postman does n't often bring you anything but your good ST. NICHOLAS, and you 've made a little path between your thought of mail-time and your magazine — and when the end of the month comes on, I fancy you travel that path pretty often when you hear the postman's ring. But for every thought you have half a dozen possible paths; only the one you travel oftenest is the one you 're likely to travel next time, and by just the same stations."

"I see," said Peggy, thoughtfully. "Then something made you think just now I was traveling my tennis-path?"

"Yes. About ten minutes ago Mr. Jenkins passed the window. Now, we don't know Mr. Jenkins very well; the only thing we notice about him is that every summer afternoon we see him driving out to the Athletic Club — easiest path for Mr. Jenkins! Well, then, Athletic Club. I knew you did n't play golf; I knew you delighted in tennis — easiest path away from the Athletic Club. Then I knew you wanted immensely to win the girls' cup; and I will confess I saw you put your arm into position for a good serve,— though that was 'no fair,' of course,— and there you are!"

"And for me," said Ted, "you willed me to think of Shakspere, did n't you? I know my first thought, when you began to speak so solemnly and slowly, was Henry Irving as I heard him last week."

"You 're right, Ted; and the path was opened to Venice by throwing the word 'ducats' in your way. But I 'd heard you discussing the Bacon matter yesterday with your father, and took my chances of your getting to that point in time for my question. So you see it 's like a sausage-mill: I throw in my meat at one end, and I can look for its coming out again in the particular kind of sausage you offer. Peggy makes 'em flavored with fresh air, and dew, and little girls' games; but you, old fellow, use decidedly musty spices of the Orient and bygone days. Then, there 's another thing, to go back to our paths: it is n't always the oldest and the broad-trodden, but sometimes the newest, if it is pretty deep-plowed, that you 'll take. You remember how I expected you to take the Bacon one, because you made that only yesterday."

Ted was plunged in meditation, gazing with wrinkled forehead into the fire. "I don't think I like that," said he. "You 'd know all a fellow 's up to, supposing you know his paths."

"That 's the point," laughed Uncle John — "supposing I know his paths! But I can tell you there are lots of things to find out about a fellow's paths. Suppose you and Peggy take your pencils, and I 'll show you what I mean."

Ted drew his fountain-pen from his pocket, but Peggy would not be satisfied until she had possessed herself of Uncle John's silver pencil and a sheet of mama's best stiff and crested note-paper.

"Now here 's a good gray word," said Uncle John; "no especial paths made for it, no especial exploration of its country, so we can start fair. Now write down as quickly as possible a list of words in the order in which they come into your minds after writing the first word, and — we shall see what we shall see. Attention! Present pencils! Now, all ready: Horse!"

For three minutes there was a diligent scratching Ted stared into vacancy, and now and again made as if he would clutch a hovering thought, and Peggy suspended her pencil in the air; but they put the final flourish together. Here are the lists as Uncle John read them out:

| PEGGY. | | TED. | |
|---|---|---|---|
| horse | Dr. Lane | horse | perseverance |
| carriage | examination | quadruped | gymnastics |
| drive | grandma | Jungle Book | Greece |
| trees | | Kipling | |
| birds' nests | | author | |
| collection | | fame | |
| school | | study | |

"Peggy, my dear," said Uncle John, "it is easy to see how your mind works. You love woods and out-of-door games; and the school, and Dr. Lane your teacher, and the examination lead your thoughts only to what comes after them in spring — grandma's farm and all your country sports. And your paths are between things all of the same kind — every-day things that have been together in the same picture in your mind, so that the paths between them are well worn. As for you, Ted, it 's not hard, of course, to trace the reading and study that most interest you now. But more important is the *way* you think. Quadruped and author, you 'll notice, are more *general*, as we say — that is, refer to larger classes of objects than horse and Kipling; and the thing that made the path between them easy is not their being together in experience, like Peggy's horse and carriage, but the fact that the quality of four-leggedness, which a horse has, is the mark of the quadruped. It 's as if you broke up the notion 'horse,' and took a part of it, and made that the name of a class. The philosopher would say that you went from the single or particular to the general — and that 's what he does himself! I 'm not sure you have n't the making of a Lord Bacon in yourself, old fellow!"

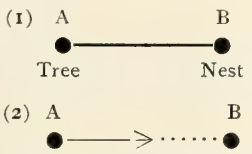
"Oh, Ted, how splendid!" broke in Peggy; but her uncle had not finished his talk.

"Now, the name of this path-traveling in the mind," he went on, "is the association of ideas; and according to the kinds of ideas that are associated together — that have paths between them, you know — we name it *outer* or *inner* association: outer for the ideas of things that we 've seen together in the world, like Peggy's horse and carriage, as I said before; inner for the ideas of things that have n't time or place in common, but only another idea — like Ted's four-leggedness."

Peggy laughed out here, and was frowned on by her philosophical brother, who then proceeded to show the character his uncle had given him.

"I don't see yet what makes one thought come after another," he insisted. "It is n't just like Rover, after all — for Rover was looking out for the easiest way. He knew beforehand what he wanted — to get across the field to me. But when I 'm thinking, I don't know beforehand what I want, and I 'm certainly not looking out for the easiest way to think."

"Ted," said Uncle John, "you are a rash boy, for you have brought on yourself a rather long explanation, without which I can't answer your question. You know, of course, that you can't think without that active brain of yours, which is made up of billions of tiny cells and nerve-paths between the cells. For thinking *is n't* your brain; and yet for every movement of your thought something happens there. What it is we don't know, but perhaps something like an electric current from cell to cell along the nerve-paths. Now, suppose sometime last summer Peggy was in the woods and went bird-nesting. The ideas of the trees and the birds' nests were together in her mind, and some kind of a change took place in her brain, corresponding to each idea. We 'll say — just for a rough scheme — that the little brain-cell A" (Uncle John drew out his pencil) "was

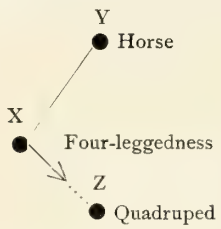



charged or excited for the tree, and the little cell B for the nest. And then there was a breaking through of this current of the nerve-path between A and B, because both were active at the same time. Now, next time when A was charged with a current — when Peggy thought of carriage and then of trees — that little nerve-path which had been broken through

once before between A and B let the current through again to cell B, and consequently, B being excited, Peggy thought of birds' nests again."

"But horse and quadruped were never together in any such way in my life, Uncle John."

"I don't know, my boy; they may have been. Perhaps you saw the words together in the dictionary; and, if not, the parts of them were. That is, a horse has a good many other qualities besides his four-leggedness, but four-leggedness




belongs to horses and quadrupeds together. Now, if the brain-cell X for four-leggedness has sometimes had a current between it and Z for quadruped, and sometimes between it and Y for horse, when X is excited,—as when I said '*horse*,'—then the current is likely to break right through where it had been before—and then you think of quadruped. And now, since I 'm among the big words, I may as well give you two more. What we 've been playing with is what they call *successive* association—"

"One idea after the other?" put in Ted.

"Just so. But did you ever think that we often have a lot of ideas at once? If I say 'ocean,' you hear the word, and you get an image of the big blueness and the sails and gulls, and a feeling of the salt air, and all those ideas rush together to make the one meaning. The sound of the word 'ocean' sends a current all at once into all those other ideas that make up the whole. Don't you know, when one particular kind of clang is heard down the street, Ted, you think the word 'fire-engine'?—and the picture of a shining thing with men hanging over it, and galloping horses, and general excitement; and all these ideas rush together, so that, at the second of hearing the clang, you shout and rush to the window. Well, that sort of thing we call *simultaneous* association."

"Uncle John," said Peggy, "you know last night I was thirsty, and I crept down in the dark to get a glass of water from the sideboard, and in the hall I ran across something big and furry—oh, I nearly screamed out with fright! But the next minute I touched a button, and I almost laughed out. What do you suppose it was? Your big fur-lined coat—it just came over me in a flash! and I could just see the nice old gray thing with the frogs and the big collar: was that si—simultaneous association?"

"Exactly," said Uncle John. "Something like playing blindman's-buff. If I catch a tip of your curls, I can see and hear and touch you all at once—you and all your naughtiness!"

"But, Uncle John," pursued Ted, "I 'm not sure that it works that way with me. When *I* run across anything in the dark, I don't see a picture of the thing in my mind. It 's as though something shouted it out at me—'table!' or 'sofa!' And when you say 'ocean,' I don't see it, or only a little. I think of the waves dashing, and the wind whistling in the sails."

"Well, well!" cried his uncle. "We 're finding out all your secrets! Do you know you have an auditory imagination? That means you think first with your ears, so to speak. It 's just as truly simultaneous association as the other, only your paths are between ideas of sound, of hearing, and not of sight. Peggy, here, is a visualizer." Peggy looked scared. "That means, of course, that she thinks mostly in terms of sight. Now, I am what they call a motor type; that is, I think in terms of moving. And my simultaneous association, even for fire-engine, is n't half so much of the shining object as of the dash which I make to the window to see it; and for 'ocean,' it is much more my own movements in swimming, or even of saying the word 'ocean' with my own lips. Of course these different ways of imagining and remembering things can be combined in the same person, nearly always are so, only usually some one way is stronger than the others. Did you ever hear of the curious diseases called mental blindness and deafness? I knew a man once who was afflicted with the first. If he saw a table, for instance, he did n't know what it was for; could n't call it by name. His boots he would be as likely to call his hair-brush

as anything; and yet if he *touched* the things, he knew at once what they were. You see what had happened. His association-paths for sight-sensations had been broken up. What kind of association was it that was lacking, Ted?"

"Simultaneous!" cried Ted, proudly. "Because the sight of the boots ought to have sent the current rushing to the sound of the word 'boots,' and the motions he would make putting them on, and — oh, everything!"

"Well," said Uncle John, "then perhaps Peggy can tell me how mental deafness would act. If a man really hears a bell ring, but is mentally deaf—"

"Why, then," said Peggy, doubtfully, "I suppose he would know that something was there, but he would n't know what it was, or see a picture of it in his mind, or obey its call to dinner."

"Well, then, since you are such clever children, perhaps you can tell me which kind of disease would be worse for each of you — Ted, the auditory, and Peggy, the visual young person."

This was easy. "Why, mental deafness," cried Ted, "for me, because most of my simultaneous associations come in sound, and I understand sounds better." And Peggy was equally sure that, as she always paid more attention to the looks of things, not to understand what she saw would be dreadful.

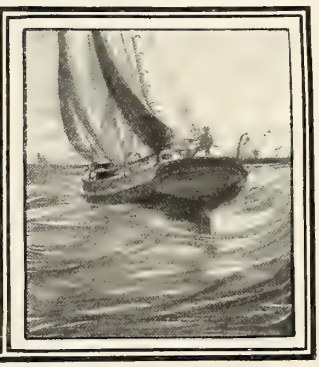
"Dear me!" said Uncle John, at length. "I 'm finding out about all your paths more than I ever knew before. And you see what a dangerous thing it is to get any paths broken through that you don't want to be dependent on or to go on using."



Ted was quite pale. "But, uncle, that 's perfectly frightful!" he cried. "Suppose I do something selfish once, or suppose I think of something very wrong or mean once—then that old nerve-path is there, ready to break out again as soon as one end of it is touched up,— and I 've got to think the mean thing, have I? Uncle John, have I got to think always of telling a lie — every time I get caught whispering in school?"

Peggy looked up as if she remembered something, and Uncle John had clearly not forgotten that shameful episode, either.

"I suppose you have, old fellow, unless you break out over and over again some new path for the current to take. Make your new path deep and wide enough, and it will go on broadening itself until the old one is quite overgrown. Make your new resolution a regular shock! Do you remember our discussion last year about Dan O'Brien's taking the pledge? How you said it was nonsense that a man with intelligence enough to keep a whole greenhouse going should n't have enough sense to know what drunkenness meant to himself and his family? and how I encouraged his resolve? That was just to make his new path deep enough. Every time he thinks of the drink now, the brain-path to church and the signed promise and his wife's joyful face is shorter than the brain-path to the saloon; and every time the current does n't break through and he does n't go down to the corner, there 's a deeper track in the one path and a weed grown in the other. Pretty soon the current can't break through any more. Well, Ted, you 're about to remark that my figures are getting mixed, as indeed they are. But I 'll tell you there 's nothing that 's so dreadful or so comforting to think of as this matter of these brain-paths of association — dreadful or comforting according as you find that you 're drifting wrong or steering right."





PROFESSOR PAYNE AT THE TELEGRAPH-KEY GIVING THE TIME SIGNAL OVER ELEVEN THOUSAND MILES OF WIRE.

# HOW WE SET OUR WATCHES BY A STAR.

By W. S. Harwood.

It seems as if we are doing about everything we wish to do these days: we harness the lightning, hitch it up to our thought, and drive it around the world in the twinkle of an eye; we whisper, and our friend hears us a hundred miles away; we turn a button in the dark, and call a messenger from the unseen, and the invisible sprite makes our room to glow like midday; we are even getting our wings in trim to fly, and who knows but that one of these fine days we may set sail on the ocean of the air at New York in the morning and take supper in Chicago?

We are living in an age of magic — such magic as the fancies of the old-time story-tellers never matched.

While we know a good many things about the mysterious in our modern life, yet perhaps a good many people do not know very much about one of the very common acts of their life — the setting of their timepieces. Whenever you are in doubt, these days of miracles, as to whether your watch is keeping good time or not, you set it by a star. You might have a sun-dial and try to set it by that, or you might have an hour-glass and let the sand run in and out of its cone-like sections, or you might try to keep your timepiece in good running order by the rising and the setting of the sun as recorded in the almanac; but any one of these methods would, in these days of precision, be apt to throw you out of gear with the rest of the world. You could n't catch trains on such time, and the tardy-list in the schools would be black with names if boys and girls attempted to go to school on such time as this.

No; you must set your watch by a star if you wish to be up with the times these days.

Out of the vast number of stars in the heavens, and visible to the eye at night, and out of the much greater multitude that celestial photography is bringing forth on its negatives, there are some six hundred that may be depended upon, stars that have so long been watched by the astronomers that they are known to be practically invariable. Any one of these you

may set your watch by, but it would be rather a difficult thing for you to pick out the star you wanted yourself, and even if you should select the right one, you would not be likely to know just how to go to work to regulate your timepiece.

For about two centuries most of these six hundred stars have been under the critical eyes of the astronomers, who have measured their exact places in the skies again and again. It has thus come to be known that these stars cross the meridian of any place at certain times every night. The meridian of any place is the line the sun crosses there at noon — an imaginary line from pole to pole, directly overhead, dividing east and west. The times when the stars so cross the meridian are predicted by the astronomer years in advance, and tables are made which are exact to a small fraction of a second. After the astronomers, through long series of years of testing, found this out, it occurred to somebody that here was a perfect test for timepieces. Perhaps we owe it mainly to the great railroad companies that the time of the country finally became regulated throughout the length and breadth of the land. Railroad companies must have regulartiy in their schedules; they cannot run their trains according to clocks and watches that do not agree; priceless human life and property beyond valuation would pay the penalty of such policy.

It is three minutes to nine o'clock at night. The official in charge of a great observatory, the Goodsell Observatory, Northfield, Minnesota, is preparing to send out the time to the people living in his section of America. For sixty seconds he rattles away on a telegraph-instrument at his desk, spelling out the word "time, time, time"; then he waits an instant. Then he turns to his telegraph-key again. Eleven thousands of miles of wire are open to him; he is ruler of them all. Every telegraph-instrument in all the vast territory of which the Goodsell Observatory is the center is silent; every operator has taken his hand from his key; throughout the whole length of these thousands of miles there is a strange silence.

The seconds are slowly ticking away. Above the head of the observer there is a great observatory clock. At precisely two minutes to nine, after the telegraphers all along the miles of wire have been notified and have withdrawn their hands from the keys, the wires are switched into a connection with the very clock itself, and all along the eleven thousands of miles there is no sound but the tick, tick, tick of the observatory clock. Every beat of the great arteries of commerce is stopped; every throb of the news of all lands going out night by night over these wires from the great heart of the world ceases; even the sad messages of death and suffering, as well as the gay ones that tell of little babies born and young folks married and reunions of friends promised — all these must wait while the great clock on the wall makes itself understood in the language of time and eternity over these many thousands of miles.

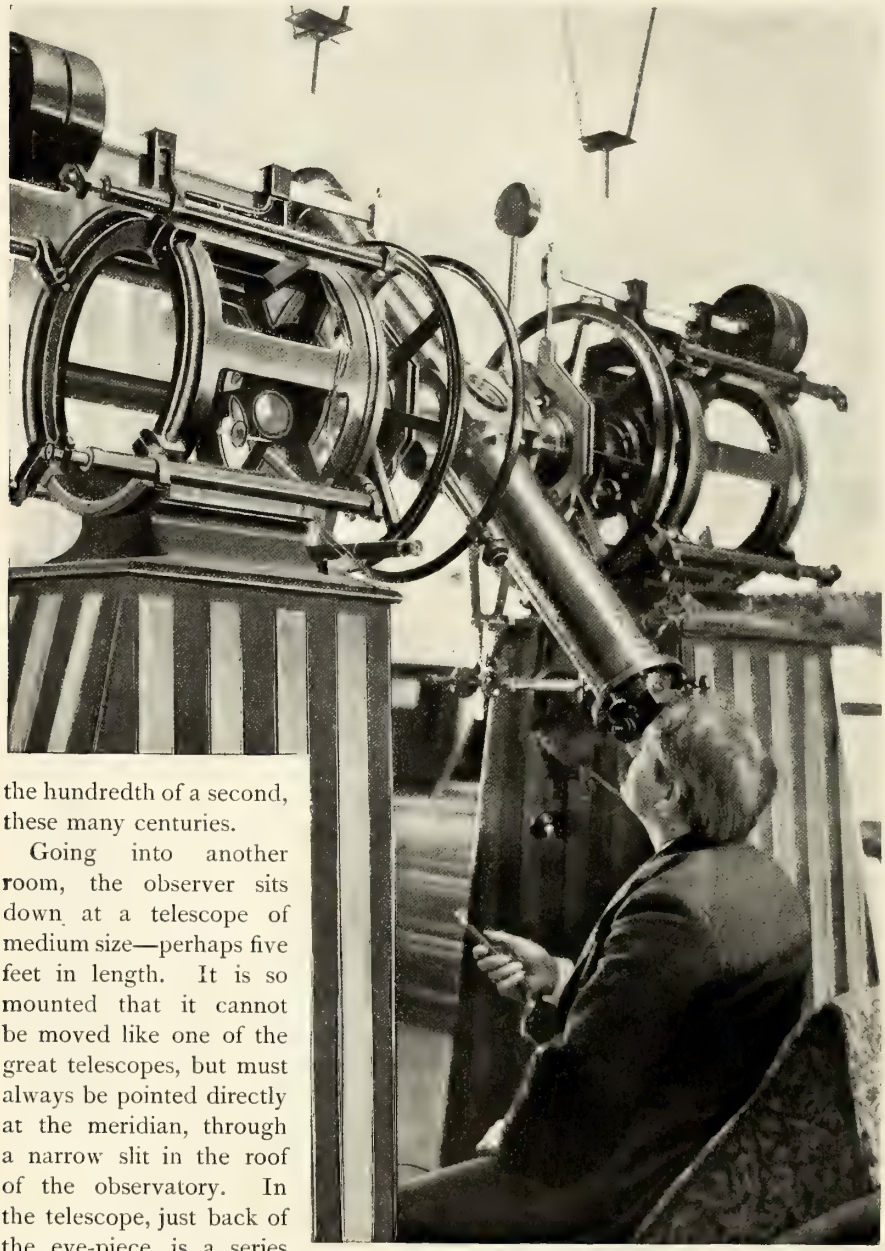
Something strangely solemn is in one's thoughts as he stands beside the observer amid the silent seconds while the clock ticks on. Whoever is listening at the wire along its course, waiting to set his watch, whether he be a railroad employee or some man in a large jeweler's establishment where the people go to get their timepieces regulated, knows the system, and knows that there is a sudden pause just before the exact stroke of nine o'clock — a broken beat in the ticking. Then all carefully note their timepieces as the clock in the observatory ticks the nine-o'clock second. Thus they can tell to the second whether their watches are fast or slow or precisely right.

Attached to the clock is a simple device,— a wheel with teeth in it,— located behind the second-hand, which breaks the current at each even second. Thus the clock is ticking the time over the whole stretch of wire covering the thousands of miles of territory in the field of this particular observatory.

But the best-made clock in the world is not infallible; even our splendidly constructed observatory timepiece has its faults, and so somewhere there must be something to regulate even the regulator. This "somewhere" is in the sky, and the "something" is the silent clock-setting star in the far heavens, something that never changes, that has no shadow of variableness amid the changes of earth, a second-hand on the dial of God. The astronomer picks out a star chosen from the six hundred.

He knows by his catalogue the exact moment the star sweeps over his meridian at a certain time of night. The star has been on time, to the hundredth of a second, these many centuries.

Going into another room, the observer sits down at a telescope of medium size—perhaps five feet in length. It is so mounted that it cannot be moved like one of the great telescopes, but must always be pointed directly at the meridian, through a narrow slit in the roof of the observatory. In the telescope, just back of the eye-piece, is a series of very fine, thread-like wires. The observer has no step-ladder tall enough for him to stand on its top and draw a chalk-mark across the sky, a meridian line for the star to cross, so he must have these wires inside the telescope, serving the purpose of lines on the sky. There are eleven of these wires, and the middle one is the exact meridian — when the star crosses that line it is the precise instant of its meridian time, the time to a hundredth of a second which is recorded in the catalogue of stars.



WATCHING AND RECORDING THE PASSING OF A STAR OVER THE MERIDIAN LINE.
In the observer's hand is an electric key connected with the chronograph.

The observer holds in his hand, as he sits below the telescope, the telegraphic key attached to a long wire running out into another room, where the wire is attached to a little instrument called the chronograph, that is, time-writer. The chronograph has a cylinder about a foot in length and perhaps six inches or so in diameter. This cylinder is covered with white paper, and when you look at it you see many lines on it all running parallel to one another. Attached to a tiny framework is a fountain-pen, the point resting on the paper. The cylinder slowly re-

volves, and as it does so the pen traces a line upon it. This line would be straight all the way around but for the fact that an electric connection is made with the clock, so that every second time the clock ticks it jars the pen, or interrupts it in its course, and it makes a little jog in the line.

The clock was set the night before, by the star when it crossed the meridian; but, for one reason or another, it may have lost or gained the fraction of a second. The observer at the eye-piece of the telescope watches the oncoming star with the very closest attention. The instant it comes into his field of vision, just as it begins crawling across the wires, he gives a squeeze to the telegraphic key. At the moment of this squeeze the fountain-pen, attached to the key by the wire, gives a tiny jump and makes a slight bending in the line. As the star crosses each wire the observer presses the key, so that there are eleven indentations made as the star crosses the field and passes out of sight on its celestial way. It has not been stopped a fraction of an inch in its journey through space, but the observer has timed it in transit, and no matter how fast it may have been fleeing through the heavens, it has yet been closely watched by the man at the telescope until he could record its movements. As the star passed the sixth wire the pressure for that line, its meridian line, registered the precise fraction of a second at which the star crosses the line. Then, as the clock has been marking its own time off on the cylinder second by second, the observer compares the time the clock has been making with the indentation the instrument recorded as the star crossed the meridian. Thus he can tell to the fractional part of a second the gain or loss in the time of the clock, and it is readjusted, or "set," as we say, to the unvarying time of the star.

The pressure of a key by the observer as the star crosses the precise meridian line seems a very simple thing — something that any one might do; but it is, notwithstanding, a most important thing to do, and connected with it is one of the most wonderful features in all the taking of the time of the stars — the "personal equation" of the observer. That is to say, the difference in the speed of action of mind and body of those who record the passage of the star across the meridian must be taken into account in an exact determination of the time. Perhaps no two persons in the world are exactly alike; one person will see a thing, as we say, a trifle more quickly than another; there will be a shade of difference in the quickness of observation mental as well as physical, and this difference must be taken into account. In the case of Professor Payne and Professor Wilson of Goodsell Observatory (the two gentlemen to whom I am indebted for favors in the preparation of this article), the personal equation amounts to one third of a second. That means that one of these gentlemen will press the electric key as the star crosses the various lines in the telescope one third of a second quicker than the other one. Many tests were made in order to determine the difference, so that when one was recording the time he could make allowance, if necessary, for the other's greater swiftness or slowness, as the case might be.

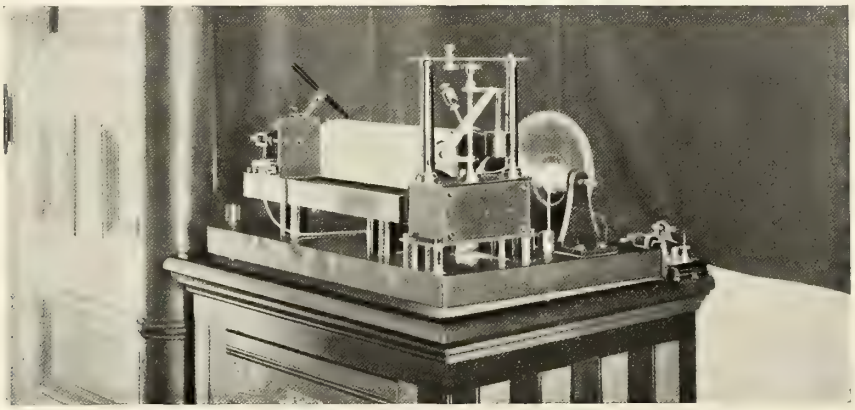
The time is taken from this observatory for a large section of the country, reaching as far west as the Pacific coast, north to Winnipeg, east to Chicago, and southwest to Kansas City, Missouri. The time is sent out each week-day at ten in the morning as well as nine at night. From the Washington University in St. Louis the time is sent out over extensive railroad systems to the south. In the East the Naval Observatory at Georgetown Heights, in the city of Washington, is the center of the time service, and, indeed, time is sent out from this observatory over the whole United States. With the exception of Sundays, there are daily time signals sent out from this observatory, at noon, over the wires of the Western Union Telegraph Company. So important has this portion of the time service become that a special wire is used for much of the time-sending over this line, in order that business may not be interrupted. At three and three quarter minutes before noon the beats of the observatory clock, which has been adjusted to the time of one of the six hundred stars, begin to sound over this wire, which reaches over very many thousands of miles of territory. The last ten seconds before noon and the last five seconds

of each of the preceding three minutes are omitted in the time as sent out from Washington, as signals to the operators.

The great clock in the Naval Observatory is called the Master Clock. By means of the repeating-apparatus the time is repeated over eighteen different circuits to the various parts of the country. New York City automatically repeats the time to all points east and north; Chicago and Cincinnati repeat to all points west and southwest; Richmond, Augusta, and Atlanta to all points south. If you should happen to be in some large telegraph-office at the moment the time signal is being sent out, it is likely you would see the operators at their keys take out their watches a few seconds before the time is due, open them, put a tiny piece of tissue-paper twisted into a thread between the spokes of one of the little wheels in their watches, holding back the movement to the instant the signal is given, then releasing the wheel so that the watch shall fall into the exact beat of the Master Clock in Washington.

Of course in all instruments there may be slight defects, so that now and then in the transmission of the time there may be slight, though very slight, errors, fractional parts of seconds, usually, however, and it may be that the wires themselves may be disturbed by atmospheric conditions or the fall of heavy sleet-storms. I am told by a gentleman familiar with railroading that engineers allow, as a rule, ten seconds for variation in the time of watches and transmissions, though when the conditions are satisfactory the time is absolutely identical throughout the entire system or systems over which the clock ticks.

There is a very practical feature of the time service. In these days of swift commercial enterprises, great business transactions sometimes hinge upon very small portions of time, so that the uniformity and accuracy of the time of the United States is of vast importance to the business world, while its importance in all the minor, but in some ways equally important, matters of life is very great.



THE RECORDING CHRONOGRAPH, SHOWING THE FOUNTAIN-PEN IN POSITION.

Of course the same care must be taken whether the operators are to connect their instruments with a time-ball or a control-clock. The time-ball is an interesting feature of the service. It is a round ball large enough to be seen from the street where, supported by its appliances, it rests on the top of some building. It is attached by wire to the circuit from Washington in such a manner that, at the instant the Master Clock in Washington ticks the stroke of twelve, the delicately poised ball will fall, released by the same beat of the clock that announces the time to the rest of the country. Any one who watches one of these time-balls just before the stroke of twelve, timepiece in hand, may easily determine whether his watch is slow, fast, or on time.

Throughout the East these time-balls are dropped every day at noon, save on Sundays, at New York City, Boston, Newport (Rhode Island), Woods Holl (Massachusetts), Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Hampton Roads,

Savannah, and Fortress Monroe. The tick of the Master Clock that drops these time-balls also releases others, some of them many hundreds, indeed thousands, of miles away. For instance, by cable arrangement, a time-ball is dropped every day in the city of Havana, and another in San Francisco, three thousand miles distant. So incomprehensibly swift is the speed of the electric current that, if the repeating-instruments and the wires are in perfect condition, there is no appreciable difference in the time of the dropping of the ball in New York City and the dropping of the ball in San Francisco, each one released by the same tick of the Master Clock in the Naval Observatory in Washington.

Of course when the ball drops in Washington or New York at twelve o'clock noon it is not noon at points to the westward beyond the territory supplied with Eastern Time. For instance, when it is twelve o'clock noon in Washington or New York it is eleven o'clock in the forenoon in the city of Chicago by Central Time, ten o'clock in Denver by Mountain Time, nine o'clock in San Francisco by Pacific Time. By this uniformity of time which has been established by law, however, the clocks of the people in San Francisco may be set each day by the observatory clock in Washington.

The variations in the clocks are due mainly to changes in temperature and to the condition of the atmosphere, so a careful record is kept, as the time is sent out, of the atmospheric conditions. One important reason for this is found in the fact that it may be cloudy weather at night, so that the observer could not watch his star as it filed past him in review, and by constantly observing the condition of the weather as shown in the barometer and the thermometer



THE OBSERVATORY CLOCK THAT TICKS A MESSAGE FROM A STAR.

the allowances may be made for the variation in the clock, though, of course, the only absolutely accurate test is the silent motion of a star millions upon millions of miles away.

Other lands besides our own have the same method for sending the correct time over wide sections of country. In England, for instance, the standard time is that of the observatory at Greenwich — the spot from which we reckon our degrees of longitude. In the main office of the Government Telegraph in London is a clock connected by wire with Greenwich. At two minutes to ten, every day, a bell rings, the telegraph lines are left free for the time service, so that the Greenwich Observatory Clock may give all England the time of day.

It seems very strange, when you come to think it over, that the chief factor in all this time service, which has now become so important a feature in our modern life, is a subtile, unseeable, indeed, if you will let me use the word, a non-understandable element. It does the bidding of its masters with unvarying obedience, but it resolutely refuses to disclose its identity or uncover its individuality.

Truly it is a time of magic in which we live. All nature joins man in the working of his miracles, and even the eternal stars in their marvelous sweep through the glittering night are willing to give us an answer far down through the infinite spaces of God to our oft-repeated question:

What time is it?

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## THE LITTLE MOTHER.

By M. M. D.

Now, Dolly dear, I 'm going away.
I want you to be good all day.
Don't lose your shoes, nor soil your dress,
Nor get your hair all in a mess;
But sit quite still, and I will come
And kiss you soon as I get home.
I 'd take you, dear, but then, you know,
It 's Wilhelmina's turn to go.
She 's sick, I 'm 'fraid; her eyes don't work;
They open worse the more I jerk.
She used to be so straight and stout,
But now her sawdust 's running out.
Her arm is out of order, dear —
My papa says she 's "out of gear."
That 's dreadful, is n't it? But then,
The air may make her well again.
So, Dolly, you 'll be glad, I know,
To have poor Wilhelmina go.
Good-by, my precious; I must run —
To-morrow we 'll have lots of fun.



FROM A PAINTING BY JOHN W. ALEXANDER.

THE LITTLE MOTHER.



# THE WYNDHAM GIRLS.

By Marion Ames Taggart.

*The following story is the third of the long stories complete in one number that are to appear in the present volume of* St. Nicholas.

*Girls especially will enjoy the account of these three young heroines who, suddenly brought to face a trying situation, show themselves brave, cheery, and capable despite lack of preparation; but boy-readers, too, will be sure to vote the "Wyndham Girls" delightful friends. A touch of romance adds a pleasant flavor.*

## Chapter I.

### "poor humpty-dumpty."

"No pink for me, please; I want that shimmering green, made up over shining white silk. It will make my glossy brown hair and eyes look like a ripe chestnut among its green leaves."

"Oh, Bab, such glistening sentences! 'Shimmering green,' 'shining white,' 'glossy hair'— you did n't mean glossy eyes, I hope! Besides, you know, chestnuts don't show among their green leaves; they stay in their burs until they drop off the trees."

"Now Phyllis, what 's the use of spoiling a poetical metaphor, figure — what do you call it? Which do you like best? Have you made up your mind, Jessamy?"

"I want all white; probably this mousseline-de-soie."

The soft May wind from the distant river blew the lace curtains gently to and fro, lifting the squares of delicate fabrics scattered over the couch on which the three young girls were sitting. Jessamy, the elder of the two Wyndham sisters, was at eighteen very beautiful, with dainty elegance of motion, refinement of speech, almost stately grace, unusual to her age and generation. Barbara, a year younger, was her opposite. Life, energy, fun, were declared in

every turn of her head and hands. Small in figure, with sparkling dark eyes and a saucy tilt of nose and chin, she could hardly have contrasted more sharply with her tall, gray-eyed, delicately tinted sister, and with what Bab herself called "Jessamy's Undine ways." The third girl, Phyllis, was twin in age to Jessamy, unlike either of the others in appearance and temperament. She was their cousin, the one child of their father's only brother; but as she had been brought up with them since her fourth year, Jessamy and Barbara knew no lesser kinship to her than to each other. At first glance Phyllis was not pretty; to those who had known her for even a brief time she was beautiful. Sweetness, unselfishness, content shone out from her dark blue eyes with the large pupils and dark lashes. Her lips rested together with the suggestion of a smile in their corners, and the clear pallor of her complexion was shaded by her masses of dark brown hair, which warmed into red tints under the sunlight.

Across the room from her daughters and niece, enjoying the girls' happiness, sat Mrs. Wyndham, rocking slowly. She was a frail creature, sweet and gentle, still clad in the mourning she had worn for her husband for seven years; one felt that she had been properly placed in luxury, fortunately shielded from hardship. The Wyndhams were wealthy, and the beautiful morning-room in the house on Murray Hill was full of evidences of taste and the long possession of ample means to gratify it.

Even the samples fluttering under the girls' fingers bore the name of a French artist on Fifth Avenue, whose skill only the highly favored could command, and the consultation under way was for the selection for each young girl of gowns fit for a princess's wearing, yet intended for the use of maidens not yet "out," in the hops at the hotel at Bar Harbor in the coming summer.

"I 'm afraid I 'm dreadfully vain," sighed Jessamy, stroking the bits of soap-bubble-tinted gauzes as she laid them together on her knee. "I hope I love exquisite things for their own sake, not because I want them for myself; but I 'm not sure my love for them is purely artistic."

"You do want them for yourself, but it 's just as you want only good pictures in your room," said Phyllis, coming up flushed from the pursuit of some errant bits under the table. "You 're born royal in taste. Bab and I could get on if we were beggared, but I can't imagine you shabby. Bab would revel in a sunbonnet and driving cows home, and I could be happy in a tenement, if we were together; but you 're a princess, and you can't be anything else."

"You 're a bad Phyl, whose object in life is to spoil every one by making them perfectly self-satisfied," said Jessamy. "I hope some of the excuses you find for me are true; I 'm as luxurious by nature as a cat — I know that. Come to the window; I want to see this old-rose in the sunlight."

Bab stopped swinging her feet, and slipped from the arm of her mother's chair, where she had perched, to follow them. "Don't you abuse cats, nor my sister Jessamy, miss," she said, putting her arms around slender Jessamy and peering over her shoulder at the sample of silk, while she rubbed Jessamy's arm with her chin, like an affectionate dog. "They 're two as nice things as I know. Madrina, Mr. Hurd is crossing the street, and he 's headed this way."

"Oh, dear!" sighed Mrs. Wyndham, almost fretfully. "I suppose he is coming to urge me again to withdraw our money from the business; he has tormented me all winter to do it. He says it is n't secure; but that 's absurd, with Mr. Abbott at the helm, whom your dear father trusted as he did himself! It 's all because they won't show the books lately — as though I wanted to see them while Mr. Abbott is managing! I can't see why Mr. Hurd is so nervous and suspicious! Mr. Abbott came expressly to see me, and explained how bad it would be for the corporation if I offered my stock in the market. I understand him much better than Mr. Hurd; he is more patient, and won't leave a point until he has made me see it as he does. I am no business woman, and I can't understand these things very well at best. You stay in the room to-day, children, and see if you understand. Mr. Hurd insists that I am risking beggaring you, and that distresses me unspeakably."

"Don't mind Mr. Hurd, madrina; he 's an Anxious Attorney," said Barbara, with an air of

lucidity, as Violet, the black maid, announced the lawyer, who followed at once on the announcement.

"We are pluming, or more properly donning, our feathers for flight, Mr. Hurd," said Mrs. Wyndham, rising, and pointing to the samples on the couch, as she extended her hand.

"Yes, yes!" said the little man, shaking hands with Mrs. Wyndham without looking at her. "Good morning, Miss Jessamy; good morning, Phyllis; how do you do, little Barbara? May I interrupt your — gracious powers, dear madam, I mean I *must* interrupt your plans, Mrs. Wyndham!"

Jessamy and Phyllis clutched each other with sudden pallor. The little lawyer's voice shook with emotion. Bab flushed, and ran to her mother, putting her arms around her frail figure as though to place herself as a bulwark between her and ill.

"You will not interrupt anything more important than the selection of dancing-gowns for the children," said Mrs. Wyndham, with her soft dignity, though she turned a little paler. "Is there any special reason for your visit,— kind visit always,— Mr. Hurd? And may the girls hear what you have to say, since their interests are at stake?"

"Special reason, madam? Special reason, indeed! Heaven help me, I don't know how to say what must be said, but I prefer the young ladies to hear it," groaned their old friend.

"Evidently you feel that you have something unpleasant to tell me, Mr. Hurd, but I feel sure you magnify it; you know you are always more timid and pessimistic than I," said Mrs. Wyndham, dropping into the nearest chair and trying to smile.

"Mrs. Wyndham, my dear lady, it is n't a matter for self-gratulation! If I could have made you listen to me six — even two months ago, I should not be here to-day, the bearer of this dreadful news," burst out the lawyer, impatiently.

"Would n't it be better to tell us quickly, Mr. Hurd? You frighten us with hints," said Jessamy, in her silvery, even voice, but the poor child's lips were white.

Mr. Hurd glanced at her. "Yes," he said, "but it is not easy. I heard the definite news last night in Wall Street; rumors have been afloat for days. I wanted to give you one more night of untroubled sleep. It will be in the evening papers."

"What will, Mr. Hurd?" burst out Barbara, impatiently.

"The failure of the Wyndham Iron Company."

There was dead silence in the room, broken only by the low-toned French clock striking ten times.

"The company — failed?" whispered Mrs. Wyndham, trying to find her voice.

"What does that mean, Mr. Hurd?" asked Phyllis.

"It means that your mother's bonds and stocks are valueless, and as she holds everything in her own right, and has kept all that your father left in the business, it means that your inheritance has been wiped out of existence," said the lawyer, not discriminating between daughters and niece in his excitement.

"How can the company have failed? I don't believe it!" cried Mrs. Wyndham, starting to her feet with sudden strength.

"Dear Mrs. Wyndham, it is too certain," said her husband's old friend and attorney, gently. "When they refused to open up the books for inspection I knew this would come."

"Mr. Abbott —" began Mrs. Wyndham.

"Mr. Abbott is an outrageous villain," interrupted Mr. Hurd, passionately. "He has got control of the business, and ruined it by running it on a speculative basis — though justice to his business capacity compels me to add that he has secured himself against harm. Henry Wyndham was completely deceived in him."

"I never knew any one ruined outside of books," said Jessamy, trying to smile. "What does it mean? Going to live in an East Side tenement and working in a sweat-shop?"

"Nonsense, Jessamy!" said her mother, sharply, drying the tears which had been softly falling, while Bab wailed aloud at the picture. "Nonsense! I shall sell some stock, and I am sure we shall get on very well, perhaps economizing somewhat."

"Dear madam, you no more grasp the situation than you saw it coming," said Mr. Hurd, struggling between annoyance and pity. "The

value of your stock is wiped out; practically, you have no stock. Still, I hope matters will not be as bad as Miss Jessamy pictures. This house will rent or sell for enough to give you six or eight thousand a year, and if you sell the pictures and furniture you will have a very respectable principal to live upon; bad as the case is, it might be far worse."

"Do you mean that this house will be the sole—actually the sole—source of income?" gasped Mrs. Wyndham, with more agitation than she had yet shown.

Mr. Hurd nodded.

The poor lady uttered a sharp cry, and fell back, sobbing wildly. "Then I have nothing, nothing!" she screamed. "My darlings are beggared."

Phyllis rang for Violet, and Mr. Hurd leaped to his feet, apprehending the truth. "What do you mean, Mrs. Wyndham?" he demanded.

Mrs. Wyndham rested her head on Phyllis's arm. "Last March," she said feebly, "Mr. Abbott came to me, telling me that the business was temporarily embarrassed, and asked me to let him negotiate a loan with this house as security."

Mr. Hurd, who had been pacing the floor furiously, stopped short with a fervent imprecation. Halting before the feeble creature who had been so duped, he thrust his hands deep in his pockets and gazed down at her. "And you did it?" he growled.

Mrs. Wyndham bowed her head lower, and just then Violet came back with Jessamy, who had gone to seek her, and, with her black face gray from sympathy and fright, put her strong arms around her mistress's fragile body, lifting her like a baby.

"Come right along, you po' little lamb-lady," she said. "Miss Jes'my done telephone for de doctah, an' I 's goin' make you comf'able in bed. Don' you cry 'nothah teah; Vi'let ain't goin' let nothin' come neah you."

Utterly prostrated in mind and body, Mrs. Wyndham found comfort in the soft voice and loving arms. She drooped her head on the tall girl's pink gingham shoulder, and let herself be carried to her chamber as if she had been a child.

Jessamy turned to Mr. Hurd. "You will not mind if we received the news rather badly?" she said. "We all shall play our parts when we have learned them. It—it—came rather suddenly, you see." Evidently Jessamy was going to be the princess her cousin called her, and meet misfortune proudly.

"You dear child!" said the lawyer, his eyes dimming as he looked in the lovely face, blanched white, and noted the lines holding the soft lips grimly set to keep them from quivering. "You and Phyllis are little heroines. Don't try to be too brave; it is better to cry, and then wipe away the tears to see what is to be done after the shipwreck."

"What are we likely to have to live on if we sell our things?" asked Jessamy, trying to thank him with a smile.

"No one can say positively; it is guesswork. But your father knew good pictures, and I should say you might have an income of two thousand a year out of the net result of the sale. We won't go into that this morning. Good-by, my dears. Try not to worry. No one knows what is best for him in this curious world. People are usually better and stronger for trying their mettle, as well as their muscle. God bless you!" Jessamy did not attempt to answer. Mr. Hurd laid his hand gently on each head, and went away.

Left to themselves, Jessamy and Phyllis looked at each other and around the pretty room still strewn with the samples of their dancing-gowns. With a sudden rush of memory they saw themselves little children playing around the kind father—father to both equally—who had given them this home, and with equal clearness saw the years stretching out before them in which this home would have no being. The necessity for self-restraint was removed; with a common impulse they threw themselves in each other's arms, and burst into passionate weeping.

Bab stirred uneasily on the floor where she had lain sobbing, dried her eyes, and said:

"Don't cry like that, girls; please don't. It does n't matter when I cry; I always go off one way or the other: but I can't stand you being wretched."

She gathered herself up and went over to the other two, who, having controlled themselves while she cried, could not raise their heads.

Bab was mercurial; she had wept her first horror away, and now the necessity of her nature to look on the bright side asserted itself.

"I think likely two thousand a year is a lot when you are used to it," she said. "I expect to learn to manage so well that we can adopt twins on the money left over from our expenses. I 'll get points from Ruth Wells; she has learned contriving. Look up; smile. 'Rise, Sally, rise; dry your weeping eyes!'"

"Don't, Bab; you have n't an idea of what has happened," said Jessamy, faintly, but at the same time she raised her head, checking her tears a little.

Bab saw it with secret triumph. "Don't I! I 've as much experience as you, miss, anyway. Still, I 'm willing to confess I 'd rather not be poor," she said, with the air of making a generous concession. "But we 'll be happy yet! It is rather hard to be thrown off your high wall, where you 've sat all your life. Poor Humpty-Dumpty! I never properly felt for him before!"

And Bab was rewarded for her nonsense by a tearful smile from Jessamy and Phyllis.

## Chapter II.

### friends, counselors, and plans.

The evening turned cool and damp, with the unreliability of May. Mrs. Wyndham, too ill to rise, slept, under sedatives, the sleep of utter exhaustion. The girls had taken refuge around the grate fire in Jessamy's beautiful room, with its fine pictures, and background of moss greens and browns. They were profoundly depressed, for on taking account of their stock of accomplishments they found that, though they were talented, they were untrained to practical labor, and that Jessamy's drawing, Bab's music, Phyllis's clever stories and verses, were all too amateurish to find a place in the marts.

"I suppose there is n't much good in making plans," said Jessamy, gazing gloomily into the fire. "I think we should live quite poorly for a while, within our income, whatever it is, and fit ourselves to do something well. I don't want to rush into any kind of half-good employment, when by self-denial, hardship perhaps, at first, we might amount to something in the end."

"Hail, Minerva!" cried Phyllis. "You 'll be as thoroughbred a working-girl, if you must, as you were fine lady, and that 's what I love you for, Jasmine-blossom."

"My poor unfortunate children, are you sitting here in the dark?" cried a voice. "I saw that dreadful item in the 'Post'; is it true?"

"How do you do, Aunt Henrietta?" said Jessamy, rising, while Bab barely stifled a groan.

"About the failure? Yes, I 'm afraid it 's quite true."

Mrs. Hewlett was Mr. Wyndham's aunt; he had been her favorite nephew because he bore her name. Her grand-nieces did not love her. She had a strong tendency to speak her opinions, provided they were unpleasant to the hearer, for she prided herself on her sincerity and infallibility of judgment. Jessamy, Phyllis, and Bab recognized in her coming an added hardship at the end of their hard day.

"I always knew it would end this way," said Aunt Henrietta, dropping into an easy-chair and letting her cloak slip to the floor. "Your mother has no sort of business ability. Poor Henry!"

"Mama did not ruin the Iron Company, aunt, and papa can't need pity now as much as she does," said Bab, losing her temper instantly, as she always did on encountering her whom she disrespectfully called "the drum-major."

"How are you left?" demanded Aunt Henrietta, ignoring Bab, to Jessamy's profound gratitude.

"We shall have only what the contents of this house will bring," said Jessamy. "We hope it may be two thousand a year."

Aunt Henrietta held up both hands in genuine horror, crying: "Two thousand for such a family as you are! It is practically beggary. You have been brought up in the most extravagant way — never taught the value of money. Your mother spoiled you from the cradle. I suppose you will run through what little ready money you have, and then expect to be helped by your friends."

"Really, Aunt Henrietta, I can't see why you assume us entirely to lack common sense, principles, and pride," said Jessamy, struggling to keep her voice steady. "We were just resolving to make our income suffice, investing our little capital in some safe way."

"H'm! Two thousand suffice! You 're exactly like your mother — absolutely unpractical. If poor Henry — " began Mrs. Hewlett.

"Now, Aunt Henrietta, just drop mama, if you please," interrupted Barbara, hotly. "She is the dearest mother in the world, and you know how papa loved her. I don't see what pleasure there can be in trying to blame some one for this trouble, but if any one is to blame it was dear papa himself, not mama, for he left her all his wealth, all his trust in Mr. Abbott, and never taught her one thing about business. Mama never said nor did an unkind thing in all her gentle life, and I won't have her abused. In spite of all that you say, you were very proud of her lovely face and manners always, and glad enough to point her out as your niece. You 've boasted of us while we were rich, and now you talk as if this trouble was a punishment for our sins, especially mama's. And I won't let you mention her! — dear, crushed mama! — lying in there heartbroken for our sakes!"



AUNT HENRIETTA.

Bab's cheeks had been getting redder, her voice higher, through this outburst, until at this point she burst into tempestuous tears.

"Highty-tighty, miss! Don't be impertinent," said the old lady, after a pause. "You 'll be dependent on your friends' charity in six months, and you will be wise not to offend them."

"I won't! I 'll beg from door to door, or be a cash-girl first," Bab sobbed out. "Besides, I 'm not impertinent; I 'm only firm."

The idea of Bab firm, on the verge of hysterics, made Jessamy and Phyllis smile faintly.

"Better not say any more, Bab," Phyllis whispered, as she stroked the hot cheek, while Jessamy said: "You must not mind Bab, aunt. We all are more or less overwrought. But I agree with her that, if you please, we will leave our mother out of the discussion."

"I don't mind that very flighty child; she never had a particle of stability, and she has had no training," said Aunt Henrietta, with what in a less dignified person would have been a sniff. "What work will you take up? For of course it is ridiculous to talk of living on two thousand a year; you must go to work."

"We have not decided anything yet, aunt; we 've had only a few hours to get used to being poor," replied Phyllis.

"I 've been considering your case as I drove over, and I believe there 's nothing you can do

decently. Your education is the thistle-down veneer girls get nowadays," said their aunt, disregarding the fact that she would have been no better armed to meet misfortune at their age.

"Veneer!" echoed Jessamy. "I hope not, though I don't know what thistle-down veneer is. I would n't mind being honest white pine, but I should despise the best veneer."

"I am sure you are only fit for nursery governesses. I have a place which Phyllis can take, to teach French to some girls of her own age. The mother applied to me for a teacher. They are new-rich, but that is the one thing Phyllis can do. I shall not be able to help you further," said Aunt Henrietta.

"We shall not need help," said Jessamy, her head up like a young racer. "Will you excuse us from more of this sort of talk, aunt? We have had a hard day."

Mrs. Hewlett rose; her eldest niece overawed her in spite of her determination not to mind what she called "Jessamy's affected airs."

"I felt sure I should not find you chastened by misfortune," she said. "You should take your downfall in a more Christian spirit. I trust you will heed me in one point at least. Sell your best clothes and ornaments. It will be most unbecoming if, in your altered circumstances, you dress as you did when you were Henry Wyndham's daughters. People will make the most unkind comments if you do."

Barbara had recovered by this time. "Are n't we still Henry Wyndham's daughters, aunt?" she asked guilelessly. "I did n't realize parentage as well as inheritance was vested in the business. What a calamity it failed! As to unkind remarks, no mere acquaintance will make them; all but our relatives will understand that we could afford fine things when we had them, and that failure did not destroy them."

"Bab, how can you?" said Jessamy, reproachfully, as Mrs. Hewlett disappeared. "There is no use in making her worse than she is."

"I could n't, Lady Jessamy; nature is perfect in her works," said Bab, airily, holding out her hand for a letter Violet offered her.

It was a note from a lifelong friend of her mother's, so loving, so considerate, so generously delicate in its offer of help that no better antidote to their great-aunt's trying peculiarities could have come to the poor girls, whose wounds were smarting as if salt had been dropped on them from Mrs. Hewlett's remarks.

"Dear, lovely, blessed Mrs. Van Alyn!" cried all three girls, sobbing on one another's shoulders after they had read the warm message; but this time their tears were of the sort which do good, and sent them to bed refreshed and comforted.

In the morning Bab started off early to carry out her plan of consulting Ruth Wells. Ruth was a brisk little creature of Bab's own age, who had been the Wyndhams' schoolmate for a short time, but who, meeting with misfortune also, had dropped almost entirely out of their lives; only Bab, refusing to let her go, kept up a much interrupted friendship with her.

Ruth lived with her mother in a little flat — apartment is too dignified a word — not far from the Morningside Heights. She was skilful with her needle, and earned by embroidering enough to supplement sufficiently for their needs an income hardly large enough to pay their low rent. Bab had always wondered that she was so happy. To-day she resolved, if possible, to solve the secret of her content.

As she pressed the button under the speaking-tube over which the name "Wells" shone on a narrow strip of brass, the latch of the front door clicked, and pushing it open, Barbara mounted the three flights of stairs.

Ruth herself opened the door at their head, and uttered an exclamation of surprise and pleasure at the sight of Bab.

"Oh, Babbie dear, does it affect you?" she cried at once. "I saw an account of the Wyndham Iron Works' failure in this morning's 'Times.'"

"It affects us so much, Ruth, that I came here to get your advice. You 've had experience in coming down in the world. And I want to say," Bab went on, with heightened color, "that I wish we all had been here oftener. We never realized how lonely you must have been at first." And Bab looked around the little parlor with new interest.

"Oh, I was so much younger than we are now when our troubles came that they were

easier to bear," said Ruth, brightly. "You 've always been a good friend, Bab. People who are poor are too busy to see much of those who have all their time on their hands. It is n't possible to be intimate with people who live very differently from ourselves. But do tell me, is it as bad a failure as the paper had it?" While Ruth had talked she had gotten off Bab's outer garments, and now seated herself at her embroidery-frame, while Bab drew a chair in front of it, and shook her head.

"Quite as bad; worse, in fact," she said, and proceeded to tell Ruth the whole story. "Now, what I want to know is whether four persons can possibly live on two thousand a year — supposing we have that — until we learn to be useful?" she asked in conclusion.

"Of course," said Ruth, with cheerful decision. She did not seem to think the case very bad. Taking a pencil and paper from the table, she began to reckon.

"Do you think you could do your own work in a little flat?" she asked.

"Mercy, no!" cried Bab, in horror. "Why, we 'd starve! We can't do anything. We must board."

"That 's a pity, for cheap boarding is unwholesome, vulgar, and generally horrid," said Ruth. "However, if you must, you must. It won't last. Mama and I began that way, but we soon learned better. You can get two rooms, maybe, for seven dollars apiece — twenty-eight dollars a week. That 's — fifty-two times — fourteen hundred and fifty-six dollars a year. That leaves five hundred for washing, clothing, possible doctor's bill, and so on."

"Can we live for that?" asked Bab, awed by Ruth's businesslike methods.

"It will be bad, but you would be foolish to spend more. Your mother is delicate, and you will have to get her dainties, no matter how you board. We ran too close to our margin once. I never forgot the lesson," said Ruth.

"You 've helped me a lot, Ruth," said Bab, rising to go. "I should n't mind being poor if I could be like you."

"Well, I believe I 've a talent for poverty. It has a good side," laughed Ruth. "I 'm happy because I 'm so busy I 've no time to imagine troubles. I can't even stop to realize I don't feel well; so if that happens I hardly know it. I just work ahead and drive the headache off. You don't know how good it is for girls to have lots that must be done. Come see our flat," added brave Ruth, leading the way. "This is mama's room; the next one is mine. Here 's the bath-room; you see, it is large, for a flat! And is n't this a nice little sunny dining-room? Here 's the kitchen. Mama, this is Barbara Wyndham."

Mrs. Wells was bending over a double boiler on the gas-range. She looked sweet and well bred in her black gown, with a white apron shielding it, and held out a delicate hand to Bab, with no apology for her employment.

Bab looked at the rooms with newly perceptive eyes. Everything was of the plainest, yet so refined and dainty it could but be pretty. She began to suspect there were many things in life to learn which would prove pleasant knowledge. But she wondered, coming from the spacious Murray Hill rooms, how Ruth and her mother managed to move about in these without seriously damaging their anatomy. Ruth was so proud of it all, however, so unconscious of defects in her home, that Bab could envy her, though it was a meager box of a place, and Ruth worked hard to maintain it.

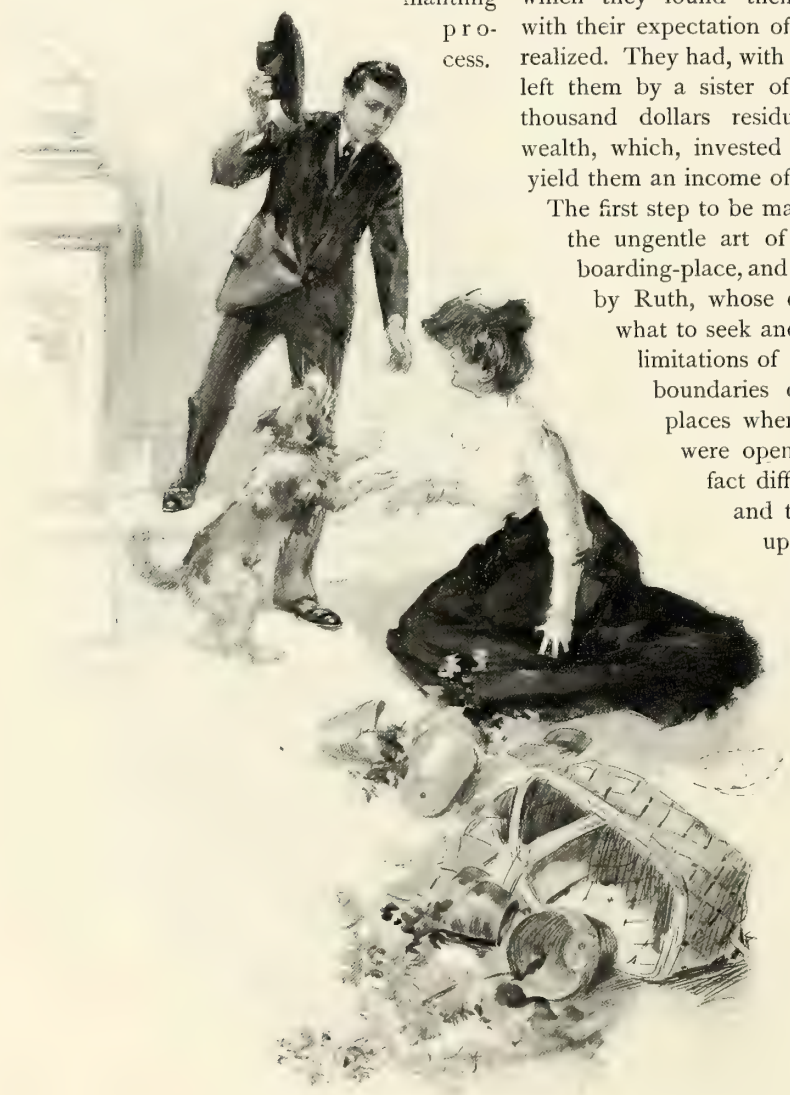
"Thank you again, Ruth," she said, as her friend hugged her at the head of the stairs, letting the pity she dared not express show in the warmth of her embrace and the tears in her eyes as she kissed her. "I 'm coming often, please, for advice and courage. You 've shown me already I need not fear. I suspect our first additional revenue will come from the sale of my great work, 'How to be Happy though Beggared.'"

## Chapter III.

### Ways and Means.

Events moved swiftly for the Wyndhams, impelled by the force of necessity. Mr. Wyndham had been widely known for the value of his art treasures, and collectors came from distant cities to bid for them as they hung on the walls. Everything else was to be sold by auction, and Mrs. Van Alyn, the kind friend whose loving letter had comforted the girls,

persuaded Mrs. Wyndham to come to her for the final two weeks of her nominal ownership of the house. It would be less painful for the poor lady to pass its threshold for the last time, shutting the door on everything as she had loved it, than to remain through the dismal dismantling process.



"A YOUNG MAN DASHED DOWN THE STEPS INTO THE RUINS."

Accordingly, one warm sunny morning Mrs. Van Alyn's rotund horses drew up at the door, and Mrs. Wyndham, looking very frail, and newly widowed under her long veil, came slowly down the stairs, leaning on Jessamy's arm, and forth upon the door-steps, where for the last time the mahogany door swung close, shutting out the mistress of the house forever. Mrs. Van Alyn helped the three girls through the dreadful days of the sale, at the end of which they found themselves homeless, but with their expectation of the result of the sale realized. They had, with a little personal legacy left them by a sister of Mrs. Hewlett, thirty thousand dollars residuum of their former wealth, which, invested by Mr. Hurd, would yield them an income of two thousand a year.

The first step to be made by these novices in the ungentle art of living was to find a boarding-place, and in this they were aided by Ruth, whose experience had taught what to seek and what to avoid. The limitations of their purse defined the boundaries of their search; only places where low prices obtained were open to the Wyndhams, a fact difficult to master at first, and the poor little pilgrims up Poverty Hill shrank from the mere exterior of some of the houses in their list of advertisements cut from the papers. They climbed long flights of stairs, to see repeated dingy rooms carpeted in flowery tapestry carpets, with oak or expressionless marble-topped black-walnut furniture — those furnished in mahogany or maple were beyond the Wyndhams' range of price. These days of search taught the girls more of life than their entire years had yet shown them, and the fruit of the tree of knowledge was bitter indeed.

"I tell you, you would be far better off in

your own little flat, cooking your own little dinner, on your own little gas-range, in your own little spider. However, don't lose heart; there are degrees of badness," laughed Ruth, as they despondently quitted an uncommonly discouraging specimen of the typical boarding-house, impregnated with odors of the dinners of "Christmases past."

At last they found a place, in one of the "Thirty" streets, where there were two rooms adjoining, though not connected, on the very topmost floor, which they could get at their price in consideration of the fact that they were heated only by stoves, and they would be expected to look after their own fires. They were sunny, and, though plainly furnished, less ugly than others the girls had seen, and they took them, since they could do no better, proceeding to make the best of what each felt in her heart was a very bad bargain, with the courage each possessed in different forms.

There were two days intervening between engaging and taking possession of the new boarding-place, and Bab assumed the task of beautifying their unattractive quarters before her mother should see them. She would not permit any of the others to look at her improvements, but hammered her thumbs and strained her unaccustomed arms putting up curtains, shelves, casts, and photographs alone, in order, she said, "to usher her family into a bower of bliss" when it moved in.

On the afternoon before this event Barbara came down Thirty—— Street from Sixth Avenue. Her arms were full of flower-pots,— two filled them,— and a boy followed with a basket containing six more. Bab had not been able to resist the temptation to invest in plants for her mother's window to make the room a little more cheerful.

She hurried down the street, and paused at the foot of the steps long enough to let her listless squire catch up with her. She had no hand for her skirt, but she sprang up the steps, regardless of tripping; and at that instant the door opened, and a cocker-spaniel rushed out, barking wildly, and throwing himself downward with that utter disregard of whether head or tail went first, and of anything which might be in his path, characteristic of a young and blissful little dog.

He flung himself down. Barbara stepped aside; her balance was uncertain and her skirts unmanageable by reason of her laden arms; she tripped — fell. Flower-pots, dog, and girl rolled crashing, and scattering dirt in all directions, into the boy and basket two steps lower, ending in a tangle on the sidewalk.

From the doorway a horrified voice cried: "Good heavens, 'Nixie'!" and a young man dashed down the steps into the ruins.

"Are you hurt?" he cried anxiously, as he fished Barbara out of the wreck. Nixie had already slunk out from under, and was wagging his tail deprecatingly, with glances at his master of mingled shame and amazement.

"I think I am," said Barbara, raising her head and trying to state the fact cheerfully.

The young man replaced her hat,— it had fallen over her eyes,— and revealed a woe-begone little face. Earth plastered the saucy chin; one cheek was cut; blood trickled from the bridge of the poor little tilted nose, making a paste wherever the loam from the flower-pots had spattered, and this was nearly everywhere. Barbara's hair was coming down, her hat was shapeless, and her eyes tearful from the smarting wounds.

"By Jove! you 're a wreck! It 's a shame!" cried the young man. "I 'll whip Nixie."

"You 'll do nothing of the sort," said Barbara, with spirit. "How did he know I was coming up — coming up like a flower — at that moment? You might as well whip me! Nobody is to blame, and I 'll be all right when I 've washed, and sewed, and plastered, and done a few other things to myself and my clothing."

"Well, you 're plucky," said the youth, admiringly. "I 'm a doctor in embryo, full fledged next June. I 'll take you in and fix you up. Do you — you don't live here?"

"We shall to-morrow; I 'm a new boarder," said Barbara. "Oh, I hope my plants are n't broken! Can they be repotted? We 've become poor, and I ought not to have bought them. Why on earth does n't that boy get up? Is he killed?" she demanded, realizing suddenly that her companion in misery was still lying with his head in the basket, under a debris of flower-pots.

"It 's why *in* earth, rather," laughed the

medical student. "Here, you boy, are you alive? You 're buried all right! Get up."

The inert boy gathered himself slowly together. "Well, I 'll be darned!" he said.

"You 'll have to be," cried the doctor, sitting down to laugh, and pointing to the rent across the shoulders of the listless youngster's jacket.

"What ailed that dog? Did he have a fit?" drawled the boy, scowling at Nixie, who slunk behind Barbara self-consciously.

"He was n't a dog; he was a cat — apult," shouted the doctor, rocking to and fro, laughing.

"Oh, please help me into the house!" cried Barbara, half laughing, half crying. Several people had paused to gaze, grinning sympathetically at the scene.

"Oh, I beg your pardon! What an idiot to keep you standing here!" cried the medical student, jumping up. "Here, hustle these plants into your basket," he added to the boy. "They 're not broken; we can fix them up all right. Where 's my key? There you are! Walk in. Get into the house, Nixie, you crazy pup; you 've lost your walk. Leave those plants in the hall, boy, and rush back to your shop and tell your employer you want as many pots as you started out with, and a bag of loam; hurry back with them. Now, Mrs. Black — Mrs. Black, where are you?"

"Here," said the landlady, emerging from the rear. "Why, Miss Wyndham, what has happened?"

"Introduce us, please; we met on the steps," said Barbara's new acquaintance.

"Miss Wyndham, Dr. Leighton," said the bewildered Mrs. Black, automatically.

"Happy to have the honor, Miss Wyndham. There was a mix-up on the steps; there 's some of it there yet. Let me have some warm water and a sponge, please. Miss Wyndham, take off your hat and have your face washed," said the unabashed boy.

"Not by you," said Barbara.

"Precisely. I 'm almost a doctor, and I 'm going to see that no dirt is left in your wounds to scar you. Don't be foolish, Miss Wyndham; it 's not precisely a ceremonious occasion."

Barbara submitted with no further demur; and soon her face was adorned with court-plaster laid on in a plaid pattern.

"Shall I be scarred?" she asked, surveying anxiously the crisscross lines on the bridge of her nose.

"Not a bit," said Dr. Leighton, cheerfully. "Mrs. Black might give you a cup of tea, to brace you up."

"Yes," said Mrs. Black, without enthusiasm.

"No, thanks; I hate tea, and I 'll be all right. There 's the boy with the new pots," said Barbara.

"Let me help you to get the plants potted, and I 'll settle with the boy — because it 's all Nixie's fault," said the young doctor. "Not a word; get to work, Miss Wyndham."

He placed papers on the floor in the rear hall, apparently oblivious to Mrs. Black's icy disapproval, which inexperienced Barbara found oppressive.

"My father and your father were friends," said the young fellow, packing the earth around a begonia. "I knew you were coming here to board, and I know about the hard blow you 've had. It 's a shame, and it 's all the fault of that scoundrel Abbott."

"Oh, how nice that your father knew papa! That is almost like our being friends," said Barbara, simply. "Yes, it 's dreadful for mama to be poor, and for Jessamy. Phyl and I are not going to mind it so much."

"Is Phil your brother?"

"No; Phyllis, it is; she 's my cousin, only she 's just as much my sister as Jessamy, for she has always lived with us. I 'm a year younger than they are. Jessamy 's perfectly beautiful, and princessfied, and Phyllis is the most unselfish blessing in the world. I 'm only Barbara."

"And I 'm only Tom; I 'm not a doctor yet. It 's awfully jolly, your coming here. Mrs. Black gone? Yes. There is n't any one in the house I care to know; the young people are n't my sort. I hope you 'll forgive Nixie and me enough to speak to us once in a while," said Tom, getting up and dusting his knees.

"Oh, we shall want to talk to you; Nixie is such a nice dog," laughed Bab.

"Only Nixie? Well, love my dog, love — oh, it 's the other way about. Never mind,

though; we can improve old saws. Where are your rooms?"

"First floor from the Milky Way," laughed Barbara. "We hate to have madrina climb so far, but we could n't afford better rooms."

Tom Leighton looked down on the swollen, patched little face with brotherly kindness; respect and pity were in his voice as he said gently: "You will make any room bright and homelike. I see why you took your tumble down the steps so well; you are brave in falling, Miss Barbara."

Barbara stooped suddenly to pat Nixie, hiding her wounded face in his glossy curls. "I 'm not always brave," she said huskily. "I am ashamed to think so much about my beautiful room, and home. I feel so little, and so lost, in this boarding-house."

"Poor little woman!" said Tom Leighton. "Try to feel you have one friend in it. I have two sisters, and it was lonely for me when I left home. Good-by, now; we shall meet to-morrow."

They shook hands, feeling like old friends, and Nixie sat up to shake hands too, though the dignity of his farewell was much impaired by a surreptitious lick of his quick red tongue on Bab's chin.

Tom departed, whistling, to give Nixie his postponed walk. He found himself seeing a tilted nose adorned with court-plaster, and brown eyes, wistful like Nixie's, all down the street. "She 's plucky, simple, and frank; just the girl to be a fellow's good chum," he thought. "What luck they 're coming to the Blackboard!"— Tom's name for his residence.

Bab finished her tasks, and returned to Mrs. Van Alyn's with glowing accounts of the jolly boy who had patched her up, and of the little dog who had undone her.

"There are two nice things in our new home," she said, "and I believe we 'll be happy in spite of fate."

## Chapter IV.

### MAKING THE BEST OF IT.

"I DON'T know where to put another thing," said Mrs. Wyndham, pushing aside a hat-box to get room to sit on the rocking-chair, and casting a despairing glance from the shallow closet, already full, to the floor, scattered with the heterogeneous contents of two trunks, in the midst of which Barbara was sitting.

A scream from the next room prevented Bab replying to her mother, and Nixie bounded through the open door, triumphantly worrying a slipper. He recognized Barbara, and dropping his prize, made a leap toward the pretty face he had been the means of damaging before she, from her disadvantage-point on the floor, could stop him.

Tom Leighton appeared immediately, calling Nixie, with no result, for Bab had her arms around the wriggling black bit of enthusiasm, hugging him.

"Mama, this is the doctor who repaired me so nicely; Dr. Leighton, my mother," said Barbara.

"Please don't think me intrusive, Mrs. Wyndham," said Tom, stepping forward to take the delicate hand extended to him. "I am the son of John Leighton, a friend of your husband, and I wanted to ask if I could be of use in getting you in order. I 'm a jack-of-all-trades who has boarded long enough to have learned dodges."

"I remember your father," said Mrs. Wyndham, cordially. "It is very pleasant to find a friend among strangers. I don't see what you can do, unless you build a closet. This tiny cubby Bab and I must share is already overflowing, yet just look!" And Mrs. Wyndham made a comprehensive gesture toward the littered floor.

"I suppose we 've too many clothes, but we don't dare give away one thing. We may never be able to buy any more, and we 're going to get patent patterns, and make over this stock until we 're old and gray. I expect that to be soon, however, if I have to sew," said Bab, scrambling to her feet and tossing up Nixie's purloined slipper for him to catch.

"A dog broke and entered — entered anyway — and stole Jessamy's slipper — oh, I beg pardon," said Phyllis, stopping short in the doorway at the unexpected apparition of Tom.

"My niece, Miss Phyllis Wyndham. And my elder daughter, Jessamy, Dr. Leighton," added Mrs. Wyndham, as Jessamy followed Phyllis.

"I came to ask if you had any idea what Jessamy and I could do with our clothes,

aunty," said Phyllis. "We have n't begun to make an impression on the room, yet the closet and bureau are full."

"Not I; Bab and I are in the same plight," said Mrs. Wyndham. "How do people manage in such narrow space!"

"You 'll have to have a wigwam," said Tom.

"A wigwam! That would have no closets at all; and, besides, where could we build it in New York?" laughed Phyllis.

"In that corner. I 'll make it," said Tom. "It 's a corner shelf, with hooks in the under side and a curtain around it. Then you want a divan — a woven-wire cot-bed with the legs cut off, fastened by hinges to a box. We could upholster it ourselves. You would be surprised to see what it would hold. Then, if one of you were ill, it would be useful as a couch."

"There spoke the doctor," said Jessamy. "I suppose we shall have to have a trunk in each room besides," she added ruefully.

"Why not put that flat-topped trunk in the window, case it in with boards, cover it with felt, and use it as a book-stand?" suggested Tom.

"Well, you *are* a genius!" cried Bab, in open admiration, while Phyllis sang softly under her breath, to the tune of "St. Patrick's Day in the Morning":

"All hail to the doctor who seems to be able
To mend up a nose or to make up a table!
We gladly would cheer him, but that it seems risky,
For cheers in a boarding-house might be too frisky."

"Well, I never!" laughed Tom. "Say, was that — of course it had to be improvised?"

"Oh, Phyl is a genius," said Jessamy, proudly. "One of these days her name will be in all the magazines, and at last in the encyclopedia."

"And likely in oblivion," added Phyl, while at that instant a cheery voice cried, "First aid to the injured!" and Ruth Wells "burst into the gloom like an arc-light," Barbara said, jumping up to hug her rapturously.

"No, don't; I 've tacks and a hammer here," said Ruth, struggling free. "I knew you had no closets, or none worth calling one, so I came down to show you how to make a charity."

"A what?" asked Jessamy.

"A charity; it covers a multitude of things, you see," laughed Ruth. "You take a board,— we can get one downstairs probably,— saw it to the right length, and nail it in a corner. Then you screw hooks — "

"In the under side; we know," Phyllis interrupted. "Only Dr. Leighton says it 's a 'wigwam.' This is Dr. Leighton, and Nixie — Miss Ruth Wells," she added.

In five minutes the little room was ringing with fun. The "charitable wigwam" — Phyllis's compromise on its name — could not be made at once, for lack of boards; but the young people managed to cover up their dismal first impressions of the bleak side of life, and this was making a real "charity," as Jessamy pointed out in bidding Ruth good night.

The wigwam was made, in the end, the divan too, and the Wyndhams began to learn to adjust themselves to the new conditions. Tom had become almost one of themselves, Nixie a necessity and no longer a luxury, as Bab noted. Tom was such a bright, honest, boyish creature that no greater piece of good fortune could well have befallen the girls in their trouble than his friendship, a fact their mother recognized gratefully. As to Tom himself, the motherly kindness of Mrs. Wyndham, the sweet, frank companionship of the girls, were to the young fellow who had loved his own mother and sisters well a boon which he could hardly enjoy enough.

Winter was coming on, and, for the first time in their lives, the Wyndhams were obliged to try to make old answer for new in the matter of garments.

"Not a penny must be spent this season," declared Jessamy, sternly. "A year hence we may earn new clothes."

All the summer garments were laid away in the new divan. "Never throw away a winter thing in the spring, nor a summer thing in the fall," advised Ruth, that little woman wise in ways and means. "You can't tell how anything looks out of its season, nor what you may want. Set up a scrap-box, and tuck everything into it; it 's ten to one you 'll be grateful for the very thing you thought least hopeful. Many a time I 've all but hugged an old faded ribbon because its one bright part was found to be just the right shade and length to line a collar."

The scrap-box, therefore, was established, and easily filled from a stock not yet depleted. Jessamy's artistic talents developed in the direction of hats. Ruth taught her to take the long wrists of light suède gloves which were past wearing and stretch them over a frame for the crowns of especially pretty hats.

Jessamy made a hat apiece, with crowns of glove-wrists and rims of puffed velvet, trimmed with feathers and bows from the new scrap-box; each was different, yet each a "James Dandy," according to Tom's authoritative verdict.

Dressmaking was a more serious matter, but the three Wyndhams essayed it with the courage of ignorance. Ruth brought down mysterious paper patterns, "perforated to confuse the innocent," Bab said, and announced that she had come for a dress-parade. Her friends were still too unversed in being poor to realize that when she came thus Ruth was sacrificing her own good to theirs, since her time meant money, and little Ruth's pockets jingled only when she spent long days at her needle.

"Get out all last year's glories," commanded Ruth, perched on the foot-board of Jessamy and Phyllis's bed. "That 's a pretty dark-blue cloth suit; whose is that?"

"Phyllis's; it was nice, but she tried it on the other day, and it 's full in the skirt," said Jessamy.

"I would n't dare touch anything so tailor-made; if we ripped it we could never give it the same finish. But we could take out the gathers and lay a box-plait in the back; that will make it flatter — more in style," cried Ruth, with sudden illumination. "Now is n't it true that there 's good blown to some one on all winds? If you had n't stoves in your rooms you would n't have a place to heat irons, and don't I know the impossibility of getting irons from the lower regions when one is boarding?"

"What does 'lower regions' mean? It sounds doubtful," inquired Tom, from the doorway.

"Go away; this is a feminine occasion — no boys allowed," cried Ruth.

"Mysteries of Isis?" suggested Tom. "I only want a buttonhole sewed up; would n't the goddess allow that?"

"Yes," said Phyllis, holding out her hand for the collar Tom waved appealingly. "It is rather in the line of the service about to begin in this temple. We are going into dress-making."

"You 'll succeed; you can do anything," said Tom, watching Phyllis's fingers as she twitched the thread in a scientific manner, drawing the gaping buttonhole together.

"Those laundry people apparently dry collars by hanging them on crowbars thrust through the buttonholes. Could n't I help your dress-making? I know there are bones in waists; maybe I could set them."

The four girls groaned. "Such a pale, feeble little jokelet!" sighed Bab. "Take it to the hospital to be measured for crutches."

"Yes; here 's your collar. Run away and play with the other little boys; we 're busy. By and by, if you 're good, we may let you take out bastings," said Phyllis.

"Jupiter! That sounds familiar," sighed Tom. "My mother used to say just that when I was seven. Much obliged for the collar. When you want me for the bastings, sing out. I 'll pardon your impertinence in consideration of service rendered." And Tom disappeared.

"Phyl will do very well with the blue, then," said Ruth, resuming practicalities. "What are your prospects, Other Two?"

"Jessamy's gray with chinchilla is as good as new, but I spilled something on this brown of mine right down the front, and I have n't a smidge of the goods," said Bab, sadly.

"A what?" murmured Ruth, absently, wrinkling her brow over the problem. "I have it!" she cried, slipping to the floor from her perch with a triumphant little shout.

"Eureka, Miss Archimedes! What is it?" asked Phyllis.

"Braid!" cried Ruth. "We 'll get the narrowest silk soutache; Jessamy shall draw a design; Bab, you shall braid the entire front breadth of your skirt, resolving at each stitch to be neater in future. And now for house wear," Ruth continued, while Bab made a wry face at the prospect before her.

"I thought perhaps we could make waists out of these skirts; they would be pretty with our cloth skirts," said Phyllis, doubtfully, turning over a heap of bright-colored fancy silks.

"Could! Of course we can; let 's rip them now," said Ruth, whipping out her little scissors.

The eight hands made quick work of the ripping, and Ruth cut out three waists by the tissue-paper patterns she had brought, pinned and basted them together, and left her friends to carry out her instructions.

Phyllis proved adept at the new art, Jessamy succeeded fairly, but Bab had a hard time with her waist. Seams puckered and drew askew, because of her reckless way of sewing them up in various widths, and she felt aggrieved when the waist proved one-sided in trying on. As to sleeves, Bab's were bewitched. The poor child basted, tried on, ripped and tried again, refusing all help in her determination to be independent, till her cheeks were purple, and throwing the waist down, she cried forlornly.

Tom surprised her in this tempest, and laughed at her till she longed to flay him. Then, sincerely repentant for having aggravated her woes, he humbly begged her pardon, and took her for a walk with Nixie to calm her ruffled nerves. When she returned Phyllis had disregarded her wishes and basted in the refractory sleeves for her, which, like everything else, had yielded to Phyllis's charm and gone meekly into place.

There was real pleasure to the girls in using their wits for these things; there were compensations in poverty, they found. But the ugly side remained: the jealousy of three girls who wore photograph-buttons, and were the Wyndhams' opposites, at table as well as literally; the landlady's insinuations that she considered the rate of payment from the Wyndhams insufficient to remunerate her for the immense, though to them imperceptible, generosity with which she served them.

And Mrs. Wyndham was ailing, fretting her heart out over the present situation and her poor girls' future. But the most serious aspect of the anxieties closing in around the Wyndhams was that, in spite of all their prudence, money slipped away; laundry bills took on alarming proportions, and they had never dreamed how fast five-cent car-fares could swell into as many dollars. Although they had taken care to make their expenditures come well within their income, they saw that there was not going to be enough to meet an emergency, should it arise; and Jessamy and Phyllis talked till midnight many a night, discussing how they should put their young shoulders to the wheel and join the great army of wage-earners.

## Chapter V.

### Phyllis and Barbara enter the lists.

Aunt Henrietta always stayed until November in her cottage near Marblehead. She said that she never enjoyed the ocean until she was alone with it, and Jessamy suggested afterward that it was a trifle hard on the ocean — a severe remark for Jessamy, whose genuinely high standards of good breeding forbade her unkind comments on others, even on Aunt Henrietta when she was most trying.

Immediately on her return to town Mrs. Hewlett came to look up "her fallen kindred," as Barbara said. That young lady went down to the parlor to conduct her great-aunt to her mother. "It would make a lovely title for an improving book for the young, would n't it?" she said, turning from the glass, where she had been inspecting the last faint trace of the mishap to her nose. "'Little Barbara's Upward Leading,' or 'Toward the Skies,' or 'Helped Upward,' or 'Mounting Heavenward,' or even simply 'Uplifted.'"

"Barbara, I am ashamed of you!" said her mother, as severely as she could, while trying not to laugh.

"Now, Bab, do be nice," pleaded Jessamy.

"Nice! I 'd like to know what could be nicer than to plan moral little titles like those?" said Bab, in an injured voice. "But don't worry. I 'll be a sweet morsel when I get down there."

"You look thinner," said Aunt Henrietta, when Barbara had delicately touched the unresponsive cheek offered her to kiss.

"I am thinner, aunt. We 're none of us waxing fleshly. Black Sally's cooking was more comforting than our present fare," said Bab.

"H'm! Where under heavens are your rooms?" demanded Mrs. Hewlett.

"Just there, Aunt Henrietta — right under heavens, on the top floor," laughed Barbara.

"Do you mean to say you 've taken your delicate mother up all those flights? You ought to be ashamed of yourselves!" said her great-aunt.

"What could we do, aunt?" asked Barbara, meekly, though her cheeks reddened. "We were not able to make any boarding-house-keeper give us better rooms at our price for mama's sake."

"Do? You ought to be earning money — three great healthy girls, and Phyllis only a niece-in-law of your mother's, besides! I came to talk to you about this," said Mrs. Hewlett.

"Please wait till we get upstairs. I fancy there are always ears about here," said Bab, and led the way to their own quarters.

"Excelsior is our motto, aunt," she said, pausing at the head of the second flight, and finding malicious pleasure in her relative's labored breathing.

"Well, Emily, the consequences of your imprudence are severe. I am sorry to find you thus. You don't look well," was Aunt Henrietta's greeting to Mrs. Wyndham. "Now, I want to get down to business without delay," she added, removing her splendid furs. "You are living wretchedly to keep these girls fine ladies. You always spoiled them, Emily; but your weakness should really have some limit. It is outrageous for you to climb all these stairs that a slender income may support four people. These girls should contribute to you, not be a drain upon you. You can't be poor and be fine ladies all at once."

"We hope that we can be, aunt," said Jessamy, "but you are mistaken if you think we wish to spare ourselves at our mother's expense."

Only Mrs. Wyndham's hand holding Bab's wrist tight kept that small torpedo from exploding. "This question has been discussed among us, aunt," said Mrs. Wyndham, quietly, though her voice trembled. "Jessamy has determined on her course. She has talent, and we think will do good book illustrations. She is going to fit herself for her work. From the first Jessamy has declared that she should prepare herself to do something well."

"Jessamy has sense," said Aunt Henrietta, surveying the girl with something like approbation. "She is so pretty that she will undoubtedly marry before she follows any occupation long. I only hope she will remember her necessities, and marry well."

"If you mean by *well* a good man whom she loves and trusts, I hope so too, Aunt Henrietta," said Mrs. Wyndham, with heightened color. "My trouble would be bitter indeed if I thought it would lead one of my girls to marry for wealth or ambition."

"Sentimentality! You were never practical, Emily," said Aunt Henrietta, impatiently; but more pressing interests than merely possible marriage prevented her stopping to quarrel. "How about the other two?"

"I agree with Aunt Henrietta that I, at least, should be earning money," said Phyllis.

"Not you any more than me, Phyl," cried Bab, with more warmth than correctness.

"Well, I cut an advertisement from the morning paper for Barbara to answer," said Aunt Henrietta, producing a clipping. "Answer it now, and I 'll post the letter when I go. It would probably be easy employment, and you are too flighty for most things."

"Thanks, Aunt Henrietta," commented Barbara, spearing the slip to the pincushion with a hat-pin. "I 'll answer it; not just now, though."

"Oh, fancy my little Bab, my baby, going down to business every day!" cried Mrs. Wyndham.

"There 's your foolish pride again, Emily," said Mrs. Hewlett, sternly. "Your daughters are no better than other people's daughters."

"It is not pride," said Mrs. Wyndham, stung to self-defense. "Unwomanly women are a misfortune to themselves and all the community, and it is impossible to knock about the world without losing something of that dear and delicate loveliness which is fast going out of fashion at best. If it can be avoided, I think no girl should be placed in the thick of the fight, striding through the world in fierce competition with men."

"If it can be avoided — precisely; but it cannot be avoided," said Aunt Henrietta, calmly; "for none of your relatives can afford to help you, Emily."

"Help! When did I ever dream of wanting or being willing to accept help, aunt?" cried Mrs. Wyndham, hysterically. "But if I prefer

to practise stern self-denial to keep my girls sheltered until such time as they can help me in more feminine ways than going into business offices, is that wrong?"

"Not wrong," said Aunt Henrietta, with exasperating soothing in her voice, and entire conviction of being right, "but utterly foolish and impractical. Now, I have a proposition for Phyllis. I spoke of it when I first heard you were ruined. An acquaintance of mine is looking for some one to read French with her daughter and three of her young friends. She will pay a girl twenty-five dollars a month for two hours' reading every afternoon. Fortunately, Phyllis's French is perfect, and that is a feminine employment, and so ought to satisfy you, Emily."

Mrs. Wyndham twisted her handkerchief nervously. This was bringing poverty home to her. She clung tenaciously, poor lady, to the hope of sheltering her little brood, and no amount of privation seemed to her like thrusting the burden on them as did their going out into the world to earn their living.

"I 'll try it, aunt," said Phyllis.

"That is right," said Mrs. Hewlett, rising, well pleased at finding her grand-nieces so reasonable — "reasonable" meaning, to her mind, as to most others under like circumstances, ready to accept her advice. "I wrote this introductory line on the back of my visiting-card. You will find Mrs. Haines at that number East Forty —— Street, just out of Fifth Avenue. You will do well to apply at once."

"You won't mind if Phyllis mentions that she is your niece in applying?" inquired Jessamy, with intent hidden under her gentle manner.

But satire was lost on Aunt Henrietta. "Not at all; you are only my grand-nieces, and nothing of the sort could affect my social position," she said. Then she went away, leaving a perturbed roomful behind her.

"Now, let me tell you, my dearest aunty-mother, that I 'm glad to read the French," said Phyllis. "Twenty-five dollars a month will nearly pay my board, and I 'd be happier to feel I were helping. It won't be the end of my career, I hope, but it will answer for a beginning. I honestly think our metallic great-aunt is right — that we ought to be bettering matters, rather than settle down satisfied to such a life as this."

Mrs. Wyndham was crying softly. "To think that if I had heeded Mr. Hurd we should have enough!" she moaned.

"*If — if*, madrina! What is the use of ifs now?" cried Barbara. "You did what you thought right, and we can't bear to have you reproach yourself. I 'll answer that advertisement, and we 'll try to enter the lists to fight for you like true knights — pity we 're girls, for it spoils my fine simile."

"I think not, Babbie baby; a knightly spirit is quite as often in a girl's breast as in a boy's," said her mother, kissing her.

"The worst of it is that I feel so mean and selfish to let you both help while I idle," said Jessamy. "But I honestly believe I can do more by waiting and following my natural bent. You won't think I 'm shirking? When even little Bab is trying to earn her living I feel guilty."

"'Even little Bab' — who is anything but even — is only a year younger than you, miss," said Bab; while Phyllis, putting her arms around Jessamy, kissed her and said: "No one would ever suspect you of not playing fair, my crystal cousin."

Phyllis went forth in her blue gown the next day "to secure the young ideas which in the end she would probably want to shoot," Bab said.

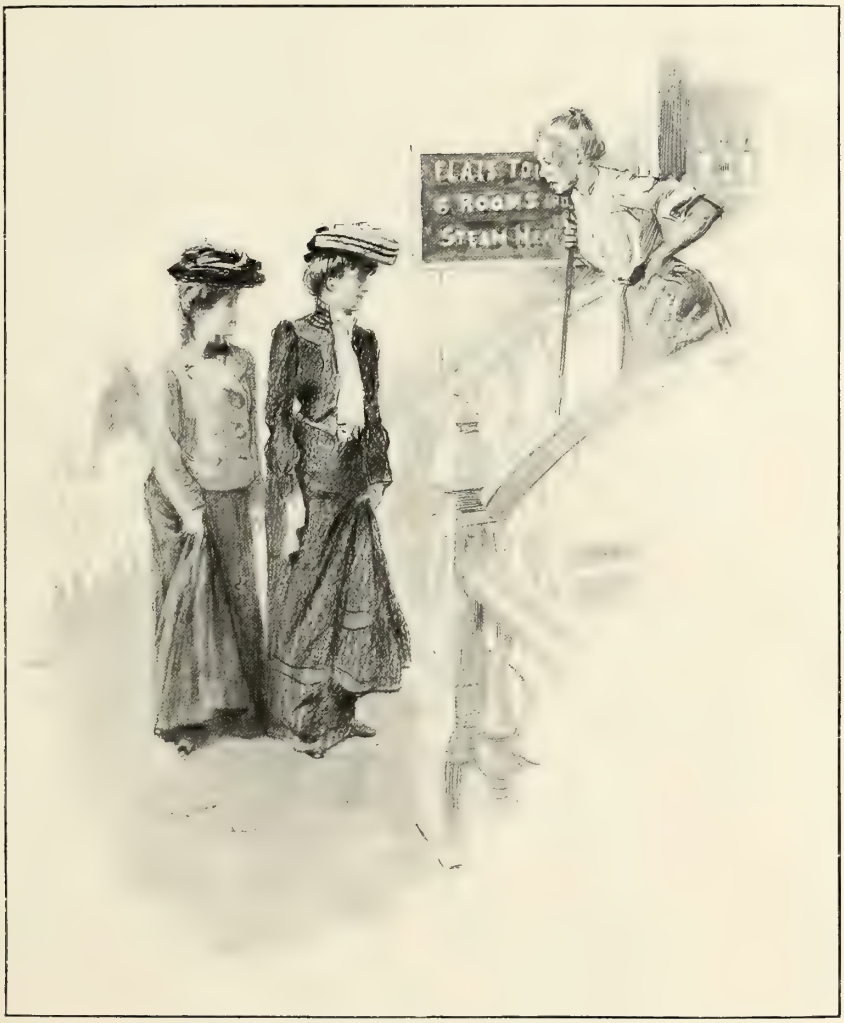
She found four foolish girls of fifteen and a newly rich woman, in the person of Mrs. Haines and her daughter and that daughter's friends. They were only too glad to secure a Miss Wyndham for their tutor, a fact even Phyllis's inexperience could not fail to perceive; the arrangement between them was made without loss of time.

"I am engaged, girls," said Phyllis, coming, with very red cheeks, into the room on her return. But she did not say how disagreeable she had found her recent encounter.

Barbara heard nothing from the answer she had made to the advertisement Aunt Henrietta had brought her, so she applied to Mr. Hurd for aid. The little lawyer obtained for her the position of cashier with a friend of his own,

with whom the young girl would at least be secure from many of the drawbacks to a business career which her mother dreaded for her.

But, to Bab's unspeakable mortification, she had been right when in the beginning of their trouble she had said they were not able to compete with those they had thought inferiors, in doing the serious work of the world.



THE EXPEDITION IN SEARCH OF PEACE. (SEE PAGE 233.)

found that she was incompetent to fill the position. She made change slowly, often wrongly, and at night her columns would not add up right, no matter how often she went over them, nor how carefully she counted her fingers. At the end of a week she came home crestfallen, having been kindly dismissed, to be comforted and petted by her mother and the girls. Accomplishments she had, but practical knowledge, especially of arithmetic, she lacked. Phyllis

After this experiment Mr. Hurd placed Barbara in an office where she was to address envelopes. This she did well, for her fingers and brain were quick; but she was far from an expert, and her salary was but three dollars and a half a week. Fortunately, the office was within walking distance, so that no car-fare had to come from this magnificent result of six days' labor.

Jessamy worked hard at her drawing, and Phyllis went daily to her tutoring, saying so

little of her experiences that her family concluded that they were not wholly pleasant. But one bright ray of hope shone out of the gloom for Phyllis. A little story which she had written was accepted by one of the large syndicates, and paid for—fifteen dollars. The sum was not large, though it was more than half of what she was paid monthly by Mrs. Haines; but the glory, and the hope it shed on the future, were invaluable. On the whole, Phyllis and Barbara found their entrance into the lists not easy, and the blows of the tourney hard, but they kept on with courage fine to see.

They all felt that in some way their skies would brighten when Mrs. Van Alyn returned; she was their "Lady from Philadelphia," and would be sure to find a way through their difficulties. But Mrs. Van Alyn had gone to England to stay until after the holidays, and in the meantime the Wyndhams struggled on.

## CHAPTER VI.

### MARK TAPLEY'S KIND OF DAYS.

PHYLLIS was finding her occupation trying. The girls were too near her own age to be easily controlled by her; indeed, they had never been under control in their lives, and study was not part of their programme. They wished to learn only so much French as would serve them in a coming European trip, and this they seemed to expect their young instructor to get into their brains with no effort on their own part.

But the hardest thing about her new life to Phyllis was the insight it gave her to a manner of living which shocked and tortured her; for Phyllis was conscientious, and the first actual contact with the worldly side of the world is bitter to such as she. Although they were three years younger than Phyllis, and that at a time of life when a year's difference in age marks a wide divergence, they were far older than she in many ways. They discussed flirtations, theaters, trashy novels, while munching chocolates during their lesson, betraying the most sordid ambition, till innocent and honest Phyllis was horrified. She went home daily heavy in heart and foot, loathing the atmosphere from which she had come, and wondering if the world, from which she had hitherto been shielded, was actually governed by such standards as she heard advocated in the Haines household.

Tom, before long, saw that she was looking downhearted and ill, and he made it his business to come home her way and meet her, trying to cheer her into forgetfulness of the annoyances of which he only guessed, for Phyllis could not reconcile it with her idea of honor to talk to any one of what she saw in the home to which she had been admitted. Yet she longed to ask some one if all the world, save her own narrow one, was like this new one. Jessamy and Bab knew no better than she herself, and her aunt was too ill to be troubled. So one day, after an especially trying afternoon, Phyllis met Tom with a keen sensation of relief as well as of pleasure; he looked so manly and reliable that her troubles broke over their barriers almost in spite of herself.

"It 's no use, Tom," she said; "I 've been trying not to tell you, but I must. Is it I or the world that 's out of joint?"

"On general principles, I can assure you that it 's not you, Phyllis; you 're all right. But, if I might, I should like to have something more explicit," said Tom, looking very kindly down on the flushed, earnest face.

Phyllis began at the beginning, and poured forth to Tom all the matters which had distressed her in the Haines household, ending with a conversation of that afternoon.

"Well, what do you want me to tell you, Phyllis?" asked Tom. "Surely you don't question whether you or heartless, flirting, worldly girls are right?"

"No, not that; right is right, and wrong is wrong—" began Phyllis.

"Always," broke in Tom.

"Yes, I know; but what makes me downright sick is the fear that dear aunty has kept us shut away from a world that is full of this sort of thing — that it is all like this," cried Phyllis. "Are we different from the rest of the world? These months have frightened me."

"Not much wonder," said Tom, heartily. "Poor little soul! Now look here, Phyllis; you 're not different from all the world, but you 're different from lots of it. The best never

gets run out, but it often runs low. You 've been shown the highest standards in everything, and they can't be common. It 's much easier to be bad than good for people who start crooked. You started straight, you and Jessamy and Bab. All you 've got to do is to be yourself, and not worry. Keep your own ideas and steer by them, and let the rest go. Do you suppose I don't see heaps and piles of things I hate? More than you ever will, because a fellow runs up against the world as no girl does. I 'd like to be able to tell you I see none but sweet, modest, true girls; but, honest, there are lots of worldly ones. Girls exasperate me, though I feel mean to say it; they would n't if I did n't think they were so much nicer than we are when they *are* nice. You see, Phyl, girls don't understand that the whole world is in their hands; we 're all what women, young and old, make us. Now, you and I had good mothers and sisters. When I went away my oldest sister — she 's past thirty — talked to me. 'Shut your eyes to the bold girls, Tom,' she said, 'and take none for a friend you would not like for your sisters' friend. Keep your ideals, and be sure there will always be sweet, wholesome girls in the world to save it.' So I have been shutting my eyes to the strong-minded sisterhood, and the giddy ones too, and just when I was getting too lonely, and needed you, the Wyndhams turned up, thank Heaven! So you 'll find it, Phyl; it 's a queer, crooked old world, but there are straight folk in it. Keep your ideals, miss, as my sister told me, and 'gang your ways.' And don't take it too hard that there 's wrong and injustice in the world; that 's being morbid. You 'll get used to it; it 's the first plunge that costs; the world 's like the ocean in that. There 's heaps of good lying around, even mixed up with the bad, though that 's what no young person sees at first. You know I 'm ever so much older than you, because I 've been out in the fray some time. Don't get to thinking it 's a bad world; it 's a good one. The Lord said so when he made it. Thus endeth my first lesson. I never talked so long in all my life, not at one stretch. I sha' n't do so again very soon. Come into this drug-store and have some hot coffee; you look fagged."

"You 're such a comfort, Tom," said Phyllis. "I feel much better. There was no use in talking to the girls, because we all know no more and no less than one another, but I did want straightening out. And aunty looks so ill lately, don't you think so?"

Tom looked serious. "I think she is ill, Phyllis," he said. "There 's nothing the matter with her except one of the worst things: she is exhausted, worn out with fret and trouble, and she does n't get enough nourishment; she needs nursing."

"Oh, I see it, Tom," cried Phyllis, as they left the soda-fountain. "What can I do?"

"Take care of yourself, for one thing; you don't look right, either," said Tom.

"I feel dragging; that 's the only word I know for it," said Phyllis.

"I 'm going to fix you up some quinine and calisaya, with malt; I 'm not pleased with you of late, Miss Phyllis," said Tom.

Four days later Phyllis trailed her weary way homeward. The end of her first month's labor had come; the twenty-five dollars she had earned lay in her pocket-book in four new bills. Her head ached, her knees felt strangely unreliable, her spine seemed to be some one else's, so burning and painful it felt in its present place, and her eyes played her tricks by showing her objects in false positions and sizes, occasionally flaring up and then darkening completely for a few dreadful seconds.

Jessamy met her at the door with an anxious face. "Mama has given out wholly, Phyl," she said. "She is in bed, and frightens me, she looks so weak, and her heart beats unevenly and feebly."

"That 's bad," said Phyllis, so indifferently that Jessamy stared in amazement, then saw with utter sinking of her heart that Phyllis looked desperately ill herself. If Phyllis, the rock on which they all leaned, gave out now, what should she do?

"What is the matter, Phyl?" she asked, putting her arm around her cousin.

"I have no idea. My head aches unbearably; it is a headache that reaches to the soles of my feet," answered Phyllis, miserably. "I 've twenty-five dollars in my purse; that will pay for several visits, won't it? Send for Dr. Je-

rome, I mean," said Phyllis, uncertainly. She dropped her hat on the floor beside her, and pushed her hair back from her temples as she spoke, resting both elbows on her knees. "One of the girls is ill; the doctor thought it might be typhoid," she added.

"Is that contagious?" demanded Jessamy, her breath shortening.

"I don't know. Don't be afraid, Jessamy. I 'm too full of pain for anything else to get in. I could n't catch it," said Phyllis, with no intention of being humorous.

Jessamy waited to hear no more. Running across to Tom's room, she knocked impatiently.

"Oh, Tom, dear Tom, do come quick!" she cried. "Phyllis has come home so ill that I 'm more frightened about her than about mama now."

They found Phyllis exactly as Jessamy had left her. Tom felt her pulse; her hands were burning, her pulses galloping. "She must wait till the doctor comes; I 'll give her a sedative, but I 'd rather not do anything more," said Tom, looking grave. "Get her to bed, and don't look so hopeless, dear girl. Phyllis is possibly going to have the grip,— the real thing, not a cold under that name,— and though it is a severe sickness, it does not need such a tragic face to meet it."

But Jessamy would not smile. "One of Phyllis's pupils has a fever; the doctor thinks it may be typhoid; is that contagious?" she asked.

For the life of him Tom could not repress a slight start; then he bethought himself, and answered cheerfully: "Not a bit; only infectious. Get Phyllis quiet in bed, and try not to borrow trouble."

But as he crossed the hall he shook his head



"TOM HAD CAMPED OUT, AND HE INSISTED ON COOKING THE STEAK." (SEE PAGE 236.)

like an old practitioner. "Not contagious, it is true; but Phyl has been in the same atmosphere as that girl, and may have contracted typhoid under the same conditions," he said, rubbing Nixie's head absent-mindedly as the little dog poked it into his hand, recognizing his master's troubled expression. "I don't like it, Nixie, old man; I confess I don't like it at all."

Dr. Jerome came. His verdict as to Mrs. Wyndham corroborated Tom's; she needed

careful nursing, nourishing, complete rest, and cheer. And to insure the latter prescription there was Phyllis! On her case the doctor said it was far too early to decide, but — yes, it might be typhoid. He would do all he could to break it up, but Phyllis was seriously ill. There must be a nurse; even though Barbara gave up her employment to help Jessamy, they were both too inexperienced to undertake a case in which everything depended on the nursing.

Barbara came home into the trouble, very tired, and discouraged over her own uselessness. She who had felt so confident that she could do anything had thus far been able to earn only three dollars and a half for many hours' labor; in the old days she had spent that in a week on candies. Jessamy and she had a consultation, at which Tom assisted, as to the present situation. Tom undertook to procure a woman who had nursed in his family, and who, he felt sure, would serve him for less than the usual terms of a professional nurse. "The two patients must be separate, of course," he added. "You and Bab will use my room, and the nurse will take her share of rest where it suits her."

"And where will you sleep, you dear, generous boy?" cried Jessamy.

"I 've a friend I can bunk with till you 're through with the room," said Tom. "It won't trouble me a bit, so don't call me names, Princess."

Tom's good woman came; she was the kindest soul in the world, and no less competent than kind. Barbara gave up her envelopes to help Jessamy; with two patients she was needed, and even then there were hardly hands enough to render the service required. Tom ran in and out at all hours of the day and night: Jessamy felt that if she lived ninety-nine years she could never repay him for his help and cheer, though she devoted her life to trying to do so.

Mrs. Wyndham lay in that wearying state of feebleness peculiar to exhausted nerves — not in actual danger, except the danger of continued prostration. But Phyllis grew more ill; twice a day the old doctor came to watch her progress, which was steadily downward. Out of the five hundred dollars coming to the Wyndhams quarterly there was an excess over necessary expenditures of about ninety dollars; this was all the capital Jessamy had in hand to meet the present emergency, and underlying her other anxieties was the fear that she should be obliged to borrow of Aunt Henrietta to tide herself through the double illness which had come upon them. Her mother required all sorts of expensive food preparations, and Jessamy realized that her little fund would not carry them further on their hard road than three weeks' distance.

Christmas was coming — the Christmas they had dreaded at best to meet in a boarding-house, the first since they became homeless; but now what a Christmas it was!

Barbara, sitting, as she did every moment that the nurse would intrust Phyllis to her, close by her cousin's bed, thought with falling tears of what Phyllis had always said, that nothing mattered while they had one another. What if they were not always to have one another? What if Phyllis herself, dear, unselfish, sweet Phyllis, was to be the one to go away, leaving a void forever which no one could fill? Bab the light-hearted refused to fulfil her title, but sat stonily looking forward to Phyllis's death. Jessamy, more equable, kept up a little courage, but for her also hope was hard.

And so Christmas Eve dawned grimly enough upon the two poor girls, and on them only, for Mrs. Wyndham was too weak to give more than a sick woman's passing thought to the day, and for Phyllis in her delirium there was neither day nor night.

Dr. Jerome came that morning, and looked more anxious than ever. "Your mother is doing fairly," he said, "but this little girl does not mend; the typhoid symptoms increase, and I 'm not heading it off yet. Nurse, if you will get your scissors, I think this heavy hair must come off."

"Oh, don't, please don't cut off Phyllis's beautiful hair!" cried Bab, while Jessamy clasped her hands in mute appeal.

"Nonsense, Bab; it will relieve her more than you can imagine," said Tom, sharply. He had followed the doctor into the room. "It would fall after such an illness; it is better for the hair to cut it: but if it were n't it would still have to be done. Pray be sensible."

The nurse brought the scissors, and with a few strokes the long, warm, dark masses of hair lay on the quilt.

"That's better," said the doctor, as Phyllis moved her head as though at once conscious of relief. He left a few additional directions for the nurse, and went away.

Phyllis's hair lay on a paper; the sunlight, resting on it, brought out its rich reddish tint. Tom lifted a tress tenderly. "Poor, sweet Phyllis!" he said.

Jessamy turned away to the window without a word, and Bab stifled a sob in the table-cover. What a Christmas Eve, indeed!

## CHAPTER VII.

### TAKING ARMS AGAINST A SEA OF TROUBLES.

CHRISTMAS morning dawned clear and cold, with a few errant snowflakes drifting on the wind, as if to show New York that the great Northwest had not forgotten her, but had only delayed its Christmas box of winter weather for a little while.

It is hard wholly to escape the universal joy in the Christmas air, and, in spite of anxiety, Jessamy and Barbara felt more hopeful than they had the night before. Then little crumbs of comfort floated their way in the morning, as the snowflakes were floating without. Beautiful flowers came to Mrs. Wyndham from Mr. Hurd and other friends, and the expressman had left packages for the girls late the preceding night, which the chambermaid with the chronically dust-branded forehead brought up the first thing in the morning. Then the postman came, bringing Christmas greetings to the girls from several old friends, and a letter from Mrs. Van Alyn, with an ivy-leaf from Stratford-on-Avon for Phyllis, a photograph of Botticelli's beautiful little picture of the Nativity, from the National Gallery, for Jessamy, and for Bab an oak-leaf from the sleepy old English town whence the first ancestor of the Wyndhams had sailed away to America two hundred years before. But best and most wonderful of all, he brought a note from Aunt Henrietta, which Jessamy read aloud to Bab after they were upstairs.

"'MY DEAR NIECES,'" it ran: "'I am concerned to hear that your mother and Phyllis are ill, though it would be more becoming if you had acquainted me with the fact directly, rather than leave me to learn it circuitously through Mrs. Haines. I trust Phyllis is not going to have typhoid, like the Haines child. Also that your mother will try to overcome her natural weakness. It is a pity she has none of the Wyndham endurance —'"

"Yet dear papa died, not madrina," interrupted Bab.

"'I should have been to see you,'" continued Jessamy, "'but that I myself have been suffering. I have had a severe attack of bronchitis, and the doctor thought I should not escape appendicitis —'"

"Mercy! They 're not much alike, except in that horrible long *i* sound!" exclaimed Bab, who grew what Tom called "Babbish" the moment pressure on her spirits was relaxed.

"Do be still, Babbie," cried Jessamy, and read on: "'Escape appendicitis; but the symptoms were caused, as you may conjecture, by acute indigestion. When I am able to be out I shall go to see you. In the meantime I send you each a small Christmas remembrance which may be useful to you in your present circumstances. Your affectionate aunt, HENRIETTA HEWLETT.'"

The "small Christmas remembrance" was a check for each member of the family of twenty-five dollars. Jessamy snatched them up greedily. No one knew how she had dreaded applying to Aunt Henrietta for a loan, and now Aunt Henrietta herself had precluded the necessity! A hundred dollars! It would carry them more than two weeks into the new year, when their interest came in; perhaps before this windfall was used they might be able to dispense with the nurse. It is difficult to be hopeful with money anxieties corroding the heart, and with these relieved Jessamy and Bab looked on their two dear patients for the first time with courage, pressing each other's waist with their encircling arms, feeling very grateful for the comfort Christmas had brought them, and something very like love for Aunt Henrietta, who, in spite of ways all her own, had done a generous thing.

Mrs. Black rose to the requirements of the

festival, and gave her "guests" an unwonted feast; Mrs. Wyndham took little bits of the delicate meat around the turkey wishbone with more relish than she had shown for anything since her breaking down.

After dinner Ruth Wells came down, her basket on her arm, like a happy combination of Little Red Riding-Hood and Little Mabel, whose "willing mind" could not have been as ready to serve others as kindly Ruth's. Out of her basket she produced a veil-case for Jessamy, a handkerchief-case for Bab, a glove-case for Phyllis, all embroidered in tiny Dresden flowers on white linen — not in her spare moments, for Ruth had no spare moments, but in those she had pilfered from her work for her friends. And for the sick ones were clear jellies, and a mold of blanc-mange, with bits of holly stuck blithely on the top.

"Oh, Ruth, how could you make all these, and how did you get them down here?" cried Bab.

"That comes of having one's own flat and not boarding," laughed Ruth; "at least, as far as the making goes. As to getting them down, a little more or less, once you have a basket, does n't matter. Your mother looks decidedly brighter."

"Yes; she ate with a little appetite to-day. But Phyllis does n't improve. And oh, Ruth, they have cut off her hair!" said Jessamy.

"Well," said Ruth, stoutly, "what of it? You speak as though it were her head. I suppose it won't be like the raveled-yarn hair on the knit doll I had when I was a little tot; I cut that off when he was going to a party, and was dreadfully grieved that it never grew again. Phyllis's will, I suspect."

"Come and see her," said Jessamy. Ruth followed. She really was a wonderfully comforting girl. Not a shadow of regret could Jessamy and Bab, watching her closely, discover as she looked on poor shorn Phyllis, lying quietly just then. Instead Ruth said cheerily:

"It will probably grow out in little soft curls all over her head, and how pretty she will look!"

And, as if to reward Ruth for her goodness, Phyllis opened her eyes, smiled faintly, and said, in a hardly audible voice: "I 'm lazy, Ruth."

It was the first sign of recognition she had given since she had become unconscious, and Jessamy and Bab clutched each other in speechless joy. To be sure, Phyllis said no more, but dropped away again into that mysterious space wherein the sick exist, and Tom had gone away to keep the holidays with his family, so there was no one to whom they could fly to ask just how good a symptom this might be. But the nurse told them that, though it might mean little, it was encouraging, and the eager girls resolved to take it at its highest valuation, to get all the joy they could out of a Christmas not too bright at best.

"Good-by, Ruthy; you are so heartening! I wish madrina could take you for a tonic; I 'm sure I don't know any other equal to you," said Bab, as Ruth left them.

The last seven days of the year slipped by with alternations of hope and fear for Phyllis filling Jessamy and Barbara's moments — for Phyllis, because the question of whether she was to throw off the fever or settle down to long typhoid was determining, and Mrs. Wyndham's condition involved no present danger. On the whole, hope predominated; the times in which Phyllis had lucid moments grew more frequent and longer; Dr. Jerome looked more cheerful each day.

But finally, as if she knew that the time of good resolutions and amendment had come, on the closing night of the year Phyllis threw off the last trace of her fever, and lay white and weak, but smilingly conscious, to greet the New Year's dawn.

Tom and Nixie came back to hear the good news, bringing cheer with them. Altogether Jessamy felt that night, when she lay down to sleep, that her troubles were nearly over, and she saw light ahead. She had yet to learn that the long days of convalescence held trials greater than those she had borne.

In the first place, the January days fulfilled the old prophecy of increased cold with greater length, and the little stoves, to which she and Bab offered up holocausts of knuckles and finger-tips, tried them almost past endurance.

"It really is n't the stove that bothers me," said Bab, falling back on her heels as she knelt before it, and raising a discouraged and smutty

face to Jessamy. "The stove is like the rest of us: it would behave better if it could get something to consume."

That was true; it took constant battling to keep coal on hand to replenish the fire. Mrs. Black's interest in the coal question was only to save it, and the result was that the swift-drawing cylinder-stoves were perilously low half the time.

The matter of getting food suitable to convalescents kept the poor girls' nerves quivering. They bought chops and gave them to Mrs. Black to be cooked, bribing the cook to do it well; but the meat that had looked so succulent and so tender when it was cut reappeared dry and blackened, with congealing fat around the edges of the plate, or else was so rare that Phyllis's big hungry eyes filled with tears at the mere sight of it.



"'LOOK OUT, TRUCHI-KI, YOU 'LL FALL!' PHYLLIS SAID." (SEE PAGE 238.)

Jessamy and Bab tried extracting beef-juice in glass jars with cold water and salt, as Mrs. Wells taught them to do, and they got a broiling-fork and cooked chops over their stoves until the irascible old man below them complained to the landlady of the odor of broiling. Jessamy began to have a little line between her eyes, and her sweet voice grew almost sharp from nervous strain; while Bab, though she really struggled hard "to be good," as she said, found her naturally quick temper roused beyond her ability to curb it in the effort to obtain justice, if not kindness, for her dear patients, whose recovery depended on proper care.

For a month these two poor little heroines struggled on in a daily round of petty annoyances — not petty, after all, when one considered what was involved.

"We 're getting awful, Jessamy," said Bab, tearfully, one sad night. "We 're getting sharp-tempered, nervous, hard; and I wonder where shall we end?"

"Come in here, girls," was heard in Phyllis's voice, still tremulous, from the next room. "And do bring Tom."

Tom and Nixie had resumed their old quarters since the nurse had gone, and now both the dog and his master came as readily as they always did when any one of the Wyndhams called them.

"I heard what you said, Babbie," said Phyllis, motioning Tom to the seat of honor, and welcoming Nixie to her side in the big chair. "I 've been seeing what a hard time you were having, and I want to tell you both what we 're going to do."

"It sounds rather solemn, Phyl, summon-

ing us to a conclave like this. If we 're going to do anything bad, don't tell us to-night," said Jessamy.

"What we 're going to do — or what I 'm going to do — is go to housekeeping," Phyllis said.

There was a shout of laughter from her audience, after a moment of surprised silence.

"You look like housekeeping just now," said Bab.

"I look less like boarding," said Phyllis, stoutly. "Ruth Wells is perfectly right. We should be far better off in a little home of our own, 'be it ever so humble.' It takes strong — no, I mean tough people to get on without home comforts. You and Jessamy are getting utterly worn out, as nervous and fretted as you can be, and if you put half the strength it takes to live this way into healthy housework you would have everything you need, and not be tired, still less cross."

"Phyllis is right!" cried Tom. "It 's a miserable way to live."

"Of course I 'm right," said Phyllis. "Now I 've been figuring. It costs us about sixteen hundred a year to live in this wretched way, and I don't know what you are spending besides for these nourishing things aunty and I are having."

"I do," said Jessamy, with a half-humorous, half-genuine sigh.

"I am sure you do, and that it is awful," said Phyllis. "Well, now listen. We are going to take a flat, the best we can find for the money, at forty dollars a month. We are going to have a woman come in two days each week to wash, iron, and sweep, at a dollar and a quarter a day, making about a hundred and twenty-six dollars a year. We are going to cook on gas — Ruth said so — seventy-two dollars more. And we 're going to live plainly, but have nice, wholesome things to eat, and all we want, for six hundred a year — Ruth again, and she knows! And that makes a total of thirteen hundred dollars, allowing a little margin. That 's three hundred dollars less than we spend now, and even if it were more, who would n't rather be in her own dear little home, with all scratchy, maddening things and people shut out?"

Phyllis stopped, breathless, and the others had listened in so much the same condition that it was a moment before any one spoke. Then Bab leaped to her feet, and ran over to hug Phyllis in a rapture. "You dear, quiet, splendid old Phyllistine!" she cried. "It 's just blissfully lovely! To think of you being the one to do it, when you 're still so weak and forlorn!"

"Ask me to tea; have me up to help; let me catch the crumbs from your table," said Tom. "Phyllis, you 're a trump, and you 've saved the day."

"Crumbs from the table!" cried Jessamy, catching her breath. "That 's just it. It 's a dream, Phyl, but how in the world can we do it? There won't be any crumbs from the table, nor anything to eat. We can't do anything, any of us. I 'm not sure mama understands cooking."

"Aunty can direct a cook," said Phyllis; "and I 'm not afraid, with a good cook-book, and Ruth to ask. We can learn a few things, and do them every day, if necessary. It 's better than this, at the worst, and we shall save money, too. If we failed, we could have one servant, and still spend no more than we do now. You and Bab go to look for flats to-morrow. You 'll see I 'm right."

Phyllis's last remark settled the question. If they could afford a servant in case of necessity, there could be no risk in the attempt. Barbara would not admit risk in any case. Tom was unselfishly enthusiastic over the scheme, though he said he dared not think of his loneliness if they left the "Blackboard." But Bab hospitably gave him the freedom of the new apartment, and before they separated for the night the place was rented, furnished, and they had moved in. And, best of all, Tom had promised Phyllis that she should own a kitten.

## Chapter VIII.

### THE TURN OF THE LANE.

Jessamy and Barbara were ready for their expedition in search of peace by nine o'clock the next morning.

"Phyllis is rather like the centurion in the gospel: she tells one to go, and she goeth, and to another to do this, and she doeth it. That is n't

irreverent, because the centurion was only a Roman soldier — not even a prophet," said Bab, as she toiled up the elevated-road steps at Thirty-third Street. "I wonder what it is in Phyl we all yield to?"

"She is very decided, with all her quietness, for one thing, and we have learned that she is generally right and pulls us out of difficulties, for another," said Jessamy. "Wait; I think I 've two tickets."

"What does it matter? We shall need them when we 've moved uptown," said Bab, airily, as she dashed ahead and deposited ten cents at the ticket-seller's window.

It was not a wholly attractive section of the city where they found themselves on their arrival at One Hundred and Fourth Street. Jessamy and Bab felt their ardor dampened after they had rung several janitors' bells in uniformly small vestibules decorated with stenciling on the ceilings and walls, and possessing too many little brass speaking-tubes and electric bells, and, in many cases, too many small children munching cookies and staring, round-eyed, at the strangers.

But Barbara said, "Where there 's scope there 's hope, and New York is large," and they kept on cheerfully. At last they discovered a house farther uptown, but still below the bend of the elevated road (around which they felt certain their mother would never travel), which looked attractive. The rosy-cheeked German janitor's wife showed them seven rooms, not large, but not as small as the others they had seen, looking on a quiet street, with the upper entrance to Central Park only two blocks away. The rent of the apartment, they were told, was forty-five dollars a month, but since it was February the janitor thought it could be had for forty. Jessamy and Barbara, unversed in landlords' ways, trembled lest some one should get their bargain before they had time to report it at home and secure it.

"Oh, girls," cried Phyllis, on their return, when she had heard of their success, "Mrs. Van Alyn has come; she 's been here. She approves our plan, but she advises us to settle everything without speaking to aunty, for she thinks she is too weak to see anything but its disadvantages. And — and — oh, Jess! oh, Bab! I 'm half crazy. She has some of our dearest things stored away for us, because she felt sure we should sometime have another home: uncle's chair, Bab's piano, our desks, tables, photographs, casts — oh, I don't know what! — out of our dear old home, all ready for this little new one!"

Bab turned white, then took a header into the pillows to smother the irrepressible cry of joy which her mother must not hear, while Jessamy, who had silently mourned her lost treasures more than either of the others, dropped into the rocking-chair, crying for happiness.

It was a great comfort that Mrs. Van Alyn approved the new plan; it made it better if it should go wrong: for Jessamy did not like to assume the entire responsibility of such a radical change of which her mother was to be ignorant. The flat was taken, and then the joy of furnishing began.

New papers, a soft gray-green in the parlor, a rich red, olive, and brown tapestry in the dining-room, with soft imitations of burlaps in the small bedrooms, completely altered the effect given by the ugly papers which had preceded them. Pretty denims, labor-saving as well as pretty, covered the bedroom floors, and the dining-room and parlor floors were stained for a border to their tasteful rugs. The three-foot hall running through the apartment was also stained, and black goatskin rugs, laid at intervals, softened the sound of feet; they were real of their kind, and Jessamy abhorred imitations.

Ruth was called into consultation for kitchen furnishing. She and Barbara spent a delightful morning in a hardware-shop, buying bright tins and fascinating japanned boxes, as pretty in the eyes of the homesick girls as art treasures. Jessamy, Phyllis, and Bab were so wild with delight during these last days they could hardly get through them, so impatient were they to take possession of their kingdom. Tom was not less excited than they; not a day passed without his bringing home some wonderful contribution to the coöperative housekeeping, in which coöperation he claimed his full share.

And at last, on the day before the Wyndhams were to move uptown, Mrs. Van Alyn carried Tom off with her to the apartment, forbidding the girls their own precincts, and with

his help set in place the priceless treasures of old association which her kindness had kept for them from a past more splendid, but which the present promised to equal in happiness.

And thus the great day came. Mrs. Wyndham had been told but two days before of the home awaiting her, and received the news with rather more apprehension than pleasure. Phyllis gave up all thought of returning to Mrs. Haines; they hoped to save under the new arrangement more than she had earned there, and to do this her services were needed at home. Mrs. Van Alyn once more sent her carriage for her friend's use, Mrs. Black "assembled," as Tom said, to see her off, and Phyllis shared her aunt's drive, with refreshments for both invalids to sustain them until they got home. Home! — a word to conjure with, driving illness away. The coachman was bidden take them up through the park at an easy pace, and so, in the carriage in which she had been borne away from her first home, poor Mrs. Wyndham, full of the recollection, too ill and sad to share the girls' enthusiasm, rode away to her new one.

The trunks, and all Tom's mad contributions to the apartment, had gone away early, and as soon as the door had closed on their mother and Phyllis, Jessamy and Bab tore up the long flights to get their hats and jackets and hasten after them.

Bab seized Jessamy around the waist and waltzed her all over both empty rooms, singing at the top of her voice, while the chambermaid pushed her reddish pompadour out of her eyes to see better, and grinned sympathetically; she liked the Wyndhams, and would have rejoiced to get out of bondage herself.

"Come on, Jess! Don't stop for gloves; put them on in the train for once. Got everything? Oh, hurry! We must get there first, and I 'm wild to see what Mrs. Van Alyn and that boy did yesterday! Don't stop for gloves, *please*,— I 'm going crazy!" cried Bab.

"You 're crazy now," said Jessamy; but she tucked her gloves into her coat-pocket, and her voice shook, her cheeks were crimson. "Come, then. Good-by, Nellie; I hope you will be well and happy. Good-by, old room; we might have left you sorrowful instead of rejoicing, and at least I may thank you for that."

Barbara was already half-way downstairs; Jessamy ran after her, and they reached the lower hall breathless, to find Mrs. Black waiting to say farewell.

"I wish you luck," she said, with an air that implied it was a hopeless desire for any one mad enough to leave her sheltering roof. "You 'll find housekeeping very different from having no cares and being free to enjoy yourselves. I hope you may be happy, and your ma won't break down under the strain; she can't stand much."

The ride to Harlem seemed endless to the two girls, but at last the tedious journey ended, and once they had turned east out of crowded Columbus Avenue, Jessamy and Bab fairly ran down the street on which their apartment waited them.

They let themselves into the house with their own latch-key. The janitor's wife was cleaning brasses, and said good morning pleasantly, but with no notion of what a great event was happening before her Swabian eyes. How could she have, poor soul, since people move in and out of apartments every day, and few of them are young exiles, hungry for home, come to take possession of the Land of Promise?

Jessamy's heart beat so that she could hardly get upstairs; but Bab honorably waited for her, and would not put the key into the lock — not the general lock of the outer door, solemn as that ceremony had been, but the sacred, blessed lock of their own private entrance. She threw the door open, clutched Jessamy's hand, who returned the pressure with interest, and together they entered.

They ran from room to room, calling each other, sobbing and laughing, and kissing the inanimate things like crazy girls. Phyllis's desk stood in her room, and beside her bed the little rocking-chair Bab loved best held out its arms to her. In the dining-room they found silver they had thought never to see again, and dishes which they knew would be equal to food, whether empty or full, to their mother.

They made their excited way back to the parlor, and Jessamy dropped, exhausted, into the window-seat, which was mysteriously draped in white lace, though they had made up their minds to self-denial in the matter of curtains.

Her eyes rested on her father's chair, and her lips trembled with joy and gratitude. "Oh, the Lord bless that dear, dear Mrs. Van Alyn!" she said, though she usually found such expression impossible.

Barbara opened the piano and laid her hands on the keys. She struck two or three chords of "Home, Sweet Home," and laid her head down on the pretty case to cry the happiest tears she had ever shed.

It was fortunate that Jessamy and Barbara had more than half an hour to await the arrival of the invalids, for neither Phyllis nor their mother was strong enough to encounter them while their excitement was at its height. When they arrived the girls had calmed down enough to open the door quietly and say, with only a little tremor in the voice of each: "Welcome home, mama and Phyllis!"

Phyllis looked white after her drive, but the color rushed from her throat to her short hair at the sight that met her eyes. She did not attempt to go farther than the parlor sofa, where Bab led her, and lay still, in a trance of delight, looking from one dear picture to another, letting the soothing green tone of the room sink into her brain and rest her as if a cool hand had been laid on her throbbing nerves.

Mrs. Wyndham did not get beyond her husband's chair. She sank into it, laid her weary head against the cool leather, and burst into quiet tears. But even the inexperienced girls recognized them for tears that would restore her, standing for the breaking up of the apathy which had been the worst phase of her illness, and they felt certain they had done well in taking matters into their own hands and giving the frail little mother a home once more.

Oh, the joy of preparing that first dinner, to which Ruth and Tom came! Tom had camped out, and he insisted on cooking the steak; Ruth showed the girls how to boil potatoes so that they would neither crumble to bits nor emerge water-soaked from the operation. What bliss it was to Jessamy to make the tea by the venerable rule of one teaspoonful for each cup, and one to the pot! And the unutterable joy of peering into the fat little Japanese teapot later, with an air of experience, to see if it were drawn! And the still greater happiness of making cocoa for the invalids, in the alluring agate saucepan, brought forth from beneath the kitchen closet to be useful for the first time in its gray satin-finish life!

Bab was delirious — cut a slice of bread, and ran to hug her mother; set the cold water running, and then was saved by Jessamy from filling the pitcher from the hot-water faucet. Jessamy took her happiness in another way. She went about with an uplifted look on her lovely face; touched everything with a kind of reverence, brooding over the teacups and lifting the butter-jar as if they were little babies. She forgot nothing, left nothing undone, and when she went to call her mother and Phyllis to their first meal at home, though her voice would quaver, they were summoned to a perfect meal, thanks to her, and in spite of Bab's temporary craziness.

Nixie had a brilliant red bow, which he despised, on his collar for the occasion, and was fed in turn by every one till he could eat no more, and retired to the front of the radiator to meditate on the advantages of housekeeping.

Mrs. Wyndham took her place at the head of her table, and showed such an improved appetite that Jessamy and Bab made their dinner chiefly of rapture, watching her and Phyllis enjoy the juicy steak.

"Now I 've one more contribution to this mansion," said Tom, laying aside the gingham apron he had insisted on donning to help wash the dishes, when everything was once more in order. "I wanted to show you it before dinner, but I feared we 'd get nothing to eat. Your mother has it in the parlor; it 's for Phyllis."

Phyllis, guessing, jumped from the rocking-chair where she had been installed in range of the kitchen door to watch the dish-washing, and ran, as if she had never been ill, into the parlor. There sat her aunt, and in her lap lay curled up, like a powder-puff, the tiniest, whitest kitten ever seen! Phyllis had it cuddled in her neck in a moment.

"Oh, Tom, it 's lovely! Oh, if you only knew how I 'd been wanting a kitten! How did you find such a white one?" she cried rapturously.

"I 've had it engaged for ten days; we 've been waiting for it to learn to eat; it 's only a month old," said Tom, looking very happy in Phyllis's pleasure. "Its mother is a white lady of most favorable record and perfect manners. They say her kittens are models in every way. Hope this one will do you and her credit."

"It shall be called 'Truce,' because we 're at peace, and it 's all white," said Phyllis.

"Truce is n't peace. However, it 's a nice name," said Tom. "I called it 'Antiseptic Cotton'; it looks just like the packages of cotton we use in the hospitals; but I don't mind if you change the name — it is not quite convenient to call."

"Horrid!" said Bab, decidedly. "Truce is pretty. I think you might let some one else see just the tip of its tail, Phyl; we like kittens, too."

"This adds the very last touch of homeiness to everything," said Phyllis, generously handing her treasure to Bab. "Bless you, Tom, for getting it."

## Chapter IX.

### HOME-KEEPING HEARTS.

The Wyndhams had been "out of Egypt," as Phyllis called it, a month. Tom painted a highly decorative sign bearing the word "Canaan" in gold letters on a red ground, to be placed over the front door, because his friends were not only out of Egypt, but entered into the Land of Promise. Although it was not quite possible to hang the inscription in the front hall, Phyllis would not discard it, but placed it over the window in the dining-room; the flat was indeed the Land of Promise to them all, and each realized it in her own way.

Mrs. Wyndham was almost entirely well; her improvement had been rapid from the first, and she was far happier than she had been since the fatal day when Mr. Hurd had come to tell her of her loss — a day that was now nearly a year in the past.

Phyllis was completely recovered; she was too happy to be less than well. Her hair had grown out in soft rings of curls, as Ruth had prophesied it would, and she had never been half as pretty in her life as now, with present joy and hope for the future shining in her beautiful eyes. For Phyllis was dreaming and working; when household duties were done she spent certain hours of each day over her desk, and it was hard for her not to share Jessamy and Barbara's conviction that her little stories were one day to see the light.

The new plan was working triumphantly; the girls were so afraid of the failure prophesied for them that they dared not spend what they could honestly afford to spend, and their first month's bills were under the estimate; yet they had everything they needed for comfort as well as health. There were bad days, when everything went crossways from dawn till sunset — such days as will come to all households, even the best regulated. But when they came the girls treated them politely, pretending not to notice that they were crooked, as Phyllis suggested doing, and so those days came less often to them than to people who dwelt on their deficiencies.

Jessamy and Bab were making beds one morning, as usual, and Phyllis was out in the kitchen, clearing away the breakfast. Truce was on her shoulder; it was growing fast, but did not seem to find that a reason for abandoning its favorite perch. It was the most loving of small catkins, with golden eyes and a preternaturally long tail, and wore a scarlet ribbon on its scarlet leather collar to set off its pink-lined ears and pink nose and the snowy coat its devoted mistress kept spotless with soap and water. Truce never objected to anything Phyllis chose to do; indeed, Truce had what Bab called "reversed hydrophobia," for water had such an irresistible fascination for it that anything containing water was in danger from the meddlesome little white paws, whether it was the biggest water-pitcher or the daintiest vase.

Phyllis was singing, as usual. The two girls in the room near by heard her chanting to a tune of her own:

> "Stay, stay at home, my heart, and rest:
> Home-keeping hearts are happiest;
> For those that wander they know not where
> Are full of trouble and full of care;
> To stay at home is best."

Then she apparently tired of Longfellow, for there were a few moments of silence, alter-

nating with chatter to the kitten. Suddenly she began singing to a swinging, not particularly tuneful tune, like those sung by children in their games; this time it was a funny little song of her own:

"Home-y and happy, cheery and bright,
New tins to left of me, new tins to right;
A little white kitten to pet and to cuddle,
And purr back my peace when I get in a muddle;
A getting-well mother, two girls, and a cat—
My joys are so many they 're crowding the flat.

Look out, Truchi-ki, you 'll fall!" And Jessamy and Bab heard a saucepan-cover drop, and guessed Phyllis had put up her hand to steady Truce on her shoulder.

"Copyrighted, Phyl?" called Bab; but Phyllis, on her knees looking at her cake in the oven, did not hear, and Jessamy put her hand over her sister's lips. "Let her alone, Bab; listen; she may improvise again," she said. "Now she 's beginning to sweep, and that usually inspires her."

Phyllis's broom flew, and Jessamy and Bab waited developments. Evidently Truce had dismounted and was ready for the frolic that sweeping always meant, for they heard Phyllis laugh, and cry: "Look out, Chuchi-ki! How do you expect me to sweep if you hold my broom? I 'll spank you, kitten; you 've never had one tiny, least spanking in all your life!" Phyllis always talked nonsense to Truce, whose name had developed through an Italian pronunciation of Truce, Truchi, Chuchi, and finally into the Japanese-sounding Chuchi-ki, which Phyllis said meant "Trucie ki-tten," but which Jessamy more correctly defined as meaning. nonsensical affection. Luckily for them, however, all the Wyndhams loved nonsense. To prove it, Phyllis began to sing once more — a long jumble of nonsense in one rhyme:

"Trouble found me where I sat,
But I did n't care for that,
Only learned my lesson pat;
Then I took a heavy bat,
And I hit old Trouble — spat!
And I gave him tit for tat;
Last, I drowned him in a vat.
Now I 've learned to make a hat,
Wash a dish, and sweep a mat,
And I think I 'm getting fat
In this blessed little flat,
With my snowy Trucie-cat;
I 'm so very happy that
I don't know where I am at!"

This was too much for the audience; two peals of laughter rang out from the bedroom, echoed by Mrs. Wyndham from the hall.

"Going crazy, Phyl?" gasped Bab.

"I don't know; I don't see that it matters," returned Phyllis. "I 'm brushing up our own kitchen, and everything I 've sung is true; I 'd like to know what consequence a little more or less sanity is under these circumstances? Oh, dear peoplekins, do you think we shall ever get used to this niceness? You need n't laugh at my inspirations; they 're real hymns of praise in spirit, even if they sound crazy."

"I am the one to sing hymns of praise, dear little Phyllis," said Mrs. Wyndham, fondly. "No one was ever blessed with three happy, contented, true-hearted props in misfortune as I have been."

"I 'll tell you a secret, mama," said Jessamy, emerging from under Phyllis's desk, where she had been picking up scraps of torn paper. "I suspect it is n't misfortune; I have a deep-seated suspicion that it is good luck that has come to us, and that if we had stayed rich we should have missed getting into the heart of things, and the real fun of living."

"Now be honest, Jessamy," said Bab. "I have entire confidence in Phyllis and myself enjoying makeshifts, but I have a horrid doubt that you may be making the best of it. Don't you wish you could go about, and have all the pretty things you love, and do no housework, only be beautiful all day long?"

Jessamy paused, her color heightened; she was too honest to answer equivocally.

"Sometimes," she said slowly, "I remember that, though we are rather simple girls, and like to stay girlish as long as we can, still we are growing up, and I 'd like a bit more girlish fun, because we can't be young long. The pretty things I don't miss, because I have them —to make a bull. I mean our stock of pretty clothes is not used up; and our flat is simple, but it has the right look; thank fortune, beauty is not a matter of cost. I am very happy, and truly contented; your 'horrid doubt,' Bab, need n't come again. I think this year has

done more for us than we realize, and I am honestly satisfied. But I do hope we may be able to better ourselves; if only my illustrating turns out something, I ask nothing more of fate."

"Hear, hear! — there 's Ruth," Bab broke off suddenly, and ran to admit her friend.

Ruth had come to spend the day, and hem the ruffles of her new white dimity, for there were hints of spring in the air, and the willows near the northern entrance to Central Park had a filmy, yellow-green effect in the distance, as if the coming leaves were foreshadowed in a mist of sap.

The girls gathered in Phyllis's room, where the sewing-machine stood, with its top invitingly laid back ready for the "bee." The Wyndhams were to sew on spring garments, too, and they all had prepared for a pleasant day.

"If we had nothing to do but practise a little music, get through a little shopping, make and receive a few calls, we should miss this sort of pleasantness," said Jessamy, touching up a bow on the hat she was trimming, and holding it off to look at it in the glass in true artistic manner.

"Half the best things in life are not to be met on the highways; it 's the byways which are loveliest, figuratively and literally," said Ruth, contentedly.

"That sounds like a poem condensed into prose," remarked Bab. "Are you going to drop into poetry?"

Ruth laughed. "All happy people are more or less poetical, I fancy," she said. "I wonder if Silas Wegg meant more than he knew when he talked about dropping into poetry in the light of a friend? If you 're friendly toward life and people, then you get happy, then poetical; it 's a clear sequence in my mind, only I have n't expressed it clearly."

"Not very, Ruthlet, and that 's undeniable," laughed Phyllis. "I 'm certain Mr. Wegg meant nothing so complex, even if he had a wooden leg. However, your idea is all right; I know from experience one becomes a poet under pressure of happiness."

"*One* does; the rest don't," said Jessamy. "Phyllis sings yards of rhymes when she 's salubrious, but Bab and I remain prose copies. Oh, dear, there 's the bell, just when we are so cozy!"

"Here is Mrs. Van Alyn, girls; she 's coming in there," called Bab from the hall.

"I have come to be disagreeable and spoil all your plans," said Mrs. Van Alyn, kissing Phyllis and Jessamy. "Don't get up, dears; the end of the bed is all I want, for I mean to hurry off, and take Jessamy with me." And she pushed one side the breadths of an organdie Jessamy was cutting.

"Oh, don't sit on Trucie!" cried Bab. "The kitten 's somewhere there, asleep, after bothering our lives out."

"Dear me!" cried Mrs. Van Alyn, jumping up hastily. "Why, Barbara, you scamp, why did you startle me so? The kitten is rolled up in the pillow-sham. Where is your mother?"

"Mama went out to market, and to sit in the park awhile; she has n't come in," said Bab.

"Then I can speak in ordinary tones; the worst of these dear little apartments is that the rooms are too close together to allow secrets," laughed Mrs. Van Alyn. "I would rather your mother should not know of my errand, lest it lead to hopes that would come to nothing. There is a young lawyer of my acquaintance — the son of very nice people I met in the Berkshires — who had a desk in Mr. Abbott's office over a year ago; he thinks he may be able to help Mr. Hurd prove that Abbott made over his property too late to have done so legally, in which case the law would recover part of your loss. I want to carry Jessamy off to lunch, and Mr. Lane, the young lawyer, will call to see her. It will save your mother possible disappointment, and you know enough of the matter to satisfy him, don't you, Jessamy?"

"I know more than when it happened, for then I knew nothing," said Jessamy, rising at once to get ready to go out; "I have tried to learn all about it since. Of course I will go. Dear Mrs. Van Alyn, you are always so good to us!"

"Nonsense, my dear! There is not much goodness in stealing one of you for a few hours; you are such busy bees nowadays I can hardly get a peep at you. Make haste, or such haste

as can be made consistently with looking your prettiest. Old Peter is driving up and down, and I 'm dreadfully afraid of him; he looks unutterable things if I have the horses out longer than he approves. I wish you girls could keep me here all day, instead of the exigencies of the law driving Jessamy and me away. There are never bright spots like this in my house." And Mrs. Van Alyn's sweet face clouded; her three little girls, who would have been the age of the Wyndhams, had been in their graves for more than ten long years.

"Ready, Jessamy sweet?" she asked, as Jessamy returned, looking lovely in her gray gown, with the blush roses nestling against her hair under the soft brim of her hat. "Good-by, Phyllida, Babette, and little Ruth, who manages to glean so much worth having. Tell your mother only that I carried Jessamy off to lunch, and will return her safely."

"Would n't it be nice if we could get some of our money back?" asked Bab, thoughtfully tickling Truce's nose with the end of his long tail, when she had come back from seeing Mrs. Van Alyn and Jessamy off.

"Nice! It would be glorious," cried Phyllis,—"though that does n't sound quite consistent with all we 've been saying."

## CHAPTER X.

### THE LITTLE BLIND GOD OPENS HIS EYES.

THERE was grief in the Wyndham apartment for Tom—Tom, who was as dear to them as one of themselves, and who had brightened their days of trial, as he had shared their recent pleasure. Tom and Nixie visited it no more. It was all the fault of Bab, and her mother and the girls were powerless to straighten out the dreadful tangle.

Tom had been gradually showing pretty plainly that, though all the Wyndhams were dear to him, the dearest was the small person who had fallen across his path, quite literally, nearly a year before—that for little Babbie he cherished a feeling different from the brotherly love he gave Jessamy and Phyllis.

Bab herself knew this perfectly well, and it turned her into a pocket-edition of Beatrice; she flouted poor Tom with more cruelty than "the dear Lady Disdain" bestowed on Benedick. For a time Tom bore her sarcasms and snubbing with pained surprise and patience; but that day was past. He had decided, apparently, that if Bab did not want him he would not inflict his presence upon her, and thus it was that "Canaan" was dreary for the lack of his cheery laugh, and to all the Wyndhams the loss was hard to bear. To all; for, though Bab betrayed her feeling on the subject by no word or sign, she grew thinner, and learned the habit of silence, which transformed her into a being unrecognizable to those who knew her best.

"She 's Barbie, mama, not Babbie," said Jessamy, tears of impatience and regret in her eyes. "She has put a barbed-wire fence all around herself, and she 's not only keeping out our happiness, but the worst of it is, I 'm sure she 's driving off her own happiness, too! And I feel so sorry for Tom that I can hardly keep from saying: 'Oh, Tom dear, just please be fond of me, and let that naughty girl go!'"

"That would be a singular performance on the part of my dignified elder daughter," her mother said, smiling. "I am quite as sorry as you are, my dear, and anxious; but I am trying to let matters take their course, and I think they may straighten themselves."

"They are n't taking their course," sighed Jessamy. "Bab is warping them all out of line. The dreadful part of it is that Babbie is evidently behaving so badly to Tom because she wants to treat him so particularly well. I wish I could straighten her out!"

"Don't try; wait," advised her mother. "Bab is very young. I believe I dread to see one of my girls with a lover, though it be such a dear boy as Tom."

While the Wyndhams had lost one friend, they had gained another—not one to fill the place Tom's absence left vacant, but one they enjoyed greatly. On the top floor of the house where the "Land of Canaan" apartment made the third lived a family whose youngest member, a girl of eleven, frequently held what Bab called "overflow meetings" with her dolls on the steps, for the family was large—as was the doll family, for that matter—and little Margery

was forced, by lack of space, to the street, the playground of city children.

A friendship had sprung up between her and the Wyndhams, especially Bab, born of mutual admiration for Jumeau babies with spasmodic joints, and a little girl's unspeakable worship for an older one. Margery was a quaint child, given to the companionship of books and people beyond her age, and with the contradicting childishness and maturity of an only child in a family of adults.

Tom was included in her favor, both for his own and for Nixie's sake; once when Margery had a sore throat Tom cured her, and henceforth was brevetted "my doctor," a distinction he valued. As weeks went by Margery's sharp eyes noticed the estrangement and increasing coolness between "her doctor" and her dearest Bab, and finally that Tom came to the house no more. After long puzzling over it, Margery set her nimble wits to work to remedy the wrong she could not understand. Simple methods did not appeal to the queer little girl; at last, however, she hit upon a plan that suited her childish love of the theatrical and an unconfessed longing to be a heroine.

A rainy day came, and Margery, left alone with the servant, recognized her opportunity. Bab, alone too, as it chanced, was startled by a violent peal of the bell. Answering the summons, she faced the Hortons' maid, white under her freckles, who stood on the door-mat, wringing her hands, and crying at the sight of her: "Oh, Miss Wyndham, pl'ase do come up, for the love of Hiven! I do be alone wid Margery, an' she 's took that bad she 'll be dead ag'in' her mother comes back!"



"'I KNEW THAT IF I WAS AWFULLY ILL MISS BAB WOULD BE NICE TO YOU,' MURMURED MARGERY." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

"Dead! Margery!" gasped Bab, and flew up the stairs, in her alarm outstripping Norah.

There was cause for alarm, to the eyes of inexperienced Bab, as she looked at the little figure stretched on the bed, her face swollen out of all likeness to pretty Margery, or even to human features. A crimson face, cheeks, eyelids, lips puffed and distorted, lay on the pillow; crimson hands as shapely as tomatoes picked the quilt; while hollow groans issued from the purpling mouth.

"Oh, Margery!" cried Bab, in an agony of terror, "what has happened? Run, run, Norah, for Dr. Gilbert; I 'll stay with her. It must be poison. Oh, what has she eaten?"

"Nothin', miss, but her lunch wid the rest of 'em," began Norah, while Margery moaned:

"Not Dr. Gilbert; I want my own Dr. Tom."

"Oh, Margery dear, Dr. Gilbert is so much older and wiser," Bab pleaded.

But Margery only burst into plaintive sobs. "I want my own doctor; I should n't think you 'd be cruel to him now," she sighed.

"Then call Dr. Leighton, Norah," said Bab, blushing at this betrayal of Margery's observation. "Only hurry, hurry!"

It seemed hours before Tom came, though Norah met him in the street and returned within fifteen minutes. Bab spent the minutes bathing the still swelling face, soothing the poor little patient, and trying to control her own nerves. Margery grew more ill every moment; would Tom never come?

At last he came, and as he entered the room the relief was so great that Bab forgot to incase herself in the disguise she had worn so long. Her eyes were so full of love and joy as she raised them to Tom that he stopped short in amazement at the revelation, and a great flood of happiness rushed over him, too great for any circumstances to check.

"Oh, Tom, I 'm so glad you 've come! Now it will be all right," said Barbara, in a low voice of absolute trust. "Margery is dreadfully ill, but I am sure you will save her."

Tom did not answer; he walked straight to the bed, without looking at Barbara. His heart throbbed so joyfully that he had hard work to force his thoughts to duty.

"Margery, what have you eaten?" he demanded, having felt the child's pulse and looked closely under the almost closed eyelids.

"Nothing," murmured Margery.

"Margery, remember I am a doctor and know when I am told the truth; you must tell me what you have taken," said Tom, sternly.

Bab crept close to Tom, oblivious to all other considerations on hearing this hint confirming her fear of poison. Tom put one hand over the two little hands clasped imploringly on his shoulder, trying to remember only Margery and to forget that this was Bab coming to him thus voluntarily.

"I always tell the truth," said Margery, with all the dignity her strength allowed. "I have n't eaten anything, but I did n't say I had n't *taken* anything. I took quinine, but it 's much worse than the other time; I would n't tell you if I was n't dying."

"Quinine! Ah, that 's it! And worse than the other time? Has quinine made you ill in this way before?" asked Tom, comfortingly patting Bab's head, which had drooped on his shoulder at the word "dying."

"Once, but not so bad. I did n't think it would be so awful when I took it, though I did think I 'd feel dreadfully. The doctor said I had an idiotsinkersy in me about taking quinine," groaned Margery.

"Did you take it purposely?" asked Tom, amazed, as he handed Norah a prescription and bade her hasten to get it filled. "That was certainly an idiot-syncrasy! Why have you done such a thing? Do you like to be ill, Margery?"

"No; but — oh, my mama won't like to find me dead!" And Margery burst into open wailing, in which Bab joined.

"You are not going to die," said Tom. "Bab dear, don't cry so; Margery will come out all right. But why, in the name of all that is wonderful, have you taken what you knew would make you ill, little lassie?"

"For your sake," said suffering Margery, as impressively as her swollen features permitted.

"For my sake!" echoed Tom, dumfounded.

"I knew that if I was awfully ill Miss Bab would be nice to you," murmured Margery.

"You dreadful child!" cried Bab, indignantly, springing away from Tom's side.

Margery turned away, hiding her swollen face, tears, and wounded heart silently in her pillow.

"She does n't mean that, Margery," said Tom, gently. "You are hurting her, Bab; you know she adores you. Be just to the poor mite, and remember her motives were good, even if her methods are doubtful," he whispered hastily.

Bab knelt contritely by the bed, and took the queer, forlorn little figure in her arms. "No, of course I did n't mean that," she said. "Forgive me, Margery. What made you think of such a very strange thing to do?"

"The Bible says you ought to lay down your

life for your friends, does n't it?" sobbed Margery, drying her eyes on the ruffle on her night-gown-sleeve, in default of a handkerchief.

"It says you can't prove greater love than by dying for them — yes," said Bab.

"Well, then, I thought I ought to be willing just to be sick for you, when all the books say how every one forgives every one else and foes make up around sick-beds and things. I could n't bear to see you and my doctor getting worse foes all the time, so I took the quinine, though I knew I had an idiotsinkersy in me that made it poison me, and I 'd be dreadfully sick. I thought you 'd make up around my bed, and love me, and say how I 'd saved you, and how you 'd never forget me. And now you are friends around my bed, and I 'm fearfully sick, but you only call me dreadful! Oh, why don't my mama come and take care of me?" And Margery wailed anew over the ingratitude of humankind.

What could Bab do less than express — though Tom was there — her gratitude to this martyr to her welfare?

"Dear little Margery, you 're not dreadful; I am dreadful to have called you so, even though I did n't mean it. You are a dear, devoted little friend. Please forgive me, for you know I love you dearly," she said, kissing the sad, shapeless little face.

"And my doctor?" stipulated Margery, before according pardon.

"I think we shall be better friends; I won't be horrid to him any more," whispered Barbara. And then Margery gave the kiss of peace.

Mrs. Horton returned at this opportune moment, and Tom escorted Bab downstairs, leaving Margery, already better, to her mother's care.

Barbara let herself into the apartment with her key, and for a few moments an awkward silence prevailed, broken at last by Tom.

"I think I shall adopt a Margery rampant, with a quinine capsule in the quartering, for my coat of arms," he said. "Our queer little friend with the constitutional idiosyncrasy against that drug has done me a great service. She has proved that you don't hate me after all, do you, Babbie?"

Bab was silent.

"Barbara Wyndham, don't waste any more time. You have treated me badly enough, Heaven knows, and I have n't enjoyed it. Tell me this instant that you love me," said Tom, in a tone which Bab might have resented had not her recent fright and humiliation subdued her.

"I love you, Tom," she repeated meekly, and straightway forgot all doubt, all fear, in perfect happiness.

When Jessamy came home, before her mother and Phyllis, she nearly dropped in the doorway, for there was Bab throned in the window, looking radiantly pretty with the joy and womanly tenderness which the events of the afternoon had called forth shining in her face. And beside her, on a low stool, sat Tom, looking entirely blissful and unusually humble. He sprang up at the sight of Jessamy. "Come to your brother, Jessamy!" he cried. "Bab has promised to marry me."

"Indeed, I have promised *not* to marry him," said Bab. "I have told him I will not so much as hear it mentioned for ages. As though I wanted to marry yet!"

But Jessamy waited to hear no more. She threw herself at Bab in some mysterious way, and hugged and kissed her sister, with a kiss for Tom too, in almost hysterical rapture.

"It was pretty rough on me to be treated as I have been lately," said Tom, as they tried to settle down to sanity. "But I ought to have known what it meant, for the very first time I ever saw Bab she threw herself at my feet, for me to take or leave, as I chose."

"Why, Thomas Leighton!" cried Bab, indignantly.

"Fact, and you know it," affirmed Tom. "Never mind, Babbie; 'some falls are means the happier to rise,' you know. That fall of yours on the Blackboard steps was one of them, for, my heart, are n't we happy?"

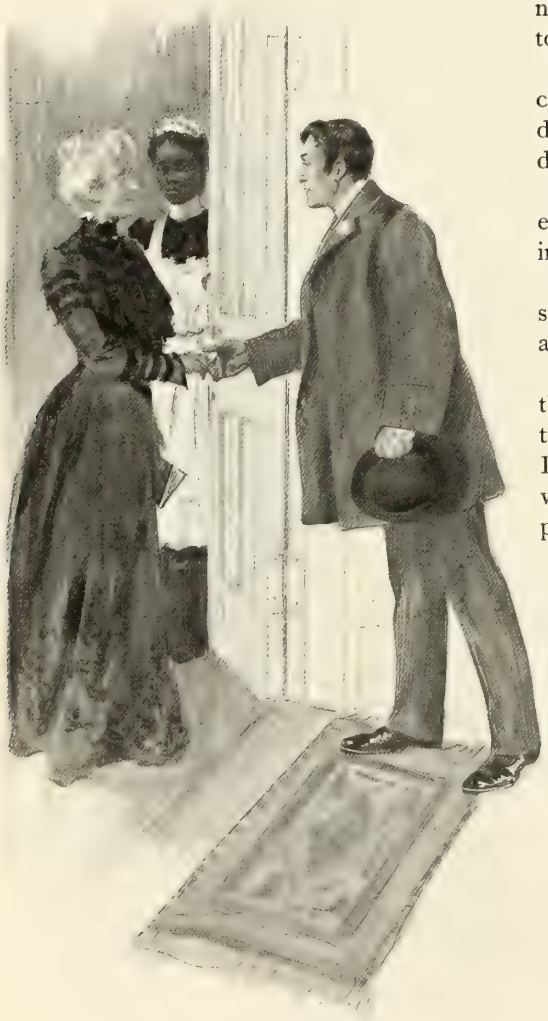
## Chapter XI.

### THE LADY OF THE SCALES.

There was mystery in the air of the little apartment from the day on which Mrs. Van Alyn had carried Jessamy away to meet the young lawyer, Robert Lane — mystery from which Mrs. Wyndham felt herself excluded. Evidently the girls were in a conspiracy of some

sort, but their mother did not give the matter much thought, knowing that when they were ready they would confide in her, and feeling quite certain she was excluded from their secrets for her own sake.

Robert Lane, whose possible connection with her fate was unknown to Mrs. Wyndham, became a frequent visitor; sometimes it seemed to her he, too, was concerned in the conspiracy



A BEARER OF GOOD TIDINGS.

with her girls, but she dismissed the thought as unlikely, since he was such a new acquaintance. Whatever was in the wind, it could be nothing bad, for they all were as blithe as birds, and Jessamy and Phyllis were as happy over their good fortune as Bab was in her engagement. For Phyllis had written three stories, which Jessamy had illustrated, and two out of the three had been accepted by a reputable magazine, and the editor had asked for more work from both the young aspirants. It seemed to the girls that fortune, fame, and happiness lay at the points of their pen and pencil.

"It is such a nice, quiet time now, mama, with no special work on hand, let's ask Aunt Henrietta to spend the day," said Jessamy, one morning.

Bab groaned, and even Phyllis looked downcast. "Oh, dear, it 's awful to have a sense of duty," sighed Bab. "What does make you so dreadfully conscientious, Jessamy?"

"It is n't such a tremendous proof of conscientiousness—" Jessamy began; but her mother interrupted her:

"It is precisely what I have been meaning to suggest. We have scarcely seen our aunt lately, and we owe her attention; she is growing old."

"She is n't growing old, madrina; you know that: she was always old, but she does n't mean to admit it, nor let it increase," said Bab. "Well, I suppose I can maintain my portion of family virtue. Write your note, Jessamy-Griselda, the patient and heroic!"

Aunt Henrietta accepted the invitation, which was for three days later, and appeared, in all the dignity of a stiff black silk, at half-past twelve, because she disapproved of the custom of arriving ten minutes before luncheon; half an hour was not too long, she declared, to rest after reaching one's destination before sitting down to the table.

"You 've been getting a new rug for your dining-room," said Aunt Henrietta, in the tone of disapproval which she kept "for family use," as Bab said.

"Yes; that is Phyllis's contribution to our comfort: she bought it with the check from one of her stories," replied Mrs. Wyndham, mildly.

"So Barbara is the only drone!" said Aunt Henrietta. "No, no potatoes; you must know that my doctor forbids them. It is often the one who says most who does least."

"Barbara is far from a drone, aunt," said Phyllis, seeing Bab fold her lips with a look at once angry and hurt. "There must be one to help with the housekeeping, and she has all the care of providing. Bab is the most competent little person, and is so cheerful she keeps us all up to the mark."

"Humph!" ejaculated Aunt Henrietta, with a world of significance in the sound. "Take away that dreadful cat; I always detested cats! How people can want animals in such limited space I can't conceive. When are you to be married, Barbara?—or will that young man you are engaged to ever be able to support you?"

"Next fall, if Dr. Leighton has his wish," said Bab, while Phyllis gathered up Truce and bore him, surprised and indignant, from the room, where, as everywhere, he was used to being considered an acquisition. "Dr. Leighton would not have asked me to marry him if he could not support me." Barbara disdained reminding her aunt that Tom was heir to a good inheritance; it would have been unbearable if even Aunt Henrietta, for whose opinion in general she had little regard, looked on her marriage from a mercenary point of view.

"Very probably; he seems to be a very nice young man," said Aunt Henrietta, to Bab's surprise, for she had prepared to do battle for her lover.

The luncheon passed off with no further passage of arms, and Aunt Henrietta settled herself comfortably to slow knitting in the best chair in the parlor, and to conversation with Mrs. Wyndham. The girls were unmistakably "fidgety," as Aunt Henrietta protestingly remarked. A note had come for Jessamy during lunch; she had read it with quickened breath, and conveyed it to the other two slyly. The effect on them all had been disturbing. Bab slipped out for a few moments, and Mrs. Wyndham thought she caught a whisper from her to Phyllis containing the words "telephone," "Tom," and "Ruth." When Bab returned she flitted from room to room as if she could not keep still, and though Phyllis had greater control of her nerves, her answers to remarks were so wide of the mark that Aunt Henrietta commented on it, and her Aunt Wyndham kindly let her alone.

As to Jessamy, her cheeks were burning, her eyes so bright that Aunt Henrietta, scanning her attentively, prescribed: "Six drops of No. 3 aconite, in a half-glass of water, and take one teaspoonful every hour. You are certainly feverish, child," she added. Jessamy's great beauty had made her Aunt Henrietta's favorite from childhood.

At half-past four, just as Aunt Henrietta was rolling up her work preparatory to taking tea before setting out homeward,—"You live at such an unearthly distance from civilization," she said, as reproachfully as though the Wyndhams were selfishly pursuing their own pleasure in going uptown for low rent,—just at half-past four the bell rang, and Mrs. Wyndham met at the door Robert Lane, looking so excited, entering with such a quick step and flashing eyes, that he brought an electric atmosphere with him.

"What has happened to you, Mr. Lane?" asked Mrs. Wyndham, rising to welcome him. "You know my aunt, Mrs. Hewlett? You look as though some one had made you heir to a fortune."

"Not a bad guess, Mrs. Wyndham," said Robert, taking the extended hand. "I have as good news as that to tell you; I honestly believe I like it better than a fortune for myself."

"Then it is all right? He has come to terms?" cried Bab, while Jessamy and Phyllis, knowing the answer before it was given, dropped, quite pale, on the sofa, their arms holding each other tight.

"All right, little lady; the check is here," cried Robert, jubilantly slapping himself on the breast.

Mrs. Wyndham turned pale; even Aunt Henrietta began to tremble.

"May we know what you are talking about, young man?" she said sternly. "Evidently the girls are in your counsels."

"My dear Mrs. Wyndham," Robert began, "it is rather a long story; the beginning dates from the winter before last, when I was first graduated from the law school, and had a desk in Mr. Abbott's outer office."

At the mention of that fateful name, Mrs. Wyndham sat erect, clasping tight the arms of her chair. "Mr. Abbott!" she whispered.

"Precisely; the Abbott who robbed you," said Robert, nodding emphatically. "At the time I was frequently asked to witness his signature to papers; among others there were three transfer deeds. The dates of those deeds I remember, owing to circumstances, and I saw enough of their contents to know they transferred a portion of Abbott's property to his wife. The first was signed on my own birthday, December 7; the second on January 3, the birthday of a chum of mine, on which we always dine together; the third on the eve of Washington's birthday, and I witnessed it with my coat on, ready to start out of town for the holiday — so I was prepared to swear to all three dates with absolute certainty. There were many things then which led me to suspect Mr. Abbott did not quite come up to one's idea of an honest man, and the following spring I heard of the failure of the Wyndham Iron Works, and that you had lost everything, while Abbott still prospered. Then I thought hard, and as a result of cogitating I went to Mr. Hurd and told him about those papers I had witnessed, and how that rascal had put property out of his hands when the company was already involved. Mr. Hurd jumped at the information. 'Young man,' he said, 'you may be the very witness we need to establish what we all knew, but could not prove.' Then Mrs. Van Alyn let me meet Miss Jessamy, and she gave me information we lacked. Mr. Hurd did not have to disturb you, having your power of attorney, and they thought it better not to tell you about it until they were sure of success. Well, there were undoubtedly other transfers made besides those I witnessed, but those were all we could prove; still, they amounted to forty thousand dollars. We convinced Abbott we could prove that much rascality, and that if he did n't disgorge he would be sued, and made to give up not only that, but costs and reputation — what he has of it! The old scamp hated the alternative, but he 's too sharp not to know it was the cheapest thing he could do, so he gave Mr. Hurd his check for forty thousand,— it 's certified,— and as a reward for the little assistance I 've been, Mr. Hurd let me bring it up to you.

"Mrs. Wyndham, here is a check for forty thousand dollars, and if you are as glad about it as I am, you are a happy woman."

So saying, and with a decided choke in his voice, Robert laid the certified check on Mrs. Wyndham's knee, and dropped quietly back in his chair.

Not a sound broke the stillness with which all present had listened to the long story. Then Aunt Henrietta electrified the company. Without a word, she arose to her full stately height, walked deliberately over to where Robert sat, put both arms around him, and kissed him soundly, with a kiss that resounded. "You are a second Daniel Webster," she said, and solemnly resumed her seat.

Nothing better could have happened; Aunt Henrietta had relieved the tension of a moment that was in danger of becoming overstrained. Following her aunt's example, though with a difference, Mrs. Wyndham took both of Robert's hands, tears of joy running down her cheeks. "I can't thank you, my dear," she said simply. "I know you are as glad as we are. But I shall never, never forget that we owe it to you that this portion of our property is restored. And to us, having been taught the lesson of economy so sharply, forty thousand dollars will be a far larger sum than it once would have seemed."

Jessamy, Phyllis, and Bab were crying, but their faces were flushed with joy, and they were smiling as they wept. "Oh, there 's Tom!" cried Bab, running to the door to let him in, as she always did on hearing his peculiar signal.

"Hallo, Bob, old man; I see you 've got it. Bab telephoned me," cried Tom, the instant he saw the April faces. "Talk about special providences, was n't it about the neatest bit of good fortune that you should have witnessed those deeds? I tell you, Mother Wyndham, I 'm tremendously glad! Now it 's over, and you know the whole story, I don't mind acknowledging that my engagement to Bab depended on the recovery of that money; if it had n't been captured I should have broken it off — I would n't have married a girl without a little fortune."

"She has n't married you yet, sir, that girl-with-a-fortune, so you 'd better not be too sure of her. I may take my share of the forty thousand and purchase a little Frenchman with

a little French title," said Bab, saucily — so saucily that Aunt Henrietta said severely:

"Barbara, such jests are not seemly."

Once more the bell rang, and Ruth dashed in like a whirlwind, and seized the entire family in her arms at once, apparently, so swift were her motions. "Oh, dear, dear girls, I *am* so glad!" she cried. "When you telephoned, Bab, I was out; but the moment I came in I turned right around and started over here. I could n't be more gladder if it were my own money."

"Nor more mixed up in your comparatives," laughed Bab, returning Ruth's hug with vehemence. "I knew you 'd be glad; you 're that kind. You sympathized with our trouble, but it counts for even more to be glad of our joy. You are a trump, Miss Wells, and I call our lawyer, Mr. Lane, to witness I said so."

"Are you going to move, or do anything different now?" asked Ruth.

"Not we," said Jessamy. "This was our Land of Canaan, and we will not desert the dear little place because our income is doubled."

"We never could love any other little place so well," said Phyllis. "It is so much our very own home. I 'm not sure, even, that I regret our dear old home now. It will be very nice to feel that our shoes no longer pinch; that will satisfy me."

"And still nicer, literally, to be able to get shoes that don't pinch whenever ours are shabby. My idea of happiness is not wealth, but just enough to feel luxurious in having necessities plentifully. I shall buy half a dozen gloves and three pairs of shoes the moment madrina cashes that check," said Bab, whose harmless vanity was her pretty hands and feet.

"I don't think I can get beyond rejoicing to know that each of the girls now can have a little fortune when I am no longer with them," said Mrs. Wyndham.

She looked dangerously near tears, and Tom had an inspiration.

"Put that check on the floor, right in the middle," he cried. "Now, hands all round. Come on, Mrs. Hewlett." And the bad boy forcibly pulled Aunt Henrietta from her dignified seat. "'Ain't I glad I 'm out of the wilderness, out of the wilderness, out of the wilderness,'" he sang; and the girls and Robert joined in breathlessly, laughing and dancing joyfully as they sang.

Round and round the check reposing on the floor they danced, Nixie and Trucie, who were the best of friends, capering outside the circle, and regarding the whole thing as done for their personal entertainment.

In a few moments Mrs. Wyndham gasped out appeals for mercy, and the Indian dance of triumph ended.

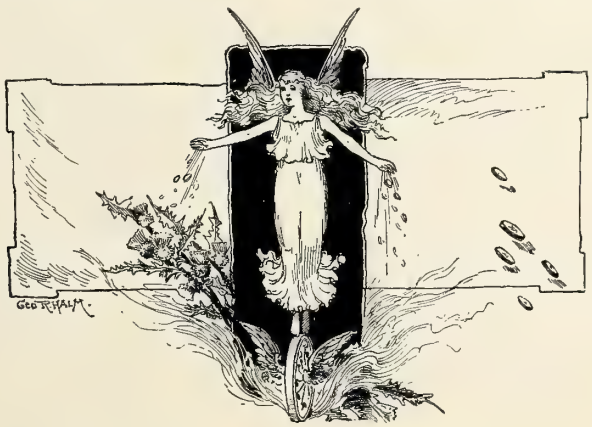
"Now we can settle down to peaceful happiness," said Jessamy, fanning herself.

"A little fortune, and our stories and pictures to make it bigger, dear Princess — why, we are going to be wealthy!" said Phyllis, throwing her arms around Jessamy in an aftermath of delight.

Bab encircled them both impartially, standing on tiptoe to do it.

"The troubles of the Wyndham girls are over," she said. "They are the happiest three in the world, because 'Home-keeping hearts *are* happiest,' you know, and

"East or West, Hame is Best!"






"EVERYBODY WAS WAITING IN ALMOST BREATHLESS INTEREST TO SEE WHAT WOULD HAPPEN." (SEE PAGE 251.)

# SAM BENSON'S AUTOMOBILE.

By Frank S. Ballard.

Sam Benson must have been what you sometimes hear people call a mechanical genius. Anyway, machinery had always possessed a powerful fascination for Sam, and he exhibited a truly remarkable precocity in rigging up contrivances that would go or had motion in them.

He gave early evidence of the bent of his mind by using for making machines empty thread-spools and bobbins, set on whittled wooden axles, connected by beltings of twine, and made to revolve by the use of weights or cast-off clockwork.

Later, the brook which ran through the meadow in the rear of his father's barn was discovered by Sam as a source of power. A dam was built, and a good-sized overshot water-wheel set up, from which power was carried to the barn by means of a small rope belting, and a jig-saw and small grindstone could be run by this power; this had proved to be a really practical labor-saving contrivance.

And all the neighbors knew about Sam's windmill. He had built a mammoth windmill, and had set it up and attached it to the pump in his father's yard; and it would pump all right, too, when the wind blew; for one night when it was calm Sam neglected to detach the connections between the pump-handle and the wind-

mill, and a good breeze springing up during the evening, the mill turned the whole night long and pumped the well dry; the door-yard was flooded, and the Bensons had to lug water from the neighbors' houses for the next two weeks.

During a recent summer a pushing patent-medicine firm sent out a man in an automobile. He traveled from town to town in the machine, distributing the advertising matter, and in the course of time arrived in the country village where Sam Benson lived.

None of the villagers had ever seen one of the odd-appearing horseless carriages, and many had not even heard of the existence of such a thing. It created no end of talk and wonder among the people, and the circus itself would have taken second place in public interest if it had arrived in the village while the man with the automobile was there.

As for Sam Benson, he could n't get a good night's sleep, owing to the train of thought the automobile aroused in his inventive brain. He spent almost every hour the automobile man was in town in looking over the machine and studying the different parts of its mechanism. He got more rides on it than any one else, asked questions until the man grew weary of answering him, and by the time it had departed Sam had a first-rate idea of what made an automobile go, and of how it was put together.

About a month after the departure of the automobile, it was reported among the boys in the village that Sam Benson was up to something unusually mysterious in his father's carriage-house. Sam had purposely said not a word to anybody about what he was doing, but finally the secret leaked out. He had taken his chum, Joe Wilbur, into his confidence, and they, with the village blacksmith's help, were building an automobile.

The one thing that made it possible for Sam to build something that would go after the manner of an automobile was this: A summer boarder in the village had had a gasolene-launch that he used on the river, which ran close by the village. One day he ran the launch on the rocks and smashed it all up; nothing was left of it that was good for much except the gasolene-motor, which he sold cheap to a village resident. Later it happened that the man who bought the motor owed Sam's father a debt which he could n't collect, and in time Sam's father took the motor, the only thing he could get hold of to satisfy the debt; thus the motor came into Mr. Benson's hands.

Very soon the motor passed into Sam's possession, and, as can be imagined, was a thing of intense joy to him. He had it fired up, and ran it time and again, but had not put it to any special use up to the time the automobile idea struck him. Now it was going to furnish the motive power for his automobile.

Sam and Joe got hold of a light platform-wagon that had seen better days, but which still possessed a tolerably stout frame and four very good wheels.

With the blacksmith's aid, they dropped four iron hangers down from the body of the wagon, and to these a second platform was attached. On the lower platform the gasolene-motor, which, by the way, was a powerful affair, was firmly fastened.

The back wheels of the wagon were put on a solid axle that turned with the wheels, and on this axle a cog-wheel was set. On the power shaft of the motor another cog-wheel was set, and the two cogs were connected by a chain-gearing.

The front axle of the wagon was attached to an upright bar, with a horizontal bar put on top, so the machine could be steered, and two long iron rods, with little wheels on top, connected with the steam-valve and reverse mechanism of the motor.

Sam's ingenuity suggested all these things; the blacksmith got out the ironwork under his directions. They had to send away for the chain-gearing, and this and other things cost considerable, and Sam had to sell off about thirty of his hens to pay his share of expenses.

Unfortunately for Sam, his knowledge of mechanics was not a trained one. He knew nothing about the rules or mathematics of the science, and he did n't know whether the relative size of the cog-wheels on the motor and the wagon-axle would produce a high speed or low speed, and he did n't care overmuch, either; all he wanted was to have the thing go, and it went all right, as after events proved.

It took just about a month to build the auto-

mobile, and when it was finished it was a most mysterious and fearful-looking affair. No one ever saw anything that looked like it before, and there are several now who never want to see anything like it again.

On the eventful day of the trial the boys had had steam up in the automobile all the morning. They had seen the thing move back and forth over the carriage-house floor, satisfying them that it would go; they had tried the steering-gear, the reverse lever, and everything seemed to work all right and to give promise of a great success.

Soon after dinner, Sam went out in front of the house and looked up and down the road; he wanted to get the automobile out and started without a lot of people gathering round. No one was in sight, and a minute later he and Joe backed the machine out of the carriage-house and pushed it up the driveway out into the road. In the front windows of the house was every member of the Benson family, their faces wreathed in broad smiles of amusement.

When they got into the road Sam happened to drop a monkey-wrench down into an awkward spot in the machinery, and they had to stop and fish it out. While they were doing this, Mrs. Potter, who lived next door, happened to look out of her window.

"Well, for the land's sake, Ira, do come here!" she exclaimed. "What on earth hes that Benson boy got out there in the road?"

Mr. Potter looked out of the window.

"Well, I swan," he said, "ef that boy don't beat the Dutch!"

"It 's on fire, ain't it?" said Mrs. Potter, who saw the steam curling up from underneath. But Mr. Potter had gone for his hat, and was starting out to see what the contrivance was.

Just then a team came along with three men in it, and, of course, they stopped; various neighbors began appearing at their doorways, and by the time Sam had recovered the monkey-wrench, and made a few necessary adjustments on the machine, there was a crowd of a dozen or fifteen people around him — just what Sam had been trying to avoid.

Sam kept silent or answered questions in regard to the machine in monosyllables, and tried to appear very unconcerned and absorbed in what he was doing. But he was really in a most self-conscious condition, and both he and Joe were so nervous and excited that they were very awkward with their fingers in trying to arrange things.

Finally they both climbed to the seat on the machine. There was an impressive silence, everybody waiting in almost breathless interest to see what would happen.

Joe gripped the steering-bar, and Sam cautiously opened the steam-valve. There was no response. He opened it a little wider; there was a loud *sis-ss* underneath, and the back wheels of the machine spun round, throwing a shower of dirt on those behind.

Every one in range was hit by the dirt; one man got a wad in his eye and had to have somebody look into it; two little girls had white dresses spattered; and what with the flying dirt and hissing steam, everybody edged off to a respectful distance.

"Set your seat farther back, Sammy, so 's to git your weight more over the back wheels," some one shouted. This was good advice, and Sam and Joe got off and moved the seat back a little; then they got on and tried it again.

This time the machine made a sudden jump forward. One of the front wheels struck a stone, twisting the steering-bar almost out of Joe's hands; the machine made a swoop through the shallow ditch at the roadside, climbed a low terrace in front of the Williams' house, carried away four or five feet of a light lath fence around a tulip-bed, went through the tulips, and brought up with one wheel upon the first step of the door-steps.

The bystanders followed, some at a trot, and everybody laughing so they could hardly speak. They all were pleased except Sam and Joe and the woman who owned the tulips. She ran to the front door, and when she saw the tulip-bed she began to rate the boys unmercifully. She kept it up though Sam and Joe apologized and offered to pay her; but finally the woman became so interested in what was going on, she forgot to grumble, and sat down on the door-steps to watch.

The boys pulled the machine back into the road and looked it over very carefully. Everything seemed to be all right about it, and after the examination again they got up on the seat.

In the excitement the reverse lever of the machine had been turned, and the machine was loaded to go backward; but nobody knew this, and the spectators all were lined up in the rear of the machine as the safest place to be.

Again Sam turned on the steam, and this time the machine made a quick, unexpected dash to the rear. The crowd stampeded right and left, and everybody got out of the way except "Fatty Childs," the postmaster's boy, who was only fourteen and weighed two hundred pounds. The machine struck Fatty amidships as he turned to flee, knocked him flat, and ran over his leg.

The bystanders roared as the unwieldy fat boy scrambled to his feet in a frantic effort to escape the scalding steam that squirted in his direction. He was n't hurt much, and limped away, while Sam brought the machine to a standstill and carefully turned the reverse lever.

Once again they made a start, and this time they got away without mishap, and went sailing up the street toward the business part of the village at a good rate of speed, the small boys cheering and chasing on behind.

It was a proud moment in Sam's life. How the people did stare! And it was curious to see the changes on their faces when they saw the machine coming — surprise, wonder, a look as though they could n't believe their own eyes, and then, as they made out what it was, an expression of immense amusement.

People could be seen running out of their door-yards as the machine passed by, and beckoning to others to come and see. It is safe to say that Sam's automobile caused more talk in the village that day than anything that had ever happened there.

Leading south out of the village was a long, level piece of road known as the Dorset Street Road, and up this road Joe steered the machine.

"Open her up a little, Sam," said Joe, "and let 's see what she can do."

Sam let on a little more steam, and the machine shot ahead at increased speed. It was exhilarating now, and the breeze caused by the smart pace swept coolly back into the boys' faces.

A little way out on the road the boys gained rapidly on a team which proved to be that of Deacon Calkins. The deacon heard the noise and turned round. Maybe he was n't surprised! But there were a whole lot of surprises coming to the deacon. When he saw what the vehicle was he stood up in the wagon to look back. Like all the rest, he could n't comprehend at first, and then, as he took in the situation, a broad grin spread over his features.

The boys rapidly caught up to him, and the deacon was shouting something at them as he pulled one side to let them pass; but he had n't reckoned on his horse.

The horse, hearing the unusual noise, turned its head in a nervous fashion, and caught sight of the machine. One look was enough for that horse. Any decent horse would have been scared. It made one jump that nearly snapped the deacon's head off, and then, with the bits in its teeth, tail up and mane flying, it started on a dead run.

Well, the deacon did n't waste any more time looking at that automobile. He gathered up the lines, and you could hear him yell, "Whoa! whoa, boy!" away back in the village. Sam was scared, and started to shut off the steam; but in the excitement he turned it completely on, and the machine shot ahead at a terrific rate. When he tried to turn the rod the opposite way it just twisted round loosely; it had slipped a cog somewhere.

"Shut her off, Sam!" shrieked Joe, getting on his feet in excitement.

"Can't; it 's busted!" yelled Sam.

"Shall I turn the reverse lever?" shouted Joe.

"Don't do it; she 'd blow up!" yelled Sam.

Maybe that home-made automobile did n't go when it got the full force of the power! It simply flew. The deacon's horse was running something like a mile a minute on ahead, but it was a fact that the automobile began to overhaul the runaway horse.

"We 're going to run him down!" yelled Joe, who was clinging to the steering-bar for dear life. "I 'm going to ju-m-m-p!" he jerked out, as the machine struck a stone.

"Don't do it; you 'll be killed. Stick to the machine!" shrieked Sam, as his hat flew off and his hair stood back in the wind.

About an eighth of a mile farther on the road ran down in a steep hill, and just this side of the hill was the entrance to the Moore farm.



"THE DEACON GATHERED UP THE LINES, AND YOU COULD HEAR HIM YELL AWAY BACK IN THE VILLAGE." (SEE PAGE 251.)

"If the gate 's open steer her up into Moore's place!" yelled Sam. "If it 's shut run her into the fence and jump. Don't go down that hill!"

The machine kept gaining on the galloping horse and the shouting deacon, and if there had been a hundred yards farther to go they would have rammed him from the rear; but just before they were up to him the horse swept by the entrance to the Moore farm, and on down the hill, in spite of the deacon's frantic efforts to turn him.

As the machine came opposite the entrance to the Moore farm, Joe turned the steering-bar; the machine made the curve with two wheels in the air, and shot up the short lane into the farm-yard.

The entrance, fortunately, was up quite a steep incline, which checked the speed of the machine a great deal. In a whirlwind of excitement, the boys were looking for the place where they were going to strike, and never noticed the clothes-line, which, as they went under it, caught them in the usual spot, under the chin, and mowed them off from the top of the automobile on to the ground.

The machine kept right on — chased a yelping dog with its tail between its legs up on to the back piazza, frightened a girl at the milk-pans into hysterics, and then, making a short turn, swept down a steep incline, and went, bang! right through the light doors of the barn.

There was a whole lot of live stock in the barn, and as the wheels to the automobile still kept spinning by fits and starts, it raised an awful babel of noises in that barn. And every now and then a wild-eyed cow or calf, with, perhaps, a piece of rope dangling from its neck, would make a frantic break out of the broken barn doors, and disappear at a wild gallop that made it look as if it was trying to throw hand-springs, while hens and chickens were fluttering from the windows in all directions.

It seemed a miracle that the boys were not killed outright, but they were not even badly

hurt. Just as they limped up to look into the barn there came a tremendous explosion inside, followed by a final distribution of crazed cattle and screeching poultry. And at this moment the little door in the second story of the barn was kicked violently open, and down off the hay slid a hired man who looked like an escaped lunatic. The man did n't have time to find out whether he was going to fall as the result of his jump. And he had barely touched the ground when a couple of young heifers, propelled by the explosion, shot out of the barn door on the jump; the first one butted the man and knocked him flat, and the second one galloped right over him.

Laugh! How Sam and Joe did laugh, in spite of their tumble and mishap! They had been laughed at all day, and it was their turn now.

But smoke now began to come out of the barn; it was on fire. Probably twenty-five people had chased the runaways up the road, and as these arrived they formed a bucket brigade from the pump, and soon had the fire out.

It cost Sam's father a very pretty sum to settle the damages, besides the loss of the motor, which had blown up. As for the deacon, he made the hill all right, and his horse soon stopped running on the level road below.



"DOWN OFF THE HAY SLID A HIRED MAN WHO LOOKED LIKE AN ESCAPED LUNATIC."

Machinery still has the same fatal fascination for Sam, and he may make a new automobile, but he 's a little chary now about saying anything to others about his plans for inventions.

# "When Laura Goes to Play."

By Rose Mills Powers.



When Laura goes to play with Lou,
Who lives across the way,
She wears a gingham frock of blue
Just made for romp and play;
And oftentimes her hat 's askew,
When Laura goes to play with Lou.

When Laura plays with Lulubel,
Who lives up on the square,
She has to dress up very well
And think about her hair.
It would not do to run pell-mell,
Up on the square with Lulubel.



When Laura goes to play with Lou
They picnic on the grass;
Two cups of milk, a bun or two,
Is all there is to pass;
And yet it seems a nice menu
To Laura, playing there with Lou.







When Laura plays with Lulubel
  Their parties are so fine!
With china fragile as a shell,
  And silver all ashine,
And Nurse Celeste and Mademoiselle
To serve each course for Lulubel.

When Laura goes to play with Lou
  Her best-loved doll she takes,
And though it 's very far from new,
  No difference it makes;
For over there 's a dolly, too,
That 's old, but very dear to Lou.

When Laura plays with Lulubel
  Miss French Doll is on hand,
For all the dolly folks that dwell
  Up there are very grand,
With names like Clarice and Estelle,
Those Paris dolls of Lulubel.

And so when Laura goes to play,
  One easily can tell
If she is off to spend the day
  In style with Lulubel,
Or in a simpler way, 't is true,
But merrier far, with little Lou.



THE HOLY NIGHT, FROM THE PAINTING BY CORREGGIO.

# CORREGGIO'S PICTURE "SANTA NOTTE," OR "HOLY NIGHT."

By Ella M. Dillingham.



ABOUT four hundred years ago lived the great painter known to us as Correggio, who took his name from the small town of Correggio, in northern Italy, where he was born, just two years after the discovery of America.

His real name was Antonio Allegri, and as he became famous the name of his birthplace was added, giving him the title of Antonio Allegri da Correggio. Near the town of Correggio was a somewhat larger town called Reggio; and when the artist Correggio had won renown by his frescos in Parma and Mantua, he was asked by Alberto Pratonero to paint an oil-picture to adorn the new chapel he had just built, for the glory of his family, in the Church of San Prospero in Reggio. It was for this chapel of the Pratoneri family that the picture called "Holy Night" was painted in 1530, and it remained there in quiet seclusion for many years; but it was too beautiful to be lost in obscurity, and it now adorns the Gallery of Fine Arts in Dresden.

The picture shows the child Jesus in his mother's arms, a soft, beautiful light shining from his face and glorifying the face of Mary as she leans over him.

The scene is in a rude shed, quite open in the background, where appears Joseph with those humble animals of the field. It is the early morning, as the first faint signs of dawn tinge the hills and sky in the distance; but the important light of the picture is that shining with a heavenly radiance from the Infant resting in his mother's arms as she kneels before a manger holding straw. The face of Mary reflects the glory of her Son as she gazes fondly upon him, undazzled by the brightness from which the young woman on the opposite side screens her eyes by holding up her hand. A sturdy old shepherd looks on in amazement, and raises his hand to his head as if afraid he is not really awake; and a younger shepherd looks up at him as if saying, "It is strange, but too beautiful to frighten any one." Above are joyful angels who have just floated down on a billow of clouds to gaze upon the scene; but they do not bring with them the light upon the clouds: that, too, is a reflection from the Christ Child.

Other artists have attempted to represent this same idea of Christ at his first entrance into this world casting a glory about him, but never so successfully as Correggio, who has sometimes been called "Ariel the Light-bringer" because the light in his pictures is so clear and bright. This "Holy Night" is one of the most beautiful that he ever painted, and though artists sometimes find minor faults in the drawing, they never cease to admire the wonderful glow shining from the heavenly Child who came to this world nineteen hundred years ago.



# BOOKS AND READING.

THE SPELLING-MATCH. THERE is no doubt that young folks love a spelling-match, and so many have sent in corrections of the story "Eh Kernel's Sun," printed in the October number, that the awards cannot be made till next month. Not all the versions have yet been examined, but it is already certain that very many correctly spelled versions have been received, so that the prizes must be awarded to the competitors who, age of the writer and neatness of the answers considered, have done best. Many of you failed through the veriest carelessness; but accuracy is difficult!

A TRAVELING BOOK-LIST. WE are always glad to hear of new books — or books new to us — that are worth reading; and yet we seldom, except by chance, think of recommending them; that is, we seldom take the trouble to spread the news of a happy find. It would take little time and little effort to write a postal-card or, better, a note to the friends we are sure would enjoy what we have found delightful. A group of young friends could arrange among themselves to keep one another informed of the good reading they come upon. Sometimes men who have been classmates in college agree after graduation to write what are known as "circular" letters. Number One begins by writing to Number Two, giving an account of what he has seen or done. Number Two adds his account of himself, and mails both to Number Three, who adds his own letter, and forwards all to Number Four, and so on back to Number One. It may be that this plan could be made useful in telling about books. Each of the friends who took up the plan could add a title or two, with what remarks occurred to him, and thus a list could be kept upon its travels.

THAT FOOTBALL TEAM. FROM Lincoln, Nebraska, a young correspondent suggests members for an imaginary football team to compete with the remarkable collection of worthies named in the November number. He thinks this new team would have a fair chance of scoring even against the other stars:

Right End, Hector.
Right Tackle, Ajax.
Right Guard, Odin.
Center, Scrimar.
Left Guard, Polyphemus.
Left Tackle, Briareus.
Left End, Hereward.
Quarter, Harold Hardraade.
Right Half, Theseus.
Left Half, Thor.
Full-back, Milton's Satan.
Substitutes: The Maccabees, Castor and Pollux, Sir Launcelot, Olaf, Charlemagne, and Talus.

We think this an excellent team, and creditable to its inventor, Mr. Jack Miller, to whom our thanks are due.

A rival — and a girl! — makes up yet another team. It is as follows, except for two slight changes, neither of which weakens the team, we think.

Left End, Alfred the Great.
Left Tackle, Briareus.
Left Guard, Horatius.
Center, Cœur de Lion.
Right Guard, Strong Back (Grimms' Tales).
Right Tackle, Brian de Bois-Guilbert.
Right End, Douglas.
Quarter, Alexander the Great.
Left Half, Ivanhoe.
Right Half, Powhatan.
Full-back, Roderick Dhu.
Umpire, Socrates.
Referee, Draco.
Head Coach, Napoleon Bonaparte.
Line-keeper, Lafayette.
Time-keeper, Diogenes.
Physician, "No one — for they never get hurt!"

There are still plenty of giants! See Brewer's "Dictionary of Phrase and Fable," new edition (1900), page 514.

MOHAMMED AND THE MOUNTAIN. A YOUNG inquirer asks for the origin of the saying: "If Mohammed will not go to the mountain, the mountain must go to Mohammed." We have usually seen this stated the other way. In the same edition of the "Phrase and Fable" there is an explanation of the saying on page 865, but no authority is given.

"HISTORY OF A NUT-CRACKER." A LETTER comes from England asking for information about Alexandre Dumas's "Histoire d'un Casse-noisette." We must refer the inquiry to our readers. We remember an English translation of the story, called "The Nutcracker of Nuremberg," but do not find the entry in the Publishers' Catalogue. Is the book to be found in either French or English?

**SOME QUAINT INSCRIPTIONS.**

THE friend who sent us an early copy of "Goody Two-shoes" writes to this department about a boy's inscriptions in his Bible in 1718:

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In looking over an English Bible recently sent me from London, I have found several verses, evidently written by a boy, which I think may interest your boys and girls. The Bible was published in London in 1603. The binding has brass corners, and the arms of James I. are on both sides. The writing is plain, but "John" shows he had many struggles before he had finished his verses. I have copied the form and capitals, or want of capitals, but, unfortunately, cannot give you the lettering.

On the back of the title he has written:

"John Sims His Book amen
God Give him Grace to run
that race that heaven may
be his dwelling Place
1718"

On the back of the title of the New Testament there is the following:

"John Sims His Book
amen God Give him Grace to Look
therein & when y bell for him doth tole
Lord Jesus Christ receiv his soul"

and

"John Sims Is my
name England is my nation
Sarum is my dwelling place
Christ is my
Salvation
1718"

Hoping this will interest you, I am,
Yours truly,
A. J. PARSONS.

**TWO MORE QUESTIONS.**

AN inquirer writes from Dinard, France, an appeal for the names of books about Captain Kidd. ST. NICHOLAS told something of Kidd's career in Mr. Stockton's "Pirates and Buccaneers of Our Coast." Is there any available account of this famous treasure-hider — that is, any worth reading?

Another seeker after knowledge wishes to find the quotation:

One good idea but known to be thine own
Is better than a thousand gleaned from fields by others sown.

**BOOKS IN THE LIBRARY.**

THE plan suggested by this young correspondent has its good points, but — is n't his bookcase rather neat and useful than interesting or picturesque? Is n't it a pity not to see the books themselves? Such a library reminds one of a party where all the guests are in dominoes and masks!

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to tell you about my library. I have nearly one hundred books which I keep in a bookcase of my own. To keep the covers from getting soiled I covered them with plain brown wrapping-paper, which I bought at the stationery store for about a half-cent or a cent a sheet.

When I had them covered it was very hard to find any book, as they were all alike. So I went to a printer's and got one hundred plain white visiting-cards for fifteen cents.

I took these and wrote the name of a book on each one and gave it a number. Then I wrote the number on the book, and arranged the cards in order according to the first letter. In this way I can find any book I want very quickly. Yours very truly,

CHESTER C. JERSEY.

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DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In one issue of the ST. NICHOLAS you ask for a list of the best of the juvenile books that have appeared during the last two or three years. I send you a list of twenty good books for boys and girls that have appeared during 1897–1901. I did not dash them off on the moment, but thought a good while before compiling this list. I think that the twenty books that follow this letter are the best of the mass of books that have been published during the last three years. I would have liked to include the "Story of Barnaby Lee," but as that has n't come out in book form, I could n't do it. "The Wouldbegoods" appeared in September and is just fine. Here is the list:

The Brownies Abroad, Palmer Cox.
The Dozen from Lakerim, Rupert Hughes.
Quicksilver Sue, Laura E. Richards.
The Story of Betty, Carolyn Wells.
Lobo, Rag, and Vixen, Ernest Seton-Thompson.
Yankee Enchantments, C. B. Loomis.
Trinity Bells, Amelia E. Barr.
Dorothy Deane, Ellen Olney Kirk.
Dorothy and her Friends, Ellen Olney Kirk.
The House with Sixty Closets, Frank S. Child.
The Adventures of a Freshman, Jesse Lynch Williams.
The Fugitive, John R. Spears.
The Land of the Long Night, Paul B. Du Chaillu.
The Wouldbegoods, E. Nesbit.
A Jersey Boy in the Revolution, E. T. Tomlinson.
Elsie in the South, Martha Finley.
We Win, H. E. Hamblen.
Forward, March! Kirk Munroe.
Master Skylark, John Bennett.
The Junior Cup, Allen French.

They are all good books, and are worthy of consideration. Yours truly,

WILLIAM KERNAN DART (age 16).



## WHAT THE MISTLETOE DID.

A PRETTY doll in a stocking hung,
While near her a soldier-doll bravely swung,
When, lo! the timepiece struck twelve o'clock,
And gave the mistletoe quite a shock.
Then the startled doll heard the soldier say:
"All right, little neighbor! It 's Christmas Day."

*Joel Stacy.*

# THE STORY OF BARNABY LEE.

By JOHN BENNETT.
(*Author of "Master Skylark."*)

[*This story was begun in the November, 1900, number.*]

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

### THE LAST DAYS.

ON Saturday morning, August 31, 1664, Colonel Richard Nicolls sent his last imperious summons for the surrender of New Amsterdam, citadel and town. Stuyvesant once more replied that he had no right to demand it, and again the blunt English commander rejoined: "The right does not concern me a tittle; I was sent hither to take New Amsterdam, and I am going to take it."

"I will protect and defend the city to the last extremity," responded the Director-General. "Come easy, come hard," returned Richard Nicolls, "I shall take New Amsterdam. I am weary of this parleying. I have offered terms to the city, and if they are not accepted, I hold myself clear of responsibility for whatever may ensue. At the end of twenty-four hours I shall move upon the town, by land and sea; it behooves you to make up your minds."

When this imperious message was heard in New Amsterdam, men, women, and children flocked to the Director-General's door, beseeching him that he would submit; but his only answer to them was, "I would rather be carried out dead!" "Then give us the terms, or, upon our souls, we will surrender anyway!" they cried.

To avoid the threatened mutiny against his authority, which would leave him neither dignity nor honor to stand upon, the Director-General yielded to the demand for the English terms, and Governor Winthrop's letter, which he had torn into shreds, was cunningly pieced together, copied in English, transcribed into Dutch, and despatched to the burgomeisters.

Then Stuyvesant sued for an armistice, still vainly and vaguely hoping for impossible relief, and longing still for some compromise compatible with honor. But Nicolls would treat for nothing but the surrender of the town. "I was sent to take New Amsterdam," he answered, "and I am coming to take it. Have done with the goose-quill and ink-pot; they are no arms for a gentleman-soldier." Then he sent two ships above the town, while the rest remained below, so that the town was between two fires: "To-morrow," said he to Stuyvesant, "I will speak with you in Manhattan."

"Friends will be welcome," replied Stuyvesant, "if they come in a friendly manner."

"It rests with you," rejoined Nicolls, "whether the manner be friendlike or foemanlike. I shall come with my ships and my soldiers. Raise the white flag of peace on your fortress; then something may be considered."

At this the blood of the unwarlike burghers turned into curds and whey. "Surrender!" they cried. "Surrender!"

Stuyvesant looked upon them in burning indignation. "If I surrender this city," he said, "wherein am I justified?"

"Will ye be justified in our ruin?" they cried, "in seeing our city taken and sacked, our warehouses burned, our goods wasted, our homes pillaged and robbed? Is this your justification? Surrender! Surrender!" they implored. But he would not surrender.

"They will tear the fort into ruins!" they cried.

"Then we will defend it from the ruins. I tell you once and for all," said he, "I will not surrender."

"Do not oppose the will of God! If you resist we all shall perish."

"Then we shall perish," he returned, "as is the will of God."

Then the Stad Huis bell began to ring, and the people to assemble, and straightway every man ceased work upon the fortifications. There was a tumult in the market-place, stones were thrown over the fort-walls, and there was a meeting of the burghers in the Stad Huis square, led by Dirck Phillipse, the carpenter. "Shall we stand here idle in the streets," they cried, "and see the town made a shambles, our children murdered, our parents slain, our property in flames, all for the sake of a fool's honor? To resist is hopeless, defense impossible; although we might protect ourselves for a horrible day or two, there is no relief to be hoped for; we shall be buried in one long trench!" Then they cursed the West India Company, the Chamber of Deputies, and the Lords States-General of Holland, who had left them in such straits, and raised a public outcry against the Director-General. "Be not so obstinate!" they roared. "Expose us not so in vain!" and with that they reviled him in the streets.

But, obstinate and passionate, Peter Stuyvesant stood to his word. "I tell you, I am the master here, and I will fight to the last!" he said.

Then his wrath broke out upon them in a storm of indignation. "Ye miserable tradesmen, who left this ship of state to steer herself while you went catching conies, this is the pass you have brought us to with your despicable trading. Trade? and a curse upon it! It hath made cowards of you all, unworthy the name of Dutchmen; it hath sucked the courage out of your hearts as a sponge sucks water. Duty and honor stir you not; you are anything for profit; the rattle of the guilder-sack is the only drum ye hear. Shame, and shame upon you all! ye would change your faith for safety's sake and turn your coats for a penny, like a mill that setteth its sail to any wind which offers to grind its grain!" As he came through the streets from the Stad Huis the crowd made way for him as a throng of gaggling barn-yard fowls would make way for an eagle; for, though they hated him, they feared him, and none dared to face his scorn; and though they reviled him behind his back, to his face they honored him.

That night, at midnight, Martin Van Leer, with a small flyboat, the "Mole," stole out through the waters of Hell Gate to the sea with

the last despairing message of Peter Stuyvesant to the Lords of the Netherlands: "We called upon you, but ye heard us not, and now it is too late; the enemy is upon us!" It was his last official message as Director-General. That night the vessels of the English fleet warped up nearer to the town, and as the lights came on and on, and the sound of oars drifted like a far pulse over the water, in New Amsterdam was madness and the agony of despair.

The curfew rang at nine o'clock, but nobody left the streets, and nobody put his candles out, so that the windows stared bright on the darkness. The night-watch wandered here and there, with unlit lanterns and dragging staves, daftly calling the passing hours; but nobody listened to them. Figures of men and children went hurriedly to and fro; now and then hoarse shouts were heard from trouble in the streets; for both citizens and soldiers were drinking heavily, tempers had grown uncertain, and there was frequent fighting and crying for the watch; but no one had authority, the watch was demoralized and huddled in the corners like a flock of bewildered sheep.

In the open doors men stood, cleaning matchlocks, swords, and pikes, and some with unloaded pistols were running from house to house, begging piteously as they went for a charge or two of gunpowder. The cry everywhere was, "Powder! powder, in Heaven's name, or we all are lost and murdered!" but not a grain of powder came to answer their appeals.

At two o'clock a storm came up across the southwest, with rolling masses of livid cloud heaped like battlements height on height, and with heavy thunder the rain poured down in sheets across the town. Men made no account of it, but with smoking torches ran splashing through the great pools that flooded the streets. Barnaby watched them as they ran, with their pallid faces, hollow cheeks, and staring eyes, coming here and there swiftly through the wet red light, distraught, like creatures driven from their holes at night by the falling of a tree. The children were crying everywhere; everything seemed strange and unreal; restless activity never ceased nor lessened all night long. The cocks crowed; the hounds howled dismally in the kennels; the cattle bellowed in the stables. All the town was in disorder; each was begging for assistance, none was lending the slightest aid; all alike were utterly helpless, all alike utterly frenzied. In the fort alone was order; there each man knew his duty. The cannoneers worked on the ramparts all night long in the sweat of their brows; they earned their bread, though there was none with which to repay their toil. The men fell down like dogs and slept in the grass of the battlement-corners, under the benches, by the walls, anywhere for a moment. "Ach, Gott! we must sleep," they said. "We cannot work alway. We will fight; but let us sleep a little with one eye." And none of them watched any more at all, for it was a waste of time. They wrought all night without ceasing, until they staggered with weariness, and some fell asleep as they stood bolt upright in their places on the wall; but, being soldiers, they endured. It was only toward daybreak, when men were tired out, that the uproar in the city ceased. In the half light, half darkness of the stormy dawn, silence fell upon the world, and wandering voices in the lanes grew mysterious and strange. The night seemed to lurk and crouch in the angles of the walls. Then at last came day.

The English fleet was all astir, and the English camps were rousing. The beating of drums, the screaming of trumpets, the shrill, high calls of the sailormen, and the hoarser, heavy shouting of the soldiery as the troops formed, marched, and countermarched on the shores to the south of Brooklyn, came on the wind like the distant sound of a battle in a valley, where one may listen on the hills to the sound of an unseen conflict, beyond sight of the strife, yet with a choke in the throat as one hears the dire uproar.

The camps of the English were stirring before full dawn had come. Then the swift sun sprang up across the Long Island hills and shone brightly on the bivouac along the water's edge. There were few tents; the most of the men had slept on the open ground. The pale smoke was still rising from their half-extinguished camp-fires, and the drums were beating up and down; it was seen that their company was gathering by Jan the Sailor's house.

With every passing moment the stir grew more and more. Steel caps and pikes were sparkling through the pale steam arising from the saturated array; fluttering banners began to rise; horsemen by ones, twos, and threes went galloping from camp to camp. Gleaming in the sunlight, a long, irregular line of steel and banners came slipping over the sand-hills and among the green woods, from Gravesend north to the ferry where boats were waiting.

In the city was a tumult; it was every man for himself, and nobody helped the weak. The gables of the houses were black with staring men. The wind blew through the open doors, and no one cooked or ate their breakfast. The cattle bawled in the cow-sheds hungrily and in vain; nobody harkened to them; nobody counted the time.

Barnaby had not slept all night; if any one had slept, excepting the tired soldiers, his heart was of stone or leather. Before the day broke through the dazzling sky the lad had been up and doing; so, too, had Dorothy. Her face was pale, with two red spots burning on her cheek-bones; her eyes were dry and bright.

"The English fleet is moving, lad," she said as she hurried to Barnaby's side. "They will engage with the fort, beyond a doubt. The burghers declare that they will not fight; but the Governor saith that he will, and the soldiers affirm that they will fire, if they fall at the first broadside. The cannoneers are ordered to shoot as soon as the English frigates pass before the fort. The English have taken the 'White Bear,' that was lying below the harbor, and have filled her full of soldiers to aid in the land attack. Mynheer De Becker hath gone to beg that they will wait a little. Dost think that he may prevail?"

Barnaby simply shook his head and turned his face away.

Early in the afternoon Mynheer De Becker returned. With him were Mynheer Van Ruyter, the Colonial Secretary, Cornelis Steenwyck, the Mayor, in his silver-buckled gown, and Jean Cousseau, the High Reeve, with a long clay pipe in his mouth. There was a white flag still in the bow of their pinnace; it hung down wearily, and the High Reeve's pipe was full of ashes. The English would treat of nothing but surrender. There was nothing more that the Dutch could do but await their destiny.

Stuyvesant now manumitted his slaves, that in case he should be slain and the city fall they might be free, not bond: Ascento Angola, Christopher, Santone, and Pieter Criolie, Lewis Guinea, Minnis the Thin-lipped, and Solomon Criolie; there were also three negro women, Minna, Antje, and Floris, the last a slim, tall Kongo girl with a silver ring in her nose.

"They are coming!" called the gunner. "They are coming!" said the soldiers. The bell on the church in the fort rang out for an instant wildly. Then all was still, and the ships of the British squadron came majestically on.

The frigates had their sails all set to the last white stretch of canvas; their guns were all upon one side, and their double decks were filled. Towering darkly fore and aft, topheavy, overgunned, sunken deep with the weight of their cannon, the black mouths of their lower guns were scarcely three feet from the water-line. The rims of the lower ports were wet with the lifting of the waves, and now and then a dark gun dipped its black throat full of spray and dribbled its lip along the sea like the muzzle of a bull. Sullen, sluggish, towering, rolling before the wind, a pale froth rippling across their prows and a bubbling wake behind them, across the green and silver bay the British squadron drove forward to the attack.

Within the fort had fallen a silence like that of death. On the wall between two gabions the Director-General stood. He had attired himself in his very best, as a man who goes into a king's presence; his fine linen collar fell broadly across his velvet coat, and the laces at his strong, round wrists were blown about his determined fingers. Lengths of good match had been issued to all the gunner's men. They lighted them at the charcoal-brazier glowing in the bastion, and took their places, some flushed, some pale and with set lips, as temperament fell, but all determined to stand to their guns and to do their duty or die. On the southwest bastion stood Jan Reyndertsen, beside the Director-General, and with a red-hot touching-iron in his hand. Twenty cannon were all he had; not all bore on the fleet. Ninety-four guns peered gloomily from the ports of the English ships.

The Director-General looked at the flags at the prows of the English frigates. He could see the seamen's faces as they peered above the bulwarks. He laid his hand on the gunner's arm. "Ready, Jan!" he said.

At the prows of the ships the English jack upon its yellow staff looked like a gleaming patch of blood against the yellow sails. The crews were at their quarters; troops were in the waists of the vessels; powder-boys with buckets were darting about the decks. Suddenly across the bay came the sharp roll of a drum. Two ships had passed the limit and were opposite the guns. The master gunner stooped and trained his heavy brazen cannon.

"Make ready!" said Stuyvesant, hoarsely.

"Ready, mynheer," said the gunner.

The captains of the soldiers upon the decks of the vessels could be clearly discerned through the dazzling light. "Ready!" said Stuyvesant, raising his hand.

At this instant the little dominie who taught the Latin school, with his son, who also taught with him, came running up the rampart. "Your Excellency, stay!" he cried. "Stay yet, your Excellency!" His hair was long and white, and his face was old and seamed with care, but mild, sweet, and full of pity. "Peter Stuyvesant," he said as he came to the top of the wall, "as ye stand before your God, look thou here!" and he waved his hand behind him.

But Stuyvesant looked at the frigates and his face was black with anger. "Trouble me not!" he said bitterly. "Art ready there, Reyndertsen?"

"Yea, I am ready," said Reyndertsen, and raised the match.

The little dominie caught the gunner's arm. "In God's name, hold!" he panted. "Let be; I must fire!" cried Reyndertsen, and wrestled to be free. The red sparks flew here and there from the match. The little dominie's hat fell off, his loosed hair blew about his eyes. "Thou fool, let me go!" cried the gunner, and struck him across the face. The younger dominie caught Stuyvesant's signal hand as his father staggered back. "Oh, mynheer, mynheer!" he cried, "remember the women and the children! Their lives are lying in the hollow of thine hand, and in God's judgment thou shalt answer for what thou hast done with them here this day. Remember the women and the children!"

"The women and the children?" said the Director-General, stupidly.

"Ay; look thou, Peter Stuyvesant!" exclaimed the little gray dominie, and pointed with his trembling hand.

Face on face was huddled in the narrow covertway that lay between the fort-wall and the half-encompassing houses — faces that were wild with fright, lips turned ashy gray: mothers leaning tremblingly on the shoulders of tall sons; old men wringing helpless hands and moaning piteously; while the children clung to their parents' knees, imploring in innocent terror, sobbing with fear that was greater than they could understand. "Mynheer," said the little gray dominie, "for us what matters it, soon or late? We have run our race out, and are prepared for death. But these women and these children; dost hold the cup for them? Look there! the women and the children! Remember thou them this day!"

Peter Stuyvesant turned on the wall and looked over the narrow way. "Ay, the women and the children!" he said in a dull, dazed way. Slowly turning as if he were moved before a sullen wind or by the force of some unseen hand, he looked out across the shining bay, over the bay and into a world which no man saw save he — a world where failure turns success, where disappointments lose their sting, humiliations never come, and where the promises of youth shall flower every one. Over the shining water he looked, over the slopes of Long Island, where the ironweed was beginning to blow and the blackbirds to gather in the elm-tree tops. There the slopes lay, bright with afternoon, the blue haze gathering on the hills, the cobwebs drifting in the sun. The clover was growing brown in the fields, and the milkweed raveled its faded bloom; the maize stood in yellow, floury tassel, with its silk raveling out from the milky ears between the lips of the harsh green husk. The primrose stood tall in the dusky wood, and from somewhere in a meadow came the imperfect second-singing of meadow-larks, sweet but faint, the broken shred of the April call. He heard the bleating of many flocks, the lowing of kine in

dusty roads; one step more, he heard the singing of reapers in happy fields, wheat cut, barley mown, their laughter in many a starlit lane in a land that was his country's. A land that was his country's! "Oh, my Father!" he said; then he repeated slowly, "The women and the children," and once again, in a dull, dazed way; then turning suddenly without more words, and with a look on his face as if he were stunned, he came hurrying down from the rampart, with the two dominies running at either hand, touching his sleeves, the little gray-haired dominie praying.

Jan Reyndertsen, the master gunner, looked after them as they descended, with a strange look on his face; then he looked at the people huddling there, then at the English fleet, threw down his gun-match on the rampart, and trod it out under his heel. "We are sold!" cried one of the gun-crew, dashing the rammer down. Reyndertsen turned with one flash of wrath and struck him in the mouth. "Sold?" he cried. "Thou lying dog!"

When Peter Stuyvesant had come down from the wall and raised his head again, he saw the flags of the English ships in the river beyond the town. With a great and hideous groan he broke from those who would have held him. "My honor! oh, my honor!" he cried; and as if he were suddenly going mad, he ran like a blind man through the gate. "To the river, to the river-front!" he exclaimed in a choking voice. "Quick, forward, to the river! The English shall not land!" Leaving the fort behind him with Nicasius De Sille, the counselor, to bear the charge of affairs, he ran to the front of the city, with perhaps a hundred men, to oppose the British landing.



"THERE WAS A MEETING OF THE BURGHERS IN THE STAD HUIS SQUARE, LED BY DIRCK PHILLIPSE, THE CARPENTER." (SEE PAGE 261.)

But the British made no attempt to land; they let their anchors fall, furled their sails, piped all hands to mess, and rode at their ease on the tide; for they knew that victory was theirs and that New Amsterdam should fall.

*(To be continued.)*



THE JANUARY HARVEST.

THE cutting and gathering of the ice enlivens these broad, white, desolate fields amazingly. One looks down upon the busy scene as from a hilltop upon a river meadow in haying time, only here the figures stand out much more sharply than they do from a summer meadow. . . . The best crop of ice is an early crop. Late in the season, or after January, the ice is apt to get "sunstruck," when it becomes "shaky," like a piece of poor timber. The sun, when he sets about destroying the ice, does not simply melt it from the surface — that were a slow process; but he sends his shafts into it and separates it into spikes and needles — in short, makes kindling-wood of it, so as to consume it the quicker. — JOHN BURROUGHS.

SKATERS SWAY LIKE HAWKS.

SOME little boys ten years old are as handsome skaters as I know. They sweep along with a graceful, floating motion, leaning now to this side, then to that, like a marsh hawk beating the bush. — THOREAU.

## "THE SPRIGHTLIEST BIT OF LIFE IN ALL THE WINTER LANDSCAPE."

"OH, yes, we know all about that," you exclaim with an I-know-what-you're-going-to-say expression. "We have to be sprightly to keep from freezing, and, besides, skating is the jolliest fun of the whole year. Don't we have nice times gliding here and there, playing tag and lots of other games, cutting curves and letters in the ice, building bonfires, watching the ice-cutters, and — and — "

But wait a minute. I was n't going to say a word about skating. You almost put out of mind what I am going to tell you, and certainly you prove that William Hamilton Gibson did n't have you jolly skaters in mind when he said:

"Indeed, if I were asked to name the sprightliest bit of life to be found in all the winter landscape, I think my choice would have to be, not the mouse, nor chickadee, nor even the hare, but a dweller in the pond or brook, . . . the little black whirligig-beetle known as the *Gyrinus*. They take little account of the changes in the calendar. It is apparently summer all the year round. I fancy their idea of the seasons must be summed up simply as 'green summer' and 'white summer.'"

They surely put a large amount of summer into the winter, as do some of the common flowers that bloom even under the snow. The little whirligigs have none of the sluggishness of the caterpillars, thaw-butterflies, and other in-

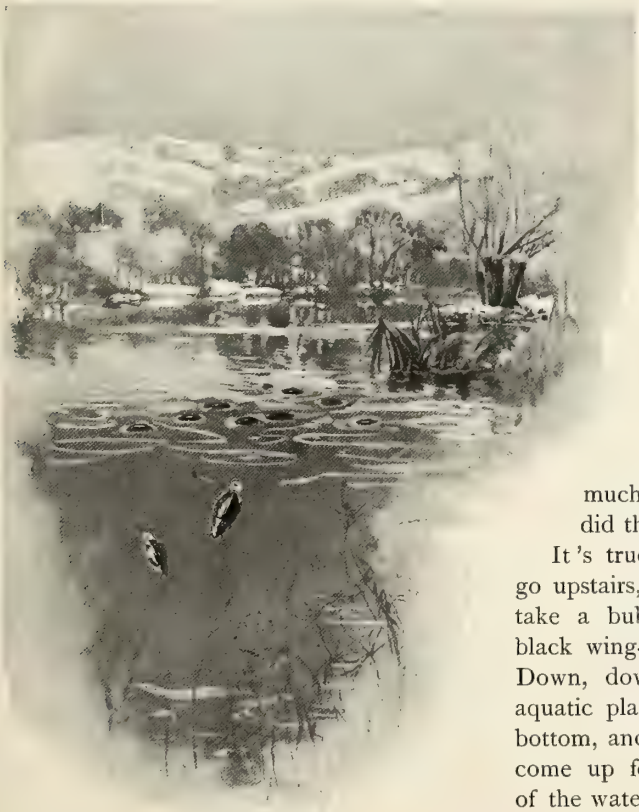
sects that we sometimes find moving about in the warmest days of winter. They certainly enjoy life in spite of the cold, and are as lively — yes, almost as lively as you skaters, and sometimes appear to be playing your games in the thawed open place in the brook, or where the ice has been taken from the pond.

We can readily find them in the "January thaw." Their whirling swarms have surprised many a winter walker, as they surprised Thoreau. Under date of January 24, 1858, he wrote in his journal:

"I see forty or fifty circling together in the smooth and sunny bays along the brook. . . . What a funny way they have of going to bed! They do not take a light and go upstairs;



"'I SEE FORTY OR FIFTY CIRCLING TOGETHER IN THE SMOOTH AND SUNNY BAYS ALONG THE BROOK.'"



"'SUDDENLY IT IS HEELS UP AND HEADS DOWN, AND THEY GO TO THEIR MUDDY BED, AND LET THE UNRESTING STREAM FLOW OVER THEM IN THEIR DREAMS.'"

they go below. Suddenly it is heels up and heads down, and they go to their muddy bed, and let the unresting stream flow over them in their dreams. Sometimes they seem to have a little difficulty in making the plunge. Maybe they are too dry to slip under. . . . I would like to know what it is they communicate to one another—they, who appear to value each other's society so much. How many make a quorum? How did they get their backs polished so?"

It's true that they "do not take a light and go upstairs," but as they go "downstairs" they take a bubble of air under the tips of their black wing-covers, that glistens like a diamond. Down, down they go, till they reach some aquatic plants, or some sticks or leaves on the bottom, and there they hold fast till they again come up for their mazy games on the surface of the water.

I have found it very interesting to keep several in an aquarium, and watch their habits on the surface and among the water-plants. As

the little beetles can fly, though loath to do so under ordinary circumstances, it is necessary to cover the aquarium with mosquito-netting, cheese-cloth, or something similar.

The *Gyrinus* not only has an advantage over most insects in its active life in winter and in summer, but in being adapted to air by its



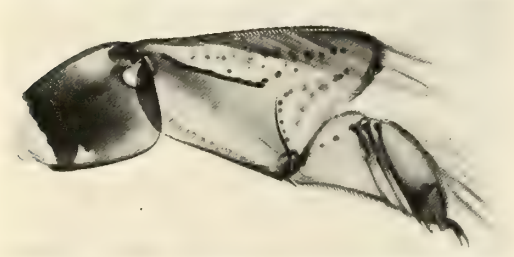
HEAD OF GYRINUS.

(Drawn from an enlarged view in the microscope. "One pair of large goggle-like compound eyes under the head; another pair of smaller ones on the upper side of the head:")

wings, and to the water by its polished water-proof armor and by legs especially formed for securing a firm hold on the water.

One remarkable adaptation to this life of air and of water is the two distinct sets of eyes. There is one pair of large goggle-like compound eyes under the head; another pair of smaller ones on the upper side of the head keeps on the watch for enemies in the air or for some young naturalists coming along with a net. It is very difficult for us to get near them, and I presume the big under-the-water eyes tell equally well of the approach of a fish.

Seeing both up and down at the same time, enjoying both water and air and all seasons,



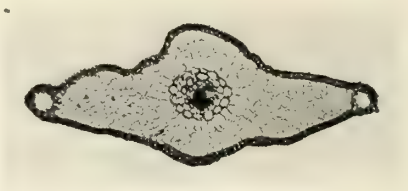
LEG OF GYRINUS.

(Photographed in a microscope. The flattened, oar-like form and the fringe of hairs give the little animal a firm hold on the water, so it can dart here and there very quickly and easily.)

why should n't they be happy and sprightly — yes, almost as much as you lively skaters?

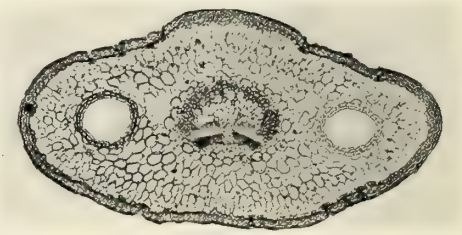
## HIDDEN BEAUTY OF THE EVERGREENS.

NOT one word of argument to the young folks is needed to prove the open and well



LARCH FROM NORTHERN MONTANA.

known beauty of the evergreen-trees — especially at this season of the year. Indoors we have recently seen them, the most beautiful objects of the holidays. Was there ever anything more attractive than a Christmas tree, with its golden lights among the emerald green of the branches? How the silvery balls and the pearly strings of popcorn glistened and be-



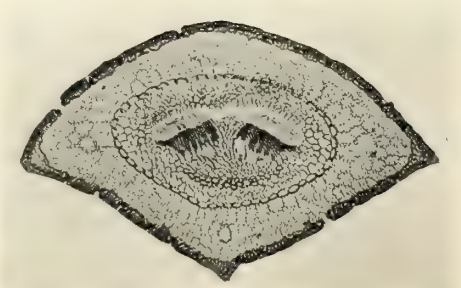
SPRUCE.

came — well, almost as bright as our eyes as we viewed the packages!

Or perhaps out of doors some of us have seen how true it is, after the first snowfall, that

> Every pine and fir and hemlock
> Wore ermine too dear for an earl.

The branches had held all the snow that fell in that place. A heavy load it was, as their



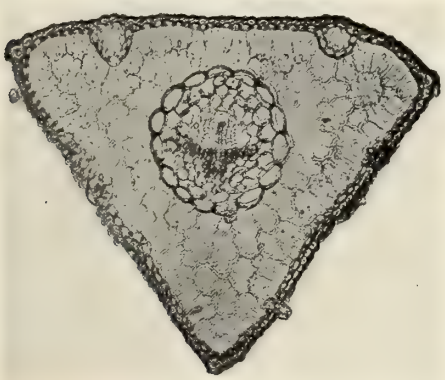
PITCH PINE.



RED PINE.

bowing down told us; but it was a burden well borne for the good of others — for the birds and rabbits that enjoyed the protected, cozy ground underneath.

We admired the Christmas tree indoors, decorated by our grown-up friends, and we now admire, as well, those out-of-doors Christmas trees decorated by the snow. The snowflakes may well be called nature's winter bloom of the evergreens. Under all conditions, especially in winter, the evergreens are beautiful —



WHITE PINE.

perhaps more beautiful than some of us have seen. There is a hidden beauty of these slender green leaves. To find it and to show it to us, one of our grown-up friends, Mr. W. H. Walmsley, has very carefully cut some of these leaves square across with a very sharp knife especially adapted to this work. Then, from one of the cut ends he has taken a very thin slice, and viewed it flatwise under a microscope. So thin was this tiny cross-section that the light could pass readily through it. On the upper end of the microscope he arranged a camera, so as to photograph this enlarged view of the structure. Each kind of evergreen has its own peculiar and very interesting arrangement of the microscopic cells. In nearly all there is around the center one row that looks somewhat like a necklace. Around the outside there are a few rows of very small and firm cells, that form a kind of protective box or cylinder for the softer cells of the interior. Many other grown-up friends have, like Mr. Walmsley, found these



CALIFORNIA PINE (*Pinus monophylla*).

structures very interesting, and some have made collections of the various kinds.

Thus we learn that the leaves of evergreens, which to the careless observer seem much alike, are really different from one another, and that the differences are interesting.



CALIFORNIA PINE (*Pinus Torreyana*).

## "WE WILL WRITE TO ST. NICHOLAS ABOUT IT."

### LARGE BATS KNOWN AS "FLYING-FOXES."

MARYBOROUGH, QUEENSLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Flying-foxes are a great pest here. They hang to the trees by their claws, and sometimes by the hooks on their wings. As soon as it is dusk they come out of the "scrub" and fly over to the fruit-trees, and they stay in the trees all night, eating the fruit. They swing themselves before they fly. They are very peculiar to look at. They have a head like a fox, and large wings of skin without feathers. After they are shot they do not fall, but still hang there, looking as if they are alive. They stay all day in the scrub, hanging to the trees, and when men find a camp of them they destroy them. Your loving reader,

HARRY E. ALDRIDGE (age 7).

About seventy-five species of these large bats are found in tropical countries. They eat fruit, and do not eat insects, as do our native smaller members of the bat family. Most young folks are familiar with these smaller bats from seeing them flying near electric-lights, to which swarms of insects also are attracted.

"Flying-fox" is an especially appropriate name, because the head bears a close resemblance to that of a fox. This is especially true if this bat be compared with the small African fox known as fennec.

Flying-foxes are very destructive on plantations of cocoanuts, bananas, and other fruits. Quite rightly, no one is allowed to bring them alive to this country; for they are voracious eaters, and consume and destroy a much greater quantity of fruit than one would suppose possible.

In their usual method of roosting in large colonies, they give the trees an appearance of having a foliage of peculiar large, dark-colored leaves.



THE FLYING-FOX.
A large bat, named from the fox-like shape of the head.



AFRICAN FOX KNOWN AS FENNEC.
The head of this fox is closely resembled by that of the large bat known as "flying-fox."

### KEPT A BIRD "RESTAURANT."

IRONTON, COL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have enjoyed you very much. I am eleven years old, and am spending the winter with my father and mother and little sister in the Rocky Mountains.

We are at an altitude of ten thousand feet. I want to tell you about the birds we have here.

I read in a paper about a man who kept a restaurant for the birds; so my sister and I have tried to have one.

This morning we tied some pieces of mutton suet together, and climbed up a ladder and fastened them with a stout string to the limbs of some aspen-trees near our house. After we came down a bird called the camp-bird came. The camp-bird is a beautiful gray, and about as large as a dove. Then the blue jay came, and the magpies, the red-headed woodpecker, and the dear little chickadees.

Another bird came whose name I do not know. The color of its body is gray; its wings and tail are black on top and white underneath; its bill is black and much longer than the bills of the other birds. Perhaps you can tell me its name. We sometimes see another gray bird, larger than a robin, whose head and breast are a beautiful Indian red. His mate is just like him, except that her head and breast are yellow. It is a beautiful sight to see them feeding, and they are quite tame and do not seem afraid of us. We intend to feed them through the winter. I would very much like to have you print my letter.

From your new friend, AMY LOUISE FRY.

Your first-mentioned unknown bird is the northern shrike, called also the butcher-bird. Its bill resembles that of a hawk, and foot that of a sparrow. It has a queer custom of fastening its prey, usually mice or small birds, on a thorn or in the crotch of a small branch, tearing off the flesh like a hawk.

Your other gray bird is the pine-grosbeak, which is very gentle and easily made a pet in a cage. They eat chiefly the seeds of evergreen-trees, and various berries and buds.

## SUGGESTIONS FOR USING A "SIMPLE MICROSCOPE."

THE "simple microscopes" to be distributed "to the six young folks who will most appreciate and best use them," so far as could be decided by the letters received by this department, have been awarded to the writers of the six letters from which the following are extracts. The suggestions of the prize-winners will doubtless be of aid to other young folks.

### ON THE HILLSIDE AND AT THE SEA-SHORE.

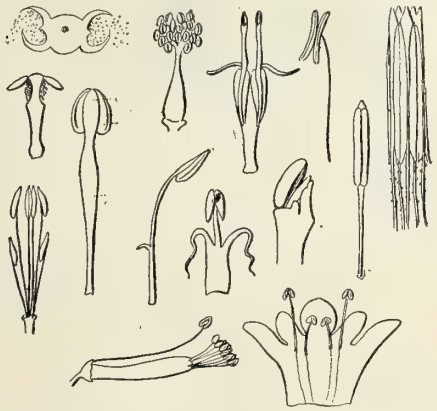
CALIENTE, KERN CO., CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: . . . To go out on a hillside with one of these useful microscopes, and to pick a flower for the purpose of studying it, may seem entirely unnecessary to some people. It is, however, not only a pleasure but a duty to all nature-lovers, for everybody should take great care to develop such a beautiful talent as nature-loving.



PEACH BLOSSOM CUT LENGTHWISE TO SHOW ARRANGEMENT OF PARTS.

Pull a flower to pieces; observe through the microscope the shape, tint, and texture of the corolla. Notice



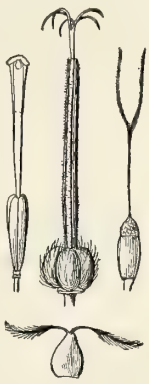
THE VARIOUS FORMS OF STAMENS ARE ESPECIALLY BEAUTIFUL WHEN VIEWED BY AID OF A SIMPLE MICROSCOPE.

the formation of the calyx. Study the powder on the anthers. Break or cut the pistil, and examine the ovules (and their arrangement), that will become seeds.

Then the plant as a whole is to be studied. Take almost any common plant, shrub, or tree. Look through the microscope at a single leaf, and study the veins, or arrangement of the different parts of the stem or branches, besides many other wonders. In doing this you soon perceive that botany is very interesting. If you



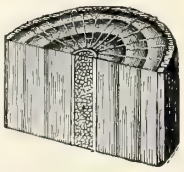
STAMENS LIKE FAIRIES DANCING IN A CIRCLE.



SOME QUEER FORMS OF PISTILS.

are by the sea, you can study the wonders of the sea, with or without the microscope. Take the advantage of a receding wave to seize a streamer of seaweed that is left on the beach from the wave; you might easily take a strip of the seaweed which lies on the dry sand, but fresh seaweed would be the best.

Among minerals, there are agate, gold and silver, copper, brass, iron, and zinc. If you pick up a rock containing gold to see it more plainly, take a microscope to aid you. Then in the rock, apparently smooth to your naked eye, appear small crevices in which you see lumps of gold, probably as tiny as a very fine needle point, but looking as large as a pin-head through the microscope. Do the same with the other minerals, and you gain a great deal of information.



SMALL BRANCHES MAY BE CUT ACROSS AND LENGTHWISE TO SHOW ARRANGEMENT OF PITH, WOOD, BARK, ETC.

An ant is a very interesting study, and so is the aphis, the little creature that serves the ant for a cow. When the ant is under the microscope, you can observe the shape of its body, head, legs, and its antennæ, besides many other curious features. The aphis reveals many queer habits if you observe it when eating. In shape it is somewhat long and oval, and its color either dark brown, red, or light green. If you watch it closely, you will find that it has a slender tube on its back. Touch this tube lightly and a clear, crystal-like dew issues. This is called the honey-dew, and the ants prize it very highly.



A BIT OF SEAWEED FROM THE BEACH.

Another queer creature to observe is the silk-worm. Place its eggs under the glass, and peep through. An odd sight will greet your surprised gaze. From several eggs silkworms will be seen, with their black heads apparently peering out of the shells.

There is the fly with his gauzy wings, the leaves of trees, the ladybug, the different kinds of moss, all kinds of minerals, hornets, bugs, and, best of all, the vegetable. The vegetable! You think I mean a single kind of vegetable? Oh,



THE BANDED STRUCTURE OF AGATE IS VERY BEAUTIFUL.



THE MARKINGS AND COLORS OF SHELLS ARE VIEWED TO BEST ADVANTAGE BY AID OF A SIMPLE MICROSCOPE.

no. I mean the bean, the potato, the turnip, the carrot, and many more. In the vegetable you can study the parts, examine them through the microscope, and draw them.

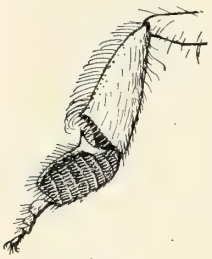
Also examine your collection of shells.

MARY H. RYAN (age 11).

### INSECT AND PLANT STRUCTURE.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: . . . I would take off a potato-bug's shell-like outer wings and see his red wings that look like silk. You can hardly believe they are there unless you have seen them. I would like to see the fly's foot and ascertain how it is that he can crawl on the ceiling and not fall off. It would be great fun to see his large, compound eyes. I should get a nice thick blade of grass and carefully examine it. A microscope would be very useful in distinguishing the different species of moss. And I think it would be a great pleasure, here in this region of lakes, to put a mosquito under the microscope. I would put a dandelion under the microscope and see the many small flowers that make up the blossom. It would be a great help in examining the fossil stones of which there are so many near St. Paul. It would be so nice to see the root of a hair, and the little scales of which each hair is made up. The pores in the skin would be of interest to me. The other things that would be of interest to me are, a silk-worm spinning his thread, a butterfly, the stamens and pistils of flowers, honeycomb cell, a wasp's nest, a spider's web, and I would also give an ant some sugar and watch him carry it. Yours very sincerely,



BEE'S LEG.

(As seen by the aid of a microscope. Shows the flat surface fringed with stiff hairs for carrying pollen for the so-called "bee-bread" for the baby bees. Bees may be easily obtained in warm days in winter.)

RUTH M. VON DORN (age 13).



PAINTED-LADY BUTTERFLY.

Nearly all butterflies have beautiful wings. A pocket-microscope brings out the color patterns to best advantage. Examine those in your collection. Note the arrangement of the scales.

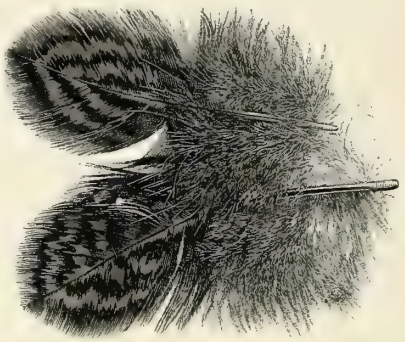
### THROUGH THE FOREST AND BY THE LAKESIDE.

CORONA, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: . . . If I had a microscope the first thing I would like to do would be to take a walk through the woods to a pond or lake. On the way I would like to look at the cells of plants and fruits, also the skin on fruits, and the bark of plants and trees. I would like also to look at the different parts of flowers.

Then when I got down to the lake I would look at the different parts of ferns, mosses, and lichens that grew on or near the bank. And then I 'd get some sediment and look at the plant and animal forms in it. On the way home I would catch some butterflies and look at the scales on their wings, and I would get some other insects, especially small ones, and look at their heads, "tongues," and legs.

Then when I got home I would catch a fly and look at its eye. I think it would be interesting to look through a microscope at brown sugar, moldy bread, and some down from a pillow; also fish-scales, and a sponge.



ALL FEATHERS UNDER THE POCKET-MICROSCOPE SHOW BEAUTIFUL STRUCTURE, AND SOME SHOW INTERESTING AND VARIED MARKINGS.

When I am at the seaside I would enjoy looking at shells and seaweed through a microscope.

Yours hopefully,

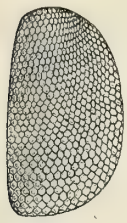
HOLLAND F. BURR (age 9).

### ON ANY OUTING.

PHI KAPPA PSI HOUSE, ANN ARBOR, MICH.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: . . . I should like very much to have a microscope. It would be so nice to have even a small one to take with me when I go out for a drive, a picnic, a wheel-ride, or a walk in the woods and fields. With a microscope one can come nearer to really seeing what things are like and what they are made of. One day last spring I went out with a party of young people for a morning in the woods. Mr. Howe, the gentleman who went with us, knows a good deal about nature and science. After we had been there a few minutes, he sat down on a stump, and taking out a pad and pencil, told us we could have a race to see who could see the most things, and who had the brightest eyes. We all scattered, but were soon back with specimens. Then he wrote our names, one on each page of the tablet, and

under it made a list of the things brought. Among other things were a few scraps of fungus, some beetle-chips, and a few pebbles. I examined these with Mr. Howe's microscope. The under side of the fungus looked like a tiny piece of fine honeycomb. The beetle-chips had holes all through them, and the pebbles had glacier-marks on them. If I had a microscope I should keep a note-book, and write about what I saw that was new and curious.



SIDE VIEW, MAGNIFIED, OF COMPOUND EYE OF HOUSEFLY.

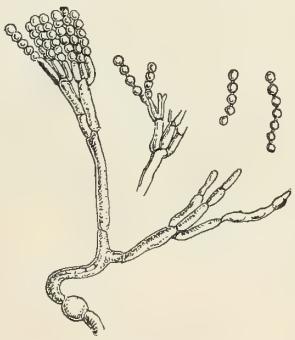
Your interested reader,
RACHEL RHOADES (age 12).

### THE MICROSCOPE INDOORS.

MOUND CITY, MO.

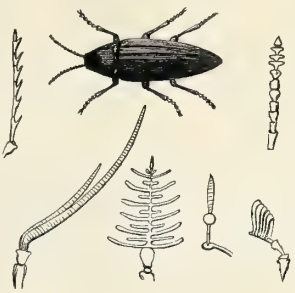
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: As far back as I can remember, I have usually spent part of Sunday looking at something through the microscope. Sometimes it was flowers; other times it was seeds, leaves, stones, insects, or anything we could find. Mama saved things for the winter, like shells or dried grasses. Lately I have learned the names of the parts of flowers, and that has helped me. A short time ago I noticed all the flowers that have spurs, such as the larkspur, balsam, pansy, nasturtium, and violet. But I am most pleased with the beauty of the centers of all flowers. Some common kinds have centers even more beautiful than the center of the water-lily.

I was much interested last fall in gathering seeds. Through the microscope we could see their shapes and markings better than by the naked eye. The colors and shapes, both in the seed and in the pods, were very interesting. Some of the partitions that divided the pods were like beautiful fine lace. Some of the pods had over two hundred seeds. I wish some of your young readers would look at the prickles of the cockle-bur. They are like tiny fish-hooks. No wonder they catch on everything! Mama has a collection of small shells, and we have looked at each one through the glass. Some are as small as a sweet-pea seed, but each is beautiful in its marks and colors. The leaves of plants are very beautiful, and I have learned much about their veins and tissues, each kind of leaf showing a different pattern. Once I tried to look at some snowflakes, but they melted too quickly. I believe I would have to write a book if I told all I have discovered with our small microscope. I am making a collection of beetles and other insects. I have a beautiful sphinx-moth, but-



BREAD MOLD.

(Your microscope may not find this form, but it will reveal others equally interesting.)



VARIOUS FORMS OF ANTENNÆ.

(Shows position on head of a firefly of the two thread-like "notched" antennæ, also enlarged views of peculiar forms of antennæ from other insects. All are easily seen by aid of a pocket-microscope.)

terflies, and grasshoppers. One of the boys found a giant bug just like your picture in the July number. We did not know its name till we read the article.

Mama says the greatest truth I have learned is that the more closely we look at nature the more beautiful it is; but with man's work it is far different.

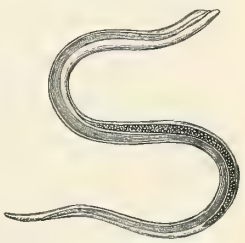
Your devoted reader,
DAVID J. DONNAN
(age 11).

### VINEGAR-EELS.

MADISONVILLE, OHIO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: . . . One may see with a simple microscope the wings, the feelers or antennæ, the eyes, legs, and feet, the sting, and many other parts of many of the larger insects. One of these glasses also aids in the viewing of small animals, from the vinegar-eel to the tadpole, and the parts of many of the larger animals. I have seen, with a compound microscope, vinegar-eels magnified one hundred diameters, or a thousand times; they have markings on their backs. They are visible with the unaided eye, and appear about one sixteenth of an inch long, small, semi-opaque, hair-like eels. They are to be found in all commercial vinegar.

G. R. HUGHES (age 14).



VINEGAR-EEL GREATLY MAGNIFIED.

Other very valuable suggestions were made by the following:

Berta M. Bennett, Willis, Mass.— insects, bark, and snow crystals.

George Polk, Bushong, Ky.— earthworms and singing apparatus of cicada.

Henry Goldman, 414 E. 77th St., New York, and Walter E. Ealy, Kingman, Ariz.— various minerals.

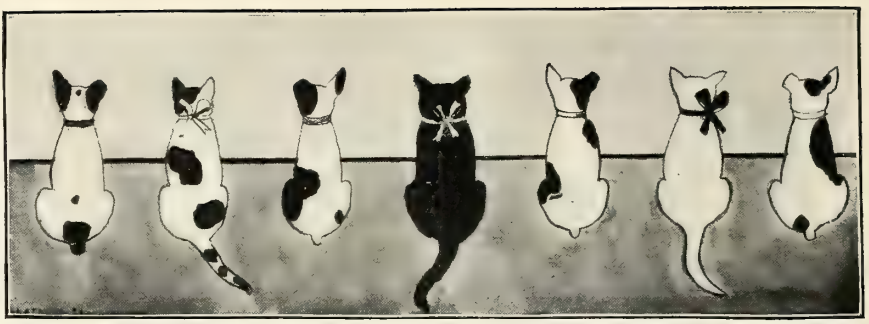
John McBean Neil, Mount Florida, Glasgow, and Fred H. Lahee, Brookline, Mass.— extended lists of plant and insect life.

Herbert Martin, Park Ridge, Ill.— water algæ and protective organs of insects, such as stings, etc.

Rita Comacho, Montclair, N. J.— horsehair, cotton, wood fiber, and various kinds of cloth.

D. F. Butter, Berwick, Me.— insect wings, parts of flowers, and minerals.

# THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE FOR JANUARY.



"HEADING FOR JANUARY." BY GERTRUDE CROSLAND, AGE 15.

Now that the year is nearly done,
Good cats and dogs and children, too,
Will turn their backs on nineteen one
And look for nineteen two.

These lines don't really mean that we should forget good old nineteen one, and, in fact, when you come to read them over carefully, they don't seem to mean much of anything, but they were suggested by the above very nice drawing, that might have taken a prize if it had been on the right subject, which was "Holly and Mistletoe," while if there is any holly and mistletoe in this drawing it must be out of sight somewhere, and maybe has been hidden by the very nice dogs for the very nice cats to stand under when the holiday games begin; and this is the longest sentence the League editor can write, and does n't mean much more than the poem, though the poem means as much as the picture, or the editor could n't have written the poem about the picture, and anyway it 's a very nice picture, as he may have said once before and may say again before he gets done with this sentence, and it makes a very nice heading for the League department, for which some members are all the time writing just such nice long sentences as this, and don't seem to be able to get to the end of them, or to mean any more when they do get to the end than this sentence when the League editor gets to the end of it, which he will some time, if he has to go back and tie it to the beginning, and maybe write another poem that does n't mean what it says or much of anything else about the picture, which is a very nice picture, as before remarked, and might have taken a prize if it had been on the right subject, which was "Holly and Mistletoe," while if there is any holly and mistletoe —but here he is really repeating himself, which he must not do, or it will be time there was a new editor instead of a new year, and then folks would be saying "Happy New Editor" instead of "Happy New Year," and all the nice poems about "Good-by, Old Year," would mean "Good-by, Old Editor," and all the good cats' and dogs' and children's backs would be turned on him, and he would be sorry he ever saw the picture and wrote a poem that did n't mean what he said or much of anything else, though it is a very nice picture, and might have taken a prize if it had been on the right subject, which was "Holly and Mistletoe," while if there is any —but, dear me! dear me! here we are on the third time around and no getting-off place, and no way to stop except with a great big, hearty Happy New Year from a Happy Old Editor who has run his sentence plump into



"AUTUMN SPORTS." BY HUGO GRAF, AGE 13. (GOLD BADGE.)

## PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION No. 25.

In making the prize awards, contributors' ages are considered.

Verse. Cash prize, Marguerite M. Hillery (age 14), 105 W. 77th St., New York City.

Gold badge, Florence L. Bain (age 16), care H. L. Bain, Dept. Public Charities, Ft. E. 26th St., New York City.

Silver badges, S. R. MacVeagh (age 13), care Charles MacVeagh, 40 E. 74th St., New York City, Mabel Stark (age 12), Sawkill, Pike Co., Pa., and Thérèse H. McDonnell (age 9), 609 N. 17th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Prose. Gold badges, Margaret Hyde Beebe (age 12), La Mascotte, Montagibert, Lausanne, Switzerland, and Gretchen Rupp (age 14), 359 W. 34th St., New York City.

Silver badges, Frederick D. Seward (age 13), 4 Childs Block, Binghamton, N. Y., and Francis Marion Miller (age 9), 888 Greene Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Drawing. Gold badges, Melton R. Owen (age 14), 64 Grove St., Brooklyn, N. Y., and William E. Hill (age 14), 410 Grand Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Silver badges, Yvonne Jequier (age 16), Faubourg du Cret 5, Neuchâtel, Switzerland, and Lois D. Wilcox (age 12), Norfolk Road, Euclid Heights, Cleveland, O.

PHOTOGRAPHY. Gold badge, Hugo Graf (age 13), 4545 N. Market St., St. Louis, Mo.

Silver badges, Helen Dickinson (age 13), Garvanza Sta., Los Angeles, Cal., and John L. Langhorne (age 14), 754 Selby Ave., St. Paul, Minn.

WILD-ANIMAL AND BIRD PHOTOGRAPHY. First prize, "Moose," by Morris Pratt (age 15), 241 Clinton Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y. Second prize, "Yellowstone Bears," by Lily C. Worthington (age 16), Francis Lane, Walnut Hills, Cincinnati, Ohio. Third prize, "Young Sea-mew," by Louis Grandgent (age 13), 107 Walker St., Cambridge, Mass.

PUZZLE-MAKING. Gold badge, Gertrude Helen Schirmer (age 12), 117 E. 35th St., New York City. Silver badge, Roger E. Chase, Jr. (age 14), 444 St. Helen's Ave., Tacoma, Wash.

PUZZLE-ANSWERS. Gold badge, Olive R. T. Griffin (age 11), Lock Box 184, Rockport, Mass.

Silver badges, Edgar Whitlock (age 12), 694 Putnam Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., and Harriet F. Seaver (age 16), 1 W. 92nd St., New York City.

## GOOD-BY, OLD YEAR.

BY MARGUERITE M. HILLERY (AGE 14).

(*Cash Prize.*)

THE minutes are flying, the old year is dying,
The time will soon come when the old clock will chime,
When the year, bent and gray, will pass quickly away,
And the new year will come in the footprints of time.

Old year, you will go as you came, in the snow;
For that emblem of childhood is waiting for all;
And when in old age you will pass from life's stage,
The snowflakes will cover the place where you fall.

For many you hold what is dearer than gold;
We will never forget you, although you have fled.
For the new year is here, and so good-by, old year;
We will number you now with the years that are dead.



"AUTUMN SPORTS." BY JOHN L. LANGHORNE, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)

## DONALD'S DREAM THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS.

(*A play for little folks.*)

BY GRETCHEN RUPP (AGE 14).

(*Gold Badge.*)

SCENE I. Child's room with bed in one corner holding sleeping boy.

Suddenly an Elf, dressed in furs, steps out of the fireplace, looks around, and then advances softly toward sleeping child. Peeps under cover, then runs back to fireplace. Calls softly up the chimney:

"Here is a little boy
Who seems to be good;
Come down, and bring with you
A coat and a hood."

Another Elf, dressed in same manner, appears in the fireplace, carrying a fur coat over arm.

Running to the bed, they dress Donald in the furs, and then carry him to the fireplace and disappear up the chimney.

*Curtain.*

SCENE II. Open space in snow-covered wood. House on hill in the distance. Many little fur-clad Elves singing and dancing, with Donald in their midst.

DONALD (*awakening, looks around, very much surprised*). Where am I?

ELVES (*unanimously*).

We thought you had been good,
And so we brought you here
To this distant northern wood
To Santa and his deer.

D. (*looking around*). Where is he?

ELVES. In that little house
On yonder hill;
He is making toys
Your stocking to fill.

D. (*eagerly*). Oh, take me there, please!

Elves, forming together, carry Donald toward the house.

*Curtain.*

SCENE III. Room in log-cabin, littered with toys, and illuminated by tall candles on table in corner at which Santa Claus is sitting, busily making toys.

*Enter Elves with Donald.*

SANTA CLAUS (*turning round*).

Well, now, who bring you here
At the busiest time of the year?

ELVES. We bring this little boy,
Who has been good all year,
And so now has the joy,
Of seeing you and your deer.

Santa Claus takes Donald on his knee, and asks him what things he would like for Christmas.

D. Oh, I would like a pair
of skates,
And then a baseball and
a bat,
And then a great big bag
of dates,
And last a great big
sleigh like that.
[*Points to toboggan.*

S. C. If by the time I reach
your house
I have those toys for
which you 're wishing,
And you 're asleep, still as
a mouse,
I 'll drop them all into
your stocking.

D. Except the sleigh.

S. C. (*laughing*).
Yes, except the sleigh.
But now I must away,
And fill the stockings of
the rich and poor,
Till none will hold a pres-
ent more.

Santa Claus goes out with bag of toys, and is heard calling to reindeer.

Elves then carry Donald out of house on their shoulders, waving hands to audience.

*Curtain.*



"AUTUMN SPORTS." BY HELEN DICKINSON, AGE 13.
(SILVER BADGE.)

## THE CLOSING YEAR.

BY FLORENCE L. BAIN (AGE 16).

(*Gold Badge.*)

OH, brave old year, thou soon must close,
For wild and loud the north wind blows,
The sky is gray.
'T was but a few short months ago
That nineteen one tripped o'er the snow,
On New Year's Day.

We greeted thee with songs and cheers,
Thou youngest of a hundred years,
In all thy pride.
From darkness Hope, full-armored,
sprang;
Our hearts awoke, the sweet bells rang.
The north wind sighed.

Ah, gray old year of nineteen one,
Thy silent watch will soon be done,
For swift and white
The whirling snow flies o'er the earth
To tell thee of the new year's birth;
Farewell to-night!

## A CHRISTMAS TREE'S DREAM.

BY FREDERICK D. SEWARD (AGE 13).

(*Silver Badge.*)

I AM a Christmas tree. Once I had a dream that had a very bad beginning and a very nice ending.

I dreamed that I had been chopped down, and was trimmed ready for Christmas day to come.

I was feeling very fine, thinking of all the children that I would make happy, when the door opened, and in came some creatures and a teacher, walking very solemnly in single file.

The creatures were just like children, but I don't think they were, because they were so very, very clean. I could n't see even a speck of dirt on any of them. And they had so many study-books. Each one had about fifteen. They looked at me wonderingly. Then one of them asked the teacher what I was.

"That," said the teacher, "is an object called a Christmas tree. Wicked parents purchase them for their children. Then the children waste about half a day in having what they call a good time. Think of it, wasting half a day when they might employ it in studying! Oh, it 's more than I can bear!"

At this time all the creatures and the teacher gave a long groan.

"Now let us destroy it," said the teacher.

"Yes, yes!" cried all the creatures.

They had the rope tied to my trunk, and were just going to pull me over when—the door flew open, and in ran some real children. One of the boys actually had a smudge on the tip end of his nose. Oh, how I enjoyed the sight of it!

The creatures gave one look of dismay, and then they ran off with their books as fast as they could go.

After the real children had gotten their presents, they formed a circle around me, and one of the boys shouted, "What 's the matter with the Christmas tree?" and they all shouted back, "It 's all right!" Then I woke up.



"AUTUMN SPORTS." BY RALPH SPRENG, AGE 15.

## MY CHRISTMAS DREAM.

BY MARJORIE WELLINGTON (AGE 8).

ON Christmas I dream the lovely dreams about Santa Claus coming and filling up all the stockings, and when we wake up it is true, and when we go to bed at night we thank God for our merry Christmas.

## THE WONDERFUL CHRISTMAS TREE.

BY FRANCIS MARION MILLER (AGE 9).

(*Silver Badge.*)

We were three days out from Liverpool, on the steamship "Calcutta." It was Christmas Eve, and about ten o'clock. Many had already retired to their state-rooms, but the saloons were yet gay with merrymakers. Suddenly a steward came rushing in the music-room, where most of the passengers were assembled.

"Oh," he cried, "come on deck! There 's a most wonderful Christmas tree growing right out of the ocean!"

We all ran on deck to see what was the matter. Sure enough, there was a Christmas tree!

"What do you suppose it is?" one of the passengers questioned.

"I don't know," was the response. "How beautiful it is! It is like an enchantment."

"Why, it 's like a dream," said another.

At that moment the Christmas tree began to fade.

Boom! Loud and clear came the report of a gun.

Boom, boom! The passengers looked at the sailors, and sailors looked at the passengers.

Boom, boom!—boom, boom, boom!

"Distress signal," came a voice from the bridge. "Fire the return signal!"

"Ay, ay!" came a voice from below.

Just then the wheelman said to the captain, "Look there!" and he pointed his finger out at the dark sea.

"What 's the trouble?" cried the captain, springing to his side.

"Derelict!" was the sober answer.

The captain turned his night glasses on the dark object which so suddenly loomed up on the port bow.

Boom! sounded the return signal from amidships.

In the meantime we had come up with the sinking ship, and rescued her passengers just as they were taking to the boats. Then what a clatter of voices!—exclamations, questions, and answers—questions, answers, and exclamations!

Then came the story: The other vessel had been having a fireworks display, and one of the pieces was a Christmas tree, when she ran into the derelict. A great hole was stove in her side, and she began to sink. A panic ensued; guns were fired. Oh, what a time there was! And then, just as they were getting into their boats, the Calcutta came up and all were taken off.

"Storm that derelict!" ordered the captain, and storm it we did until there was n't a whole timber left.

Of all the Christmases I have ever spent, the first and only one I have had at sea is probably the most impressed on my mind.



"MOOSE." BY MORRIS PRATT, AGE 15. (FIRST PRIZE, "WILD-ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPH.")



"YOUNG SEA-MEW." BY LOUIS GRANDGENT, AGE 13. (THIRD PRIZE, "WILD-ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPH.")



"YELLOWSTONE BEARS." BY LILY C. WORTHINGTON, AGE 16. (SECOND PRIZE, "WILD-ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPH.")

## GOOD-BY, NINETEEN ONE. WELCOME, NINETEEN TWO.

BY S. R. MACVEAGH (AGE 13).

(*Silver Badge.*)

Quarter of twelve on New Year's Eve
The family gather around;
The children wonder why they 're not
Allowed to make a sound.

The old clock slowly ticks along,
And suddenly it hums;
A buzzing noise, twelve times "ding-dong",
Then hush! the new year comes!

## BLANCHETTE'S DREAM.

BY MARGARET HYDE BEEBE (AGE 12).

(*Gold Badge Illustrated Story.*)

IT was the night before Christmas. Everything was covered with a soft carpet of snow that sparkled and glistened in the moonlight, and a cold, bleak wind from the glacier was blowing. However, in the heart of the Swiss Alps, Blanchette was warm in her cozy little stall. She was dreaming.

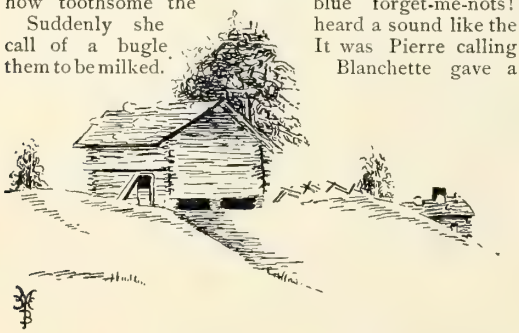
She heard her door open, and looking up, she saw Pierre, the shepherd-boy. He led her out gently to where many other goats were gathered. At first Blanchette felt shy, but she soon saw that they were her playmates of the last year. Then she knew that it was summer, and that they all were going to the high pastures, where the butter and cheese are made.

They soon started on their climb. Blanchette was greatly tempted by the fresh green grass on her path; but Pierre kept saying: "Wait till you get to the top." So Blanchette waited. At last they reached a group of chalets, longer, lower, more roughly built, and less clean than the chalet of Blanchette's mistress.

This was the end of the journey. Blanchette recognized her last year's stall, and saw once more the clear fountain where, morning and evening, all the flock used to come and drink. Then she listened with delight to the bells of the great herd of cows, and tinkled her own in answer.

Not until she had found everything all right did the little goat remember that she was hungry. Then, calling to her companions to join her, she bounded away up the hillside. How happy she was! The day was perfect; the sun was shining bright and warm, but there was a playful little breeze that toyed with her long white beard and made her feel frisky. How much fun it was to peep over the precipices, to leap from rock to rock where the starry edelweiss grew! How delicious were the gentians, how toothsome the blue forget-me-nots!

Suddenly she heard a sound like the call of a bugle. It was Pierre calling them to be milked. Blanchette gave a bound and—awoke. In vain did she peep out of the tiny crack in her stable. Pierre, the other goats, the rocks, the precipices, the flowers, all had disappeared; everything was cold snow and ice. Blanchette felt a bitter disappointment, but as she was a good goat, she turned over and went to sleep.



BLANCHETTE'S STABLE. (SEE STORY.)




"HOLLY AND MISTLETOE." BY WILLIAM E. HILL, AGE 14. (GOLD BADGE.)

## FAREWELL TO NINETEEN ONE

BY MABEL STARK (AGE 12).

(*Silver Badge.*)

"FAREWELL, farewell to nineteen one,"
The wintry wind doth sigh;
"Farewell, farewell; we grieve for you,"
Say snowflakes, passing by.
On the hilltops snow is drifting,
On the banks the flakes are sifting,
While the snow the wind is lifting,
And the closing year doth die.

"Farewell, farewell to nineteen one,"
The northern wind hath said;
And another year has rolled away,
And nineteen one is dead.
So nineteen one has rolled away,
The closing year is through;
So hip, hurrah for the closing year!
Three cheers for nineteen two!

## EDITH'S CHRISTMAS DREAM.

BY ETHEL R. FREEMAN (AGE 10).

IT was the night before Christmas, and all were asleep in the large house on the hill but Edith. She was thinking of Santa Claus and what he would bring her. Presently she heard a sound. She listened breathlessly. Yes, there it was again; it was the sound of many hoofs on the roof. "It is Santa Claus," thought Edith. Yes, it certainly was. The sound ceased, but she could hear some one walking on the roof; then bang, bang, bang! and a funny little old man jumped into the room. It was Santa Claus. He was dressed from head to foot in furs, and his face looked rosier and jollier than ever. The first thing he did was to look around the room; then he laid his bag of toys on the floor and went toward the two stockings hanging on the fireplace, and filled them. He then left some of the larger toys on the floor, and proceeded to take a small Christmas tree from his pack. After he had trimmed the tree he immediately took leave.

Then one of Edith's old dolls said to a new one: "When I came here I was just as pretty as you are, but after I had been here a month I was laid on my bed with nothing over me, and there I had to stay. I was so cold, but my mistress paid no attention to me at all. Her brother pulled my hair and threw me around the room, and still she paid no attention; so finally my hair came out, and I lost an arm and a leg, and now you see how I look. I hope she will take better care of you."

"Oh, dear!" sighed the fine doll. "I never could stand such treatment. She must be a horrid old thing."

"That 's so," cried a little lamb that stood near; "she

must. She looked so kind over there in her bed I thought I would like it here so much, but now I 'm sorry I came."

"Miss Edith, come, it 's morning!"

Edith sat up, dreamily rubbing her eyes. "Why, Mary," she said, "it 's all a dream! How funny! There 's one thing about it, though. I never will treat any of my dolls that way again."

## GOOD-BY, OLD YEAR.

BY THÉRÈSE H. MCDONNELL (AGE 9).

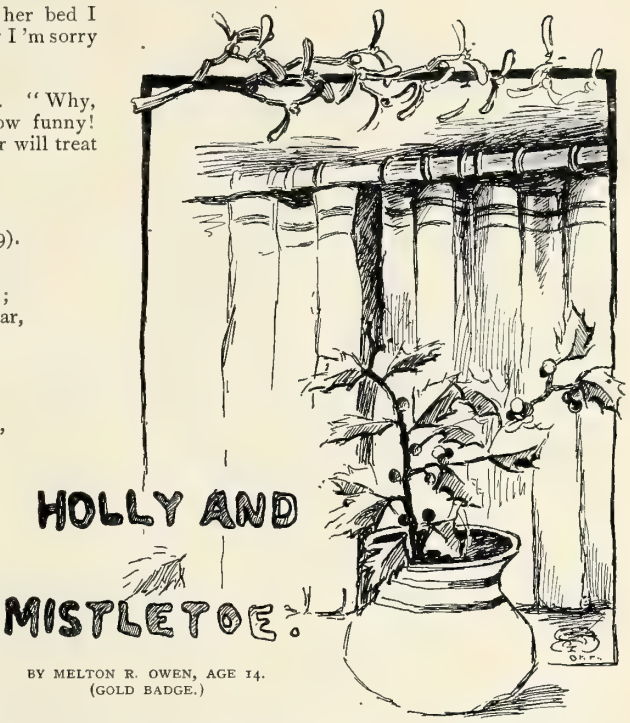
(*Silver Badge.*)

A LONG farewell; good-by, old year;
Naught of you left but memories dear,
Of days at school, of days at play;
But in my heart I think and say,
Will this forever be the way?

My happy childhood knows no pain,
Forever sunshine, never rain.
But this I often wish to know:
If with my years will sorrow grow
As after summer comes the snow.

Among my joys there come along
Some thoughts I once have heard in song:
"Will loving parents' tender care
Be with me always everywhere?
Will next year be to me as fair?"

But as I am so little yet,
Let older heads than mine regret.
I 'll sing, I 'll play, I 'll never fear;
The year 's the same if far or near,
And I 'll shout out, "Come in, new year!"




BY MELTON R. OWEN, AGE 14.
(GOLD BADGE.)

## KRIS KRINGLE'S CHRISTMAS DREAM.

BY ETHEL MYERS (AGE 15).

IT was the evening of the twenty-fourth day of December. Kris Kringle was sitting before the fire, slowly nodding his head. Suddenly the door opened, and a child stepped into the room.

The child was closely followed by more children. Indeed, there seemed to be a procession of them. Each child carried in its hand some token of the day, which they handed to Kris. The children kept coming; there seemed to be no end of them. The room was soon filled, but, like an omnibus, there was room for one more.

Kris Kringle looked at the roomful, and then commenced to speak. He spoke rather slowly, for he was getting old.

"Children, I think that none of you who are here to-night remember the time when I gave out presents instead of receiving them. A great deal of precious time was wasted in trying to give the presents as much alike as possible, for if I did not there was always sure to be a great many children pouting. Then everything was changed. I did not have to work at night any more. The children were unselfish and contented. It did not matter to them if another's gift was prettier than theirs, their own always had some good points about it. There was no more pouting or—"

"Kris, Kris!"

Was that the children calling him to continue his story?

"Kris, Kris!" The voice was louder and shriller this time. "Kris, Kris! Can I never get this man awake? Kris, you are two hours late."

Poor old Kris! He woke up only to find that he had slept away two of those precious hours of darkness, and to realize that instead of being the receiver he would have to hurry up to be the giver.



"HOLLY AND MISTLETOE." BY LOIS D. WILCOX, AGE 12. (SILVER BADGE.)

## CHRISTMAS EVE IN THE DREAMY SOUTH-LAND.

BY ISABEL WHITE (AGE 17).

LAST Christmas Eve, just as the sun was sinking below the horizon, we entered the wide mouth of the Mystic River. Our sail-boat lay quietly on the water, rising now and then as the long, low swells came in, so evenly that it seemed as if we were reclining on the heaving bosom of the great, slumbering sea. Indeed, it seemed to be sleeping, with everything so quiet, calm, and clear. The land breeze which blew all day had died out about four, and we had not yet felt the cool breath from the ocean.



"AUTUMN SPORTS." BY ELISABETH M. SCHELL, AGE 16.

Our little boat seemed motionless on the tide, but a glance at the long brown eel-grasses, and the pretty patches of pink and golden sands below, and the noiseless way they slipped from under us, proved that the tide bore us on.

Flapping helplessly, the limp sails clung to the masts, the rudder and oars were unmanned, and all of us gave ourselves up to enjoying that beautiful Christmas Eve in the sunny South.

Off in the distance lay a narrow blue strip of land; above stretched the great dome of heaven, and below its beautiful, quivering reflection. Here little water fairies mimicked evening's serene sky, lovingly fondled its rosy cloud-children, played tag with the graceful white seagulls flying to and fro, and caught the merry face of the sun just as it sank out of sight into the sea. They caught its great, misty beams, which spread like a fan above, reaching up, up through the pink-, yellow-, and blue-tinted sky into the very zenith. And there, as we looked, we saw Venus twinkling at the wee fairies as if she were perfectly contented to be rocked away on their tiny wavelets, to be scattered in golden spray at the twirl of a fish's tail, and to find herself clear and calm again in the center of a little whirlpool.



"WILLIAM PENN COTTAGE." (SEE LETTER.)

Oh, what an evening that was! Can I ever, ever forget it, or its sweet Christmas gift of love?

I think I learned to be better that evening, to be gentler, more forgiving and forbearing. Mother Nature opened to me her heart and let me know and feel for one short hour her loving God.

## GOOD-BY, OLD YEAR.

BY AGNES D. CAMPBELL (AGE 12).

Oh, what did you bring to us, old year?
A little of life, a little of labor,
A little happiness, a pleasant neighbor,
A full grade at school, a teacher dear,
Another birthday with mother near,
Sparkling of frost and diamonds of dew,
Fields of cornflowers of heaven's blue.
Oh, why must we hear your dying knell
Tolled by the boys on the college bell?
Oh, why must we say good-by, old year?

Oh, what did you bring to us, old year?
The close of school, the roses of June,
The robins' call, the larks' merry tune,
The shining snow on the far-away hills,
The rush of waters down hillside rills—
A beautiful year, full of gladness and life,
Marred as it was by war and strife.
We love you still; why will you leave us?
Our hearts are true; why will you grieve us?
Oh, why must we say good-by, old year?

## DOROTHY'S DREAM OF CHRISTMAS.

BY MABEL MURRAY (AGE 14).

DOROTHY crept into bed the night before Christmas. As she put the light out she wondered whether she could stay awake till twelve, to see Santa Claus fill her stockings. She stayed awake till about nine; then her eyelids fell, and she went fast asleep. She soon thought that she heard the tramping of little hoofs overhead.

She lay patiently till she heard a noise in the chimney rubbing, scratching, bumping, then suddenly a long slide, and a bump in the fireplace. Dorothy sat up in bed. She could see him stuffing things into her stocking.

"Santa Claus," she said, "I am awake. I see you."

The old man turned, looked anxiously about for a minute, then said, "Oh, poor little one will have nothing now. She has seen me; she has stayed up and has broken the rule." With that he vanished.

Tears came to her eyes. She called him, saying, "Oh, dear Saint, come back and forgive me, please! I meant no harm; I really did n't. Come back, please!" She fell back on her pillow, crying.

She soon stopped and lay quietly asleep. After a while she felt some one kissing her. She opened her eyes. It was daylight. Her mama was there, leaning over her bed. When she saw that Dorothy was awake she said:

"Merry Christmas, darling." Then she noticed that Dorothy's eyes were filling. "My dear, what is it?"



"AUTUMN SPORTS." BY MARY H. CUNNINGHAM, AGE 13.

"Oh, mama, Santa Claus has left me nothing, because I lay awake to see him." She looked at her mother wistfully.

"Why, darling, that was all a dream. Look at the mantelpiece and your stockings."

Dorothy looked, gave an exclamation of delight. "Oh, he did leave me a share of his bag, after all!"

Then she told the story to her mama, as she drew candy, nuts, and toys of all sorts from her stockings.

"Mama, was n't he good?"

"Very," said her mother, happily.

## GOOD-BY, OLD YEAR.

BY TERESA COHEN (AGE 9).

No more is spring with buds and flowers,
No more is summer, bright and fair,
Nor autumn with her red and gold,
For winter's chill is in the air.

The grass and flowers are no more,
The meadows desolate and drear,
The time has come when we must say
Good-by to the old, dying year.

## A DAY-DREAM OF CHRISTMAS.

BY MARION GOODWIN EATON (AGE 13).

It was the dreamiest, haziest, laziest day of all the short Indian summer.

The little school-house stood on a side hill; in front was a souvenir-shop, on one side the summer hotels, closed and deserted now. But on the other hand the boy sitting at the open window looked dreamily across the quiet valley to the hazy mountains beyond.

A month before his peaceful country life had been interrupted by the advent of the "city folks," a mother with a boy and girl of his own age.

He was not thinking, however, of the fishing excursions, the all-day tramps, and the moonlight rides. No; he was thinking of that last day in the parlor—the day when the girl had described to him the delights of Christmas. She had shown him the dainty little things she was making for presents, and had even shown him how to waltz. In this wicked accomplishment he had taken great delight; and although by the next morning he had forgotten how, he still thought of the parties with a thrill.

He was thinking of them now. In his imagination the valley was changed to a spacious drawing-room, with its rich furnishings and fine musicians, and in the center the dancing children.

Then he heard a march struck up, and the scene changed to a dining-room. It took a longer time to arrange this scene, for he had never been into the hotel dining-room, and she had said it was much finer than even the annual church supper.

He had just got the table set and the servants arranged to his satisfaction, when—"First class in geography!" and it was gone.

## THE DEATH OF THE OLD YEAR.

BY MARION PRINCE (AGE 10).

Blow, thou fierce north wind, blow,
For this is the eve of the new year bright,
And the old year lies on his bier of snow,
And the new year reigns to-night.

Silent the old year lies and still
In a calm and peaceful sleep,
And the bright stars shine on the snowy hill
Where angels their vigils keep.

Bury him deep in your thoughts and prayers
And old remembrances dear,
And then go back to the world and its cares,
But forget not the dear old year.




"HOLLY AND MISTLETOE." BY YVONNE JEQUIER, AGE 16. (SILVER BADGE.)

## NATURE'S GOOD-BY TO THE OLD YEAR.

BY WILLIAM CAREY HOOD (AGE 14).

The year is quickly flying,
And we must say good-by,
For now the autumn breezes
In murmuring accents sigh.
"The year is surely dying,"
All nature whispers low,
With eager expectation,
And waits the year to go.

The summer in her beauty,
The winter in his rage,
The autumn with her gorgeous tints
And glorious equipage—
They know the year is closing,
And one and all they sigh,
Then yield up of the best they have,
And this is their good-by.

## GOOD-BY, OLD YEAR.

BY LEON BONNELL (AGE 16).

WHEN the leaves turn gold and crimson,
And the sumac blazes fire;
When the hills are robed in beauty,
And all earth in gay attire;
When the sky hangs gray and leaden,
And the fields deserted lie;
When the frost of the night bites keener,
And the birds to southward fly,—
Then farewell to the year that is closing;
Good-by, old year, good-by!

When the leaves are dead and fallen,
And the earth is white with snow;
When the blaze on the hearth burns cheery,
And the brook has ceased its flow;
When the winds from the north are spurning,
And the bare trees yield and sway;
And a voice in the wintry moonlight
Says this is stern winter's way,—
Then hail to the year that is dawning!
Good day, new year, good day!



"HOLLY AND MISTLETOE." BY HORACE LINNEY, AGE 14.

## GOOD-BY, OLD YEAR.

BY HILDA VAN EMSTER (AGE 14).

As days pass on and months go by,
The year is slowly dying.
The spring, the fall, the seasons all
Our souls to his are tying.
And when his end shall come at last,
We all shall mourn his pleasures past,
And in his aged frosty ear
We 'll softly say, "Good-by, old year!"

The trees are clad in leafless brown,
The wind is moaning, sighing,
And in this dreary, snow-clad world
The aged year is dying.
'T is strange to think we once did cheer,
As new-born babe, this care-worn year.
Another stranger now we hail
As cometh he o'er hill and dale.

Good-by, old year! Thy task is done;
Thy rival now is nighing;
But thou art still in memory dear,
And e'en when spring is trying
From thee our thoughts and souls to take,
We 'll still remember, for thy sake;
While clad in white is vale and dell,
The wind moans on, "Old year, farewell!"

## GOOD-BY, OLD YEAR.

BY ARTHUR J. MIX (AGE 12).

THE sun is sinking in the west,
From out a leaden sky;
The north wind lulls the world to rest,
And leaves the year to die.

The harvest with her golden grain
Has left us long ago,
And verdure on the hill and plain
Has given place to snow.

The sun is sinking in the west,
Out of a leaden sky;
The north wind lulls the world to rest.
Good-by, old year, good-by!

## WINTER.

BY MABEL FRANK (AGE 17).

THE joys of spring are over,
The days are cold and drear;
And where grew once the clover
A snowdrift doth appear.

The tall trees sigh and shiver,
And mourn from overhead,
For by the frozen river
A little bird lies—dead.

Poor little bird, who perished
Under the pale-blue sky!
Save by the Lord, uncherished,
Left in the cold to die.

Now that thy life is over,
Sparrow, we crave thy lay,
Just as we long for clover
Oft on a winter's day.

## GOOD-BY, OLD YEAR.

BY MARJORIE McIVER (AGE 13).

I 'VE heard the bees in the garden,
Where the last late roses fall,
But the sighing year is drooping,
And its death-song pervadeth all.
When the last late rose has faded,
And the reign of the bees is o'er,
And the butterflies once so gaudy
Are seen in the walks no more,
Then the year is dying, dying.
In the cold blue vaults of the sea,
In the fields all crisp with the night frost,
On the long wild wastes of the lea,
Beyond the bounds of the planet,
And the long blue wash of its deeps,
In some great fathomless vastness
The ghost of the summer sleeps.

League membership is free. A stamped envelope will obtain a badge and full particulars.

## GOOD-BY, OLD YEAR.

BY ROY M. STERNE (AGE 11).

GOOD-BY, old year;
I 'm glad you 're gone.
I 'm tired of tomatoes,
Peas, and corn.

## VERSE.

BY DOROTHEA SEEBERGER (AGE 11).

A LITTLE bit of patience
Often makes the sunshine come,
And a little bit of love
Makes a very happy home.

A little bit of hope
Makes a rainy day look gay,
And a little bit of charity
Makes glad a weary day.



THE NEW YEAR'S PARTY: UNDER THE HOLLY & MISTLETOE BOUGHS.

BY BETH HOWARD, AGE 14.

## GOOD-BY, OLD YEAR.

BY DORA CALL (AGE 12).

GOOD-BY, old year! We leave you
With many a heavy heart;
For great are the joys you 've brought us,
Yes, from the very start.

We hope to find the new one
As happy a one as you;
And even though we 'll miss you,
We 'll enjoy the new one, too.

## NOT A DAY IN THE FIELDS.

BY FRANK W. HALSEY (AGE 9).

A LITTLE kitten one day
Thought into the fields she 'd go,
But when she got there
She saw a black bear,
And she did n't come back very slow!

## LEAGUE NOTES AND LETTERS.

THERE are still a number of very talented young people who are careless in preparing their work. More than once it has happened that out of all the pictures or poems or stories received, the very best have lacked the name, age, or address of the sender. Perhaps this will explain to some wondering contributor why his or her work did not receive recognition. Name, age, address, and indorsement — these all are very necessary, and must be in a conspicuous place *on the contribution itself*, not on a separate sheet, as this is likely to be lost in the great mass of work received.

Eleanor W. Talbot Smith, a teacher of Providence, R. I., sends for twenty badges for her class, and adds that the League is certainly one of the best moves ST. NICHOLAS has ever made.

Of course we agree with Miss Smith, and send the twenty badges with pleasure. We are always glad to have teachers interested, and to all such will send post-paid as many badges as are required for their classes.

Eva Wilson would like the address of Pauleminia P. Skouses of Athens, Greece.

Alice Mendelsohn's address, for which a number have asked, is, care Mendelsohn Bros., Yokohama, Japan.



BY LUCILE COCHRAN, AGE 15.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have had the books all the year, and I want to belong to the St. Nicholas League. I have liked your stories very much.

I had once twenty pollywogs, but they all died. I saw some others though. I will tell you all about it. First I had got them, they were little bits of eggs, and they grew a little bigger and bigger until they put out their front legs, and I put in some stones and shells, and fresh water every day. Then they put out their hind legs. They were not pretty.

Your friend,
POTTER REMINGTON
(age 8).

Alma Jean Wing, a winner of silver and gold badges, wants the age limit of members extended on the ground that many are only getting a start by the time they are eighteen. In reply we would say that a start is all the League intends to give its members. A good start in the right direction, and then the League door closes, and the young author or artist becomes a part of the great struggle outside, where the prizes are not gold and silver badges, but recognition, remuneration, and perhaps fame. Miss Wing is one of those who has received an excellent start, and must take up with a stout heart and stouter resolution the battle that will be hers when on the morning of her eighteenth birthday the League door closes to. The battle may be hard and long, but with perseverance Miss Wing will win.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have taken you ever since I can remember, and mama took you when she was a little girl. We all look forward to the last of the month when we are at home, but since we have been abroad it is only now and again we can get you. I like trying for the puzzles, and am a League member. I wish you could give up more space to the Letter-box, as I think it is such fun reading the different letters. We spent Christmas and the New Year in Rome, and were lucky enough to see the Pope. He gave an audience to some pilgrims. We had to wait for what seemed to be ages in St. Peter's. At last he came in, carried in a chair by his Swiss body-guard. They wore the costume designed by Michelangelo. We all thought he had such a lovely old face. One day we went to see the prison of Beatrice Cenci in the Castello de San' Angelo. It is a little stone room about seven feet square, with a large pit in the middle where the bodies of the prisoners who died in prison were thrown down. This pit had no cover whatsoever, and there was barely room for the bed beside it. It was the only stick of any kind in the room. The pit has a railing around it now, but it did not use to. The only light is received through a small grating in the corner between the ceiling and the wall. We also saw the original of that picture where Beatrice Cenci has a white cloth about her head. I remain,

Your reader,
MARY LOUISE LOGAN.

The following letter refers to the picture "William Penn's Hut," published this month.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am sending a picture that I took of a little old house known as "William Penn's Hut," at Upland, near Chester, Pa. There is a high stone wall around it. On the wall is this inscription: "House built by Calib Pusey in the year 1683 and occupied by William Penn during occasional visits."

Your interested League member,
FREDERICKA GOINA.

## A LETTER FROM THE FAR DEPTHS OF INDIA.

WOODSTOCK, MUSSOORIE, BRITISH INDIA.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I live in the Himalaya Mountains. My father and mother are the principals of the school in which I stay. Its name is "Woodstock Girls' High School," and the picture on this paper shows how the school building looks. This is a missionary school. It is situated seven thousand feet above the ocean, and we are not nearly at the top of the mountain. The flowers are very pretty; the dahlias grow wild on the hillsides. There are different kinds of orchids; some of them are red, and some

are white. The trees have long thin ferns hanging down from their branches, which makes them look very pretty. Looking from one side of our house, we can see six or seven ranges of mountains, and on another side we look down upon the beautiful valley of Dehra, and the Sewalik Mountains on the other side. I enjoy reading the ST. NICHOLAS, and I hope you will print my letter in it. I am ten years old, and wish to become a member of the St. Nicholas League.

HELEN E. ANDREWS.

A member who puts down his age, but forgets to sign his name, sends this amusing anecdote:

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: The following is a story that I thought perhaps might please you and the readers of the ST. NICHOLAS:

A Dutch prospector had been working a mining claim for several years, when it dawned on him that there was nothing in it, so he concluded to sell out. He had his mine advertised, and finally succeeded in getting a buyer. The new owner started work where the Dutch miner had left off, and before he had gone three feet struck a big body of ore. When the Dutchman heard of it, about a week after the strike, he said, "Vell, dot vas ver' funny. Next time ven I quit I go three feet furder."

Other welcome letters have been received from Theodora Kimball, Henry Ormsby Phillips, Jean Bradshaw, Denison H. Clift, Dorothy Calman, Basil Aubrey De Vere Bailey, Pansy R. Greg, Elisabeth Schell, Helen Frith, Marian Daves Shove, Gwendolen G. Perry, Florence Loveland, Florence B. Bracq, Philip Beebe, Gedde Smith, Margaret E. Sayward, Audrey De Renne, Ruth G. Sterne, Ivy Varian Walshe, Randall M. Tuttle, Edna Wier, Mabel Fletcher, Caroline E. Everett, Frida Muriel Harrison, Edna Youngs, Edna Mead, Mary Gordon Collins, Mildred White, Helen Reef, William E. Hill, Gertrude T. Clarke, Monica Peirson Turner, Margaret J. Shearer, Dorothy Taussig, Miriam L. Ware, Thérèse H. McDonnell, Marguerite M. Hillery, and May H. Ryan.

## THE ROLL OF HONOR.

A LIST of those whose work has been found well worthy of encouragement.

### VERSE.

Marcia L. Webber
Fred H. Lahee
Margaret Alline Fellows
Eleanor Hollis Murdock
Mabel Fletcher
Janet P. Dana
Dorothy Posegate
Lewis Peters
Beulah H. Ridgeway.
M. Letitia Stockett
Lesley M. Storey
Sidonia Deutsch
Sadie E. Kennedy
Ruth Vandyke Carlin
Tina Gray
Lois M. Pett
Brewer Goodsell
Selina Tebault
Frances P. Tilden
Reginald Cam-Bartels
Mary M. B. Arbuckle
Marie Ortmayer
Amelia F. Spear
Marguerite Eggleston
Rudolph Benson
Edna Mead
Miriam A. De Ford
Ellen H. Skinner
Phyllis M. Wyatt
Marion S. Almy
Meta Walther
Charlotte Morrison
Marguerite Stuart
Agnes Churchill Lacy
Theodora Kimball
Marjorie Dyrenforth
Florence Helen Wood
Adeline E. Stone
Helen Chapin Moody
Alma C. Schuller
Rowena H. Morse
Gabrielle Tupper
Margaret Kennedy
Helen H. Greenough
May Henderson Ryan
Catherine D. Brown
Fay Marie Hartley
Helen M. Colter
Margaret Stevens
Anne Atwood
Doris Francklyn
Julia Mumford
Freda Muriel Harrison
Frances Carpenter
Gertrude Palmer
Marjory F. McQuiston
Catherine M. Neale
Lucille Owen
A. M. Levine
Emma L. Hawkridge
Sarah L. Snow
Ona Ringwood
Carrie E. Johnston
Pauline Taylor
Kate H. Tiemann
Isabelle Tilford
Adele J. Connelly
Henry Sokoliansky
Helen L. Collins
Earl D. Van Dieman
Maysie Regan
Martha E. Sutherland
Edyth F. Vermeulen
Charles R. Brady
Bertha Westbrook
Alice May Fuller
Bernhard R. Naumberg
Henry Goldman
Phebe E. Titus
Gertrude M. Pike
Pearl A. Maynard
Leila M. Messenger
Alberta Bastedo
Marjorie Howson
Irwin G. Priest
Harlow F. Pease
Mamie M. Suddath
Mary P. Parsons
Florence Loveland
Florence Mildred Caldwell
Louise Pattison
Lucille E. Rosenberg
Harry E. Wheeler
Holeta E. Giddings
Leslie E. Pratt
Irma C. Hanford
M. A. Ryerson
Ruth J. Best
Mary Atkinson
Graham C. Porter
Marion S. Almy
Anna Skidmore
May S. Lilienthal
Elsa Hildenbrand
Emily Barber
Lily Schneppe
Sue Anderson
Marguerite Dubois
Gertrude Riker Leverich
Ivy Varian Walshe
Horace Wilkins
Hilda B. Morris
Mary E. Smyth
De Witt Gutman
Evelyn Springer
Edith Guggenhime
Cecilia Ritchie
Bert Mlinarsky
Nonie Gleeson
Eleanor F. Reifsnider
Rona Bond
Mary W. Robinson
Marguerite Owings
Lawrence Gray Evans
Belle Schonwasser
Julia Coolidge
Mary F. Watkins
Kathleen L. Bond
Marion Lee Lincoln
Jean Bradshaw
Lucy E. Cook
Bessie Gray
Enza Alton Zeller
Janie P. Meugel
Roscoe Adams
Mary L. French
Louisa F. Spear
Margaret Latham
Erna Weil
Harvey M. Osgood
Ethel Whiting
Helen E. Jelliffe
Marion L. Weld
Ada Hilton Green
Gertrude Chandler Stimson
Caroline Wood Ferris
Mildred Valentine Hamburger
Elizabeth Lewis Slee
Selma Einstein
Margaret G. Wood
Emmeline Bradshaw
Dorothy Sidney Paul
Louise Fritz
Jessie Metcalf
Harold R. Norris
Catherine H. Straker
Kathryn Belden
Grace Kramer

### PROSE.

Barbara P. Benjamin
Anna E. Holman
E. Tucker Sayward
David M. Cheyney
Marguerite Beatrice Child
Annie L. McBirney
Mayde Hatch
Mary Dunn
Howard R. Patch
Hilda Butler
Freda A. Snow

### DRAWINGS.

Charles Ridgely
Louise Hurlbutt
Harry Barnes
Marjory Anne Harrison
L. Simmonds
Anna B. Carolan
Carol Bradley
Walter E. Werner
Dimitri Romanowsky
Helen T. Hawley
Beth Howard
Marjorie T. Hood
Madge Falcon
Bessie Barnes
Ernest Bechdolt
Genevieve Taylor
Charlotte Morton
Ruth Osgood
Virginia Lyman
Fred Demmler
Christine Hitching
Dorothy Fry
Nancy E. Barnhart
Gilbert L. Merritt
Kenneth Singer
Helen L. Wurdemann
Kenneth Preston
Hermione A. Sterling
Catherine Warner
Mary White
Elizabeth Bruce
Violet Packenham
Mary M. Alexander
Delia Farley Dana
Amy C. Thorp
Margaret McKeon
Thomas Porter Miller
Rhoda E. Gunnison
Frances D. Clark
Alice Crane
Margaret A. Dobson
Alice Thorp
Alice Barstow
Eunice Clark Barstow
Margaret Jane Russell
Dorothea M. Dexter
Edith Sherwood
Robert E. Rogers
Delmar G. Cooke
Margaret Morris
Eleanor F. Murtha
Clifford Ostler
Rita Wood
Adele H. Norton
Jean Paul Slusser
Philip Little
Salome K. Beckwith
Edith G. Daggett
Ruth G. Sterne
Elisabeth C. Porter
Katherine E. Foote
Katherine Hill
R. Fenimore Gaynore
May S. Morel
Monica Samuels
Josephine Carter
Vera M. Teape
Viola Gaines
Aimee Vervalen
Annie Ostler
Helen Crosby Edmunds
Allen G. Miller

### PHOTOGRAPHS.

Alcott F. Elwell
Ruth Auxter
Dunton Hamlin
Harold B. Kennicott
Philip H. Suter
Kenneth D. Van Wagenen
Mary Thompson
Jeanette L. McClintock
Carol Moore
Alice K. Bushnell
George H. Plimpton
Dorothy Heroy
Fred L. Clark
Frederick Brandenburg
Ellen Dunwoody
J. Chester Bradley
Emily Storer
Lena E. Bushnell
Gertrude Herbert
Jack Wayland Parker
B. Davenport
C. B. Andrews
Flora Heath
Robert C. Lower
Gerome Ogden
Elizabeth L. Marshall
Katherine R. Varick
Margaret White
Edna M. Duane
Sara A. Cheesman
Philip S. Ordway
Harriet R. Spaeth
Mary M. P. Shipley
Madeleine F. McDowell
Kendall Bushnell
Medora C Addison
Elisabeth H. Rice
Mabel W. Whiteley
Fred Scholle
Eleanor Shaw
Robert Y. Hayne, Jr.
Susie H. Wilkes
Cornelia W. Hoyt
Anita Runge
Marguerite Graham
Bessie Ashton
Evelyn Dewey
John W. Roe
William D. Milne

### PUZZLES.

Robert Frederick Lau
Richard R. Stanwood
Dagmar Florence Curjel
Lydia E. Bucknell
Elizabeth H. Sherman
Mabel B. Clark
Alice Perkins
Ethel Ranney
Basil Aubrey Bailey
Samuel Quittner
Harold Dowling
Margaret White
Alice G. Twiss
Helene Boas
Alicia Adair Michell
Ada C. Conner
Joseph Wells
Stanley Webster
Lida Houser
Elsie Hinz
Nellie Littell McCulloh
Alfred P. Merryman
J. N. Stockett, Jr.
Audrey Bullock
Edward T. Hills
Marguerite K. Goode
Harry H. Hunter
Rosalie L. Hausmann

### NOTICE.

All children are welcome to the League, whether they are subscribers or not. A stamped envelope will obtain a badge and instruction leaflet.

## CHAPTERS.

TEACHERS and others who are forming chapters may have as many badges as are needed sent at one time and in one package. Badges thus sent will be post-paid by the ST. NICHOLAS without charge.

There are no rules for forming chapters other than those given in the League leaflet. The main thing is to get together, and work and play together, and see if one or more members of the chapter cannot succeed in getting prizes, or in having something published, or in getting on the roll of honor.



BY PHILLIP ROSS, AGE 15.

The Ozark Chapter sends a most interesting report of a summer outing it had last August. We would gladly print it if we had room.

No. 33 reports new members and new officers. If we mistake not, Bertha Janney, now president, is one of our prize-winners.

The president of Chapter 90 wishes to know if other than League members may join chapters. No; but why are they not members? They do not need to be subscribers to the magazine. They need only send for badges, and take an interest in the League department. Of course they will do that if they want to belong to the chapter. They can read the magazine at the library, or at the club meetings, or may borrow it if they can. An interest in the League is the only requirement of members, and certainly those who wish to join chapters must be interested.

No. 107 reports ten new members.

No. 299 calls for five new badges; 299 meets Saturdays instead of Fridays, as reported.

No. 327 has begun its meetings again, and reports "fine times." 327 gave a benefit in October, with an admission charge of two cents. Meetings every other Saturday.

No. 363 calls for three more badges.

No. 368 calls for four more badges, and has taken the name of "The Golden Eagle." Weekly dues five cents. Would like to hear from other chapters. John Ross, Secretary, 312 14th St., Davenport, Ia.

## NEW CHAPTERS.

No. 370. M. Letitia Stockett, President; Alec Woollen, Secretary; seven members. Address, 1508 John St., Baltimore, Md. No. 370 meets every two weeks, and members take turns reading while the others sew.

No. 371. Frances Oldham, President; Dorothy Mathews, Secretary; three members. Address, The Auburn, Mt. Auburn, Cincinnati, O.

No. 372. Anite Dumars, President; Edith Roberts, Secretary; eleven members. Address, Glen Ridge, N. J.

No. 373. "Jolly Five." Alida Wright, President; Mary Campbell, Secretary; five members. Address, 119 Welsh St., Kane, Pa.

No. 374. Loraine Washburn, President; Julia Coolidge, Secretary; four members. Address, Manchester-by-the-Sea, Mass.

No. 375. "The Happy Two." Elizabeth Upham, President; Ruth Wintermute, Secretary; two members. Kilbourn, Wis. "The Happy Two" send a nice letter about Wisconsin which we wish we had room to print.

No. 376. "McKinley Club." Helen Mann, President; Karl Mann, Secretary; twelve members. Address, 124 Farwell Ave., Milwaukee, Wis. No. 376 will meet weekly at members' houses, and after work will have games and refreshments until home time.

No. 377. Gladys Aurand, President; Paul Bruner, Secretary; seven members. Address, 1313 Otter St., Franklin, Pa. Dues, twenty cents a month, to furnish club-room. "Any member injuring or trying to injure any bird or animal will be fined five cents."

No. 378. Fred Sullivan, President; Walter Underhill, Secretary; four members. Address, 1050 Trinity Ave., New York City.

No. 379. "U. S. Army Chapter." Eunice Hughes, President; Georgia Warner, Secretary; eighty-five members. Address, 413 1st St. N. W., Washington, D. C.

No. 380. "P. O. Chapter." Clarkson Miller, Secretary; six teen members. Address, Lock Box 21, West Liberty, Ia.

No. 381. "Earnest Workers' Naturalists Club." Marion Hopkins, President; Harriet Leopold, Secretary; fifty-five members. Address, Miss Florentine Fuld, 130 E. 110th St., New York City.

No. 382. Helen Macleish, President; Cecily Praeger, Secretary; five members. Address, 231 S. Hill St., Los Angeles, Cal.

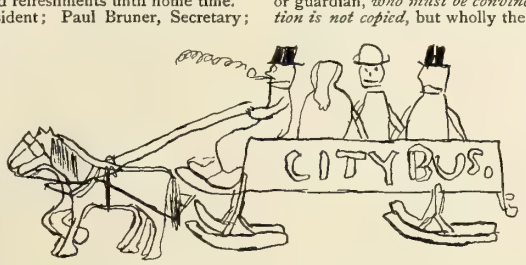
No. 383. "Little Women." Emma Heinsheimer, President; Agnes Senior, Secretary; eight members. Address, Francis Lane, Walnut Hills, Cincinnati, O.

No. 384. "Young Folks' Association." René Piperoux, President; Gertrude Theissinge, Secretary; seventeen members. Address, 920 Summit Ave., Jersey City Heights, N. J.

No. 385. Florence O'Neill, Secretary; five members. Address, 415 Morewood Ave. E. E., Pittsburg, Pa.

No. 386. Kenneth Tredwell, President; Roger Lane, Secretary; three members. Address, 14 Prospect St., Bristol, Conn.

No. 387. "Falls Village Chapter." Elsie Willey, President; Marion Alseph, Secretary; twenty members. Address, Falls Village, Conn.




BY LOUIS W. CRUTTENDEN, AGE 7.

## PRIZE COMPETITION No. 28.

THE St. Nicholas League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle-answers.

A SPECIAL CASH PRIZE. To any League member who has won a gold badge for any of the above-named achievements, and shall again win first place, *a cash prize of five dollars* will be awarded, *instead of another gold badge.*

*Competition No. 28* will close January 15 (for foreign members January 20). The awards will be announced and prize contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for April.

VERSE. To contain not more than twenty-four lines, and may be illustrated, if desired, with not more than two drawings or photographs by the author. Subject to contain the word "fireside."

PROSE. Story, article, or play of not more than four hundred words. It may be illustrated, if desired, with not more than two drawings by the author. Subject, "One Rainy Day," and must be a true story. May be humorous or serious.

PHOTOGRAPH. Any size, mounted or unmounted, but no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "Deepest Winter."

DRAWING. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash (not color). Subject, "Going to School," and must be from observation.

PUZZLE. Any sort, the answer to contain some word or words relating to the season.



BY MARY HAZELTON FEWSMITH, AGE 12.

PUZZLE-ANSWERS. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS.

WILD-ANIMAL OR BIRD PHOTOGRAPH. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of a gun. For the best photograph of a wild animal or bird, taken *in its natural home: First Prize*, five dollars and League gold badge. *Second Prize*, three dollars and League gold badge. *Third Prize*, League gold badge.

## RULES FOR ALL COMPETITIONS.

EVERY contribution of whatever kind *must* bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, *who must be convinced beyond doubt that the contribution is not copied*, but wholly the work of the sender. If prose, the number of words should also be added. These things must not be on a separate sheet, but *on the contribution itself*— if a manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, on the *margin or back*. Write or draw on *one side of the paper only*. A contributor may send but one contribution a month — not one of each kind, but one only. Members are not obliged to contribute every month. Address all communications:

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE,
Union Square,
New York.



# THE LETTER-BOX.

## EDITOR'S NOTE.

THE editor wishes to say that the verses on page 206 were published some years ago, and are reprinted now by special request in connection with Mr. Alexander's beautiful picture shown on page 207.

GREYCLIFFE, QUEENSLAND, AUSTRALIA.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I live in Central Queensland, in the bush, sixty-five miles from the nearest railway; but a coach comes up every week from there, to ten miles past here—seventy-five miles, which distance it travels in one day.

I amuse myself by playing with what I call horses, but which are really pieces of pine board, with tails made of stuff tacked on, and a cut made for their mouths. I have saddles and bridles for them, and have made a lot of yards for them inside the garden and out; also some dams, a well, and a dip. I buy horses from my mate Charlie, who lives four miles from here, and he buys some from me.

I have two real horses besides; one is a pony who is twenty years old, but who can canter fast, and jump, too. We often go out after cattle, and have fun when they are being drafted to go to the meat works or to different paddocks.

My sister Emma has a pet magpie named "Tig," who got burnt when he was young, and now only boasts of five claws and a short under beak.

There are numbers of kangaroos and dingos here; the latter may often be heard at night howling in packs of twos and threes.

We have a lot of fruit here in the summer; the grapes especially are very fine; dozens of birds come to eat them, and have to be shot. The bower-birds are very funny, as they can copy any sound they hear about the place; but they have to be shot, as they eat the fruit so.

Yours truly,

FRED G. N. NOTT (age 8).

PLACETAS, CUBA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for a number of years and like you very much.

My father is a captain of the Second Cavalry. This is a queer little town, with two troops here and five officers.

The windows here are as large as doors, but they have iron bars on them. They have big blinds the whole length of the window, with little windows cut in them. They are on the inside of the house.

From the 1st of December to the 24th they (the people of Cuba) have torch-light parades every night. They carry torches and different-colored paper lights. Each town is divided into two parts. One parades one night, the other the next. The night of the 24th they both parade, and afterward the people decide which was best. The names of these districts are Fortun and Zaza. Zaza had the best parade this Christmas, but Fortun had the prettier decorations in its district. We, all of the Americans, live in Fortun.

Most of the people of Cuba live in huts made of the green bark of the royal palm-tree, under the big leaves which are used to make the roof, and they used to make rope of the trunk, but there is a fine now against cutting these trees. The rest of the buildings are made of wood with tiled roofs. There are very few stone houses or plastered ones on this island. I have been to Matanzas and Caibarien, and expect to see more of the island soon. There is an orphan asylum at Remedios. Some of the girls sent me a little rag doll they made. It is very queer. Mama ordered two Cuban dolls to be made for Christmas, but as they were to be made by an old lady they are not finished yet. I saw some that they are to be like, and am very anxious to get them.

Most of the people in the United States think that Cuba is very warm all of the time, but here in Placetas it gets pretty cool in the winter; sometimes we have to wear winter dresses and wraps; but we get oranges, bananas, pineapples, and fresh vegetables all of the time, also cocoanuts. The Cuban olives are just about the size of my second-finger nail, and I am eleven years old—twelve 1st of March.

I have a parrot, a pony, and a bicycle. There are not many places in Cuba that you can ride a wheel, but this is a little country town with good roads. Placetas is supposed to be the healthiest town on the island. I liked "Denise and Ned Toodles" very much, and was anxious when "Pretty Polly Perkins" came out, by the same author. I also liked "Betty," and was glad when she found her mother.

My parrot's name is "Jim." He talks a great deal. His *very* cunning trick is, when any one knocks on the door he will yell, "Come in." Then he will knock on his perch with his bill and say, "Come in." Often when I go out to his perch I knock with my finger on it and say, "Come here, Jim"; so he knocks with his bill and says, "Come here, Jim," just as I do. He bites, and so we are afraid to teach him to get on our finger, but he will get on a stick and on my arm. He walked up on my shoulder the other day and bit my ear. I punished him, and he has not done it again.

I must close now, so good-by.

I remain, your constant reader,

HELEN W. GARDNER.

FORT GRANT, ARIZONA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am an army girl, and I travel around a great deal. Year before last I was in Cuba, and I stayed there a year and a half.

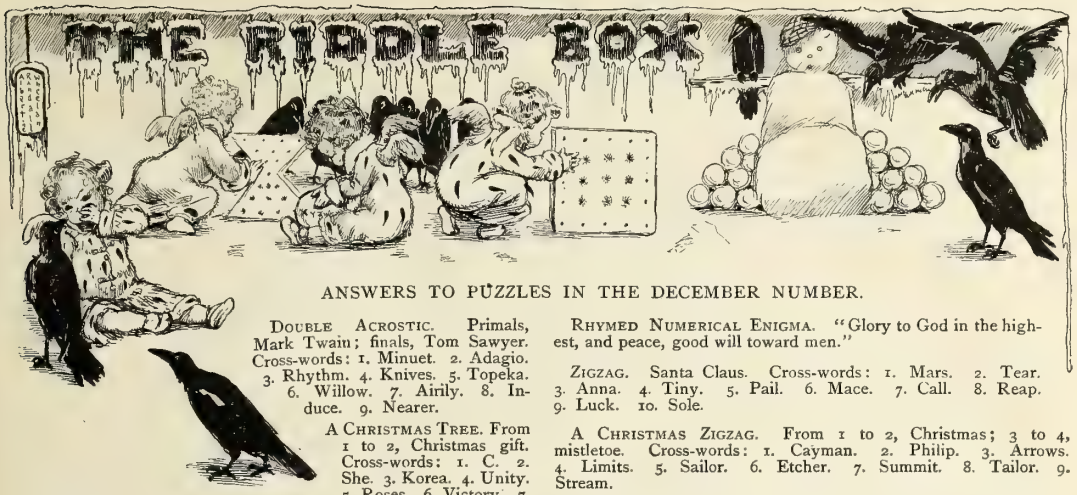
Often we would have a cloud-burst. Last year papa was ordered away to Fort Grant, Arizona. There is an Apache Indian camp a half-mile from the post, and I see a great many Indians.

They make some of the most beautiful baskets and olles I ever saw. We have a great many Navajo rugs that we sent for to Fort Wingate, New Mexico.

They are made by the Navajo Indians. The post is situated at the foot of the Graham Mountains.

Sincerely,

MARGUERITE COLE.




## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE DECEMBER NUMBER.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, Mark Twain; finals, Tom Sawyer. Cross-words: 1. Minuet. 2. Adagio. 3. Rhythm. 4. Knives. 5. Topeka. 6. Willow. 7. Airily. 8. Induce. 9. Nearer.

A CHRISTMAS TREE. From 1 to 2, Christmas gift. Cross-words: 1. C. 2. She. 3. Korea. 4. Unity. 5. Roses. 6. Victory. 7. Germany. 8. Ecuador. 9. Assisting. 10. G. 11. I. 12. Oft. 13. Noted.

WORD-SQUARE. 1. Alert. 2. Liver. 3. Evade. 4. Redan. 5. Trend.

BEHEADINGS. Christmas tree. 1. C-ape. 2. H-arm. 3. R-ate. 4. I-con. 5. S-ale. 6. T-all. 7. M-ask. 8. A-tom. 9. S-and. 10. T-art. 11. R-ice. 12. E-den. 13. E-spy.

RHYMED NUMERICAL ENIGMA. "Glory to God in the highest, and peace, good will toward men."

ZIGZAG. Santa Claus. Cross-words: 1. Mars. 2. Tear. 3. Anna. 4. Tiny. 5. Pail. 6. Mace. 7. Call. 8. Reap. 9. Luck. 10. Sole.

A CHRISTMAS ZIGZAG. From 1 to 2, Christmas; 3 to 4, mistletoe. Cross-words: 1. Cayman. 2. Philip. 3. Arrows. 4. Limits. 5. Sailor. 6. Etcher. 7. Summit. 8. Tailor. 9. Stream.

A FINAL ZIGZAG. Christmas. Cross-words: 1. Peach. 2. Mirth. 3. Pearl. 4. Chili. 5. Horse. 6. Giant. 7. Pygmy. 8. India. 9. Pause.

CONNECTED DIAMONDS. I. 1. B. 2. Arm. 3. Bring. 4. End. 5. G. II. 1. F. 2. Ell. 3. Fling. 4. Inn. 5. G. III. 1. S. 2. Oak. 3. Sable. 4. All. 5. E. IV. 1. S. 2. Ape. 3. Spare. 4. Era. 5. E. From 1 to 2 and from 3 to 4, gifts.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS Riddle-box, care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE OCTOBER NUMBER were received, before October 15th, from M. McG. — Daniel Milton Miller — Olive R. T. Griffin — Mabel, George, and Henri — Edgar Whitlock — Florence and Edna — "The Thayer Co." — Allil and Adi" — Helen C. Perry — Kathrine Forbes Liddell — Edythe R. Carr — Mary L. Pusey — Harriet F. Seaver — Nettie Lawrence — Kenneth Dows — Louise Atkinson — Esther, Clare, and Constance — Doris Webb — Margaret Wilkie Gilholm — Rachel Rhoades — Emily P. Burton — Sara Lawrence Kellogg.

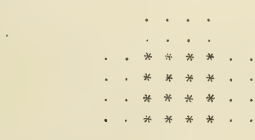
ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE OCTOBER NUMBER were received, before October 15th, from Ruth Frost, 4 — Willie Naseth, 2 — Louise Manny, 4 — Helen Humphreys, 6 — Elizabeth Clarke, 2 — Sidney K. Eastwood, 4 — "The Spencers," 11 — Marguerite Sturdy, 11 — John M. Blaikie, 11 — Bessie G. Gallup, 9 — Agnes R. Lane, 4 — Grace L. Craven, 6 — "Peter Quince and Robin Starveling," 3 — "Pine Bluff Camp," 7 — William G. Rice, Jr., 2 — Edward J. Smith, Jr., 3 — Lowell Walcutt, 4 — Winifred Mudge, 1 — Percival C. Smith, 1 — Claire L. Sidenberg, 1 — Dorothy Boyle, 1 — Pierson Clair, 1 — Ruth E. Frost, 1 — Pauline Mode, 1 — Fay Ressmeyer, 1 — Fanny A. Faunce, 1 — Gertrude P. Leverich, 1 — T. Longenecker, 1 — Dorothy D. Andrews, 1.

### WORD-SQUARE.

1. PROPER. 2. A feminine name. 3. An Arabian military commander. 4. A weed. JULIA DODGE.

### OVERLAPPING SQUARES.

(*Silver Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition.)



I. UPPER SQUARE: 1. A religious superior. 2. The supreme god of the Canaanites. 3. Part of the name of a poor wood-cutter in the Arabian Nights' Entertainments. 4. An exclamation.

II. LEFT-HAND SQUARE is the same as the upper square.

III. CENTRAL SQUARE: 1. Part of the name of the wood-cutter. 2. An interjection. 3. Ignoble. 4. A certain tribe mentioned in St. Luke.

IV. RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. Foundation. 2. A certain tribe mentioned in St. Luke. 3. The father of Lotan. 4. Goes astray.

V. LOWER SQUARE is the same as the right-hand square. ROGER E. CHASE, JR.

### PROGRESSIVE NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

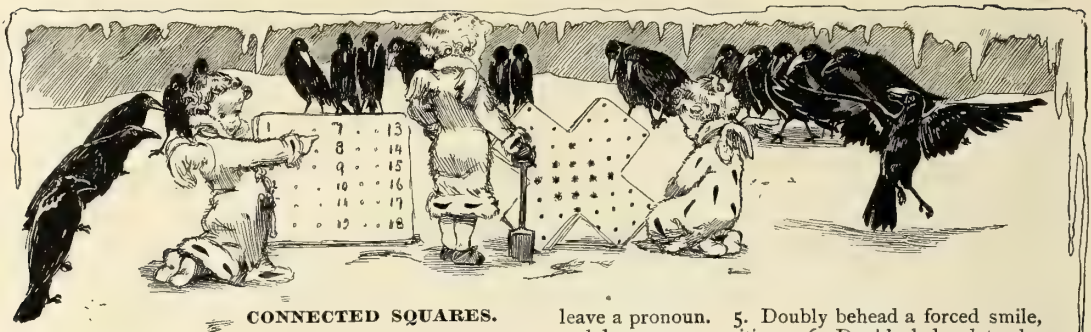
WHEN 1-2-3 and 1-2-3-4 were looking for geological specimens, they asked 3 4-5-6, who was examining a red 5-6-7, where 1-2-3-4-5-6-7 could be found; and he answered, "In the dictionary." ANNA M. PRATT.

### DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

MY primals, reading downward, and my finals, reading upward, spell a pleasant greeting.

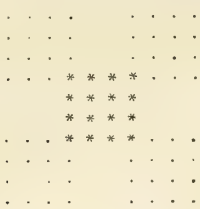
CROSS-WORDS: 1. An originator. 2. A province of Italy. 3. To cause to disappear by rubbing out. 4. To redden. 5. To draw again. 6. A nickname for a native of New England. 7. A city of China. 8. Submissively. 9. To get an equivalent or compensation for. 10. Part of the foot. 11. A tribe of Indians who formerly lived in western New York. 12. A long, hollow vessel for holding water or other liquid. 13. Not sound and healthful. 14. To rouse from sleep or torpor. 15. A great desert.

ROBERT FREDERICK LAU (League Member).



## CONNECTED SQUARES.







I. Upper Left-hand Square: 1. Nocturnal birds. 2. To stay. 3. Similar. 4. Part of a flower.

II. Upper Right-hand Square: 1. A musical instrument. 2. To bubble. 3. Combustible substances obtained from animals, vegetables, and minerals. 4. Otherwise.



III. Central Square: 1. Part of a horse. 2. Agile animals. 3. Low. 4. To discern.

IV. Lower Left-hand Square: 1. Empty. 2. Surface. 3. Quiet. 4. Devours.

V. Lower Right-hand Square. 1. Christmas-tide. 2. On. 3. A burden. 4. Extreme points.

LESTER SICHEL (League Member).

## PRIMAL ACROSTIC.

When the following words have been rightly guessed, the initial letters will spell the surname of a famous Swedish botanist.

Cross-words: 1. A certain fruit which was said to make those who ate of it forget their native country. 2. A vine which is the subject of a poem by Charles Dickens. 3. A common flower of many shades of yellow. 4. A flower named after a beautiful youth who fell in love with his own reflection in a fountain. 5. A common fall wild flower. 6. A large, coarse herb with yellow flowers. 7. A botanical word meaning "having only one leaf." 8. A fruit highly commended by Izaak Walton.

## A DOUBLY BEHEADED ACROSTIC.

(*Gold Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

(Example: Doubly behead a hard substance, and leave a number. Answer, St-one.)

When the following words have been rightly guessed and doubly beheaded, the initials of the remaining words will spell a word often heard during the Christmas holidays.

Cross-words: 1. Doubly behead to wear away, and leave part of the body. 2. Doubly behead cargo, and leave a number. 3. Doubly behead coldness, and leave to attend. 4. Doubly behead a hymn of praise, and leave a pronoun. 5. Doubly behead a forced smile, and leave a preposition. 6. Doubly behead to devise, and leave a small aperture. 7. Doubly behead to broil, and leave sick. 8. Doubly behead a place for offerings, and leave a product of the pine-tree. 9. Doubly behead to unite, and leave a pronoun. 10. Doubly behead to satisfy, and leave comfort. 11. Doubly behead a flag, and leave a token.

GERTRUDE HELEN SCHIRMER.

## CHARADE.

You 'll hardly like to make my *first*
In school, or play, or any time;
And yet 't is often charming, too,
And idolized in verse and rhyme.

And some of you, if you will scan
Your envelopes, will see the word,
For every mile contains my *next*,
Each foot, a number of my *third*.

A ship is taken in my *third*,
When sails no longer deck the mast;
My *second* is a letter, and
Of flax and hemp they make my *last*.

My *whole* is often mentioned now,
But ne'er in sad or solemn mood;
Yet years ago it killed, 't is said,
A god both beautiful and good.

DORIS WEBB
(Winner of a gold badge).

## DIAMOND.

1. In elegant. 2. A very large bird, now extinct. 3. What you are not, if you solve this puzzle. 4. To request. 5. In elegant.

## CONCEALED CENTRAL ACROSTIC.

I am a leader — I begin
The centuries as they roll in.

Cross-words:

1. When Madam Alma Jorray taught
Her famous school of ancient thought,
2. An Arab, a seditious youth,
Declared she wandered from the truth.
3. He said it turned his blood to ice
To hear her calling Plato nice.
4. But when she crowned his bust with flowers,
And sighed, "An ancestor of ours,"
5. He scowled at such a rank offense,
And cried, "It rains — I must go hence."
6. And in a tremor, all at once
He shouted, "Plato is a dunce!"
7. Now Madam Jorray edifies
The scholars not unduly wise.

ANNA M. PRATT.

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK.




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# ST. NICHOLAS STAMP PAGE.

A NEW series of stamps has been issued for the Dominican Republic. These are smaller in size than the map stamps which have been issued recently. They are printed in two colors and are decidedly attractive.




There are some young collectors who find that the work of filling the spaces in their albums is not as pleasant as it might be. They complain that it is too difficult to secure certain stamps that they want, and that therefore the collection, from its lack of completeness, has a broken and disconnected appearance. A method of collecting, different from the ordinary one, may be adopted with profit by such collectors. This is to arrange the stamps in a blank-book, allowing plenty of space around them in which to write facts concerning the countries from which the stamps come, and events in the lives of the individuals whose portraits are upon the stamps. A collection of this nature, prepared with the stamps of the United States, for instance, would give an opportunity to write out a biographical sketch of a large number of our most noted men. It would form an excellent foundation for composition work at school, and, if the work were neatly done, would make friends who saw the collection appreciate the real value which it had in the information to be gathered from collecting stamps. Work of this sort may also be undertaken with profit independently of one's collection, as most collectors have plenty of duplicates on which are the heads of noted people, or pictures showing events in the history of different nations.

Some have thought that there would be very little change in the values of stamps as indicated by the new catalogue in comparison with former editions. This is a mistake, however, for those stamps which have advanced at all show changes amounting to more than fifty per cent. for the average. The changes come principally in stamps of the British colonies, for which there is a strong demand on account of the changes to be made very soon. It has always been the experience that stamps of British colonies advance very materially in value whenever they go out of issue. There are so many varieties of them that large purchases of each individual stamp cannot be made, and when an issue is stopped the small stock on hand among the dealers is soon exhausted. This is particularly true of the low values, in which the percentage of advance is much greater than in the high values. The reason of this is that the demand for low values is proportionately much greater than the difference between the numbers of low and high values issued. There are only a few thousand collectors in the world who will buy stamps worth five dollars each and over, while there are hundreds of thousands who will buy those with a face value less than one dollar. It frequently happens that when an issue is discontinued there are many more of the high-value stamps left than there are of the low values, as the latter are the ones commonly used for postage. For instance, the remainders of the five-shilling stamp of the Orange Free State, surcharged with the V. R. I., exceeded two hundred thousand, while of the sixpenny rose there were only a few thousand. The effect of this was an immediate advance in the price of the sixpenny stamp to a much higher figure than was asked for the five-shilling. Young collectors who purchase unused stamps of low denominations for their collections will find that they secure the best value for their money.

There has always been a strong feeling among the young in favor of used stamps in preference to unused for their collections. The idea has been that the cancelation was a mark of genuineness, and also that it indicated that the stamps had done postal duty and fulfilled the object for which they were made. This idea was admirable so long as it corresponded with the facts. The demand, however, for used stamps was met by postmasters in small countries, where the use of stamps was not great, by the process of canceling to order. Sheets were sent out in which every stamp had been canceled with the use of the same hand-stamp used for obliterating stamps actually placed upon letters. It is not possible, for this reason, in many cases, to tell the difference between stamps actually used in the mails and those canceled as an accommodation to purchasers. The canceling-mark defaces a stamp, and since it is not a guaranty that the stamp has been used for postal purposes, it is much better to buy all stamps in unused condition when the price is not too great.

### ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS.

The best means of detecting variations in water-marks is by the use of the common water-mark detector, which may be secured of any dealer for twenty-five cents. This is a glass cup with a blackened bottom. One should buy deodorized benzine for use in a water-mark detector, since, although this has some smell, it leaves none after it evaporates. Stamps, both used and unused, may be dropped into this benzine in order to determine water-marks, as it will never injure the stamps, and does not soften the gum on unused specimens. It is somewhat difficult to determine differences between Turkish stamps of the early issues. Notice, however, the character on the left side of the central surcharge in the Turkish writing. It will be seen that this differs in the various issues, and comparison with the catalogue will enable one to place the stamps quite readily.

**The New International Album** *contains spaces for PAN-AMERICAN STAMPS.* Price $1.50 and upwards.
We have just made a new line of **Approval Sheets** for young collectors, containing the largest variety ever offered in a series, at the lowest prices. Send for a selection.
**Acme** imported peelable hinge, the best, 20c. per 1,000.
**Scott Stamp & Coin Co.,** 18 East 23d Street, New York, N. Y.

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**152** different foreign stamps, including Servia, Egypt, and many other countries, 10c. 1000 varieties, $4.00; 300 var., 50c.; 60 U. S., 25c.; 10 Porto Rico, 10c.; 10 Venezuela, 10c. Finest approval sheets, 50% com. Immense stock. Large price-list free.
**NEW ENGLAND STAMP CO.,**
Store, 27 Bromfield St. **21-27 Bromfield Street, Boston, Mass.**

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**$7** **FOR ONLY 4 CENTS.** $1 green, $1 gray, $1 olive, $2 gray and $2 olive, U. S. Documentaries, the entire lot for 4 cents, postage extra.
**KOLONA STAMP CO., DEPT. N, DAYTON, OHIO**

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**FREE** a rare old Chinese coin to every applicant for my finest 50 per cent. approval sheets and new illustrated catalog. 25 varieties Sweden 10c. ***Samuel P. Hughes, Omaha, Neb.***

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**FREE** 100 stamps all different. Send names of two collectors and 2 cents postage. 20 Paris Exposition Stamps, 10c. Agts. wanted 50%. **TOLEDO STAMP CO., Toledo, O.**

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**STAMPS.** 105 different genuine Ceylon, Peru, Salvador, China, Cape G. H., Labuan, Borneo, Finland, etc., with album, only **10** cents; **1000** fine mixed **25** cents; **all fine** bargains. Agents wanted, 50%. New List free. I buy old stamps and collections.
**C. A. STEGMAN, St. Louis, Mo.**

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**A XMAS BARGAIN** 50 Var. Foreign, many unused, Cuba, Turkey, Tunis, etc., 1 set Japan, 10 var., 20 var. U. S., a pocket album, hinges and price-list, all for 10c.
**W. W. Mac Laren, Box 133, Cleveland, O.**

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**STAMPS.** 103, no two alike and GENUINE, Mauritius, Natal, Cape of G. H., Cuba, Costa Rica, Honduras, Mexico, etc., and an ALBUM, for **10c.** only — a splendid bargain. New list free! Agents wanted, 50% com. **L. B. DOVER & CO., St. Louis, Mo.**

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**PREMIUM GIFTS** In rare stamps (besides 50 per cent. com.) to all who sell 25c. or more from our approval sheets. Collections bought. Highest price paid for used Buffalo stamps.
**Northwestern Stamp Co., Freeport, Ill.**

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**STAMPS** in album and cata. *free.* Agts. 50%. 105 In.-China, a U.S. worth 25c., W. I., etc., 5c. BULLARD, STA. A, Boston, Mass.

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**JAPAN,** big wedding stamp FREE to all who apply for sheets at 50% com. **W. T. McKAY, 673 Broad St., Newark, N. J.**

---

**TEN STAMPS FREE** to all applicants for our approval sheets at 50 per cent discount. **Franklin Stamp Co., Mt. Sterling, Ky.**

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**4** large U. S. cents, 16c.; postage, 4c. 5 foreign coins, 16c., postage, 4c. U. S. and foreign stamps 50% disc. R. M. LANGZETTEL, The Old Book Store, 92 Crown St., New Haven, Conn.

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**111** different stamps, China, etc., 6c. 1000 mixed, 25c. 10 diff. picture stamps, Tigers, etc., unused, 15c. 40 diff. U. S., 10c. **Omaha Stamp & Coin Co., Omaha, Neb.**

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**10** **RARE STAMPS FREE.** Agents wanted. 1000 Hinges, 8c. **F. E. THORP, Norwich, N. Y.**

---

**AUSTRIA** 1890 set of 7 varieties free to those who apply for sheets. **Geo. M. Fisk, 2015 Vermont Ave., Toledo, O.**

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**STAMPS** Approval Selections 50% discount. 546 different in album, $1.50. 200 different China, Cuba, etc., 15c. Collections and rare stamps bought. Stamp paper FREE. Established 1877.
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**FREE!** Ten foreign stamps to all applying for our approval sheets at 50% com. **READ STAMP CO., Toledo, Ohio.**

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## WITHOUT A DOUBT

**REDFIELD'S MAGAZINE** is the best 5c. general monthly magazine published. Send five cents in stamps or coin for a specimen number. Address SCOTT F. REDFIELD, Dept. B, Smethport, Pa.

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You can always surprise the home comer with

**NABISCO**

Sugar Wafers. Made in many flavors

National Biscuit Company.

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**Close Examination**

OF

**DIXON'S** AMERICAN GRAPHITE **PENCILS**

reveals the fact that only the finest materials and workmanship enter into their construction. That is why they always give satisfaction. Try them.

When not at dealers, mention this publication and send **16 cents for samples worth double.**

**JOSEPH DIXON CRUCIBLE CO.**
**Jersey City, N. J.**

# LIFEBUOY SOAP




THIS MOST BENEFICIAL, ECONOMICAL AND LIFE-PRESERVING SOAP USED IN EVERY DEPARTMENT OF THE HOUSEHOLD INSURES A HEALTHY HOME AND BODY, FOR IT CLEANS AND DISINFECTS AT THE SAME TIME. THE PRICE WITHIN REACH OF ALL

**ONLY 5 CENTS** **ONLY 5 CENTS**

**If your dealer does not sell it, we will send you a carton by mail, postage paid, containing three full-sized cakes of Lifebuoy Soap, on receipt of 15 cents in stamps or coin.**

"I have been a constant user of Lifebuoy Soap for the past year, and I assure you I have never before found such a splendid soap. It always leaves the skin in a splendid condition after using . No one could persuade me to use any other soap again since using Lifebuoy. I also use it in and around my kitchen—it is a first-class cleanser and disinfectant."—MRS. MARY RICHARDSON, *New Bedford, Mass.*

**MENTION ST. NICHOLAS AND WE WILL SEND YOU FREE "THE FRIEND OF HEALTH," A MOST VALUABLE AND INTERESTING BOOKLET, ILLUSTRATED. Address:**

**LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED,**

MADE IN PHILADELPHIA

**New York Office, 111 Fifth Avenue**

MADE IN BOSTON

## *Advertising Competition No. 10.*

TWENTY PRIZES OF FIVE DOLLARS EACH.

The League Members who can draw fine pictures and write stories and rhymes have already had many a chance to distinguish themselves. Now their fellow members who may have had less training in the arts but are none the less clever shall have their turn.

This month prizes are offered—twenty prizes of five dollars each—for the best sets of answers to certain questions given below. These prize questions refer entirely to pictures or words used in the advertising pages of this number of ST. NICHOLAS.

The conditions governing the contest are the same as those used in the other League contests. All answers must be received by January 25, 1902

The questions follow:

*A. In a certain page-advertisement:*

1. Find a word there used to express good-will, but which sometimes means shedding tears; find five objects used to express rejoicing and mourning; an instrument, and a name that, when transposed, tells what the instrument does.
2. Transpose these same letters again to spell a weapon; again to spell an appeal. Find two lines that refer to yourself; two kinds of leaves; an error in punctuation.
3. Find five words with the same ending of three letters; find a capital wrongly put for a small letter.
4. Find a name containing a vegetable, a fruit, and an organ; find a certain hour on shipboard, and tell what hours on land it corresponds to.
5. Find an old-fashioned means of measuring time. Show where five things called by the name of something good to eat are put in place of something used in eating.

*B. In a certain page-advertisement:*

1. Find a garment named after an island, and tell what breed of animals is called by the same name. Give a second name applying to all three.
2. Tell why the scene is probably in a city park, and yet give a reason why that seems unlikely. Give a reason why the people shown in the picture are skilled in the sport they are enjoying.
3. There is part of a bench shown; point out an error in its making, and explain why the bench should not be so made.
4. Name two objects depicted on the page that suggest a warmer climate than is shown by the nature of the sport?
5. Point out the name of a distinguished British Admiral occurring on that page, and give the full name of an American Commodore who had the same surname. Explain what the Latin word for sister has to do with this advertisement.

*C. In a page-advertisement:*

1. What bit of costume is there that is named for a gale? What is there in the picture that is thrown overboard just when it is most useful?
2. What is there to be found in the picture to suggest a unit of liquid measure? What object in the picture is worn by the man in an unusual place?
3. What is there about the next to last answer to suggest sea-foam?
4. What sort of vessel is shown in the picture? What sort of birds?
5. Explain why anything that is lighter than water will float. Why will iron ships float?

*D. In a food-advertisement:*

1. Point out a baseball player and two circus performers.
2. Tell why you know the chair and the table are not set straight with each other.
3. Explain the origin of the name for the food that is advertised.
4. Why is the fourth word in the advertisement not the best that could be used there? Suggest a better one.
5. Point out a mistake in the perspective of the curved dishes on the table. Why are the words in the advertisement set crooked?

*E. In a page-advertisement:*

1. Give the names of all the golf-sticks you can identify in the picture.
2. What is there in the drawing to suggest a box for tea?
3. Why has California a very even temperature and fine climate?
4. How many kinds of time are used in setting a watch in crossing the American Continent?
5. What is the oldest city in the United States?

# Result of Advertising Competition No. 8. Two Prizes of Five Dollars each and Ninety Prizes of One Dollar each offered for the best Advertisements of St. Nicholas Magazine.

## FIRST PRIZES, FIVE DOLLARS EACH

HELEN E. JACOBY, age 13 years, Indianapolis, Ind.
MARGERY BURHANS, age 12 years, Superior, Wis.

## NINETY PRIZES OF ONE DOLLAR EACH

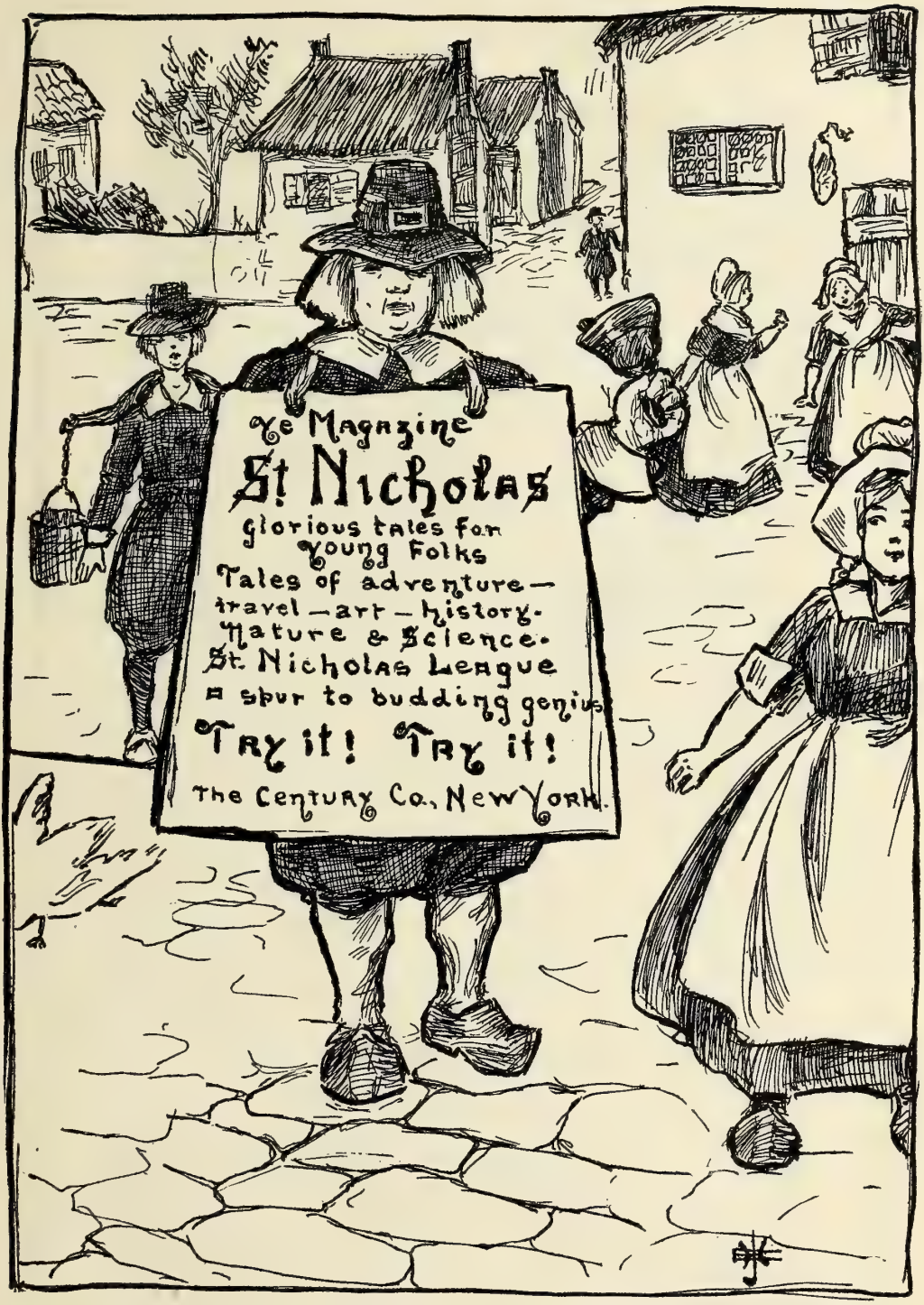
Frank A. Adams, Zenobia Camprubi Aymar, Frances Hope Bacheler, Louis W. Balcom, J. Ernest Bechdolt, Joshua W. Brady, Sara D. Burge, G. Lindsley Burr, Melicent Campbell, Olive Ruth Carpenter, Richard de Charms, Allen G. Chase, Mabel B. Clark, Fred. A. Coates, Marjorie Connor, Delmar G. Cooke, Ruth E. Crombie, Albert H. Cushman, Ralph E. Cushman, Edith G. Daggett, Irene Dalton, Martha Deinet, Anna Dutton, Ralph E. Dyor, Cecil Edwards, Helen D. Fish, Dudley Tyng Fisher, Mary Elaine Flitner, Katherine E. Foote, J. Stuart Freeman, Alfred L. Gimson, Marguerite K. Goode, Rose Chambers Goode, C. Brewer Goodsell, Grace Harriet Graef, Nellie T. Graef, Walter W. Haller, Nanette F. Hamburger, Jessie Harris, Paull Hayden, Jean Olive Heck, Florence Hensoldt, Beth Howard, Yvonne Jéquier, Marian D. Jewett, Victor W. Jones, Florence L. Kenway, Fred. H. Lahee, Alfred W. Macbeth, Lily H. Mears, George E. Merritt, Clyde R. Miller, Eric L. Miller, Francis Marion Miller, Hilda Bertha Morris, Charlotte Morton, Eleanor Hollis Murdock, Tina Norris, Eugene O'Connor, Jr., Reinhold Palenske, Morrow Wayne Palmer, Harry Hutchinson Parker, Leigh K. Patton, John Gilman Paul, Edgar Pearce, Earle Percy, Ruth M. Peters, Imogene B. Pierce, George H. Plough, Harry E. Pratt, Louise D. Putnam, C. Merrill Rogers, Robert E. Rogers, Sidney James Rogers, Frances Rogerson, Jacob A. Schmucker, Laurence M. Simmonds, Fred. Stearns, Herbert R. Stolz, Agnes E. Stuart, Dennis J. Sullivan, Fannie Taylor, Olive A. Taylor, Will Timlin, Richard S. Tippett, Clarence Tritt, Margaret F. Upton, Eleanor S. Whipple, Edith Clare Williams, J. W. Williamson.

See advertising page 9 for the announcement of Advertising Competition No. 10. Twenty prizes of five dollars each.

The report upon Advertising Competition No. 9 will be given in the February number.

A booklet showing some sixty-odd reproductions of the sketches submitted in the first six advertising competitions has been printed and will be sent to any of the competitors in the work of the St. Nicholas League upon receipt of a two-cent stamp.

Address ADVERTISING COMPETITIONS, ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE, NEW YORK.




*First Prize, St. Nicholas Advertisement Competition No. 8*

Design by HELEN E. JACOBY (age 13 years), INDIANAPOLIS, IND.



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IVORY SOAP is a plain soap — there is nothing in it but soap of the purest and best quality. Those who bathe with Ivory Soap can follow its use with glycerine, when needed to soften the skin, or with their favorite perfume or cosmetic. But as a rule persons who use Ivory Soap constantly do not have to resort to such means for the improvement of their appearance or for their comfort.

IT FLOATS.

# Swift's Classic Calendar

Free for Ten Wool Soap Wrappers

Free for Cap Jar of Swift's Beef Extract



Or will be Sent for Ten Cents in stamps or money. The calendar represents the four seasons—four panels tied with ribbon—each panel 7x16¾. A work of art of high order.

## Swift's Premium Hams and Bacon

Carefully trimmed and slowly cured—always the same and of the finest quality. Swift's Silver Leaf Lard is America's Standard because of its invariable purity.

**Swift & Company, Chicago**

# ROYAL
## Baking Powder

Made from pure cream of tartar.

Safeguards the food against alum.

Alum baking powders are the greatest menacers to health of the present day.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.



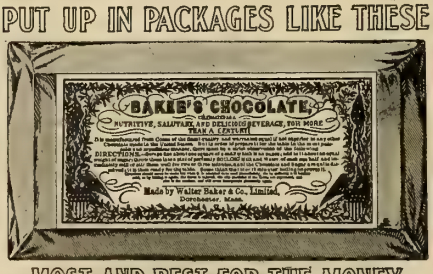
LOOK AT THE LABELS!

THE GENUINE




# BAKER'S COCOA AND CHOCOLATE

PUT UP IN PACKAGES LIKE THESE




MOST AND BEST FOR THE MONEY

WALTER BAKER & CO., LTD.

ESTABLISHED 1780. DORCHESTER, MASS.



# WEBER PIANOS

Weber pianos have been before the public for half a century, and now hold a supreme position in the piano world. This fact alone is decisive proof of the genuine worth of these pianos, for had they not again and again justified their claims upon public confidence, they could never have achieved such a splendid triumph over interested opposition and criticism during so long a period. *Their success is due to the fact that they recommend themselves.*

## WEBER WAREROOMS

**Fifth Avenue, cor. 16th St., New York**

**266 Wabash Avenue, Chicago**



*SOLID SUBSTANTIAL FLESH*

*and good Brains are made from*

*Grape-Nuts.*

*Sold by grocers.*



## A HARD WORKER.

**One of the "Kings" of the Coast.**

Mrs. L. S. King, of Concord, Cal., is state organizer and lecturer for the W. C. T. U. of California. She had been carrying on her work without using proper food to sustain her body, and says: "Before I found Grape-Nuts food I was suffering seriously with indigestion and my mind had become sluggish and dull, the memory being very much impaired.

"Hearing of Grape-Nuts as a food for rebuilding and strengthening the brain and nerve centres, I began its use. In two months I have gained four pounds in weight, never felt better in my life, and find a most remarkable improvement in my memory and mental activity. I never stood the fatigue and pressure of work as well as I do now. A short time ago I went to a new county, worked twenty-two days, almost day and night, without rest, and came home feeling fine. You may be sure I take Grape-Nuts food with me so that I may depend upon having it."

Through Fairyland in a Hansom-Cab.

# ST NICHOLAS

## FOR-YOUNG-FOLKS

CONDUCTED BY

MARY-MAPES-DODGE




Feb. 1902.

CO · L'T'D, ST. MARTIN'S ST · LONDON

CO · UNION · SQUARE · NEW · YORK




# The "Rough Rider Sorosis"

Winter's storms frequently leave the sidewalks with a damp or icy covering for days together, not wet enough for the use of rubbers, but too chilling for the thin sole of the ordinary shoe. At such times all the annoyance and discomfort of overshoes are avoided by wearing the **"Rough Rider Sorosis."** By careful manufacture and tightness of seam it is rendered *damp proof*, and is *the* shoe during the winter season for those who consider hygienic conditions as well as comfort and style.

The **"Rough Rider Sorosis"** is on sale at all Sorosis Stores throughout the world. Everywhere in America, $3.50 per pair

**A. E. LITTLE & CO., Manufacturers, 67 Blake Street, Lynn, Mass.**

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**Subscription price, $3.00 a year; single number, 25 cents.** The half-yearly parts of ST. NICHOLAS end with the October and April numbers respectively, and the red cloth covers are ready with the issue of these numbers; price 50 cents, by mail, post-paid; the two covers for the complete volume, $1.00. We *bind* and furnish covers for 75 cents per part, or $1.50 for the complete volume. In sending the numbers to us, they should be *distinctly* marked with owner's name, and 54 cents (27 cents per part) should be included in remittance, to cover postage on the volume if it is to be returned by mail. Bound volumes are not exchanged for numbers.

Persons ordering a change in the direction of Magazines must give both the *old* and the *new* address in full. No change can be made after the 5th of any month in the address of the Magazine for the following month.

FRANK H. SCOTT, Prest.
CHAS. F. CHICHESTER, Treas.
WILLIAM W. ELLSWORTH, Secy.

**THE CENTURY CO., Union Square, New York, N. Y.**

*For Old and Young*

WITH PICTURES BY

# ALICE IN WONDERLAND

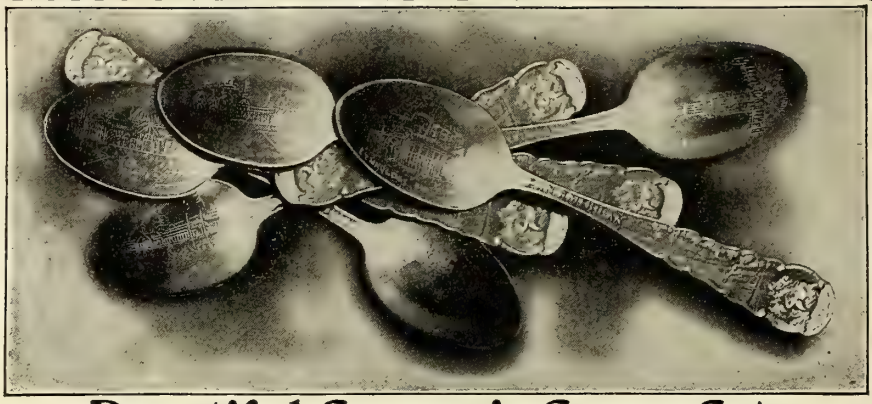
PETER NEWELL

*This new "Alice in Wonderland" is a wonderful book. It is a work of art. It is pictured by a humorist. It is a book to keep because it is by far the finest edition of this great classic ever published. Everybody—old and young, readers of every age—everybody wants a copy of "Alice," and everybody must have it in this new and artistic edition. It is bound in vellum, with decorative color borders on every page, and forty full-page drawings in tint by Peter Newell.*

*(In Box.)* $3.00 net

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS, NEW YORK


NESTLÉ'S FOOD
"MARK MY WORDS
NESTLÉS FOOD IS BEST
FOR BABIES"
When the Stork has brought the Baby, Nestlé's Food will keep the Baby. Nestlé's Food is the perfect food for infants, made in the same careful way for thirty-five years, to provide health, strength, bone and muscle for babies all over the world. It is not expensive (50 cents for a pound tin), and is safe. It requires the addition of water only (no milk) in preparation, as the basis of Nestlé's Food is the purest of cow's milk properly modified.
Let us send you, free of charge, a half-pound package of Nestlé's Food for trial and our Book for Mothers. Our Book for Mothers says a little about Nestlé's Food, but a great deal about the care of babies and young children.
Send us a postal card.
HENRI NESTLÉ, 73 Warren St., New York.



# Beautiful Souvenir Spoon Set.

Without question, one of the finest and most pleasing souvenirs ever issued is the set of Pan-American Exposition Souvenir Coffee Spoons made especially for the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern Railway by the Oneida Community. They are made of best material, carefully and handsomely finished and fully guaranteed. They are serviceable and will last for years. Like quality spoons sold at Exposition at 50 to 75 cents each.

The set consists of six spoons. A different exposition subject is engraved in the bowl of each spoon. Do not fail to order a set. You will be thoroughly pleased with the spoons.




**In Ordering:** Remit by express or post-office money order to **ONEIDA COMMUNITY, Niagara Falls, N. Y.**

**Complete set in Satin-lined Box, postpaid to any address for $1.00**

For comfortable, enjoyable travel between the cities of Chicago, Toledo, Cleveland, Buffalo, New York and Boston, use the famous through trains over the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern Railway. For any particulars about travel via this route, address A. J. SMITH, G. P. & T. A., Cleveland, O.

# HAND SAPOLIO FOR TOILET AND BATH

It makes the toilet and bath something to be enjoyed. It removes all stains and roughness, prevents chapping and leaves the skin white, soft, healthy. In the bath it brings a glow and exhilaration which no common soap can equal, imparting the vigor and life sensation suggested by a mild turkish bath.




It is a pure article, free from animal fats, only healthy vegetable oils being used as a medium.

Excellent for traveler's use. Suited to the daintiest skin or to the toil-calloused hand.

Should be on every washstand.



"GUNNER PONTING LED THEM TO THE PARAPET AND POINTED TO THE GREAT BOW OF THE OPEN OCEAN."

(*See the story, "An Anglo-American Alliance," page 295.*)

# ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XXIX. FEBRUARY, 1902. No. 4.




## AN ANGLO-AMERICAN ALLIANCE.

BY PHILIP BRETT SAWYER.

WHEN it was finally decided that Robert and Christopher Belcher were going to Bermuda, they were the proudest boys that ever fished for suckers off the Sandy River trestle-bridge. An ocean voyage and a visit to a foreign country would have made them sufficiently elated, but the fact that they were going to be entertained by an officer in a British royal regiment of the line caused their freckled faces to be expanded in perpetual grins of joy. Of course their mother had many misgivings when her sister, who had married Major Wethered of the Worcestershire Regiment, stationed at Bermuda, wrote asking that the boys might make them a visit. The journey seemed such a long one for them to take alone, and Mrs. Belcher was confident that the boys would be climbing into the crow's-nest and all over the ship if they found a chance. But when she reflected that Rob, who was the older, had attained to the dignity of his first long trousers, and that their father could go with them as far as New York, and realized how much self-reliance such a trip would teach them, she gave her consent.

It was pretty rough on the voyage, for they crossed the Gulf Stream, as their Aunt Helen explained to them afterward, bias. This distinctly feminine word was a new one to Rob and Kit, and neither knew what it meant, but ever afterward it called to their minds two days when for the greater part of the time they lay in their bunks on board the "Trinidad," watching through the port-hole the wriggling sky-line dance up and down. About noon of the second day this sky-line was broken by a far-away steamer headed north, which threw out a tremendous amount of black smoke. Rob said she was probably a tramp freighter, but Kit was confident that she was a man-of-war. Early on the third morning the sea became a little smoother, and the steward said that the island would be sighted within "a couple of

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hours." The boys were feeling much better, so they dressed and went on deck.

Rob and Kit made friends with the quartermaster, a jovial, bronze-cheeked old fellow, who patiently answered their multitude of questions, until he must have felt as if he had explained the workings of the vessel from stem to stern. He took them forward into the bow to look for land. The sea was still high, and the great waves came from the stern and rolled up under them until the horizon was entirely hidden, and, for an instant, they were looking into a great wall of water. Then this would fall away with fearful suddenness, and the boys would gasp as the ship's nose dropped.

"It 's just like going down in an elevator," said Kit. "Hi, Rob!" he shouted as he looked over the side of the vessel, "see, there 's a bird skimming along the water; and look, it 's diving for its food. Now it 's gone — you were too slow."

"I see one over there," said the older one, pointing, "and another, and another. Kit, they 're not birds, but flying-fish, and we 've run into a whole school of 'em."

The quartermaster turned to them just then, and said that the blue haze they could see a little to the port was the island.

"And look yonder," he called, "a bit to the le'ward!"

"It 's a sail!" shouted Kit.

"Ay, the pilot-boat," answered the quartermaster. "We 'll pick him up in half an hour; he 'll take charge of the vessel, and bring us through the narrow channel into Hamilton harbor."

It was not long before they were near enough to see the figure 6 painted on the sail of the pilot-boat. Presently the sloop came up into the wind, and a rowboat put forth. There were three colored men in her, two rowing lustily and one holding the tiller. The Trinidad slowed down and waited. The little boat pulled alongside, and a rope was thrown, and caught by the forward oarsman. He clutched it, and was nearly pulled overboard as the line came taut. The course of the rowboat was changed so suddenly that she was pulled sidewise, shipping a large wave, which hit full in the face the man at the stern. He shook the water from his eyes, and grinned, showing many white teeth. Then he stood and grasped a rope ladder that had been thrown over the side of the vessel. The boys ran aft, and got there just in time to see the man, who was uncommonly fat and black, clamber over the rail. The pilot greeted the captain, and immediately there was a clang of gongs, and the steamer started ahead, soon leaving the little boat and the sloop far behind.

Just then Rob and Kit heard the bugle announcing luncheon; but even the hunger which came to them after a two days' subsistence on cracked ice, lemonade, and biscuits could not allay their excitement enough to keep them long below. When they scampered again on deck, the island was in plain sight. The boys at once sought out their new friend, the quartermaster, and made him explain every point of interest.

"I thought," said Kit, rather mournfully, as he looked at the white patches which dotted the island, "that we were n't going to have any snow here."

"Ho, ho!" laughed the old sailor, "they 're houses, youngster, not snow patches. You see, there ain't any springs or rivers on these islands, and people have to use the rain-water which they catch from their roofs. That 's why the buildings are all so clean and white. Now, you see the big patch on the top of that hill? Well, the government has peeled off the soil and whitewashed the coral rock to supply the barracks and the big tanks in case of a drought."

On the extreme end of the island they saw a fort which stood at the top of a high bluff. They were near enough to hear the notes of a bugle, and Rob said he could make out the flag floating from the top.

"Wonder what it 's like inside that fort?" said the older brother. "Guess I 'll ask Major Wethered if he won't take us through it."

"Well, if ye go," remarked the quartermaster, "ye 'll be the first furriner that ever got inside Fort St. Cath'rine. These English have very particular notions about that, and I don't believe, youngster, that ye 'll ever get the view from them battlements, unless ye come at the head of a bigger fleet than England 's got now, and I must say that ain't so very likely."

The ship threaded her way slowly through the channel inside the coral reefs, where the waves broke with much foam and wound in an amethyst sea along the semi-tropical shore. Once, as they entered the harbor, the steamer went so near a little island that Kit thought he could jump ashore if he tried.

It was on this island that the boys saw their first red-coated "Tommy Atkins." He was hurrying down a road to the shore, with his little pill-box cap perched over one ear, and was jauntily swinging his short "swagger stick," or little cane.

As they approached the dock the Trinidad was surrounded by a multitude of small boats filled with men calling lustily the names of certain hotels, and others holding up roses and lilies for sale. There was a great crowd on the wharf, and among them the boys made out their uncle and aunt. Kit was disappointed because the major did n't have on his scarlet tunic; but Rob explained that the officers wore their uniforms only when on duty, while the privates never appeared in civilian clothes.

The days that followed were crowded full of perpetual joy for Rob and Kit. Bermuda lies in the shape of a fish-hook about twenty-five miles long, made up of various islands joined together by causeways; and the boys on their bicycles explored the entire length, from Ireland Island and the dockyards on one end, to the ancient town of St. George on the other.

But perhaps they enjoyed most the visits to the garrison at Prospect Hill with their uncle. The British soldiers were a constant surprise to them, and not in the least according to their early ideas.

And when Rob and Kit strutted along the road or across the parade-ground, trying to keep step with the major, and every soldier that they passed clicked his heels together and made a wonderful salute, the boys swelled out their little chests with pride. They wanted to make friends with every "Tommy," and to try on their funny little caps, and swing their swagger sticks; but the major explained that it would n't do at all when he was with them, and he told them much about military discipline, and how it was necessary for a sharp line to be drawn between officers and men. Rob and Kit thought this was merely army "red-tape" and more or less ridiculous, and it only made them more keen to make friends with some of the good-natured-looking soldiers.

This desire for acquaintanceship with picturesque Thomas Atkins led to serious trouble. It was one day when they rode down to the very old town of St. George. Rob and Kit first hunted up a little shop they had seen on a previous trip, where they bought some bananas by the pound. The store was kept by an old colored woman who was so fat that she never got out of her chair, and her customers were supposed to wait on themselves. The boys left their bicycles here in her care, so that they could roam at will about the narrow streets. After a half-hour or so of wandering, they climbed a steep hill at the farther end of the town, and came upon some barracks and military buildings. Beyond, the road ran up a gentle incline to a fort on the extreme end of the island.

"Don't you remember it?" Rob asked his brother. "That is the fort we saw the morning we came."

"So it is," answered the little fellow; "and the quartermaster told us that no foreigner had ever been inside. How funny to be called that! I always supposed they were Italians and Frenchmen and that sort of people; but I suppose we are foreigners down here. Just the same-y, I 'd like to go inside that old fort; I 'll bet Uncle Edward could get us in."

"No, he could n't," replied Rob, "because I asked him, and he said we belonged to the enemy and it never could be allowed."

Just then they heard a great shouting in a field a little farther along, and when the boys ran toward the noise they saw a crowd of soldiers playing football.

"That 's a curious game," said Rob, when they had been standing a few minutes on the edge of the field. "Why don't they line up and run with the ball instead of kicking it all the time?"

At this moment there was a sharp play; the ball shot over the goal-posts, and the men shouted again.

"Rob, did you see that?" said Kit, dancing with excitement. "The big fellow butted the

ball over with his head! Let 's find out how they play this game, anyway."

A soldier in brown khaki was standing near, intent on the sport. He had light hair cut very short, all except a lock in front, which was brushed straight upward in a sort of curl. His diminutive cap was tipped over the right ear. He had such a jaunty appearance that the boys felt no hesitation in asking him all manner of questions about the game. The man proved good-natured, and in a short time the three had discussed at length the merits of the Association and the Rugby games of football.

After a while Kit said: "You must have a grand time on these islands."

"Grand? Ho, bloomin' grand, I should say!" answered the Tommy, scornfully. "Why, there ain't a thing for a beggar to do — no theaters nor any shootin'. The only fun we 'ave is swimmin'. I 've been in this bloomin' place three years 'nd five months, 'nd now, s' 'elp me, I 'm a time-expired man. The transport is due day after to-morrow, and then back goes I to England. I 'm so bloomin' glad to be goin' 'ome that I 'm all twitterly inside, 'nd that reckless I don't care what I do."

The game came to an end, and the soldiers, with much good-humored horse-play, began to put on their coats. The new-found friend of the boys, who said his name was Ponting,— "Gunner Ponting of the Royal Hartillery,"— walked along with them as they started to stroll up the hill. He was very good-natured and talkative, and pointed out the barracks, the parade-ground, and the fever hospital. Passing around a clump of cedars at a bend in the road, they came again in view of the fort about quarter of a mile ahead.

"I don't suppose you could take us in that fort with you?" said Rob, a little wistfully. "I have never been in one, and have always wanted to see what they look like inside."

"Well, to tell the 'ole truth," answered Gunner Ponting, "'Is Majesty King Edward ain't pertickler about havin' furriners mousin' round inside his fortifications, 'cause they might turn out to be spies."

"But truly we 're not spies," answered Kit, quickly.

"I say! — that 'ere 's lucky," replied Ponting, with a wink at Rob, "'cause if you were we might be obliged to 'ang you." The gunner stopped, scratched his head, and then brightened as if he had figured out some delicate problem. "You young gentlemen don't 'appen to 'ave two bob in your pockets?" said he.

"Two bob?" queried Kit.

"Yes — a couple o' shillings; 'cause, if you 'ave, I might send 'em to King Edward with a note explainin' as 'ow you were pertickler anxious to see the inside o' Fort St. Cath'rine, 'nd I suppose it would be all right."

Rob gaily handed Ponting two shillings.

"But do you think we ought to go in?" asked Kit, timidly.

"Who 's afraid?" said Rob.

The fort was of solid masonry, perched on the peak of the hill. On three sides sheer walls of natural coral rock dropped to the sea. There was a deep cut at the side toward the road, forming a sort of moat, over which hung a drawbridge.

"I don't suppose any guns could ever hurt such heavy walls," said Kit, admiringly.

"Bless my 'eart," answered Ponting, "why, we 've big ships that could stand offshore ten miles 'nd blow the 'ole bloomin' business sky-high!"

They came to the bridge, and Rob looked over into the moat, and beyond down the cliff to the beach below, where the ocean rollers were breaking with a muffled roar. "Whew!" said he, "but I would n't care to fall down there. Guess it would take a thundering big army to storm that height."

"I 've clumb up there lots o' times," answered Ponting. "There 's just one path that some of us discovered when we wanted to get out after taps. But it 's no bloomin' fun gettin' down there, daylight or dark."

The three passed over the bridge, past the sentry, through a small passageway with immensely thick walls, and came into an open court behind solid ramparts, in which Rob and Kit counted eleven big guns. At the farther end a sentinel paced slowly. They were then taken into the queer round tower which filled the middle of the fort, passed through the kitchens, and went down some narrow stairs into a blackness that the boys felt sure was a

dungeon; but Ponting told them that it was where ammunition was sometimes stored.

They then climbed back, and were passing again through the kitchens when Ponting suddenly stopped.

"'Ere," he whispered hoarsely, "get into this closet — quick"; and he opened the door of a diminutive cupboard filled with dishes, and without ceremony pushed the boys in. Rob and Kit felt very romantic and wicked in the darkness. They heard footsteps and then a strange voice:

"Hello, Ponting; did n't know you were on inside duty to-day; thought you were gettin' ready for 'ome."

"That 's what," answered the gunner. "I just came in to look about a bit, and get part of my kit I left."

The other continued: "We 'll stir 'em up after a bit; the squadron 's about due."

"S' 'elp me, I 'most forgot the bloomin' squadron!" broke in Ponting. "This noon was the time, unless they 've struck it bad 'tween 'ere and Jamaica."

"We 're all ready to pump a bloomin' good salute at 'em, anyway, when they do show up"; and the man passed on through the doorway.

Ponting opened the closet door. "I 'ope you young gentlemen will pardon me," said he, with humility, "but that 'ere was a new non-com orf'cer, 'nd 'e feels a bit cocky over 'is promotion. I did n't know exactly 'ow 'e would take it findin' strangers 'ere. Suppose I 'd better get you out o' this, anyway, 'cause if they sight the squadron there 'll be trouble. Maybe, though, we 've got time to go up to the battlements, 'cause there 's a grand view o' St. George and the reefs at sea, but I ain't pertickler about 'avin' these non-coms see us. Hit 's all right with the gunners."

The three climbed a dark flight of stone stairs and came out into the sunlight. Their guide led them, tiptoeing, to the parapet and pointed to the great bow of the open ocean. The boys had scarcely time to gasp at the grandeur of the view — the brilliant sea with the white chain of foam which marked the reefs on the horizon — when the resonant sounds of a bugle rang out, and there was a tramping of men's feet in the courtyard below as they ran to stand by the guns. At the first sound of alarm Ponting had stopped, listening, his face almost pale under the bronze of the sunburn. Then he ran quickly and peered over the battlements. He spoke hoarsely: "'T ain't any use; the corporal o' the guard is by the bridge. But we 've got to get out o' 'ere, or it 's as much as my bloomin' 'ide is worth! Hit 's the war-ships comin' by, 'nd we 'ave to man the 'ole fort to give 'em a salute. They 'll be up in a minute. 'Ere, follow me."

The boys heard a shuffling as of a file of men on the stairs they had just come up. Ponting led them, running, across the open, and down another flight of stairs. Through a narrow tunnel of solid masonry they passed, up some steps, and then came into a good-sized room in which mattresses and bedding were stacked.

"'Ow are you young gentlemen hoff for courage?" asked Ponting.

"Try us and see," spoke up Kit; but he hoped the gunner was n't going to propose that they fight the garrison.

"Then climb out of that window," said Ponting, indicating a square casement, "'nd wait for me on the ledge. 'Old on tight, 'nd don't get scared, for 't ain't so ugly as it looks."

First Rob, then Kit, obeyed, and they found themselves on a shelf of rock about three feet broad which overhung the cliff. Kit gave one look down, then shut his eyes. Rob seemed to be suspended in mid-air; below him dropped the cliff sheer down to where the sea was breaking on the beach. Between circled a few sea-birds. Out beyond, on the turquoise ocean, five or six war-ships were steaming placidly in the sunlight. Behind them in the fort they heard once more the sound of a bugle, this time a drawn-out, wailing note.

Ponting quickly appeared beside them. "Come, my brave mates," he spoke in a hoarse voice, "follow me, and we 'll be out o' this bloomin' place in no time."

Kit shuddered as he saw the cheerful gunner disappear over the side of the ledge, and shrank back against the wall, expecting to hear him slip and go bounding down over the rocks. But Ponting had swung under the ledge, and had his feet firmly planted on a shelving rock, while his hand grasped a twisted root over his head.

"Now, you big 'un," came his muffled voice, "'elp the rooky. Steady, now — there we are; don't look down; I 've got you snug and tight, smooth as the manual o' arms — foot 'ere — now grab my 'and — 'ere we are!" Ponting kept up a running fire of whispers while he helped Kit, and Rob followed behind.

The rocks were hot to Kit in the bright sunlight, and the sea-birds kept up such a screeching. His foot slipped and his heart almost stopped beating, but Ponting caught him on the instant and steadied him.

Down, down they crawled. The boys' clothes were torn and their fingers scratched and bleeding. They had almost reached the bottom.

"Plucky mates!" exclaimed the gunner, "couple o' minutes more — steady now — 'ome to-morrow — safe at last — "

"Halt! Who goes there?" A sentry had discovered them and had given the alarm.

"All hup with me!" growled Ponting. "Now you fellows 'ook it."

"But he 'll shoot us!" wailed Kit.

"Not if I don't run," answered their guide.

The boys did n't wait for anything more, but half slid, half tumbled, much to the detriment of their clothing, down the rest of the cliff to the beach, and then scuttled off like frightened crabs along the shore and around a point of land until they found a place where by climbing they could regain the road. Without resting, and in a panic of fear, they ran down the hill, past the barracks and the football field, into St. George, got their bicycles from the fat old banana-woman, feeling all the time like escaped convicts, and rode away rapidly. Once outside the town, their spirits rose mightily, and the boys began to talk with excitement, and even to sing and shout in their glee over the adventure. Spasmodically they rehearsed every detail of their experience, and would have been buoyantly happy over their escape if it had not been for the trouble they felt sure was in store for their friend the gunner.

"My, won't the major be wild!" choked Rob. Those were prophetic words.

"I suppose we 'll have to tell him," said Kit, as he pedaled swiftly beside his brother.

"Of course!" exclaimed the older one.

Aunt Helen was in the garden clipping roses when the boys turned into the driveway.

"Goodness gracious! what have you imps been up to now?" she said, throwing up her hands, as she caught sight of the dusty, ragged urchins.

"We 've been in a British fort!" shouted Kit, as they dismounted and threw their bicycles on the grass, "and we almost got caught, and we had to shin down a cliff!"

"Merciful powers!" exclaimed Aunt Helen, "you look as if you had come through forty battles. What will Edward say? How did you ever get in?"

"A gunner showed us around; we gave him a couple of shillings. And he got caught, and now I suppose they will hang him, and it was all our fault," wailed Kit, dolefully.

When the major heard of their adventure, he pulled hard at the ends of his mustache and looked very grave.

"It 's rather fortunate that you rascals got away, because the commanding officer of the Royal Artillery might have made it unpleasant until he found out who you were. It really was a most extraordinary offense for the gunner, and I can't see how he happened to take you in."

"But I don't see how they can touch him," said Rob, "because he said his enlistment had expired, and he is going to England as soon as the transport comes."

"That makes no difference," said the major, slowly pacing up and down the room; "for the sake of discipline the commanding officer will have to make an example of him, and he will be punished severely. Offhand, I should say that he would be imprisoned for a year. Had you been caught, it would have been all I could do to prevent your being sent off the island."

"Oh, it 's too bad!" mourned Kit; "he was such a good-natured Tommy, and so kind to us!"

"I 'm going to the commanding officer and tell him how it happened," broke in Rob.

"That would n't do the least good," said the major; "discipline requires that the man be punished; the only appeal is to the representative of the Crown, the governor of the island."

"Then we 'll go to him," manfully declared Kit. "We must do all we can; the poor fellow was so anxious to go back to England."

The major said: "I don't know how the governor will take it. Likely as not he 'll be very angry and have you sent off the island. At any rate, you are good boys to pursue this course and not desert your friend, and I 'll take you to Government House in the morning."

Governor-General J. Digby Piggott, V.C., K.C.B., was sitting at his desk in his private office in Government House. Through the open window there came the sound of the measured tramp of a sentinel as he walked his post on the gravel driveway, and the hum of insects which buzzed around the fragrant rose-bushes that grew just outside the casement. Governor Piggott was a short, corpulent man, smooth-shaven, with grizzled hair shading to white over the temples, where wrinkled crow's-feet showed him to be a man of determination and much given to thought and to solving knotty problems. Military maps were spread out before him, for the perspiring general was preparing for the annual spring mobilization of all the troops of the island.

Entered an orderly in a scarlet coat, made a rigid salute, and stood at attention.



"'AMERICAN SPIES, YOUR EXCELLENCY, I 'M AFRAID; THOUGH OF COURSE THEY DENY IT,' SAID MAJOR WETHERED." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

"Well?" said the governor, looking up.

"Beg pardon, sir, but it 's Major Wethered, sir, and 'e says as 'ow 'e 's got two American spies, sir."

The governor almost gasped. "My word, this is serious! Send them in at once"; and with knitted brows he began folding the maps.

Presently Major Wethered came in, followed

by two scared but determined-looking boys. The major made a grave salute.

"Well, Major Wethered, what 's this?" said the governor, gruffly.

"American spies, your Excellency, I 'm afraid; though of course they deny it. They are Robert and Christopher Belcher, of Maine, United States of America, my nephews, who are at present visiting me, and have confessed that yesterday they did bribe Gunner Ponting with two shillings, and were taken inside of Fort St. Catherine. Their escape was cut off by the preparations caused by the arrival of the North Atlantic Squadron, and they, with the aforesaid gunner, climbed out of a window and descended the cliff. The gunner was caught and is now imprisoned."

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed the governor, "but this looks bad. What have you to say for yourself, Robert Belcher?"

"Truly we are n't spies, sir, at all," began Rob, a little timidly.

"You deny it?" growled the representative of the Crown.

"Yes, sir," continued Rob. "We had never been in a fort at all, and we wanted to see one."

"Gunner Ponting said if we had two shillings he might send 'em to the King with a note," broke in Kit, "and he thought it would be all right."

The governor almost smiled.

"They gave the alarm, and we got away by shinning down the cliff," continued the little fellow, "but the poor gunner got caught. His enlistment has expired, and he was going back to England to-morrow, and he said he was so glad that he was all twitterly inside; and now he 's got to go to jail, and it is all our fault. We have come to beg you to take us instead and put us in jail, or even — or even send us home; but please, Governor Piggott, please let the poor man go, as really we are n't spies, and it was all our fault."

He stopped, and the governor sat a moment, thinking. Suddenly he asked: "How many guns are there in Fort St. Catherine?"

"Seventeen, sir," answered the little fellow; "eleven below and six on the tower."

The governor laughed outright.

"It 's no wonder," said he, "that your soldier citizens make such good mechanics and fighting men, when even the youngsters allow nothing to escape their observation. You are brave boys and will make good soldiers. I 'll have the gunner pardoned this time on your account; and now let 's shake hands, for cousins must n't quarrel."

The Anglo-American Alliance was celebrated then and there, and all four were laughing heartily when the major and the boys came to leave.

"Now, mind," called out the governor, "don't tell your President how many guns we 've got in the fort, because I should n't like to have it get out while I am governor; but should we come officially to join forces against the world, then you may tell."

The major and the governor, who was now standing, saluted, and the boys gave their army salute that their father had taught them, and the three passed out, by the rigid orderly, the boys with their heads up, happy as only boys can be who have been brave in the face of trial, and have done the honorable thing.





# FASHION

By Margaret Johnson.



*This Fashion 's a whimsical sort of a sprite;*
*Her ways, I confess, are too much for me, quite!*

LAVINIA, sixty years ago,
Was dressed in the height of the style, you know,
The pride of her fond relations;
Yet Mabel smiles at the quaint little miss,
With her frock like *that*, and her shoes like *this*,—
As some one at Mabel will smile, I wis,
When the dress that to-day she is proud to wear
Belongs with the hoops and the powdered hair
And the patches of past generations!

But this is the question that puzzles me:
The rose's frock is the same, I see,
With the trimming of dew upon it,
That roses wore in Lavinia's day;
And the tulip's petticoat, striped and gay,
Is made in the same old-fashioned way;
And never a change, for a hundred years,
In the cut of the marigold's gown appears,
Or the shape of the sweet pea's bonnet!

*Yet nobody says that the flowers look queer.*
*Pray can you explain to me why, my dear?*



# SOMETHING TO DO.

By Horace Butterworth.

One very marked trait of boys is their insatiable anxiety for something to do. True, this desire does not always find its utmost satisfaction in carrying coal and water, in sawing wood, in cleaning the sidewalk, or even in doing errands. I have heard it whispered that boys have been known to forsake such forms of activity to go swimming! But just give a boy something that he takes pleasure in doing, and, presto! comes energy equal to the occasion.

The development of an interest in such exercises as are described in this article may not only keep boys out of mischief, but it will provide a pleasing method of cultivating strength and dexterity.

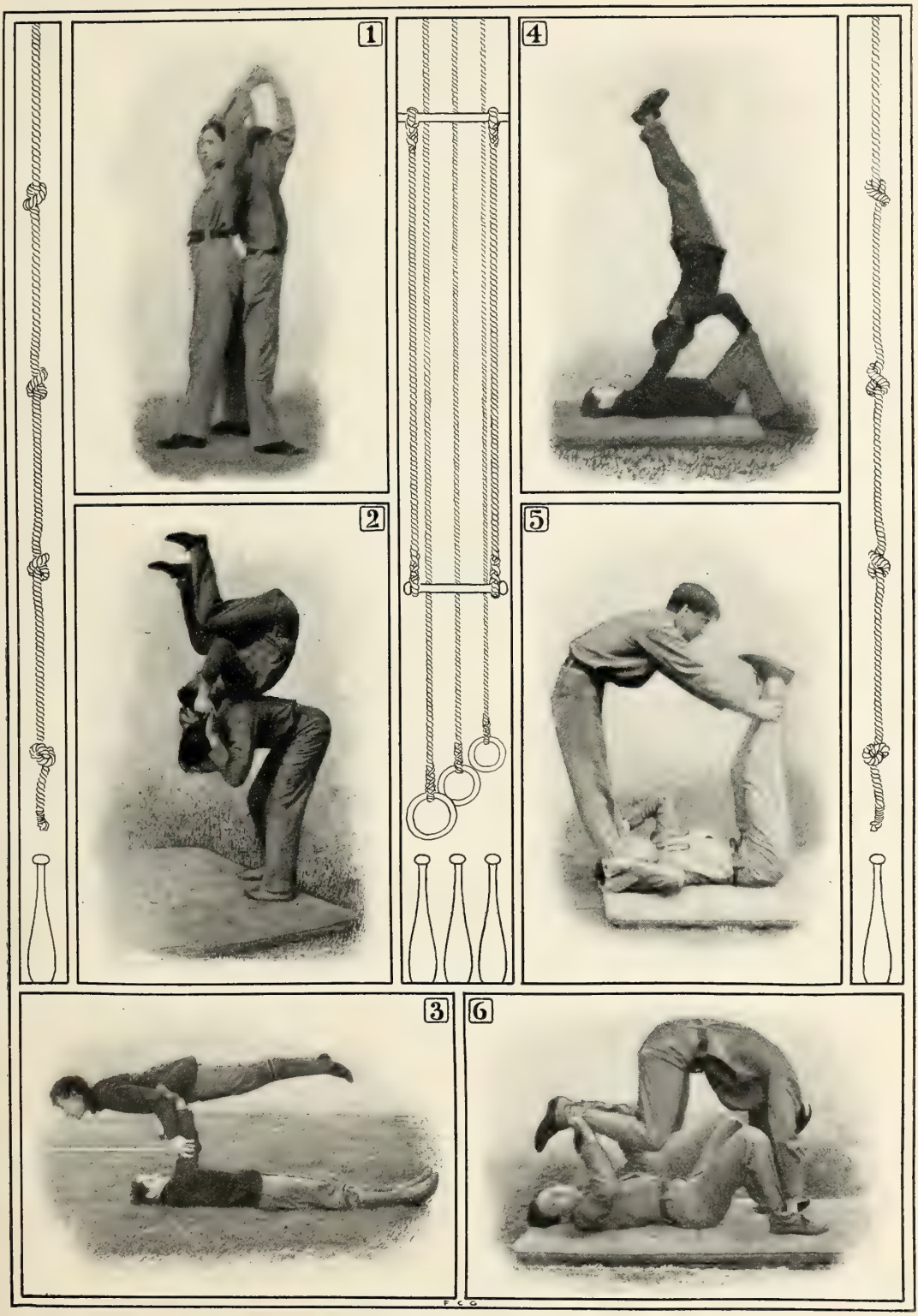
Pull over the Back. Two boys stand back to back with the arms upstretched and clasping hands. One of them has his feet spread, but on a line, while the other has one foot in advance of the other (Fig. 1). Their heads are to drop back on each other's shoulders, and they must agree in advance which is to pull and which side of the head each is to take. A is facing left in the figure and is to pull. Both bend their knees a little, being careful to keep the shoulders and hips touching as they were when standing upright. B gives a slight spring and lifts his knees as close to the chest as possible. A bends forward a little as B springs, but does not pull until B has had time to get his knees up. A then bends still farther forward and pulls vigorously (Fig. 2). When the point shown in this figure is reached, A straightens up so that B can alight standing erect. During the first few trials some one should assist B in getting his knees up by putting a hand under his thigh and lifting a little. Both should hold on to each other's hands until the turn is completed.

Horizontal Balance. A lies on his back and raises his arms so as to place his hands on B's lower ribs as he leans forward from standing astride of A's body. B catches A's elbows (Fig. 3). Do the same exercise, but with B extending his arms forward alongside his ears instead of catching hold of A's elbows. A catches a little higher for this balance.

Shoulder Stand on the Hands. A lies on his back, draws up his feet, which are separated quite widely, till they are close to his hips, braces his knees against each other, and extends his arms upward and slightly forward. B places his hands on A's knees, puts one foot somewhat in advance of the other, leans forward, and throws both legs upward, the back leg moving first. As B comes forward, A places his hands against his shoulders. B must keep his head back, hold his legs close together, and have his toes pointed upward (Fig. 4). B may drop over to his feet, assisted by a push from A, or fall back to his starting position.

Double Roll. A lies flat on his back. B stands with a foot on each side of A's head, facing his feet. A raises his legs so that B can grasp his ankles, and at the same time he grasps B's ankles (Fig. 5). A must now make his legs perfectly limber in B's hands. B leans forward and puts A's feet on the ground close to his hips, and as they touch he gives a slight jump and rolls forward (Fig. 6), bending his arms slowly so as to place the back of his head on the ground without a jar. As B rolls forward A comes to his feet and repeats the movements which B has made. Progress in this manner may be continued as far as pleasant. When the movement has become somewhat familiar, go rapidly, but in order that no one may receive a severe shock the boy who is down should hold the other back a little as he jumps forward to roll. Do the double roll backward from position shown in Fig. 5. B, the boy standing, sits on his heels, leans backward, and pulls as hard as he can, while A pushes with his head and shoulders and straightens his arms.

Double Elephant Walk. Two boys stand facing each other and take hold of each other's


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arms near the shoulders. It having been agreed which is to do the supporting, the other springs up and crosses his ankles behind the supporter's back (Fig. 7). A, the boy standing, moves his legs until they are about three feet apart. As B releases the grasp of his hands and bends backward, A holds him at the waist until his hands touch the floor. A then lets go and leans forward, while B crawls between A's legs. As soon as A's hands touch the floor B places his hands on A's ankles and straightens his arms (Fig. 8). A then travels forward. When they wish to separate, B uncouples his ankles, and both roll forward.

INDIAN WRESTLE. Two boys lie down alongside of each other, with the feet pointing in opposite directions. They lock the near elbows firmly. Each then raises the near leg three times, one or both counting (Fig. 9). On the third count they interlock the legs near the knee and try by main strength to turn each other over backward (Fig. 10).

PYRAMID. The six boys who are to take part in this should get on their hands and knees and practise sliding the hands forward and the legs backward at a signal. When all can do this in concert try the pyramid. Three get on their hands and knees as close together as possible. Behind these stand two, and one behind the two. Each of the two places a hand and a knee on the shoulder and hip of the middle boy, and the other hand and knee on the outside boy. The last boy climbs on top of the two and kneels with one hand and one knee on each (Fig. 11). At a signal all suddenly slide their arms forward and their legs backward (Fig. 12). There is no shock if all straighten out as directed.

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## THE OLD-FASHIONED "S."

BY GRACE FRASER.

"THIS book is very odd indeed," said Little Tom to me;
"I think the man who wrote it must have lisped a lot," said he.
(It was a leather-covered book of Seventeen-Naught-Three.)

"Wherever he should put an *s* he puts an *f* instead;
Just listen to this nonsense"; and the learned Thomas read:
"'He fauntered off in queft of fport.' It 's all like that," he said.

"'The fquire and parfon fat at eafe and feafted undifmayed';
'The fage, though ufually fhrewd, a lack of fenfe difplayed';
'And eaft and weft they failed to find the ftatefman who had ftrayed.'"

I took that leather-covered book of Seventeen-Naught-Three;
I said: "Those are long *s*'s, not the *f*'s they seem to be."
"We print books better nowadays," said Little Tom, said he.





# THROUGH FAIRYLAND IN A HANSOM-CAB.

By Bennet W. Musson.

*The following story is the fourth of the long stories complete in one number that are to appear in the present volume of* St. Nicholas.

*It is a very modern fairy story, full of pleasant fun-making. Our readers will enjoy little "Gretchen's" meeting with the "Thirty-third Degree Transformer," the "Objector," the "Giant Gnome," and other animated absurdities the author has made for his up-to-date fairyland.*



IN a far-away country at the foot of a great mountain, a wood-chopper, Jacob by name, dwelt with his wife Matilda and their daughter, little Gretchen. Every day the wood-chopper went into the forest, returning with a supply of wood, which he sold at a railway station not far from his home. Jacob was very talkative, and when he took his usual chair by the fireside one night and neither talked nor smoked, his wife asked the cause of his melancholy.

"Alas!" he said, "the railway is about to give up steam and use electricity. No more wood will be needed, as the power is to be generated from the waterfall in the valley. I can find no other customer, and don't know what will become of us."

The mother and father began talking of various means by which a living could be made for the family. They finally went to bed, deeply puzzled, with no way out of their difficulty in sight.

Gretchen thought so much about the trouble that she could n't sleep, and toward morning a great idea came to her. "I will go and seek fortune in the caves of the gnomes," she said.

You must know that near the top of the mountain a tribe of gnomes lived in their suburban caves. Gretchen had heard that these little people were rich in gold and precious stones, and thought that if she told them of her father's plight they might give her some, as Jacob had always treated the fairies very politely, and had never said they did not exist, or referred to them as "common superstitions."

As soon as it was light, Gretchen dressed hastily, ate her breakfast, and made up a package of wild honey and sardines to serve as luncheon in case she should not return till late. Being afraid to go alone, she called the family dog, and crept away without disturbing her parents.

They made their way through the forest that bordered the lower part of the mountain. The dog, named "Snip," in honor of the tailor who had presented him to Jacob, was greatly pleased with the trip. They soon came to a steep path. The trees were farther apart, and climbing was difficult; but Snip aided Gretchen by jumping on the higher rocks ahead and barking. This would also have served to frighten away the wild beasts, had there been any. When they were about twelve sixteenths of the way up, they saw an opening in the rocks that looked like the entrance of a large cave. After talking the matter over with the dog, who had no ideas to



THE GIANT GNOME CARRYING GRETCHEN AND LEONARDO UP THE MOUNTAIN. (SEE PAGE 308.)

suggest, Gretchen decided to ask the gnome who lived there to guide her to the fairy treasure-house.

Suddenly an enormous figure dashed out of the cave, and, as Gretchen opened her mouth to scream, dashed into the cave again. Then out it came and in it went half a dozen times, leaving Gretchen and Snip with their mouths

open in wonder. Presently the figure reappeared and beckoned to them; but as Gretchen seemed afraid to approach, it cried in a voice that sounded like thunder, "I won't hurt you; come on!" And they came.

"Were you looking for me?" asked the figure.

"No," said Gretchen. "We were looking for the gnomes."

"Louder!" said the figure, and Gretchen shouted her answer as loud as she could.

"Well, I 'm a gnome," it replied.

"But you 're so very big!" cried Gretchen.

"I am known as the Giant Gnome," was the answer. "You see, most gnomes stop growing when they are two feet six and three quarter inches high, but I did n't; I kept right on. They said I was the exception that proved the rule; but I proved eight two-foot rules, as I 'm sixteen feet high"; and the Giant Gnome, thinking this a great joke, laughed heartily. He was very large and ungainly, with long arms, great hands and feet, and an enormous nose. On his back was a funny-shaped hump, to which hung a telephone-receiver.

"What is that?" asked Gretchen, pointing to the receiver.

"Most gnomes have very squeaky voices, and it 's hard for me to hear 'em, so I have a private telephone. That little rubber disk above my ankle is a transmitter, and they speak into it," he replied.

"And why were you rushing in and out of your cave in that peculiar way?"

"I was charging my door-bell," he said. "You press a button and it rings by compressed air. I keep the air in a reservoir in the back of the cave, and when it gets empty I run in and out several times. You see, I am so big that I force quite a lot of air into the reservoir each time I do this, and when it is full I stop. Would you like to come in?" he asked.

Gretchen and Snip followed the giant through a dark passage into a large, square room, which was very light. In a corner was a bed of furs, and against one of the walls stood a chair six feet high.

"You take the chair," said the giant, lifting Gretchen into it, where she clung to one of the arms, fearful of falling.

The giant and Snip were seated on the floor.

"This cave is the work of the greater part of my life," said the gnome. "You see, I grew so fast that I would n't fit in the caves of the ordinary gnomes, so I dug one for myself. It took a lot of time, and though the others tried to help me, they were of little use; besides, I sometimes stepped on them."

"But why is this room light, when the passage is dark?"

"These walls are painted with phosphorus, and that, you know, gives out light," said the giant.

Gretchen and Snip did n't know, but they said nothing about this.

"The only trouble with them is that they have to absorb as much daylight as they give out. So I leave them outdoors to get the first rays of the sun, then I take them out again in the afternoon, when I am away, and bring them in later to light the house at night."

"Of what do you make this phosphorus?" asked Gretchen.

"Of bones," he replied.

Snip barked and Gretchen shivered. A ringing noise sounded in the back of the room.

"That is my door-bell," said the giant. "Come in!" he yelled, his loud voice echoing and reëchoing through the cave, till it nearly deafened Gretchen and Snip.

A noise of pattering feet was followed by the appearance of a gnome the exact counterpart of the giant, except that he was only two feet six and three quarter inches high.

"This is my chum, Leonardo," said the giant.

"I am very glad to meet you," Gretchen said politely, and the little gnome bowed nearly to the floor, which was an easy thing for him to do.

"If you are his chum, why don't you walk right in without ringing the bell?" asked Gretchen.

"I did that once," said Leonardo, in a squeaky little voice, "and found him asleep. When I wakened him, he yawned and blew me clear out of the cave; so now I always ring the bell." Then, placing his mouth near the transmitter above the giant's ankle, he yelled: "How are you to-day, Willie?"

"Very well, thank you," replied the giant, who had already put the receiver to his ear.

The little gnome then grasped a bit of the big one's shoe-string and shook it heartily.

"You see, he is so high up that it is very hard for us to shake hands, so he always leaves this shoe-string loose for me to shake," he said.

"Is his name Willie?" asked Gretchen, in surprise.

"Yes; his full name is William the Immense, but he likes to be called the Giant Gnome."

Leonardo placed a small stool near the giant, so that he could talk into the transmitter, and seated himself. They both gazed fixedly at Gretchen, who presently became very nervous.

"Why do you stare at me in that way?" she asked, when she could stand it no longer.

"We thought you might tell your reason for honoring me with this visit, but were too polite to ask until you suggested the question," said the giant.

"We should like also to know your name," squeaked Leonardo.

Gretchen told them her name and why she had come.

"If I could get a few of the jewels, say an ounce and a half, I would be willing to do almost anything," she said.

"The task will be very hard," Leonardo observed.

"But that will make it all the more fun," said the giant. "Besides, I 'd love to have an adventure. My last was fifty years ago, when I fought with the green camel who said his hump was larger than mine."

"How shall we go about it?" asked Gretchen.

"You tell her, Leonardo," said the giant, "for if I talk much I exhaust all the air in the cave."

"You must know, then," commenced Leonardo, "that the treasures are all in the fairy realm, deep in the mountain. These caves are merely the outposts of that realm, and we gnomes the guards who give the fairies warning of the approach of an enemy. The queen calls us her picket-fence."

The giant began to laugh, but stopped quickly when he thought of the air he was exhausting.

"Farther up in the mountain," said Leonardo, "is a long cave that leads to the center of fairyland, to which you travel on an inclined railway. You get on the cars, and as it is all downhill, away you go. Willie and I will go with you, and when you get to the fairy queen's palace you can ask her for some of the jewels."

"And as we are going on a long journey, I think it would be as well for us to sleep before we start," roared the giant.

"I believe I would like some luncheon first," said Gretchen, taking the honey and sardines from the package. "Will you have some too?" she asked the others, looking timidly at the giant.

"Thank you, we eat only once in fifty years," answered Leonardo.

"Besides, our next meal is dinner," added the giant.

After luncheon, which Snip enjoyed greatly, the big gnome carried the sides of the caves outdoors, and it became very dark. He gave Gretchen one of the smaller furs, and they composed themselves to sleep. But Gretchen was puzzling her head about the fairy railway, and as the gnomes were dropping into a doze she asked:

"If everything in fairyland is so light, why do they need cars to go down on? Why don't they just float?"

Leonardo thought for a long time.

"That," said he, "is a very foolish question."

## Chapter II.

### The gnome's alarm-clock — the transformer — the railway.

Late in the afternoon Gretchen was awakened by loud squealing which came from the little gnome, who was dancing round the room, squeaking with rage. Presently the giant awoke.

"I think we are in time," he said, rubbing his eyes. "When I go to sleep in the daytime I always set Leonardo."

"How did you do it?" asked Gretchen.

"When I took the walls out I hung a mirror on a tree, arranging it so that the sun would cast a reflection into the cave at about five o'clock. Then, after Leonardo had gone to sleep, I turned him so that he faced the entrance; the bright glare from the mirror awakened him."

Leonardo, who had never heard of this

arrangement before, hopped round the cave, angrier than ever.

They all went out into the daylight, and Gretchen and Snip made their dinner from what was left of the honey and sardines.

"I think I will leave the walls out here, so that they will absorb light all the time we are gone," said the giant.

He then put Gretchen in one of the side pockets of his coat, Leonardo in the other, and Snip in his change-pocket, and started up the mountain. He took long strides, and Gretchen was badly shaken, but as their progress was rapid she made no complaint.

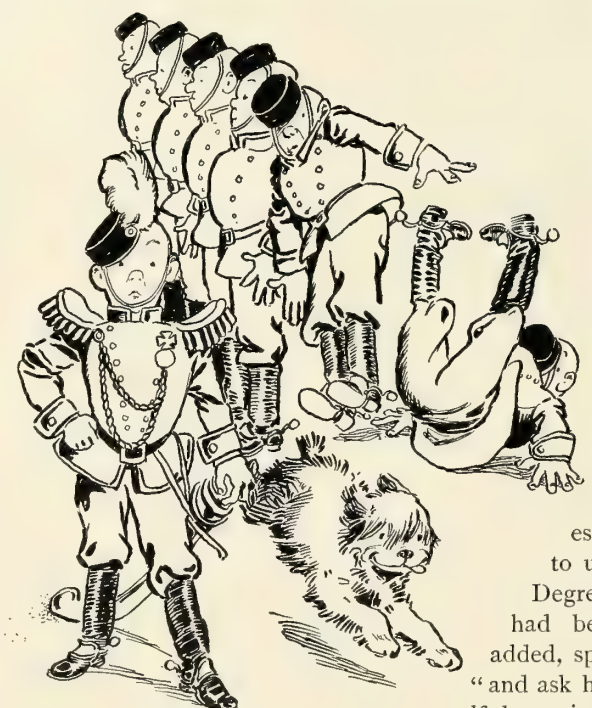
After an hour or so the big gnome stopped.

"Here we are!" he cried.

Gretchen, Leonardo, and Snip stuck their heads out of the pockets at the same time. They had arrived at a very high part of the mountain, where the rocks were steep and rugged; directly in front of them was a little triangular opening.

"That 's the entrance to fairyland," said the giant.

A gnome came out of the opening at the sound of Willie's voice, and was presently followed by a score more, who formed themselves in a line in front of the cave. Gretchen knew by their uniforms that they were soldiers. The giant placed her on the ground, putting Leonardo beside her, and then released Snip, who was so happy that he frisked about and knocked down some of the soldiers.



"SNIP FRISKED ABOUT AND KNOCKED DOWN SOME OF THE SOLDIERS."

"How now, Leonardo!" cried the first gnome, who was the captain of the guard. "Are enemies approaching?"

"No; they are all friends," answered Leonardo. "This little girl named Gretchen, this giant whom you know, and this dog named Snip, desire an audience with the queen."

"But Willie can't possibly get into the cave," said the captain.

The three looked at each other in dismay; they had not thought of this before. The giant, greatly discouraged, sat on the roof of the cave.

"Well, I 'll have to go back," he said sadly.

The others sat down and thought deeply.

"It 's not only the sorrow of missing the adventures," said the giant, "but think of all the light my walls would have absorbed while I was away!"

Though Gretchen was ready to cry with disappointment, she was too generous to suggest parting the friends. Suddenly the captain jumped up.

"I have it!" he cried. "We will send for the Thirty-third Degree Transformer and have Willie changed into something smaller."

"What is the Thirty-third Degree Transformer?" inquired Gretchen, who found it hard to get along without asking a great many questions.

"In fairyland," said the captain, "there are many magicians who have the power to change one thing into another. The greatest of these is known to us as the Thirty-third Degree Transformer. You had better telephone," he added, speaking to a soldier, "and ask him to transform himself here, instead of coming on the railway; then we won't have to wait so long."

The soldier ran into the cave.

"What would you like to be changed into, Willie?" asked the captain.

"It has always been my ambition to be a watch-maker," replied the giant, "and now that I have the chance, I think I will ask him to change me into one."

They waited patiently for several minutes, and presently the Thirty-third Degree Transformer appeared. He was a small fairy, very old, with a long white beard and a quick temper, and was clad in an ulster.

Gretchen looked at him with great awe. "Why does he wear that ulster?" she asked. "Fairies don't get cold, do they?"

"No, but he thinks he 's cold, which amounts to the same thing," replied the captain.

"I would have been here much sooner," said the fairy, "but I had some trouble in transforming this ulster; it 's so unusual. What 's wanted?"

They told him of the giant's wish.

"But there 's one thing I don't want," said Willie, who had been thinking. "I don't want my voice transformed. If you can reduce me to a small watch-maker with a large voice I shall be very much obliged."

"That 's very simple. I can do that," said the Transformer, rolling up his sleeves and preparing for work.

"But can you reduce me back again?" the giant cried suddenly.

"No, indeed," replied the Transformer. "Of course not."

"That settles it," said Willie, starting down the mountain. "I 'm going home."

"Of course I could n't *reduce* him back — I could *enlarge* him back," said the Transformer, scornfully.

All that had been told the giant had been yelled into his telephone, and Leonardo rushed after him, grabbed his ankle, and holding on tightly, though he was swung high into the air at every other step Willie took, shrieked the Transformer's last reply into the transmitter. The big gnome turned and came back to the group.

"Go ahead," he said.

"If it 's going to hurt, perhaps you 'd better take gas," suggested Gretchen.

"It won't hurt," said the Transformer.

He made a few passes with his hands, and the giant commenced to shrink; smaller and smaller he became, sinking nearer the earth, till finally all that could be seen of him was a heap of clothing lying on the ground where a moment before the giant gnome had been standing.



"A SMALL HEAD POPPED OUT FROM ONE OF THE SHOES."

"All over," said the Transformer.

As the others looked on in astonishment, a roar came from the heap, and a small head popped out from one of the shoes.

"What 's the matter?" they cried.

"I have n't anything to wear!" yelled the head.

"Well, you did n't ask me to reduce your clothes," said the Transformer, who was getting angry.

They all begged him to change the clothes, which he presently did. Willie put them on behind a rock, and soon appeared, perfectly clad, and only two feet six and three quarter inches high.

"Now we can start for fairyland!" Gretchen cried joyfully.

"Yes," said the captain, leading the way into the cave. "We will take the six-forty accommodation train."

They walked through a narrow passage, and came to a large room lighted by an opening in the roof.

"This is the railway station, and here comes the train!" cried Leonardo.

Three tiny cars rushed into the room from a tunnel down the mountain.

"They must have given them a hard push," said the captain.

The train stopped at a little platform, and the conductor and brakeman got off; there were

no passengers. The conductor handed his lantern to one of the soldiers.

"Take this out and fill it with fireflies," he said.

Gretchen and the others started to get on the train.

"Hold on!" said the brakeman, who was quite self-important. "Dogs are not allowed!"

"Dear me!" cried Gretchen. "What shall I do? I can't leave Snip."

"He might ride on the roof," replied Willie. "I 'll boost him up."

"You! You could n't boost anything up," the brakeman said scornfully.

"Oh, I forgot that I am little now," Willie answered humbly.

"Don't talk so loud!" gruffly cried the conductor, "or I 'll charge you excess baggage on your voice."

Willie, who had been speaking as softly as he could, became silent.

"We could n't allow him on the roof," declared the brakeman. "The order reads, 'No dogs allowed on this railway.' I would n't let him even walk on the track."

A consultation was held, and the Transformer, who had taken quite a fancy to Gretchen, suggested that he change Snip into a satchel; then she could carry him on the train, and when they got to town he would turn him into a dog.

"What kind of a satchel would you like?" he asked.

"I think I should like a small alligator-skin bag," said Gretchen. "Will that be easy?"

"Oh, yes; dogs go into alligators very easily," he replied.

The transformation was soon over, and they all entered the train, Gretchen carrying her new satchel. She went into the middle car with the magician, Leonardo, Willie, and the soldiers going to the one ahead. They took seats, the conductor cried, "All aboard!" and the train glided through a passage in the mountain.

"Do you object to smoking?" the Transformer asked, drawing a large cigar from his pocket, and as she did not, he lighted it.

"Are you fond of traveling?" Gretchen asked presently, feeling she must say something.

"Not very," replied the Transformer. "A few hundred years ago I tried living in the suburbs, and was a commuter on this road; but my office hours were not convenient for it, so I gave it up."

"What are your office hours?"

"Eleven twelve, A.M., to twelve eleven, P.M."

"They are very few," she said.

"Yes; and I found that the kind of man who makes a good magician makes a poor commuter," said the Transformer. "For instance, if I had only three minutes in which to catch the theater train at night, I would spend at least two of them in figuring on whether I could do it or not. I always missed the train."

There was a long silence while Gretchen thought about this.

"I am very fond of dogs," he said, patting the satchel kindly.

"So am I," cried Gretchen. "I—"

The brakeman stuck his head in the door.

"You must n't smoke here!" he yelled. "The next car ahead is the smoker."

The magician transformed his cigar into a straw.

"I am not smoking," he replied.

"But I just saw you," said the brakeman, coming into the car.

"Have a cigar?" the magician asked sarcastically, offering him a straw.

"No, I won't; and I don't want any more smoking in this car"; and the brakeman went out on the platform.

The instant his back was turned the magician transformed the straw into a cigar again, and went on smoking. The brakeman rushed into the car.

"If you don't stop smoking I 'll put you out!" he yelled.

"Of which door?" asked the magician.

When the brakeman turned his head to see which door would be best, the Transformer changed the cigar into a fountain-pen, and taking a card from his pocket, placed it on his knee and began to write. The brakeman gazed long and hard at the magician, then started toward the door. When nearly there he turned suddenly, but the Transformer was still writing.

"When you reach the capital you will find many things that will puzzle you, and you will

be asked a number of difficult questions," he said. "Put this card in the bosom of your dress, and when you are asked the hardest question of all, press it with your hand, and the answer will come to you."

Gretchen thanked him, and taking the card, placed it in her dress, softly repeating:

*"Press me gently to your heart;*
*I an answer will impart."*

## Chapter III.

### THE GRIFFIN — THE RAILROAD JOURNEY — THE INN.

The magician went to sleep, and Gretchen was falling into a doze when the car door opened and a voice yelled, "Tick-*ets*, please!" She awoke with a start, and saw the conductor; his lantern was full of fireflies, which gave a bright light.

"These people are traveling to see the queen, and I have passes for them," said the captain of the gnomes, who had followed him.

"Passes — always passes!" grumbled the conductor. "And the stockholders wonder why we never pay a dividend. I have been a conductor on this road for forty years, and do you know how many tickets I have seen in that time?"

"No," answered Gretchen.

"None at all," said the conductor, angrily; and he went on through the car, muttering to himself, "Passes — always passes!"

"Poor fellow!" mused the magician, who, having changed the fountain-pen into a cigar, was smoking once more. "I believe that when I have finished with this cigar I 'll turn the stub into a ticket and give it to him, just for encouragement."

The car began to jounce and bump fearfully, and the conductor dashed back again with his lantern. "I suppose it 's another griffin on the track," he said, running out of the door.

Gretchen, grasping her satchel, followed with the magician, and getting off, for the train had come to a full stop, found the brakeman, the conductor, and all the passengers gathered about the front car. They were in a tunnel that was very badly lighted by natural gas, and the train was half-way down the embankment on which the track was laid. Looking toward fairyland, Gretchen saw an enormous griffin flying away, its wings so wide that they nearly touched the sides of the tunnel.

"I know that griffin," the brakeman said angrily. "Its name is Jones, and this is n't the first time it has stopped this train; it ought to have more sense than to sleep on the track."

"I think that I will walk the rest of the way," said the magician.

There seemed nothing else for the others to do, so they climbed the embankment and started down the track. In a few minutes they came to an opening in the tunnel, which proved to be the home of the griffin, who came out and smiled at them in a very friendly manner.

"Hello, there, Jones!" shouted the brakeman. "Was that you, sleeping on the track?"

"Yes, and I 'm very sorry, but it 's so hot in the house these days, and there 's such a nice draft in the tunnel, that I 'm often tempted to sleep there. Won't you come in?"

Nobody wanted to go in, but as no one had the courage to refuse, they all went.

"I would like you to see the children, but they are sleeping, and as they are very tired I hate to call them. They had their flying lesson this afternoon," said the griffin.

"But could n't we just take a look at them?" asked Gretchen.

"Yes, you might do that," said the griffin, and led the way into a hall with doors on each side. One of these was opened, and there were twenty-five little griffins, hanging by their tails to hooks on the walls, all fast asleep.

"Do they always sleep that way, or is it merely because you are pressed for room?" asked Gretchen.

"Rents are pretty high," said the griffin, "but they rest like that anyway — or like this"; and a door being opened on the other side of the hall, Gretchen saw twenty-five little griffins sleeping soundly, hanging by their heads to larger hooks.

They thanked the griffin for showing them the little griffins, said good-by, and started down the track. After a while Gretchen, who was walking beside the magician, grew tired.

"Would n't it be a good idea for you to transform us to fairyland, instead of our walking all the way?" she said.

"It 's queer that you did n't think of that," Leonardo squeaked to the magician.

"I might have done so," he answered, "but I was too busy thinking of how much I know. Exactly where would you persons like to go?"



THE GRIFFIN NAMED JONES.

"I always stop at the King's Arms, a good hotel on the European plan," said the captain of the gnomes. "I think we 'd all better go there; they have the best grindstone in town."

"What has that to do with it?" asked Gretchen.

"How can a fellow sharpen his sword without a grindstone?" snorted the captain.

"Well, we 'll go to the King's Arms, and I think I will make the transformation last all night, so that we can get a bit of sleep," said the magician.

He rolled up his sleeves, waved his arms slowly, and they all sank into dreamland.

When Gretchen awoke she found herself in a grove of small trees; through a long avenue that divided the grove she could see a low, square building.

"That is the King's Arms," said the captain, pointing at the building. "We will go in and register."

The magician said it was time he started for his office, and after the others had thanked him for transforming them so comfortably, he hurried away, leaving them at the hotel.

Suddenly it occurred to Gretchen that she had no money.

"What am I to do?" she asked. "I can't pay my board."

"That will be all right," said the captain. "The army is ninety-six years behind in its pay, so I always settle my account with an order on the treasurer; I 'll settle yours in the same way, and when you get the money you can pay me."

They approached the hotel, and found the landlord waiting; he was a small, fat fairy, with a large diamond in his shirt-front.

"I wonder if they take dogs," said Gretchen; and when she remembered the satchel she cried: "Oh, dear! I have forgotten to have Snip changed back!"

The captain consoled her, saying that they could go to the magician's office later, and that it would be as well to leave Snip a satchel until she found how the queen would receive her.

"I suppose you will want the human-being room?" asked the landlord. "It happens to be empty."

"Oh, yes. But where is the roof?" she cried, looking up at the sky.

"Out in the side yard. Where else should it be?"

"On top of the house, of course, to keep the rain out."

The landlord smiled pityingly. "It never rains in this country," he said, "and we have the roof in the yard so that we can prop it up on edge and keep the afternoon sun from the south windows."

"May I have something to eat?" asked Gretchen.

"Certainly," said the landlord. "You are fortunate in coming now, as our feast is approaching and we have plenty of provisions. Had you come at any other time in the last fifty years you would have found no food in the house. Front!" he cried, "show these people to the dining-room."

"What will you have?" said the captain, as they seated themselves at a small table. "Waiter!" he called in a loud voice.

A door at the other end of the room opened, and a little lamb frisked in on his hind legs.

"Oh, dear, is that the waiter?" cried Gretchen, looking rather uncomfortable.

The captain said that it was.

"And I was just about to order lamb chops," she said.

"I would n't do that; it might hurt his feelings," the captain said in a low voice. "What have you to-day?" he asked, turning to the lamb, who stood behind Gretchen's chair with a napkin over one of his fore legs.

"We have some eagles' eggs that are nice and fresh."

"I don't think I care for any of them," said Gretchen.

"How would you like a mountain-goat steak or a kangaroo tenderloin?" inquired the lamb.

"They both sound tough," said the captain.

"Our humming-bird croquettes are very fine," said the lamb, bowing and rubbing his hoofs together.

"No, no," said Gretchen; "I don't care for them, either. I think you may bring me some honey and sardines." She was very tired of these, but could think of nothing else. The lamb hurried away, but soon returned and put the honey and sardines before Gretchen.

As she finished her meal the giant said he should be glad if the captain would suggest how he had better go about watch-making, as he was anxious to begin. The captain thought for a while, and suggested that Willie put an advertisement in the newspaper. The giant roared with glee — so loudly that he frightened the little lamb nearly into hysterics; then he hurried away to find the newspaper office.

"You 'd better be blindfolded now," said the captain, as they left the dining-room; "and I would leave the satchel here if I were you."

"Oh, but I don't wish to do that!" cried Gretchen.

"It will be perfectly secure," said the landlord, "for I will put it in the safe." He went back of the desk, and unlocking a huge oyster-shell, which was fastened with a padlock, put Snip inside and locked it again. "Here is your check," he said, handing her a large pearl with 71 written on it in small figures.

"But this is worth more than the satchel," said Gretchen, who knew that no matter how much she herself valued Snip, no one else would give the worth of the pearl for him.

"Well, that makes your bag all the safer, does n't it?" asked the landlord.

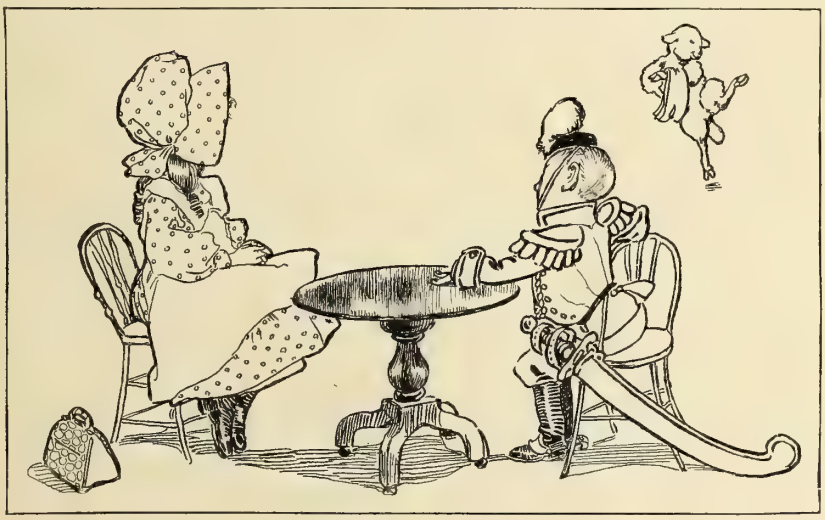
"Call a hansom-cab," ordered the captain, binding his handkerchief over Gretchen's eyes.

They entered the cab and were rattled off. After some jolting and jarring they stopped, and Gretchen heard the captain shout to some one:

"Hello, there, captain of the queen's left guard! This little girl who is with me demands an audience with her Majesty!"

"Gracious! Don't put it that way, or they 'll never let us in," said Gretchen.

"That 's the way to put it," said the cap-



"'OH, DEAR, IS THAT THE WAITER?' CRIED GRETCHEN."

tain. "If you just ask for an audience they think you 've no right; but if you demand one it impresses them. Besides, we can't let these sovereigns get too haughty."

The soldiers held a whispered consultation. "All right!" cried a voice; and Gretchen was helped down and led indoors by the gnome captain and Leonardo.

## Chapter IV.

### IN THE ROYAL PRESENCE.

When the bandage was removed, Gretchen found herself in a long, high room, into which the sun shone brightly, as it had no ceiling nor roof. In front of her was a low platform on which two thrones stood side by side. The walls of the room were formed of white columns striped with red.

"They look like sticks of candy," said Gretchen.

"They are," said the captain. "At one of the fifty-year feasts the candy gave out, and these walls were built in case such a thing should occur again. At that time the royal architect happened to be also the court barber, and he selected this pattern."

About ten feet above the floor an iron bar extended from one side wall to the other. From the middle of this hung an enormous chandelier covered with mirrors.

"What is that?" asked Gretchen.

"A moonograph," said the captain. "Those mirrors reflect the rays of the moon and light the room nicely."

"And look!" cried Gretchen, "there is a fairy on it!" And, sure enough, perched high on the moonograph was a small fairy in brown overalls.

"Hush," whispered the captain. "Here comes the royal party."

The curtains of an arched door at one side of the platform were drawn apart by two pages, and the procession entered. First came a number of court fairies in gauze draperies, each with a fixed smile on her face.

"That is the queen's chorus," said the captain. "Many of the fairies who do not think for themselves become members of the chorus, and merely have to repeat what other people think. The king has a chorus of men."

"But if they don't think, how do they decide to enter the chorus?" whispered Gretchen.

"They don't; the king or queen decides for them. That gloomy-looking man coming next, in the long robe covered with interrogation-points, is the Court Objector, whose duty it is to object to anything that is wrong."

"I should think that would be a very disagreeable office," said Gretchen.

"It is," replied the captain, "but he likes it. That younger one, with long hair, is the Court Poet. I can't tell you about the others, for here comes the queen." And last of all came a small fairy in a fur-trimmed dress.

"Where is the king?" asked Gretchen.

"They reign by turns," whispered the captain, "and it is his fifty years off. When his reign begins we shall have men's rights."

"Who comes first?" asked the queen.

"Yes; who, oh, who — who — who — comes first?" repeated the chorus.

"I don't like that," said the Objector. "It sounds too much like an owl."

"Don't do it again," said the queen, and the chorus, whose faces had not relaxed from their sickly grins, remained silent.

"I 'm first, your Majesty," cried the little fairy on the moonograph.

"What are you doing up there?" she demanded.

"If it please your Majesty, I am a gas-fitter by trade, and I feel more comfortable up here."

"Well, it does n't please me; come down."

The little fairy dropped to the floor. "I would like to be released from jail," he said.

At this the whole court turned their backs on him.

"Of all the ridiculous nonsense I ever heard!" said the Objector. "Where are you now?"

"Of course I 'm not in jail at this moment," replied the gas-fitter. "They let me out to come for a pardon, while they were cleaning house."

"Well, what have *you* done?" inquired the queen.

"No one else has done anything," said the Objector, "so why does your Majesty say, 'what have *you* done?' That implies that there are others. You should say, 'what have you *done?*'"

"It must be very tiresome to be picked up

in that way whenever you say anything," whispered Gretchen.

"It is," said the captain, "but it 's good for you. Have you ever noticed that most of the things that are good for you are disagreeable?"

"Oh, yes," Gretchen said quickly.

"If it please your Majesty—" began the gas-fitter.

"Don't say that again," the Objector said sharply. "You know that it does n't."

"Well, anyway," said the little fairy, who was getting flustered and had entirely forgotten a speech he had prepared while sitting on the moonograph, "I want to get out of jail."

"Why were you put in?" asked the queen.

"For breach of contract. I was hired to mend a leak in a gas-pipe, and instead of fixing it with solder, as I agreed, I plugged it with the first thing that came handy."

"What came handy?"

"An opal."

"Ten years more. Take him away," the queen said; and two soldiers hurried the gas-fitter from the room.

"Ten years, ten years! oh, oh, ten years!" the chorus sang joyfully.

"It 's your turn next," the captain whispered to Gretchen, "and you 've seen by the way the gas-fitter fared that it does n't pay to be humble, so put on a brave face. I 'm sorry Willie is n't here. I think his voice would impress them."

"Any one else?" asked the queen.

"You answer," said the captain, nudging Gretchen, "as I don't want to lose my job."

"Yes; I want an audience, and I wish you 'd be quick about it," she said tremblingly.

"Why, it 's a human being!" cried the queen, and all the court fairies gathered at the front of the platform and looked at Gretchen.

"Is that the latest style in shirt-waists?" asked the queen.

"No, your Majesty; this is one I made from last year's pattern."

"Let me see your shoes," ordered the queen.

Gretchen, much puzzled, held up one foot so that they could get a good look at it.

"I told you so!" the Objector cried triumphantly.

Gretchen looked closer at the fairies, and saw they had strapped to their feet queer oblong wooden boxes with handles on them.

"A male human being who was here fifty years ago told us that pumps were all the style in high society, and we have had a most uncomfortable time ever since," said the queen.

She took off her pumps and threw them on the floor, and the chorus removed theirs and capered joyously.

"What do you think of fairyland?" asked the queen.

"I have n't seen much of it, except the hotel," said Gretchen. "I came here blindfold."

"That 's no excuse," said the Objector.

"Well, what do you want?" inquired the queen.

Gretchen told her story, and the court held a whispered consultation.

"It is usual for each mortal who asks a favor of us to do some task in return," the queen said. "As it is so late now, I think you would better call again to-morrow afternoon, when there is to be a reception in the castle grounds, and we will then decide what you are to do."

"May I bring my dog with me?" asked Gretchen.

"Does he chase fairies?" the queen said anxiously.

"He never has," Gretchen replied truthfully.

"Then you may fetch him," said the queen. "Good-by till to-morrow"; and she left the room, followed by the other fairies—the chorus last of all.

When they reached the hotel it was almost dark, and Gretchen, who had not slept in a really-and-truly bed for two nights, was ready to go to bed.

The human-being room proved comfortable, though it seemed queer not to have a roof over her head, and spread on a small table she found a very nice supper consisting of wild honey and sardines.

The next morning Gretchen decided to go to the magician's. She seldom ate much breakfast, and was so tired of honey and sardines that she did n't care for any at all that morning. As she reached the gate a hansom-cab drawn by an enormous grasshopper came up, and the driver, a fairy of medium size, in a long coat and shiny high hat, pointed his whip at her.

"Cab, miss?" he cried. "I drove ye to the palace yesterday."

"But I can't go without Leonardo and the captain," said Gretchen, suddenly remembering.

"To the Thirty-third Degree Transformer's," said Gretchen, trying to speak as though she had been accustomed all her short life to giving orders to cab-drivers.



GRETCHEN AND THE CAPTAIN APPEAR BEFORE THE QUEEN. (SEE PAGE 314.)

"Here comes the gents as was with ye yesterday," said the driver, pointing to the captain and Leonardo, who were returning from an early morning stroll.

"I will have to leave you now, as I go on duty to-day," said the captain, "but I have given Leonardo a guide-book so that he can help you; besides, this driver knows all about the town. Take this young lady wherever she wants to go, and charge it to my account," he added.

"All right, sir!" cried the driver, touching his hat.

Gretchen heartily thanked the captain for all his kindness, and bidding him good-by, she and Leonardo got into the cab, the driver waved his whip, and they were driven rapidly away.

"Where to?" called the driver, through a funny little trap-door he raised in the roof.

"How do you like this rig?" asked Leonardo, who was dressed in a very fashionable suit of clothes, and wore a silk hat and an eye-glass.

"It is most becoming," Gretchen replied.

"I thought this sort of thing more appropriate for a tourist than my every-day suit. They fit pretty well, don't they? I got them ready-made."

"However do you keep that eye-glass in?" asked Gretchen.

"Glue on the edges," Leonardo said briefly.

"Why, there 's Willie!" he cried, and told the driver to stop. "Hi, Willie!—I mean low Willie! Have you found a place to work?"

"Yes," said Willie, grinning from ear to ear. "Got an answer to my advertisement and a place in a watch- and clock-maker's this morning. Am on my way to fix the town clock."

"Where 's your ladder?" asked Gretchen.

"Huh! I won't need a ladder!" said Willie. "The dial is only sixteen feet above the ground." Gretchen and Leonardo looked at each other and burst into laughter, and as they laughed the grin faded from Willie's face. "There! I keep forgetting about being small!" he said. "What shall I do!"

"We are on our way to the magician's, and perhaps you could get him to change you back. Then you could fix the clock," said Gretchen.

"Good!" cried Willie, his merry grin at once returning.

Willie got into the cab, and Gretchen ordered the driver to go to the Transformer's, as it was nearly eleven o'clock. Away they went, through narrow streets lined with little houses without roofs, by all sorts of larger buildings of queer designs, Leonardo vainly trying to describe them, but getting all mixed up, as by the time he had picked one out in the guide-book they had passed at least two more; and they finally came to the magician's office. A little fairy in a green coat and brass buttons answered the bell, and they entered a reception-room, where they found a number of fairies waiting.

"Tell him that Gretchen wishes to see him," said Leonardo, and the boy went away. He soon returned, and asked her to follow him.

She found the magician in a plain little office, seated at a desk. His elbows were resting on the desk, his hands were pressed to his face, and he was intently studying a piece of paper.

"I 'm delighted to see you," he said without looking up. "Have a chair."

Gretchen looked around, and not seeing a chair did n't have one. She waited patiently while he studied the paper.

"This is most wonderful," he said finally, handing it to her. It was a puzzle-picture of a man in a funny grove of trees, and beneath it was printed: HERE IS THE HUNTER; FIND HIS DOG. "Can you find him?" the magician asked anxiously.

"Certainly," said Gretchen. "Don't you see that this little branch is his tail, this leaf an ear, and that limb is his body?"

"Why, so it is!" cried the magician. "You have a wonderful intellect! I 'd studied that for twenty-four hours and had n't solved it."



"'CAB, MISS?' HE CRIED. 'I DROVE YE TO THE PALACE YESTERDAY.'"

Gretchen told him what she wanted, and he prepared to change Snip back to a dog.

"Oh, dear!" she cried. "I forgot to bring him with me!"

"I can change him wherever he is," said the magician; and going through a few more movements than usual with his hands, he announced that the thing was done.

Gretchen told him of Willie's wish to be a giant again, and he went through some slightly different movements and said that was done.

As he finished speaking a voice cried "Hello!" and looking up, they saw Willie peering at them over the top of the wall. "Will you kindly change me back at about four o'clock?" he asked.

"Certainly," said the magician, and the giant hurried away.

"Won't you stay awhile?" said the Transformer to Gretchen, who was preparing to go.

"Thank you," she replied. "I 'm afraid I 'm keeping you from your work. You have so many people waiting."

"Never mind them," he said. "They are only the Discontented Dozen."

"The Discontented Dozen!" said Gretchen, opening her eyes very wide.

"Yes. There are a great many dissatisfied people in this country, even if it is fairyland, and as this dozen happens to be rich they can afford all sorts of whims. When one of them sees anybody else who looks at all happy, he or she at once wants to be changed into that kind of person. They come every few days to be transformed. I have had them lawyers, typewriters, laborers, book-agents, druggists, authors, and astronomers. If they stopped to think, it would occur to them that if I, who have studied so long and know so much, knew of any kind of being who was perfectly happy, I would change myself into such a one instead of remaining a magician."

Gretchen thought this was very clever of the Transformer, and that he certainly knew a great deal, but her eye happened to fall on the puzzle-picture, and she was not quite so sure.

"I am afraid I shall have to go, as I am to see the queen this afternoon," she said; and thanking him, and saying she hoped to see him again, she joined Leonardo. Getting into the cab, they were driven away, leaving the Discontented Dozen in the outer office, looking expectant.

Gretchen and Leonardo presently heard a great roaring like thunder, and a squeaking and squealing like nothing else at all. Turning a corner, they found that the giant gnome, sitting in the street, was doing the roaring, and an excited little fairy dancing around him was doing the rest.

"What 's the matter now, Willie?" cried Leonardo, as the cab stopped.

Gretchen saw that the giant was sitting near a building on the roof of which was a tower with a clock in it.

"Can't you reach it?" she asked.

"I can reach it!" yelled Willie, "but he 's just changed me back to my old self, and I can't fix it!"

"Dear me!" said Gretchen. "I should have had you changed to a giant watch-maker!"

"Of course you should!" howled Willie.

"If that clock is n't mended to-day I 'll be put in jail!" cried the little fairy. A gloomy silence followed.

"Is that your employer?" asked Gretchen, pointing at the little fairy.

"Yes!" cried Willie.

"Well, why don't you lift him up and let him mend it?"

Willie turned to the little watch-maker with a broad smile on his face.

"Hurrah!" they yelled, and the cab went on.

## Chapter V.

### POETRY AND FOOTBALL.

When Gretchen and Leonardo reached the hotel they found all the little lambs perched on the fence, trembling with fear, and Snip jumping up, trying to reach them. The landlord ran to the gate.

"I heard loud barking in the safe a short time ago, and when I opened it that dog jumped out, and I can't find your satchel. I think he must have eaten it," he said.

"Why, that dog *is* the satchel," said Gretchen, calling Snip away from the lambs, who were greatly relieved and hurried into the house. Then she explained matters to the landlord and offered him the pearl.

"I can't take that; I gave it out for the bag," he said.

"But I have the bag — or the dog, which is

the same thing," said Gretchen. "And suppose I should claim a satchel for this pearl, what would you do?"

"There 's no use arguing," said the landlord. "I can't take it back till I give you a satchel — it 's a rule of the house"; and he turned and walked away.

As Gretchen reached the door of the hotel she saw the little lamb waiter going toward her room with some honey and sardines on a tray. "I don't think I care for any luncheon," she said. "Let us go now to see the queen," she added, to Leonardo. In the yard they met the giant coming up the path.

"We fixed it, and as there were no other town clocks to mend to-day, the master said I could have a half-holiday," he roared.

"What was the matter with it?" asked Leonardo.

"Only a little seaweed in the works," replied Willie.

"Seaweed!" cried Gretchen and Leonardo together. "How could that get in?"

"I don't know *how* it got in. I only said that it *was* in," Willie answered.

"He 's quite conceited because he helped mend that clock," whispered Leonardo.

"I find that I can hear much better than I could on earth," said Willie. "I suppose the air must be clearer."

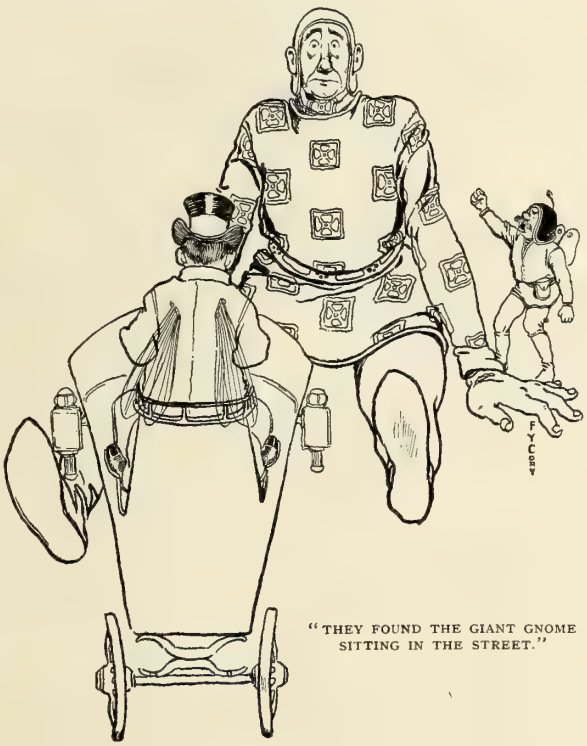
Leonardo looked all around. "I don't see any seaweed in it," he said.

The offended giant started toward the gate; but Leonardo ran after, apologized, and invited him to visit the queen with them, and Willie was mollified. The hansom was waiting.

"I never can get in that," said the giant.

"Course ye can't! Get behind, will ye?" cried the driver. "Whoa!" he yelled to the grasshopper, which was violently shying.

Gretchen, Leonardo, and Snip entered the cab, and Willie followed on foot. When they reached the castle, they went through a door opening into the gardens, the giant stepping over the wall. Snip was so wild with excitement at seeing so many things that roused his curiosity that he did n't know where to begin. The first person they saw was the Poet, who walked haughtily by without noticing them.



"THEY FOUND THE GIANT GNOME SITTING IN THE STREET."

"Oh, there 's the Poet!" cried Gretchen. "Won't you read us some of your verses?" she called after him.

The Poet turned and hurried toward them so fast that he tripped and almost fell. He shook hands with Gretchen and Leonardo, not noticing Willie, whom he mistook for a tree. "Of course I will," he said, leading them to a bench.

"What is that card sticking out of your pocket?" asked Gretchen.

"That is my poetic license. You see, poets sometimes put poor rhymes or poor sense in their verses, and they have licenses for making such mistakes. I am allowed thirty errors a month, and when I make one the Objector punches out a number on the edge of my license. When it is used up I have to wait until the next month before I can write any more. There are many poets in this country, but I am the only Court Poet. I cannot think of any one on earth who can be compared to me, unless it 's Shakspere; and as he lived

when the fairies were there, they probably helped him. Still, our verses are not the least bit alike," the Poet said thoughtfully. "I will now read my first poem. It is rather childish, as I wrote it when I was only eighty years old, but I think you will like the spirit"; and he read the following:

"*ODE TO DAY.*

"*O merry day! O merry day!*
*You make me gay and full of play.*
*I would that you could last alway.*

"*I do not like the darksome night,*
*When mice delight to squeak and fight,*
*And put me in an awful fright.*

"*With joy I 'm filled when comes the sun*
*And day 's begun; I have such fun.*
*But sad am I when it is done.*"

"There is one thing about that poem which I don't agree with," said the Objector, who had come behind the wooden bench.

"What is that?" asked Gretchen.

"The last line," said the Objector.

The Poet looked gloomily at the ground and bit his lips. "My next is a short rhyme about my little brother, written after the occasion of his first feast," he said:

"*Woeful Waldo, careless glutton, suffers much unrest*
*From a pain within the region just behind his vest.*
*But he has increase of knowledge, having learned of late*
*That mince-pie and lobster salad won't col-lab-o-rate.*"

"That 's very nice," said Gretchen. "What does it mean?"

The Poet rose wearily and walked away.

"Well, it was hard to understand," Gretchen said ruefully, looking after him.

"When people become intelligent enough to understand his verses, they won't listen to them," said the Objector. "That 's his greatest trouble."

The Objector asked Gretchen if she would like to go to a football game that was to commence shortly, and which the king was to referee. He said that the king was very fond of football — that he studied it from a little book of rules which one of the railway guards had brought in.

Gretchen was delighted to go, and walking through a garden,— which was like any fairy garden you may have seen,— they presently came to a large field. This field had tiers of seats on all sides, and an enormous gridiron held about three feet above the ground, on little posts, in the center.

On the gridiron stood a number of fairies in football costumes, and one of them kicked the ball from it, and instantly fell between two of the bars. In a second all was confusion; another player threw the ball back on the gridiron, the rest rushed for it, and at once fell through. They tried to save themselves by spreading their elbows apart, those underneath holding on by their hands, and one little fairy even swinging to a bar by his heels. The Objector pointed to another fairy, who yelled louder and fell through oftener than any one else, and said that he was the king.

"I don't know anything about football," said Gretchen, "but I don't believe *that* is the way to play it."

The game stopped, and the king came toward them. "This human-being little girl thinks that you don't play properly," said the Objector.

"No chance for argument," said the king. "The rules say the ball must be kicked off from a line on the gridiron, though it does seem rather silly to kick it off only to throw it right on again. There 's one rule we simply can't follow: we can't keep it up for forty minutes."

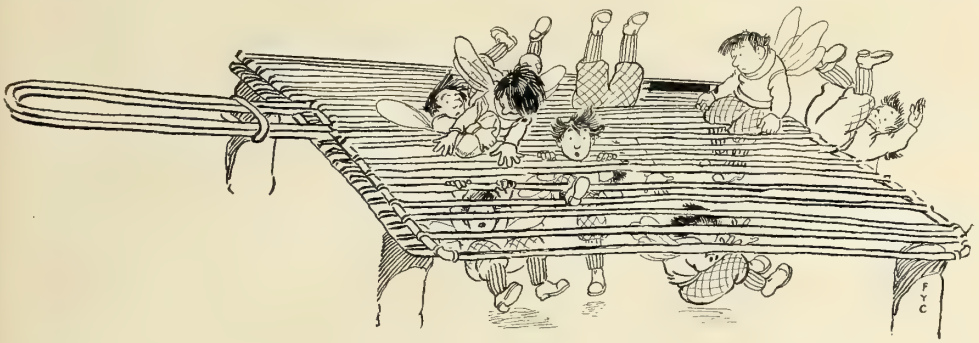
Gretchen heard a roaring noise which she knew to be Willie's voice; but the army did n't know about it, and ran away as fast as they could.

She presented the giant to the king, and having seen all the football she cared for, asked the Objector if he would take her to the queen. As they left the field the king ran after her and pointing to Willie, said: "Oh, would n't he make a great center rush!"

They found the queen holding an open-air reception, surrounded by the members of the court. Gretchen made her way through the crowd, and kneeling, kissed the queen's hand, thinking that the proper thing to do. The queen asked many questions about the styles in dress on earth, none of which Gretchen could answer.

The Poet approached and said that he had composed some verses about Gretchen, describ-

ing her life before she came among them, and as he knew nothing whatever of the subject, Gretchen was very anxious to hear them. The queen ordered the court to be quiet, and as soon as there was an opportunity the Poet began to recite:



THE FAIRY FOOTBALL PLAYERS ON THE GRIDIRON.

*"There was a little maiden once with eyes of deepest blue,*
*Her ankles were extremely weak, but her heart was good and true."*

"That won't do!" said the Objector. "In the first place, her eyes are brown." The Poet handed out his license to be punched. "Then, what have her ankles to do with her heart?"

"They help support it, don't they? If it was n't for her ankles, her heart and all the rest of her would flop down — except her feet.

*"She lived within a valley where the birds sang night and day;*
*They did n't sing at other times, but rested by the way."*

"Hold on!" cried the Objector. "What other times are there besides night and day?"

"There 's twilight and dawn," said the Poet, angrily. "The birds rested then.

*"This little maiden learned her lessons from a master grand,*
*Who when he was n't teaching school was drummer in the band."*

The Objector turned to the others. "Do you wonder that I have wrinkles?" he asked. "Imagine a school-teacher who was also a drummer!"

"You don't know anything about villages!" howled the Poet. "There 's always a band, and the teacher is as apt to play the drum as anything else — more apt, for punishing the children would fit him for that instrument." He was so angry that he could n't remember the rest of the verses, and no one was very sorry.

"What is his name?" whispered Gretchen to the queen.

"Mike," she answered.

"A poet named Mike!" cried Gretchen.

"Yes; and the worst of it is that there 's no remedy. It is n't Miguel or Michel, or even Michael, but just plain Mike. That 's his greatest trouble."

The queen arose and addressed the court. "You all know this little girl's errand," she said. "That she may earn the jewels she wishes to carry away, we will give her two tasks to perform, one for the body and one for the mind. I will allot the first task, and the king will allot the second, which will be the more difficult. How are the morning and afternoon suns getting on?" she asked.

"Do you have two suns?" cried Gretchen.

"Have n't you noticed that?" asked the queen. Gretchen murmured something about having been too busy.

"The suns are in good condition, but the moon is badly tarnished," said the Objector.

"Then the task I set is for her to gild the moon," said the queen.

"Oh, I never can do that!" cried Gretchen.

"Yes, you can," the queen said sharply. "I would n't tell you to do anything that was impossible. You 'll need help, and can take any one you like from the court, though I 'd advise you to be careful in choosing. The Objector,

for instance, would be a great hindrance, as he would tell you only what not to do. And now, as you are a human-being little girl, you are probably hungry and perhaps would like something to eat."

"I won't have any honey and sardines!" Gretchen cried promptly.

"Certainly not," said the queen, giving orders to an attendant. "While you are eating your



"'IS IT TRUE,' THE QUEEN WHISPERED, 'THAT BUSTLES ARE COMING IN AGAIN?'"

luncheon I will take my afternoon walk, and when I come back I 'll tell you the story of how Prince Mardo brought the suns into fairyland." Then she called Gretchen aside. "Is it true," she whispered, "that bustles are coming in again?"

The attendant returned, and spreading a cloth on a little table, set out a very nice luncheon of pickled herring and jelly. As the queen arose to go the king appeared, running very hard.

"That little girl has brought the greatest man who ever played on a football field!" he cried. "You won't have to go to see the game any more, for he will bring it to you"; and the king pointed at Willie, who was walking toward them, carrying the gridiron, on which the army was playing football like mad. He held one hand underneath it, and when a player fell through, would catch him and put him back.

The court fairies became much interested in the game, which was reaching a climax. It reached an entirely unexpected climax, for the giant suddenly disappeared, and the gridiron fell to the ground, scattering the players in all directions.

Gretchen saw a crestfallen little watch-maker steal from behind the handle and run quickly across the garden.

"I suppose that it must be four o'clock," she said softly to herself.

## CHAPTER VI.

### THE QUEEN'S STORY OF THE SUNS.

As Gretchen finished her luncheon the Poet came toward her. "I have just been writing a song," he said.

"Oh, sing it to me!" she cried.

"I have n't fitted the music to it yet, but these are the words," was the Poet's reply; and he recited the following verses:

"*THE SUPERIOR STUDENT.*

*"There once was a student, sing ho!*
*Who lived on the earth below.*
*He followed a pace that was far from slow;*
*His collars were high, but his manners were low.*
*Sing heigh, sing hi, sing ho!*
*Sing ho, sing ho! His manners were terribly low!*

"That last line is for the chorus," said the Poet.

*"At football he was expert,*
*And seldom, if ever, got hurt.*
*He kicked the ball so high in the air*
*That it never came down, but stayed up there.*
*Sing heigh, sing hi, sing ho!*

*"But golf was his greatest game,*
*He made others' scores look tame.*
*His drives were so remarkably strong*
*That he took an automobile along.*
*Sing heigh, sing hi, sing ho!*

*"He was in the college crew,*
*And pulled the stroke-oar, too.*
*The shell went forward so very fast*
*That in every race it came in last.*
*Sing heigh, sing hi, sing ho!*

*"In baseball he quite excelled,*
*And the highest average held.*
*He 'd bat a dozen home runs, 't was said,*
*And end by batting the umpire's head.*
*Sing heigh, sing hi, sing ho!*

*"His studies he never shirked.*
*But so very hard he worked*
*That out of a class of seventy*
*He was highest of all—save sixty-three.*
*Sing heigh, sing hi, sing ho!*
*Sing ho, sing ho! He certainly was n't slow.*

"That last line is for the chorus," said the Poet. "Repetitions are a great advantage in writing poetry, and I don't know how I 'd get along without them. See how that 'Sing ho, sing ho!' comes in. I once wrote a long poem on that order, that went like this:

*"There once was a coachman who curried a cur, a*
*cur, a cur, a cur,*
*And the dog very gratefully said: 'Thank you,*
*sir, you, sir, you, sir, you, sir.*
*For my coat some attention did certainly need,*
*And for your kind efforts I 'm thankful indeed.*
*You 've rubbed to a gloss with remarkable speed*
*my fur, my fur, my fur.'*

"It was very long, and there was scarcely any meaning in it," the Poet added proudly.

Gretchen heard laughter behind her, and, turning, discovered the queen, the king, and the members of the court examining an oil-painting that stood on an easel.

"A painting like this comes every week, and we have great fun criticizing them," said the queen.

"Who paints them?" asked Gretchen.

"We don't know," said the king. "The only thing that would show who the artist is, is his signature in one corner, and of course no one can read that. I tell you it 's a landscape with animals in the foreground," he exclaimed to the queen, who had been insisting that it was a beefsteak with mushrooms.

Every one had something to say about the picture, all agreeing that it was very bad, and having a great time at the expense of the artist. Gretchen looked about for the Objector, and found him standing apart, looking discouraged.

"Oh, do come and help us find fault!" she cried, running to him. "It 's the greatest fun!"

"I will let you into a secret," he said gloomily. "I paint those pictures."

"I will now tell you the story of how Prince Mardo brought the suns to fairyland," just then said the queen, motioning to the others to sit down. "Once upon a time—"

"That 's a very old-fashioned way in which to begin a fairy story, your Majesty," said the Objector.

The queen began again: "Long years ago—"

"Not much better," growled the Objector.

"Well, anyway," said the queen, "once upon a time—I mean, long years ago—I will be greatly obliged if you won't interrupt me again," she said, turning to the Objector, who was n't saying anything. "You put me out so that I hardly know how to commence. Many years ago this band of fairies decided to leave the earth. We found that men were changing, and instead of singing songs, telling tales, and seeking adventures, they had taken to making money and inventing things. With this spirit in man came another in the air called the Modern Spirit, who is our deadliest enemy, as contact with him, or even sight of him, dissolves us. I do not say that he is a bad spirit, but I do say that he is very bad for us. With the coming of new inventions the Modern Spirit grew so strong that we decided to move into this mountain.

"It was easy enough to move in, but lighting the place was another matter. We found plenty of natural gas, which gives a poor light, as you may have noticed in the tunnel. After many consultations we decided that the only way to get the proper light was to have some fairy go out and bring in a piece of the sun. This was such a dangerous undertaking that in the whole kingdom there was but one fairy brave enough to undertake it—Prince Mardo, now our king." And the queen pointed dramatically at the king, who was peacefully sleeping, with his crown tipped over one eye.

"With two magicians he went out of this mountain, defying the Modern Spirit. He had a meeting with the Spirit of the Sun, telling him that the sun was so large that it seemed selfish of him not to spare a little sliver for us, and the Sun Spirit agreed to part with a bit of it.



"'I PAINT THOSE PICTURES,' SAID THE OBJECTOR, GLOOMILY."

"The next question was, how to get it here. The magicians thought the best plan would be to wait till the sun got directly over the hole in our mountain, then chip off a piece and let it fall in.

"On earth people talk of the morning and afternoon suns, which are one and the same, and it occurred to Mardo that he might get two pieces, and really have morning and afternoon suns; so he arranged this with the Sun Spirit. Then, being very thoughtful, he remembered the moon and went to see the Moon Spirit, who agreed to let him have a corner of the moon that was seldom lit up anyway.

"You can imagine how pleased we were when he came back and told us all about it. It was agreed that the morning sun, which is officially known as the A.M. sun, should rise in the east, go half-way across the sky, and turn and set in the east. The afternoon sun, which is officially known as the P.M. sun, was to rise in the west before the morning sun had set, go half-way up, then come back and set in the west. Magicians were busy arranging forces to run the suns, fairies were appointed to take charge of the places they were to set in, and every one was praising the bravery of Mardo"; and the queen looked fondly at the king, who was snoring. Gretchen did n't see where his bravery came in, but she thought it best not to mention this.

"The magicians had figured out the time it would take for a bit of the sun to drop to the earth, and on the day the first piece was to arrive, a great crowd gathered about the entrance of the cave. Late in the afternoon a rush of hot air was felt, and a dozen griffins — whom nobody had thought to warn — shot out of the cave and were blown half-way across the country before they could stop; and the worst of it was, their wings were so badly singed that they had to walk back. Bang! After them came the morning sun, and flew right over into the place reserved for the afternoon sun to set in."

"How did you know that it was the morning sun?" asked Gretchen.

"Because it came first."

"Were they both the same size?"

"Yes."

"Then what difference did it make?"

"Well, anyway," said the queen, after a slight pause, "you know how excited fairies get when things go wrong, and you can imagine the confusion when the next day the afternoon sun came in and shot over into the same place. A few days later the moon arrived; and of all the shabby-looking moons you ever saw it was the worst — it looked like the back of a haircloth sofa. By that time we had the morning sun in the proper place, so we gilded the moon, set it up, and things have been running smoothly ever since. But for nearly a week we had two suns in the afternoon, and none at all in the morning."

"I always thought that whatever time the sun rose was morning," said Gretchen.

"Not if it is the afternoon sun," said the queen.

The king was suddenly awakened by falling off his chair. "I have just been thinking that I will go with this little girl when she starts to gild the moon, and take the army with me," he said.

They discussed the manner in which they should travel, and agreed that Gretchen, Leonardo, and Snip should go in a hansom-cab, and did n't agree at all about the way in which the others should go.

"Well!" cried Gretchen, after a dozen different plans had been suggested, "as you all have wings, I can't see why you don't fly."

The queen looked at her severely. "My dear child, flying is distinctly out of date. None but a griffin or other common person would think of doing it. Besides, wings are worn closely trimmed this season."

"As we won't start for a day or two, we can leave these questions till to-morrow," said the king. "I will begin thinking about them at once," and he fell asleep again. The queen seemed sleepy too, and as the others saw this they pretended to be sleepy — all but the Objector, who offered to show Gretchen through the castle.

They walked through an avenue of trees, and presently came to the roof lying on the grass, and beyond this the great front wall of the castle, fully twenty feet high, in which was the grand entrance, a high arched door with the sill at least six feet from the ground. Gretchen asked where the steps were, and the Objector explained that as the castle had been built when flying was in fashion, no stairs were needed. When flying went out, they started to build a grand staircase; but he had declared that going upstairs was unhealthy, so they gave it up. Now the fairies had to run and jump, which was undignified, or be shot in with an immense sling-shot the king had invented, which was dangerous, or go in at the side entrance.

Gretchen found the inside of the castle very interesting, especially the queen's apartments, which were papered with fashion-plates, some of them five hundred years old. The walls of the king's rooms were covered with boxing-gloves, foils, tennis-rackets, golf-clubs, baseball-bats, and pictures of all sorts of games, from ancient hand-ball to mumblety-peg.

The beds all had canopies to keep off the moonlight, which the Objector said made the fairies want to get up and dance, and the coverings had funny little openings for wings to go through. They visited the rooms of state, the reception-hall, the dining-hall, and the back hall.

As they came out into the grounds, Gretchen



"THE KING WAS PEACEFULLY SLEEPING, WITH HIS CROWN TIPPED OVER ONE EYE." (SEE PAGE 323.)

heard a feeble bark, and saw Snip wearily dragging himself toward her. His air of gaiety was gone, and he was a tired and woebegone-looking little dog. The Objector called Snip to him, and patted his head; but the pup was too discouraged even to wag his tail.

"Poor little chap," said the Objector, who

was very fond of animals, "I know what the matter is. This is fairyland, you know, and nothing that he sniffs at has a scent to him."

## Chapter VII.

### visiting a school, and other adventures.

The morning after the reception Gretchen thought she would like to see some of the institutions of fairyland, and taking Leonardo and Snip with her, she entered the cab and was driven to a primary school.

She said she would like to start with the lowest grade, and they were shown into a room filled with wooden benches, with all sorts of fairies sitting on them. The teacher, an elderly, sharp-visaged female, explained that this was a class in observation.

"Don't you teach them to read first?" asked Gretchen.

"Not a bit of it," said the teacher. "They are all so old that they picked that up long ago; but one is never too old to learn observation. You have no idea what a useful study it is. What is that?" she asked, pointing out of the window.

"A tree!" cried the class.

"What do you notice about it?"

"It is high, round, oval, brown, green, and — sappy."

"What kind of a tree is it?" asked Gretchen, and no one in the class knew.

"I don't think that amounts to much," said Gretchen, who thought she was quite clever.

"That 's a good point," said the teacher, "and they realize it. What is this?" she added, pointing at Gretchen.

"A little girl!" howled the class. "She is short, white, green, freckled, gawky, and — saucy."

"Let us go into another room," said Gretchen.

The fairies in the next class were like those in the first, except that they looked as though they thought they knew a little more. The teacher at once came forward.

"This is the grade in which we teach them to avoid useless things. It was founded by the Objector," she said. "Did n't you ever start doing something useless, knowing that it was useless, and when some one told you that it was useless, stop doing it?"

"No," answered Gretchen; "but I have often wanted my mother to stop washing my face."

"Would you like to question the class?" asked the teacher.

"No, thank you," Gretchen said hastily.

"They have just finished an example," continued the teacher. "This is the answer: Therefore: The fat man has run half a block, missed the street-car, and stands puffing on the corner. The look of annoyance on his face is useless."

"It seems to me that it would be better to teach them what to *do* in a case of that kind than what to *avoid*," said Gretchen, who had been thinking of an objection.

"We teach that in the next class," and the teacher opened a door. "Example number nineteen!" she cried. "What should the fat man on the corner be doing?"

"Winding his watch!" yelled some voices in the other room.

"I think this school is getting too deep for me," said Gretchen, as they went into the hall.

"We might visit the kindergarten," suggested Leonardo. "I 've heard there is a very interesting class there, in which children are taught to put things back where they belong."

"No, no," Gretchen said wearily. "I 've heard too much of that at home. I think they have the most peculiar studies here."

"Of course they differ from those on earth, though I believe some earthly children might be benefited by them," and Leonardo looked at her out of the corner of his eye. "There are forty-eight classes that you have n't visited," he added.

"Oh, there 's a building with a roof!" cried Gretchen, who was very eager to change the subject.

This proved to be the College of Magic, and Leonardo read from his guide-book that the roof was there to keep impudent griffins from seeing in as they flew past. They knocked at the front door of the college, and it was opened by an old man fairy in a long robe and high-pointed hat. He seemed doubtful about letting them in; but when Gretchen said that she knew

the Thirty-third Degree Transformer he became more polite, and showed them into a reception-room. She asked if they might visit some of the classes in magic. The old man said he was n't sure whether they could or not; but he would think it over, and as he always thought better when he was alone, they would have to excuse him; and he went away. He stayed but a short time, and when he came back said:

"I have decided that you can go through one or two of the lower class-rooms, so please follow me."

They went into a hall, up a flight of stairs, then down another flight of stairs into the same hall again.

"What was that for?" asked Gretchen.

"We do that with all the pupils when they first come," said the old man. "It 's to get their minds different."

Gretchen opened her mouth to say something, when she happened to look at the old man's eyes, and saw in them the same gleam she had noticed in the eyes of the class in observation, so she kept silence.

He opened a door and ushered them into a little workshop. Another little man, not quite so large as the first, but dressed in the same fashion, was seated on a small bench, and in front of him kneeled a younger fairy in a leather apron.

"These youngsters are taught one at a time," said the magician after they had been introduced, "but as this is a college, it sounds better to speak of classes, and though they are only apprentices, we call them freshmen, for the same reason. This one is learning the first degree in magic—the transforming of the smallest objects. I am teaching him to change a mouse into a padlock."

"Where is the mouse?" shrieked Gretchen, grabbing her skirts about her and jumping on the bench.

"Oh, it 's only a fairy mouse," said the magician. "Besides, it 's almost changed." And he held up the mouse, which indeed looked something like a padlock. "You see its tail is formed into the hasp, its eyes into keyholes on each side, and its paws make keys, as having four of them is so convenient.

"When this freshman has learned about little things he will take up big ones, till finally, if he 's clever enough, he will be taught the thirty-third degree. The easiest thing in that degree is changing a white elephant into a second mortgage." The magician held up the transformed mouse, which was a padlock with four keys hanging to it by a string. "It is n't so hard as it looks," he said thoughtfully. "You only have to know how, and have the power."

This seemed very simple to Gretchen and Leonardo. They went into the next room, where another student was learning to change a clothes-brush into a jar of olives, and the old man said that was as far as he could take them.

As they reached the front door they heard a voice yelling, "Go home! Go home, you brute!" and the hansom-cab dashed around the corner, the grasshopper mad with terror, and Snip in close pursuit.

"Come here, you *wicked* dog!" cried Gretchen, and he came, and felt so ashamed that he laid his ears down flat and wagged his tail.

"I suppose he 's been waiting for that chance for two days," said Leonardo.

They found the grasshopper very tired and the driver very angry. "He 's been chasing us round dis block ever since ye went in de school!" cried the latter.

"It 's funny we did n't see you when we entered the college," said Gretchen, "but you were probably on the other side of the block."

"And me tires is all worn out and I 'll have to get new ones!" howled the driver.

Gretchen and Leonardo agreed to go to a blacksmith-shop with him, and they all walked, to save the grasshopper from further exertion. They passed the watch-maker's shop on the way, and saw Willie sitting in the window. His face was all screwed on one side in the effort to keep a funny little glass in his eye, through which he was peering at the works of a watch. When he saw them he hurried out.

"How are you getting on?" asked Leonardo.

"Not at all well. He only trusts me with the smallest watches, and they all have three dials: one for the morning sun, one for the afternoon sun, and one for the moon. The main spring, that makes the works spring round to these different dials, is very hard to adjust," said Willie. "Besides, I 've broken three crystals to-day. Oh, it is n't what it 's

cracked up to be!" And he looked quite gloomy.

"I don't see how you are going to have any adventures sitting in that shop," said Gretchen.

"Neither do I," said Willie. "I 've half a mind to ask that magician to change me into a policeman."

The blacksmith was a very obliging little fairy. He went right to work at the tires, the others looking on, except the grasshopper, who sank into a dreamless sleep. When the tires were finished, the grasshopper was awakened, and they drove to the castle.

Gretchen found the court in the Hall of State. They had all talked so much that they received her silently, all except the king, who snored.

"I have been thinking," he said, as they awakened him, "about the way in which we will travel to the moon."

"We have all been thinking about it, and twenty-six different methods have been suggested!" cried the queen.

"And I 've objected to all of 'em," the Objector said cheerfully.

"I have had them arranged alphabetically, and my secretary will now read them," said the king.

The secretary began in a monotonous voice:

"Apes.
Balloons.
Camels.
Dogs.
Elephants.
Freight trains.
Goats.
Horses.
Ibexes."

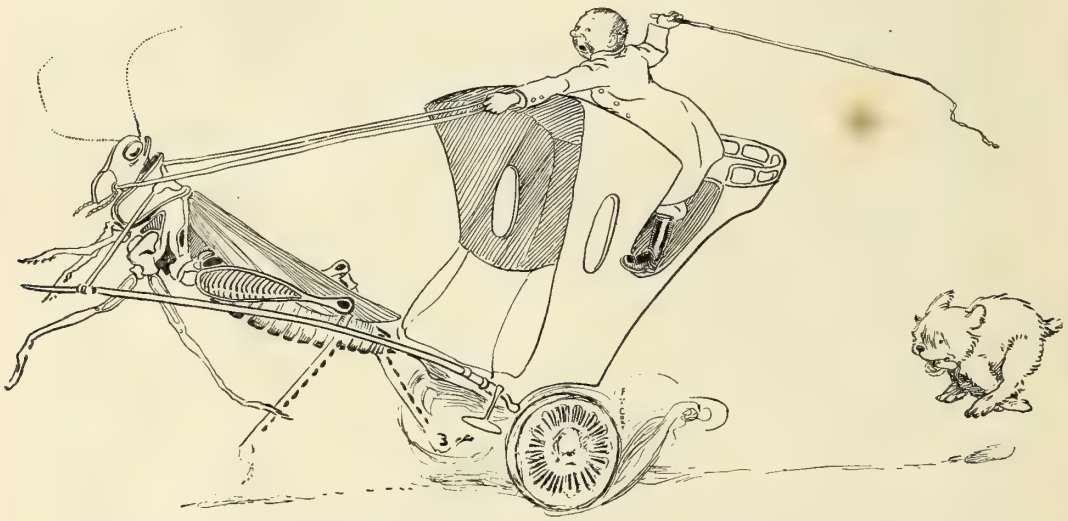
"Wait!" cried Gretchen. "Why don't you have the magician transfer us there?"

"That 's a good idea," said the queen. "Had the king slept a little longer he probably would have thought of that." Then she dismissed the court.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### THE POET AND THE FEAST.

THE first person Gretchen saw when she entered the inn was the Poet, who was filling his fountain-pen at the landlord's inkstand. He drew her aside mysteriously.



"THE HANSOM-CAB DASHED AROUND THE CORNER, THE GRASSHOPPER MAD WITH TERROR, AND SNIP IN CLOSE PURSUIT."

"Do you know that this country is being ruined by the Objector?" he asked impressively. "He is putting all sorts of notions in the people's heads. Our family is quite literary, and yesterday my brother Fred, who is a book-agent, went into a man's office to sell him a book. The man did n't look up, but handed this to brother Fred"; and the Poet gave Gretchen a card that the Objector had given him, which read:

> *Excuse me, my friend. I am very busy and do NOT wish to buy a book.*

"Now is n't that discouraging?" and the Poet walked away looking very sad.

That afternoon an invitation came from the queen, bidding Gretchen and her attendants to

come to the feast the next morning. The bell-boy who brought it up said that there was a foot blocking the front entrance, that would n't go away until its owner had seen her, and going down, she found Willie filling up the front yard.

"The Waiters' Union has threatened to strike if I go to the feast," he said.

"As you are invited, I would advise you to go to the Transformer and get changed into a small after-dinner speaker," said Gretchen, and he went away highly delighted.

The next morning Gretchen, Leonardo, and Willie, who was small again, started for the castle in the hansom-cab, Snip running behind. On their arrival they passed through the candy Hall of Justice into a great apartment which the king, the queen, and the court were just entering. The king and queen seated themselves at the head of a long table, and the others were arranged according to their rank, Gretchen and her friends, who had n't any rank, being shown to seats near the foot. A large number of little lambs frisked about, getting in one another's way, and the feast commenced.

The fairies all chatted merrily, no one seeming impressed by the occasion except the lambs. The first course was ice-cream. This seemed queer to Gretchen, who had read about feasts in the newspapers, though this was the first one she had ever attended.

"I think that ought to come last," she said.

"You should n't say you think; you should say you accept, meaning that you accept some one else's idea," said the Objector. "Of course, if you thought about it at all, you would realize that it might as well come first as at any other time."

"But the best things always come last," said Gretchen.

"Do you know that cold contracts, and that by eating this ice-cream now our throats are made smaller, so that we taste everything more, to say nothing of its taking us longer to eat it?" demanded the Objector. "If you had only one meal in fifty years you would think of these things."

"*He who thinks, and really thinks, my mind doth help to fill;*
*But he who only thinks he thinks had better far keep still,*"

murmured the Poet, when the Objector paused.

"That 's very good," said the Objector.

The fairies rose to their feet and cheered.

"That 's the first time he ever said anything was good!" cried the Poet, and the Objector seemed much ashamed.

The next course was cheese, which was served without removing the ice-cream.

"Now will you tell me why this comes next?" cried Gretchen.

"That 's very simple," said the king. "Cheese improves with age, and of course no one wants to eat it now, so we save it and it becomes more valuable. That cheese is over two hundred years old."

Gretchen looked at the fairies and thought of all the queer things she had seen them do. Then she reached for the salt and pepper and began sprinkling her ice-cream with them. She then broke up a piece of cheese, threw the bits into the ice-cream, and calmly stirred the dish with her spoon.

"Why are you doing that?" cried the Objector, stretching his neck nearly across the table.

"I have no reason," she said.

"Then it is useless."

Gretchen looked at him deliberately. "No," she said; "it is for relief. Since I have been here I have heard reasons for every foolish thing that was done; now I am doing a foolish thing without any reason, just for a change."

For half a minute every eye was riveted on the ice-cream. The suspense was terrible.

"Well, anyway," said the queen, "as regards this journey to the moon —"

A long discussion followed. The king had delayed the trip until after the feast, as he would have more authority then; men's rights would prevail, and everything would be more businesslike.

Gretchen told them about Willie's phosphorus paint; they thought that would look better on the moon than gilt, and the king sent word to have the Transformer prepare a supply of it.

"I believe I will go," said the queen. "I think it would be great fun."

"Why don't you take the entire court?" asked the Objector, sarcastically.

"That 's certainly a good idea," said the queen, earnestly. "Would you like to go?"

"We should!" cried the court.

The Objector drew his lips into a straight line and looked down at his plate; he would have preferred to stay at home and object to things.

The feast went on in a peculiar way, and the only question Gretchen ventured to ask was about a funny little round roast, which the Objector told her was hedgehog à la Rugby. The last course was oysters on the sixteenth-shell, and when that was over the Poet jumped to his feet.

"I will now read you my latest," he said, "which are lines on a little boy."

"Where is he?" asked the Objector.

"Who?"

"The little boy. You said the lines were on him."

"Oh, how that ruins one's inspiration!" wailed the Poet.

"Go ahead," said the king, and the Poet recited these verses:

"*THE DISADVANTAGE OF TALENT.*

"*Little Willie, luckless urchin, could not slide upon his sled,*
*But stayed in the house and practised, 'cause he was so talent-ed;*
*Could not amble on the sidewalk with his comrades, hand in hand—*
*Must do many exercises on the ancient baby grand.*
*Little Willie, luckless urchin, often wished that he were dead—*
*Must stay in the house and practise, 'cause he was so talent-ed.*

"The meter changes here," said the Poet.

"Any change will be welcome," murmured the Objector.

"Then it won't change!" cried the Poet, spitefully.

"*Wilhelm 's now a great pianist, with much long and ragged hair;*
*Has an ugly disposition, and a temper like a bear.*
*Folks talk of artistic feeling, say it comes from temperament,*
*But I think it 's old resentment that at last has found a vent—*
*Memories of wasted childhood, which to crankiness have led,*
*Memories of the days he practised, 'cause he was so talent-ed.*"

"I think I have discovered the trouble with your verses, Mike," said the Objector, smiling at him sweetly. "They come under a poor rule."

"Explain yourself," said the Poet, who hated to be called Mike.

"You know, of course, that anything that 's good seems short; a good song or story or game, for instance. It 's a poor rule that won't work both ways, so anything that 's short ought to seem good. Well — most of your poems are short."

The Poet looked at him dubiously. "I 'm sure he means something disagreeable," he said to Gretchen.

"When shall we start for the moon?" asked Gretchen, eager to change the subject.

"To-morrow," the king replied.

"But if the entire court is going I should think you 'd send them word,— telephone or something,— so that they will be prepared."

"Don't mention electricity here!" cried the queen. "It 's the most deadly enemy we have."

"But there 's Willie's telephone —" began Gretchen.

"What!" shrieked the queen. "Has any one dared bring a telephone to this court?"

Willie was at once seized, and there, hanging to the little hump of his dress-coat, was a tiny receiver, so small that one could n't see the hole in it.

"There 's no electricity about it," he said. "It works with a string, like the one in my cave."

"Who is that?" asked the king.

"That 's the giant," said Gretchen.

"What!" cried the king. "You get yourself changed back again as fast as you can," he added severely.

"But he 's an after-dinner speaker now," said Gretchen.

"Speech! Speech!" cried the fairies.

Willie rose and looked about him nervously. "Your Majesties — er — er — ladies and gen-

tlemen, and — er — others," and he waved his hand comprehensively. "This expectedly unentired — er — er — I mean entirely unexpected call finds me praredfully unpretot — er — I should say totally unprepared. I am reminded of — er — little incident — er — er — about — uh — a shoe-horn and a bottle of ink. In my — uh — native village — er — er — there was — uh — uh — an old — uh — er — shoemaker who — er — was a — er — uh — a — er — great character —"

Willie held his watch-chain tightly in one hand, and wrung the tail of his coat with the other. The Objector, who had been squirming nervously on his chair, now arose.

barren-looking country. Near by she saw the king, the queen, the army, and all the members of the court engaged in a discussion, with Willie, Leonardo, and Snip looking on. She ran to them as fast as she could.

"What ever am I doing here?" she cried.

"This is the moon country, and you were transferred here during the night," said the king.

"Then I have n't been in bed at all," she said, yawning. "Dear me! I wish you would let me know when you are going to do these things," she added petulantly.

The Objector pointed out a round, shabby-looking object, saying that it was the moon.



"'I AM REMINDED OF — ER — LITTLE INCIDENT — ER — ER — ABOUT — UH — A SHOE-HORN AND A BOTTLE OF INK.'"

"I think there must be some mistake, your Majesty," he said, "as, judging by the time this gentleman will require, he is evidently an after-breakfast speaker." And Willie sat down in confusion.

The king and queen departed, followed by the members of the court, with the exception of the Objector.

"Oh, dear!" cried Gretchen. "I have forgotten Snip, and am afraid he has n't had any dinner."

"I will help you find him," said the Objector, and they looked through the different rooms, finally coming to the Hall of Justice. There they found Snip furiously licking the walls.

## Chapter IX.

### The Visit to the Moon.

When Gretchen awoke the next day she was surprised to find herself sitting on a rock in a

"Your work begins now," said the king, turning to Gretchen. "Here, you!" he called to Willie, who was a giant again. "Where 's that phosphorus paint?"

Willie soon appeared with a barrel of paint, some soldiers brought brushes and buckets, and all became very busy. The king was in his element. With his coat off and his crown on the back of his head, he ordered the others about, and soon had them building a scaffolding.

Gretchen thought it time for her to commence painting; but the king waved her away.

"We 'll have the giant paint the top!" cried the king. "You won't need that scaffolding. Walk on it!"

Willie walked on the scaffolding, which at once collapsed, and began painting the upper part of the moon with an enormous brush, spattering paint right and left.

"Umbrellas!" cried the female fairies.

"Go slowly!" yelled the king. "Do you think you 're a rain-maker?"

"His faculty for doing wrong is nothing less than a talent," said the Transformer.

"When he went to you the other day, why did n't you change him into a *good* after-dinner speaker?" asked Gretchen.

"He did n't say anything about that, and I supposed he wanted to be the usual thing."

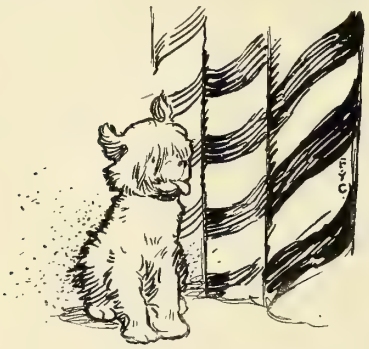
"I missed you at the feast," she said.

"I stayed at home, and had a terrible time. Did you notice that stupid-looking boy in my office? I sent him out to an intelligence office to hire a chef for the occasion. In his ignorance he brought a chief, and we had nothing but Indian meal and jerked venison. It was an Indian chief"; and the Transformer glared at her dyspeptically.

The Objector drew Gretchen aside. "Do you know," he said, "I 'm beginning to have an idea that the people in this kingdom don't like me. After all I 've done for them, too!"

Gretchen looked at him thoughtfully for a long time.

"I would n't like to criticize one so much



"THEY FOUND SNIP LICKING THE WALLS."

older than myself," she said; "but my father says our village is full of twin brothers, and perhaps you 're like one of them."

"Name them," he said.

"The first is called The Sneer-at-Everything-That's-Close Brother."

"That 's enough! That fits me!" cried the Objector. After a minute of silence he asked softly, "What 's the other?"

"The Praise-Everything-That's-Far-Away Brother," was Gretchen's answer.

"No; the first covers my case"; and he went away to think.

When Gretchen asked if it was n't time for her to commence her part of the painting, the king said she had better wait. The Objector was still lost in thought.

"I hope I have n't offended you," said Gretchen, after waiting a few moments.

"No, indeed," he said. "I 've been thinking that I will change my official position. I am going to ask the king to let me paint the moon a little, if you don't mind; but I 'll wait till the others go away, as I 'm rather sensitive about painting before people. You don't mind, do you?"

"Not at all; but I can't see where my work is likely to begin"; and she went to the king. "I have n't done anything at all," she said.

"The credit is yours, as had it not been for you the moon would have gone unpainted; but if your conscience troubles you, you can daub that little corner that Willie has left," said the king.

So Gretchen took the enormous brush and covered a little spot on the moon with paint. The fairies clapped their hands, and every one felt very jolly.

As there was nothing more to be done, the king told the magician to transfer them to the castle; and the next thing Gretchen knew, she was sitting at a long table in one of the rooms of state, with the king, the queen, and the members of the court around her.

"You have now fulfilled the first part of your work," said the king, "and the final task will be imposed by the Objector; but as he stopped to put some finishing touches on the moon, we shall have to wait a few minutes. If you succeed, how many jewels do you wish?"

"I would like about an ounce and a half," said Gretchen.

"You will be wise to take no more," the king remarked. "A modest fortune is best, as great wealth is a burden."

"Pardon me, your Majesty, but that 's an old idea," said the Transformer.

"It 's true, if it is old!" cried the king, hotly. "Are n't the very wealthy men you know unhappy?" he demanded of Gretchen.

"I can't say that they are—"

"I told you so!" cried the Transformer, before she could add that she did n't know any.

"What is the one thing in the world that people could not live without?" he said.



WILLIE PUTS THE PAINT ON THE MOON.

The king seemed rather mortified, and they waited awhile in silence.

"Where is the chorus?" whispered Gretchen to the Poet. "I have n't seen them for a long time."

"Hush!" he replied. "They are in disgrace — they all laughed at one of the queen's pathetic stories."

The Objector suddenly appeared, looking rather self-conscious.

"Your final task is this," said the king. "The Objector will ask you one question, which you must answer, and in the answer the difficulty lies; for it need not be the correct one, but it must be the one that he thinks is correct."

"I 'll fail!" cried Gretchen, miserably.

The Objector rose.

"I have taken a great fancy to this little girl," he said, "and will ask her an easy question to which there is but one answer." He leaned over the table and looked kindly at her.

Gretchen felt the ground giving way from under her. "Oh, dear!" she wailed, "I wish he had asked me a hard one." She rose dizzily to her feet, grasped the back of her chair with one hand, and placing the other over her heart, unconsciously pressed the card the Transformer had given her on the train.

"Hope!" she cried.

"Right!" said the Objector.

"Hurrah!" yelled the crowd.

On their way back to the hotel Gretchen stopped at the treasury, as the king had given her an order for the jewels. Leonardo said that it did n't open till three o'clock, so people would n't have too much time to draw out their money. They found quite a crowd of fairies waiting at the front door. This door was made of iron, and had a combination lock like a safe. An old fairy was turning the knob of the lock. He would twist it round a few

times, then run his fingers through his hair and say "Pshaw!" Then he would twist it a few more times, then stop and look through all his pockets.

"What is the matter?" Leonardo asked one of the fairies.

"That 's the treasurer, and he 's forgotten the combination of the lock. He forgets it every day."

"I should think he would write it down."





"'THAT 'S THE TREASURER, AND HE 'S FORGOTTEN THE COMBINATION OF THE LOCK.'"

"He does — writes it on a card; but he always loses the card."

"How long has he been treasurer?" asked Gretchen.

"This week."

"I 'm glad I did n't get here next week," she said. "There 'll be nothing left."

The treasurer found the card and opened the door. Gretchen followed the crowd in, and presented her order.

"Would you like them plain or mixed?" he asked.

"She would like plain, four-carat, first-water diamonds," said Leonardo, who was far from dull; and it was owing to his shrewdness that Gretchen secured a fortune, for she was about to say "Mixed."

That evening there was to be a festival in the palace grounds, to celebrate the decoration of the moon, and the king said he would make the occasion memorable by forbidding the Poet to recite any of his verses.

The grounds were dark when Gretchen, Leonardo, and Snip arrived, and they found the fairies gathered in a grove.

"We are waiting for the light from the moon, as it will be full to-night," said the king. "This is a great event in history, being probably the only occasion on which a new moon is a full moon. You are going home to-morrow, I suppose. We have a pleasant surprise for you. The queen, myself, and the entire court are to escort you to the end of the railroad. We need a change of air, I especially. My health is very important. It is terrible to think that if anything happened to me there would be no one in the kingdom who could fill my place," he added modestly.

"Have you heard about the Transformer?" asked the Poet. "He got the bicycle craze, and changed a bird-cage into a bicycle. Though he 's only an old beginner, he started to ride home from the moon to-day, after we had left. Well, he had n't gone far before he was captured by a band of robbers, and they refused to release him until he had changed every one of them into a giant as big as Willie."

"What!" shrieked the king, his hair rising from his head and lifting his crown with it.

"But he got even with them," said the Poet. "He scorched home and changed them all into school-boys only a foot high."

"Good!" cried the king.

All attention was turned to the moon, which rose slowly, looking very bright in its new coat of paint. But as it rose higher they saw some black marks on it.

"What are those?" cried the king. "Get a telescope."

A telescope was brought, and the king took a long look and seemed speechless. Gretchen was overcome with curiosity. She grasped the telescope, and she saw printed in black letters on the moon:

AFTER TO-NIGHT THE OBJECTOR
WISHES TO BE KNOWN AS
THE PROMOTER OF CHEERFULNESS.

## Chapter X.

### GRETCHEN LEAVES FAIRYLAND.

THE next day was Gretchen's last in fairyland. In the morning she went with Willie to call on the Transformer. They found him cleaning his bicycle.

"Do you know what a cyclometer is?" he asked.

"Yes," said Gretchen, "and I will send you a gold one. Had it not been for your card I should have failed."

"What question did they ask you?"

Gretchen told him.

"That is n't a hard one. How do you lower this handle-bar?"

Gretchen showed him.

"Willie can't get through the tunnel."

"Of course not: he will have to be reduced again."

"I 'm getting dizzy from being changed so much. You 'll fix me up again when we get outside, though, won't you?" said the giant, anxiously.

The magician said that he had to stay at home that day, but he would remember to restore Willie in the afternoon, and promptly reduced him to a little watch-maker.

"Where is the Discontented Dozen?" asked Gretchen.

"Changed 'em into school-teachers and sent 'em to the robbers."

Gretchen thanked the Transformer, said good-by, and went to the castle. There she found the king, the queen, and the members of the court assembled in the garden.

"Any questions to-day?" asked the king.

"Why is it that you can afford to give me so many jewels, when the army is behind in its pay?" she said.

"They like to be behind. They can sign orders on the treasurer, and it 's just like writing money. You won't mind if I ask you a question?"

"Not at all," Gretchen said politely.

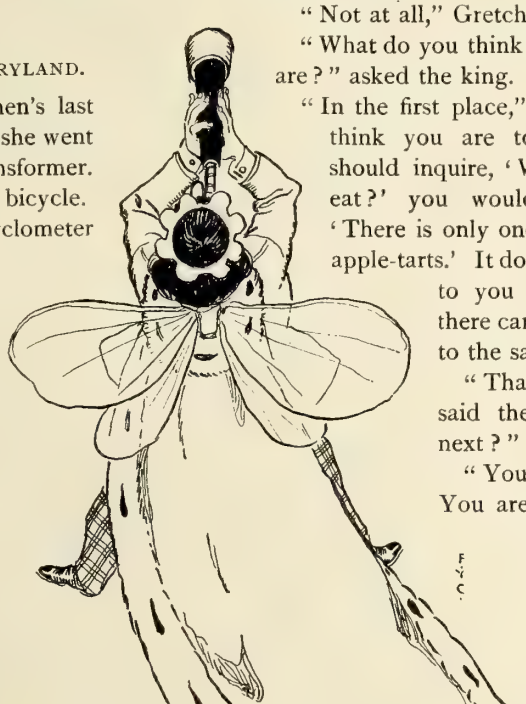
"What do you think our principal faults are?" asked the king.

"In the first place," said Gretchen, "I think you are too positive. If I should inquire, 'What had I better eat?' you would probably reply, 'There is only one answer to that — apple-tarts.' It does n't seem to occur to you that nearly always there can be several answers to the same question."

"That 's a good point," said the king. "What 's next?"

"You think too much. You are like a ship with a rudder twice as large as itself."

"I have some verses about that very subject!" cried the Poet, extracting them from his pocket, and he read the following:



THE KING READS THE LETTERS ON THE MOON.

"*THE CRUEL FATE OF TOMMY FINK.*

"*There was a little gentleman whose name was Tommy Fink,*
*Who was in trouble usually, because he would n't think.*
*When riding on his wheel he 'd always look the other way,*
*And on account of this there 'd be large damages to pay.*
*A ladder fell upon his head,*
*He was run over by a sled,*
*A roof on which he jumped gave way,*
*And other troubles came, they say,*
*Because he would n't think.*

"*His teacher said to him one day: 'Now, look you, Tommy Fink;*
*Some day you 'll die a sudden death unless you stop to think.*
*When you are playing on the street, why don't you use your eyes?*
*When you 're about to do a thing, consider if it 's wise.*
*You 'll find the exercise of brain*
*Will save you from much needless pain;*
*So let your better judgment prove*
*The wisdom of each future move,*
*And always stop to think.'*

"*Once, strolling by the riverside, this little Tommy Fink*
*Discovered there a fallen tree that stretched from brink to brink.*
*At first he thought he 'd cross the stream by walking on this tree,*
*But second thoughts convinced him that the bridge would safer be.*
*The while he exercised his mind*
*A fierce old bull rushed up behind,*
*And tossed poor Tommy from the ground*
*Into the flood. He almost drowned*
*Because he stopped to think!*"

"That was simply a case of hard luck," said the king.

"You see," said Gretchen, "you should n't think too much or too little, but just the right amount at the right time."

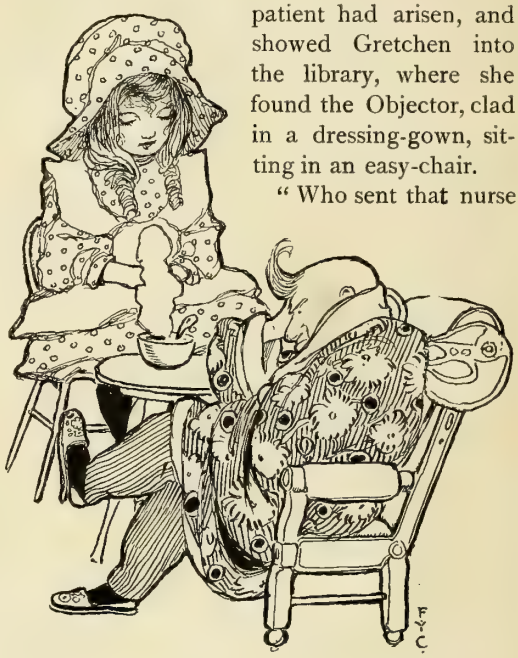
She had heard her father say this, and he had used his brain to such advantage that he was a very successful wood-chopper.

"How is the Objector getting along in his new office?" she asked.

"He 's sick abed," said the king. "A nurse is with him now."

"Dear me!" said Gretchen. "I must go to see him!" And arranging to meet the royal party at the railway station, she started for the Objector's house.

The nurse met her at the door, said her patient had arisen, and showed Gretchen into the library, where she found the Objector, clad in a dressing-gown, sitting in an easy-chair.



"'I DON'T THINK I CARE MUCH FOR THIS NEW OFFICE,' HE SAID."

"Who sent that nurse here?" he demanded fiercely. "I only got out of bed so that she would take the hint and go."

"What is the matter with you?" asked Gretchen.

"Palpitation of the heart," he answered. "It came on in this way. This morning, when I started out, I thought I would begin practising my new office. The first person I called on was an old friend of mine, a dentist who has a very bad disposition. 'Here,' said I, 'you want to be more cheerful.'

"'No, I don't,' said he. 'I ought to be, but I don't want to be.'

"I insisted, and he got angry, and the more I insisted the angrier he got, till finally he turned a stream of laughing-gas on me and gave me an attack of palpitation of the heart." The

Objector looked gloomily at one of his carpet slippers. "I don't think I care much for this new office," he said.

Gretchen had a long talk with him, and when she went away, taking the nurse with her, he was in a more cheerful mood.

She wished to exchange one of her diamonds for money in order to pay her bills, and Leonardo suggested that she go to a pawnbroker.

"This is a first-water diamond," said the pawnbroker, when she offered him one. "I can't take it."

"Why not?" Gretchen asked.

"My customers always look for flaws and tints in them, and they would be disappointed if they did n't find any."

"Diamonds are rarer on earth than they are here," said Leonardo. "Why don't you let the captain of the guard pay your bills, as he offered to do, exchange your jewels on earth, and pay him back there?"

Leonardo, as I said before, was very shrewd, and would have been a millionaire had he lived anywhere but in a cave with a lot of gnomes. As it was, he owned the cave.

"I will let him pay the bills," said Gretchen, "but I will give him one of these four-carat diamonds in return. That will be a nice present."

"That 's a good plan," said Leonardo, "but it is n't business."

They drove to the hotel, and when Gretchen said good-by to the landlord she managed to slip the pearl check into his pocket without his knowing it. They said farewell to the little lambs, who breathed a loud sigh of relief as Snip disappeared.

At the station they found the royal party and many others waiting to say good-by. Among them was the freshman in magic, who was now able to change a folding-bed into a bale of hay. The chorus was there too, and yelled "Hurrah!" because some one had told them to. Gretchen almost cried when she said good-by to the cab-driver and the grasshopper. They were to have a special train, so it was not necessary to change Snip into a satchel again.

"Give this train an easy push," said the king, "as I wish to have an opportunity to see the scenery"; and away they went.



Gretchen was sitting next to the Poet. "How is your brother Fred getting along?" she asked.

"Not at all well," he replied. "Yesterday he went into a shoe-shop near our house, that is kept by a friend of the Objector, and asked if they had any low men's shoes, and the shoemaker nearly killed brother Fred for insinuating that he kept such things."

"How unfortunate! Yours must be a very interesting family, though — all so literary."

"I don't know about that. My father was an author, but he was a most disagreeable man about the house. He lived when eating was in fashion in fairyland, and he never really forgave my mother for not liking the insides of breakfast-rolls — he liked the crusts."

Presently the conductor came through the car.

"Have you had any tickets lately?" Gretchen asked.

"Yes — one; it was a half-rate, though."

At this moment the sounds of an angry discussion fell on their ears. Willie and the Promoter were having an argument as to whether enormous giants or small fairies had the better dispositions, and had almost come to blows.

"Oh, if I was a giant again I 'd show you!" said Willie, doubling up his little fist. As if in answer to his wish, he suddenly began to grow.

"What 's the matter?" cried the king.

"I 'm growing up again," said Willie, in a half-changed voice.

"Stop the train! Get off quickly!" yelled the king; and he was none too soon, for as Willie went out of the car he had to hold his head down to keep it from bumping the ceiling.

Fortunately they were in a high part of the tunnel, that had a shaft to let in light, and the king yelled to Willie to stand under this, which he did, and instantly shot up so high that his body filled the shaft, while his legs and feet blocked the tunnel.

"I never saw such a fellow as that!" said the king, disgustedly. "He is always getting small when he ought to be big, and big when he ought to be small. Who is that running down the tunnel? Why, I believe that it 's the Promoter! Come back; he won't hurt you. Willie 's jammed in so tight he can't move."

"I suppose the Transformer's watch must be fast," said Gretchen.

"I fixed it," groaned Willie.

"What shall we do?" asked the queen.

"Let us go back to the mines and get some dynamite," said the king.

"That will never do!" cried Gretchen.

"Then we will bring some miners with picks, and they can pick him out," said the king.

So they walked back to a place where a number of houses were clustered around another shaft, which was very dark.

"This is a diamond-mine," said the king. "The reason diamonds are so hard to get on earth is that they dig down for them; but here we dig up, which is much easier. I don't think we ought to take you in," he added.

"The idea!" Gretchen answered indignantly. "I would n't go into your old mine now if you asked me to."

They did n't ask her, so she waited, and the king soon returned with a number of rough-looking fairies who carried pickaxes.

These fairies climbed up on Willie, clinging to his pockets and buttons, knocked off pieces of the rock with their picks, and soon made a hole through which he could get his arms. Resting his elbows on the upper earth, Willie wriggled through the shaft, and the ground trembled as he hurried down the surface of the mountain.

"I 'm glad he 's gone," said the king. "He is a nice fellow, but too changeable."

The debris was cleared from the track. They entered the train, and soon arrived at the outer end of the tunnel.

Gretchen felt very glad when she saw the light of an all-day sun, and the fairies gazed with awe at the beautiful valley, which some of them had not seen for hundreds of years. One member of the party rushed rapturously among the trees, bushes, and rocks, his body quivering with ecstasy as he sniffed at each object; this was Snip.

"What is that which passes the village so quickly?" asked the king. It was a car covered with flags and loaded with cheering people.

"There 's no engine!" cried Gretchen. "They must be celebrating the opening of the electric railway, and that 's the first car over the line."

"Electricity!" shrieked the fairies, wildly.

"There 's the Modern Spirit in front!" cried the queen. "Run! Run for your lives!" They all rushed into the cave.

Gretchen watched them until the last fairy disappeared.

Then she turned and, with Snip capering in front, slowly descended the mountain.



# OUR QUEER LANGUAGE.

By Edwin L. Sabin.

When the English tongue we speak
Why is "break" not rhymed with "freak"?
Will you tell me why it 's true
We say "sew," but likewise "few";
And the maker of a verse
Cannot cap his "horse" with "worse"?
"Beard" sounds not the same as "heard";
"Cord" is different from "word";
"Cow" is cow, but "low" is *low;*
"Shoe" is never rhymed with "foe."
Think of "hose" and "dose" and "lose";
And of "goose"—and yet of "choose."
Think of "comb" and "tomb" and "bomb";
"Doll" and "roll"; and "home" and "some."
And since "pay" is rhymed with "say,"
Why not "paid" with "said," I pray?
We have "blood" and "food" and "good";
"Mould" is not pronounced like "could."
Wherefore "done," but "gone" and "lone"?
Is there any reason known?
And, in short, it seems to me
Sounds and letters disagree.

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# TWELFTH-NIGHT FROLICS IN RUSSIA.

By P. K. Kondacheff.

In one of the back numbers of St. Nicholas there appeared an article describing the way American children in the Southern States seek to know the future by means of different kinds of flowers, plants, etc.

It might perhaps interest the readers of this magazine to hear something about "fate-reading" in Russia, this snowy land still so full of Eastern lore, customs, and traditions. Of course it is, nowadays, a pastime and an amusement indulged in chiefly during the Christmas holidays, and more for the fun of the thing than from any belief in the truth of the prophecy.

There are a good many ways of looking into the book of fate, and I will here give a short description of the two that are most in favor among young folks. New Year's Eve and Twelfth Night are considered the best occasions of the year for these amusing experiments.

Whenever a number of young people come together during this time of the year, whether it be for dancing, playing games, or just spending a pleasant evening together, some one of the party is sure to propose "fate-reading," or "gadat," as it is called in Russian.

Seeking to know beforehand the name of one's future sweetheart is a very amusing experiment, and there are two methods of going to work.

The first is managed thus: A sheet of paper is cut up into strips about four and a half inches long, on every one of which a name is written. A big basin is half filled with water,



"'THAT IS WHY I HAVE KEPT THE SLIPPER ALL THROUGH THESE PAST TEN YEARS.'"

and by wetting one end of the strips of paper these are made to adhere to the rim of the basin all round, the dry ends pointing horizontally toward the center. A nutshell containing a bit of lighted wax taper is then set afloat by one of the party, the water having previously been slightly disturbed with the fingers so as to give it a rotary movement. Sometimes the skiff will pass by many names without harm, or again, it may stay a pretty long while before one without igniting it; but the name set fire to is believed to be that of the person who is to play a prominent part in one's future life.

The next question of importance is to ascertain in "what direction lies your fate"—that is, from which point of the compass you are to expect it. The answer is obtained in the following way: You step outdoors and throw your slipper high into the air; then, the quarter to which the toe points when it alights is that whence will come the person who is to influence your future.

Here is a true story I was once told, showing that once upon a time this prophecy actually came true.

It happened somewhere in the country, many, many years ago, in the "good old days," when there were no railroads, and people traveled about mostly in their own sledges or carriages drawn by post-horses, or, if the distance was not too great, by their own "troika"—a Russian sleigh drawn by a team of three horses.

The heroine of my story was at that time a young girl still in the school-room, greatly troubled with lessons, governesses, and dancing-masters, and becoming rather tired of her quiet life in the country. So, one fine evening, just before going to bed, she thought she would like to cast one look into the future and see from what direction she was to expect her fate. She stepped out accordingly upon the terrace, and—whiz!—her slipper went skimming through the cold night air! But what was her discomfiture when she saw it fly over the high fence and into the road beyond! Here was a predicament!

She could not possibly follow and seek it in the deep snow, her feet clad in silk stockings, and only one slipper for them both! She did not like sending out the servants, who were all at supper, and it did not seem worth while to put on thick boots and begin a regular search so late at night. "This comes of being too curious," she soliloquized, as she limped to her own room. "Well, never mind; I dare say I 'll

find my slipper safe and sound to-morrow morning." But her search next day proved vain; fresh snow had fallen during the night, and the lost slipper, she thought, was probably buried deep beneath the soft white covering.

Several years passed. Her parents moved to Moscow, where, in the course of time, she married an officer in the Emperor's guards. In her husband's study, on the mantel-shelf, she often noticed, among other knick-knacks, a girl's dainty but faded satin slipper. It certainly seemed familiar to her, but though she often wondered about it, she never could remember where and when she had seen just such a shoe as that. At last her curiosity grew to such a pitch — the old slipper was always half-reminding her of something, she knew not exactly what — that she decided to question her husband about it.

"It is an old story," he answered, "and happened many years ago. I was then a young fellow, just beginning life, and traveling post-haste to join my regiment. Happening to pass through a village one evening, at a great speed (my horses being fresh and in high spirits), I suddenly felt a stinging blow on the cheek; I heard an exclamation from the other side of a fence — and something dropped into the sleigh. The 'something' proved to be a satin slipper, and as I took it up, my cheek tingling with pain, I own that I felt very angry and indignant at this unexpected assault.

"Then I remembered it was Twelfth Night; I remembered, too, the ancient custom, and by that time my wrath had calmed down. I even thought of turning back and delivering the weapon into the fair hands that had, unintentionally, dealt the blow; but on looking round, I perceived that the village, 'Krasnoe' I think it was called, was far behind us, and I, still holding the slipper in my hand, was being carried along over the snowy steppes at full speed.

"I have never since been in that part of the country, nor have I any idea whose feet once tripped about gaily in this old thing; but I came to have a tender feeling for it. I was sorry for the girl who had surely been looking for it and probably wondered about its mysterious disappearance, and as time rolled on I somehow came to associate it with my early youth and all its golden dreams; that is why I have kept it all through these past ten years. You are not jealous, dear, are you?" he added, smiling.

"Jealous! — of my own old slipper?" she cried. "This is fun! Why, it is mine, mine, mine!" and she clapped her hands and laughed a joyous, ringing laugh. "You said the village was Krasnoe, on Twelfth Night, and just ten years ago? Why, it *must* be mine! From the very first I thought it looked familiar and like an old friend! Ten years ago! I was fifteen then, and, oh, so tired of lessons, lessons, lessons, and snow, snow, snow, all day long, with nobody of my age near, and the winter evenings so lonely and dull that one evening I decided to try the old experiment, and see whether there was any hope of a change for me. And it has come true! for did n't it strike you on the cheek? Poor old cheek!" and she patted it tenderly.

So you see "fate-reading" for that once, so far as I know, did come true, and though nobody believes in it, it is still indulged in as a pleasant after-dinner pastime during the winter evenings.



# "OLD STRATEGY."

By L. J. Bates.



"THE THREE LION-DOGS CAME RACING, AND LEAPED JOYOUSLY ABOUT THE HORSE." (SEE PAGE 346.)

THERE was a time when the American mountain-lion was one of the most formidable animals in the world. The cat is the masterpiece of nature; and the mountain-lion was one of the most terribly armed and powerful of the cat family. It was a compact mass of hard and tough muscle and gristle, with bones of iron, strong jaws, sharp teeth, and claws like steel penknife-blades. It was prodigiously strong, lithe, and quick, covered with a mail-coat of loose skin that was as tough as leather. It had the temper of a demon, and was insatiably bloodthirsty. Withal, it had the proverbial nine lives of the cat tribe.

Against such an animal it was hopeless to match dogs. It was said, in the school-books of forty years ago, that "three British mastiffs can pull down a full-grown Asiatic lion." Perhaps they could; but they would have been sorry if they had tackled a full-grown American

mountain-lion of that time. He was not to be "pulled down" by anything; and if he had been "pulled down," that was exactly the position in which he fought best. With his back protected by the earth, and all four fearfully armed paws flying free, aided by his terrible teeth, and a body so strong that it could not be held in any position — well, when he was "down" was the time that he was most "up."

He once was found in all the Rocky Mountain regions, from the jaguar-haunted tropical forests of the extreme South to the home of the Northern winter blizzard; but he attained his greatest size and ferocity on the subtropical plateau of northern Mexico, New Mexico, and Arizona.

These animals are no longer what they were. The tourist or hunter of to-day cannot hope to find any of the old-time power or ferocity; and he will mistake if he judges them by their present degenerate kind. The advent of the white hunter, armed with rifle and revolver, fearless of anything mortal, and waging incessant, merciless war upon all wild beasts, has slaughtered all their hugest champions, and has cowed their savage courage, until now they slink away in unresisting panic, and are afraid even of the dogs that lead their pursuer to his prey. Animals certainly do communicate ideas, and they have trained all their children to abject fear of the invincible monarch, man.

After the early pioneer days of lone settlers and small flocks had passed, certain rich men of the West began to establish large sheep-ranches in carefully selected locations. Where the first settlers reared only the hardiest coarse-wooled sheep, were now produced the finest long-wool merino fleeces of the world. These improved sheep are greatly more delicate and defenseless than their predecessors, and have to be more carefully tended and defended against wild beasts.

Among the early sheep-masters of note the firm of Wigglesworth & Swayne started a chain of ranches, each stocked with from three hundred to one thousand improved sheep, in charge of bold and trusty young men, with horses, arms, dogs, traps, poisons, and provisions.

Each ranch had its big corral in which the sheep were yarded at night, overlooked by a platform fifteen or twenty feet high, upon which a watchman slept, fully armed, while the sheep- and wolf-dogs were kept below, and the horses near by.

Mountain-lions soon became the most dreaded enemies of these great flocks of sheep. They congregated about the ranches from far distances. They would not touch poisoned carrion. They never meddled with traps. They hunted stragglers from the flocks by day, and at night they leaped into the corral, where, with bloodthirsty ferocity, they would kill many sheep in a few minutes, preferring to kill a number rather than to stop and satisfy their hunger with one or two. They also pounced upon stray dogs, and tore to pieces the dogs that attacked them.

Wigglesworth & Swayne made costly experiments to procure lion-hunting dogs. Their agents ransacked all Europe and America for breeds of dogs capable of coping with the mountain-lions. After many difficulties they secured, out of thirty, three dogs of great size and strength, fair scent, indomitable fierceness, lithe quickness, and intelligent cunning. These three tall dogs could, combined, kill a mountain-lion. They were extraordinarily cunning in attack and defense, were singularly powerful, and "fought together" with wonderful fidelity to one another. They did it by worrying the enemy with incessant feints, skirmishes, and surprises, avoiding a grapple until the great cat had wasted its strength and spent its quickness in vain efforts. All these dogs needed was to be let alone, therefore; interference only distracted them.

Storms are rare in that region; but, one afternoon, the setting sun was obscured by streaky clouds that streamed over the crests of the distant hills, a dash of slanting rain fell, and the winds raved, threatening a wild night. When the storm first began to show itself, men and dogs hurriedly collected their scattered flocks and drove them to the big corral, where Dick Bryant, head man of the ranch, rapidly counted them in. Two were missing — a large wether and a ewe with a clipped ear.

"Hi, Woolwit!" cried Jeff Sillsby to Frank Swayne, a boy of fifteen years, nephew of one of the proprietors, sent to the ranch to learn that part of the business, "they were in the

bunch of thirteen that you let stray into the gulch. Did you count them?"

"No," answered the crestfallen lad; "I was looking at the clouds flying over the top of the divide. But I was sure I drove them all back."

"Did n't take your dog, either. Now I s'pose one of us will have to ride a mile and back through the rain; and it 's likely wolves or lions have snapped 'em afore this. Here, 'Fan'!" he called to a sheep-dog, as he prepared to mount his mustang.

"Let me go for them," said Frank. "I lost them, and I know where to look."

"Right, boy; it 's your job," said Dick Bryant.



"THE GREAT CAT FACED HIS FOES FIERCELY, CROUCHING ABOVE THE SLAIN SHEEP." (SEE PAGE 346.)

"Remember, after this, always to count your sheep — and keep them counted all day. You will never do for a sheep-herder until you can overlook a thousand sheep all day, and know in an instant if one is gone. And you had only fifty to look after. You were right to look at the clouds, but wrong to look off your sheep. Always see all your sheep with one eye, and don't miss seeing anything else with the other eye. You can 't get to the top of any business unless you keep your whole mind right on it."

"I was a quarter of a mile away, but I saw you let thirteen sheep stray into the gulch," said Jeff Sillsby.

"I was half a mile off, but I saw you drive eleven sheep out of the gulch," said Sid Bailey.

"See, boy," said Dick Bryant, "these men had their own flocks to look after, yet they saw yours closer than you did. Take Fan with you."

By this time Frank had mounted. He dashed away, racing to escape further reproach. Hardly had he gone when Bailey shouted after him:

"Hi! hold up! Here 's your rifle."

But Frank only heard a confused shout through the wind and rain, and rode on without looking back, dreading further mortification.

"Forgot his revolver, too, the little rattle-brain!" said Sid, lifting the rifle that Frank had left leaning against the corral with his revolver-belt hanging to it. "Cap" (to Bryant), "had n't one of us better ride after him? Maybe he 'll get into some scrape."

"No-o," said Bryant, hesitating. "Loose the lion-dogs; they saw him ride off and are whining to go."

The three powerful and fierce dogs uttered deep-toned bays of impatience while being released. Then, delighted to be free, they raced after the vanishing horse, when a fresh slant of gusty rain shut them from view and forced the men to shelter.

It was a severe rule of the ranch that nobody should stir unarmed. The men buckled on



"FRANK SAT IN HIS SADDLE AND WATCHED THE FIGHT, UNABLE TO ASSIST, TOO FASCINATED TO FLY."

loaded revolvers when they waked in the morning, and wore them till they lay down at night. They slept with all their arms within hand-reach. No one went out, even so near as to take a lazy pipe-stroll around to the corral, without carrying his rifle. Certainly nobody ever mounted and rode off unless fully armed. Habit made this easy second nature to the men. But to lug a heavy rifle all day, with no use for it, soon became tiresome to Frank, and the weight of his belt, with revolver and cartridges, irked him. He had not yet seen the necessity for such strict discipline, because one might possibly go a whole year at the ranch, and never really need either rifle or revolver; but when one did need it, his need was apt to be instant and fearful.

The shamed and half-angry boy urged his

mettled mustang against the hard-beating rain and wind so fast that Fan toiled panting after them. Thus his impatient temper broke discipline again; for it was ranch rule never to blow your horse, because you might suddenly need him, and need all there was of him. Presently he reached the gulch. Here the trained mustang, aware that danger often lurked in such places, stopped his racing gallop and advanced cautiously up the narrowing pass. Fan suddenly faced back, growling, then barked a note of welcome. The three lion-dogs came racing, and leaped joyously about the horse. Fan ran ahead, and soon announced that she had found the missing sheep. With some difficulty she routed them out of the snug shelter they had found in a thicket at the foot of a cliff, and started them reluctantly homeward, followed by Frank on his horse, and the three great hounds.

The rain had now ceased for a time. Broken clouds showed patches of a clear sky, but threatened the gathering of further storms. A darkening ocean of dust spread fast from the mountains over the dimming prairie.

The sheep were turning the last low rock at the entrance of the gulch, when a great dark shape flew out with a dreadful cry, and instantly one sheep was dashed to the earth with a broken neck, and the other was in the jaws of a huge mountain-lion. Poor Fan retreated for safety to the feet of the horse, but faced the danger, growling, half in terror, half braced to duty.

Frank, accompanied by the three great hounds, did not hesitate to charge this formidable and sudden enemy. But the effect was not what he expected. Instead of bounding away, the great cat, looming larger and more terrible the nearer he approached, faced his foes fiercely, crouching above the slain sheep, ready to spring, and yelling screams of demoniac ferocity. The mustang stopped and roared, then stood snorting and trembling, and could not be forced nearer. The great dogs rushed on. And Frank sat in his saddle and watched the fight, unable to assist, too fascinated to fly.

Now he realized the imprudence of leaving his arms, and repented his boyish folly in despising discipline founded upon experience.

"Old Strategy" was the leader of the three great dogs. His wise brain did the planning for all, and never did soldiers obey a chief with more careful attention to signals of command than the other two great dogs gave to him. He was the fleetest of the three. "Reserve," who ran in the rear, and always waited the proper time to leap and seize, was the most powerful. "Skirmish," the lightest of the trio, made it his business to distract the quarry by flashing feigned and real attacks all over him, here, there, and everywhere, to provoke openings for the other two.

Just as the battle began, the clouds opened wide, and the brightening moon shed a distant glimmer over the scene through the mist that rose from the wet grass, disclosing the huge mountain-lion standing over his prey, with flattened ears, snarling face, teeth gleaming, claws widely spread, mad with hate, menacing the dogs.

And now Old Strategy, warily observant, crept, growling, directly in front of the angry lion, tempting and taunting him to spring. Nearer—a little nearer yet. Several times the lion seemed about to leap, judging by his lashing tail and settling haunches; but Skirmish distracted him with a sudden feint, or Reserve threatened his flank. When each dog had a good position, Old Strategy provoked a leap by a sudden movement. The lion sprang, body, limbs, and claws spread to strike. But Old Strategy was n't there when he alighted; and the lion did not alight where he aimed; for the moment he leaped Reserve and Skirmish dashed in and caught him in the air, one on his flank, one by a hind knee-joint, and held back with such force that all three rolled along the grass.

Before the lion could retaliate, all three dogs were once more out of reach, to repeat their provoking tactics.

For half an hour this furious battle was continued. Leap, charge, rush, or strike as he would, the worried lion could not bring his treacherous assailants to a close. But for a few insignificant scratches, the dogs were unhurt, but the lion showed many marks of the conflict. The dogs gave him no rest from their incessant attacks. Occasionally one of the dogs would lie down, panting, and rest himself, while the other two kept the game going; but their

adversary was not permitted a moment's breathing-time.

Gradually the tormented night-prowler grew weary and faint. His own fury helped the dogs to exhaust him; for each effort he made increased his rage, until he became a veritable demon of frenzied hate, and spent in useless screams the breath that he needed for battle. As his powers diminished those of the dogs increased. Their rushing, leaping grips were more confident, more frequent, and more effective.

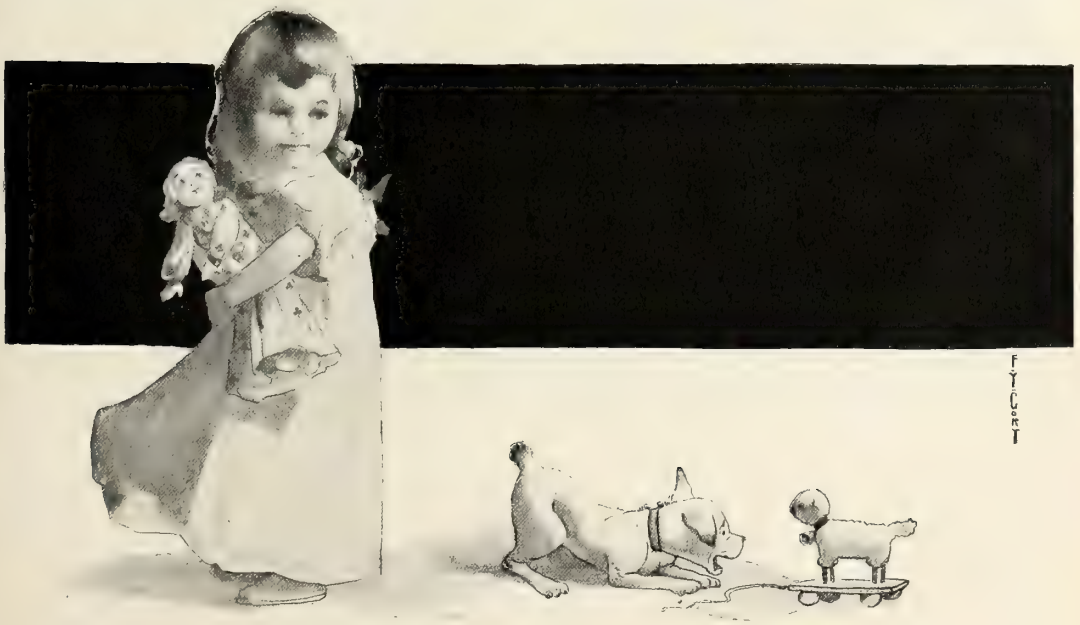
A little later brave Skirmish made such a prodigious feint, in obedience to some secret sign from Old Strategy, that the lion whirled to strike at him. This gave Old Strategy his chance. He fastened the first grip upon the throat of the great cat, keeping his own body behind and partly under the head of his foe, while Skirmish dragged at a hind leg, and Reserve put all his weight and force into a grip over the loin, stretching their enemy helpless for a moment — but only for a moment. As soon as the great cat could muster his tired strength, he drew his powerful body into a curve, and thrust at Old Strategy with his lashing hind legs, compelling the dog to let go. But the instant Old Strategy was pushed off, the painful grip of Reserve at his loins made the lion curl down again, to strike with his fore paws, when Old Strategy pinned his throat once more from the other side.

So in five minutes more the battle was ended, and the three dogs had again proved their right to the proud distinction of being the only dogs that could kill a full-grown mountain-lion.

Frank Swayne never forgot that wild combat. What was far better, he took to heart the lesson he had received, and thereafter paid careful heed to discipline and business, much to the satisfaction of his uncle. Though he never became a great business man, nor even a noted herdsman, nature not having gifted him with the right qualities, he did become, under Dick Bryant's instructions, fairly well versed in the conduct of a sheep-ranch, and, later, reasonably successful in a business career.

Even from the dogs Frank learned something of the great value of careful training and single attention to whatever lesson one has to learn or task one has to do.

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"DON'T BE 'FRAID, BABY. TOWSER WON'T LET HIM HURT YOU!"



## THE CONCERT.

With hat and muff and parasol
We sally to the concert-hall,
To hear the great musician play
(Named Signor Tommy Folderay!)
On tissue-paper and a comb —
You ought to hear his "Home, Sweet Home!"

*Virginia Gerson.*

# THE CHICKADEE.



The chickadee tilts
On a sycamore bough.
In cute little kilts
The chickadee tilts;
Like a brownie on stilts,
With his sweet little *Frau*,
The chickadee tilts
On a sycamore bough.

The chickadee wears
A cunning black cap.
In all his affairs
The chickadee wears,
Without any airs,—
The dear little chap,—
The chickadee wears
A cunning black cap.

The chickadee's song
Is "Chick-a-dee-dee."
It is not very long,
The chickadee's song;
Not much for a throng,
But it satisfies me.
The chickadee's song
Is "Chick-a-dee-dee."

The chickadee nests
In the heart of a tree.
The cats are not guests
Where the chickadee nests;
No robber molests
His little tepee.
The chickadee nests
In the heart of a tree.

The chickadee stays
All the year round.
On cold winter days
The chickadee stays;
The cat-bird delays
Till daisies abound;
The chickadee stays
All the year round.

*Le Roy T. Weeks.*

# The Girl in White

by Charles Stuart Pratt.



We saw her standing on our lawn,
One zero winter-day;
She never stirred, nor said a word,
Nor asked if she might stay.

And though it may not seem polite,—
Indeed, almost a sin,—
We never said a word to her,
Nor asked her to come in.

Her gown and cape and hat were white,
And white her feet and toes;
Her mittened hands were just as white,
And white her very nose.

She stood out there upon the lawn
All day, and all the night,
And never once lay down to sleep,
That stranger girl in white.

A dainty little maid she was,
A playmate you all know,
For she was "Jack Frost's Little Girl,"
Carved from the soft white snow.

# THE STORY OF BARNABY LEE.

By John Bennett.
(*Author of "Master Skylark."*)

[*This story was begun in the November, 1900, number.*]

## Chapter XXXIV.

### THE CITY FALLS.

All night long above the stream and across the waves of the washing bay the lights of the British squadron waved and nodded like dizzy stars. All night long above the never-silent troubling of the waters on the shore the ship-bells rang the watches, sharp, thin, and brassy clear. All night the red windows of New Amsterdam stared through the darkness at the enemy; and in his room, until gray dawn, Peter Stuyvesant went up and down like a wild beast in a cage, and beat his fists together in despairing rage and shame.

"They dare not; they dare not!" he groaned. "But God alone knows what Englishmen will dare!"

He wrung his hands.

"Come, sit in the dust," he cried, "O ye daughters of Jerusalem! The kingdom hath departed! Come ye, and sit in the dust with me; for we prevail no more!" Yet his face was like stone, and his voice never faltered, although the ring was utterly gone out of it.

In the streets beyond the fort-walls the hubbub still went on. Now and again, in an instant's hush, the tread of the feet of the English watch upon the frigate's decks could be heard.

The Great Wain sank in the north; in the town beyond the walls the hungry cattle stirred uneasily. The window-sill of the Governor's room was beaded wet with the gathering of the mist; the candle in the gunners' quarters shone dimly beyond the inclosure; no one had turned the hour-glass—the sand lay in an unmeaning heap in the lower bowl of it. "How quickly it hath run out!" said Stuyvesant. "Ach, Gott, thy will, not mine, be done!" Throwing himself into a chair, he buried his face in his bronzed hands, and moved no more until the pale pink light had begun to streak the east.

Then he went to the window and stared out. The town still looked mysterious; the lights had grown wan; there was a hush upon everything. "Thy will, not mine!" said the Director-General. The day broke in streaks of fire across the sea, and with it broke the iron heart of Peter Stuyvesant. He turned his face from the window: New Amsterdam had fallen.

Shortly there came a crying out that a treaty had been agreed to; that the petition of the burghers had been listened to at last; that the commissioners had already signed capitulatory articles. The Dutch were to have security in all their property; their officers were to remain the same; the town was to have its voice; the Dutch soldiers were to be conveyed to the fatherland again in the Dutch ships lying in the harbor; within two hours after eight o'clock upon the Monday coming, the fort and town were to be delivered into the hands of the English governor. And now it began to be whispered that the noble Duke of York had sent handsome new gowns for all the aldermen, a silver mace to be carried in state in magistrates' processions, and liveries of fine blue cloth, embroidered and trimmed with orange. The eyes of the worthy Dutch grew brighter as they spoke of the orange trimmings. "It is the will of God," they said.

But when the news came to the British fleet, and passed from deck to deck, that there was to be no pillage nor sacking in the city, the captain of a dingy ship which followed after the rear of the squadron like a jackal after a lion, stood up and cursed Richard Nicolls for this idiot clemency. "Am I never to have my revenge on these Dutch?" he said, with a bitter oath. "Am I ever to be balked by fools? Nay, I will square my accounts, if I

have to burn yon city to the ground!" Leaning over the rail, he shook his clenched fists at the town.

"Oh, ay," said the man beside him. "'T was so ye said afore. I begin to think that cock-sure is a rare uncertain bird."

"You 'll see!" cried the first, with a villainous oath.

"Oh, yes," said the other, brusquely, "I 'll see. That is why I carry two eyes."

## Chapter XXXV.

### JOHN KING TURNS UP.

At nine o'clock on the morning for the surrender of New Amsterdam, a long-drawn trumpet-blast rang along the hilltop beyond the city walls. The line of soldiers in the fort began to straighten out. They were to depart with the honors of war from the little citadel.

"*Oplettenheid!*" said the captain. The drummer tapped the drum; the ensign loosed the flag on its staff and let it slowly unfurl.

In their gray old clothes, leather jackets stained with grease and rain, with faded sashes and battered caps, the little troop looked poor enough in the bright September sunshine.

The shrill bugle blew along the hills.

"*Voorwaarts!*" said the captain. The men took up their step, the drummer struck up sulkily "The Battle of Heiligerlee," and to its hollow, dispirited tone the files swung forward. At their front was Peter Stuyvesant, his head sunken on his breast.

The sunlight sparkled here and there from cap or musket-barrel; the smoke from the burning gun-matches floated among the men's faces, a thin blue haze; and more than one man's teeth were set on the bullets in his mouth. One, two; one, two, three! the drum went beating out.

An instant, as he passed the gates, Stuyvesant looked up. In the orchards on the hillside the English banners were waving. His dark eyes blazed; then the fire faded from them in one bitter gleam. He hobbled on over the threshold; his kingdom was passed away. In the graveyard the English soldiers were sitting upon the graves.

Thump, thump, thump! the drum went on, the little column following to the ships in the canal.

Fort Amsterdam was indeed fallen.

Then again the trumpets sounded; the captains began to shout; the English banners flourished on the hilltops over the town; the corporals bellowed, the rattling drums struck up; the conquerors came marching down through the orchards into the town.

At their head rode Richard Nicolls upon a bright bay horse. He wore a new uniform of scarlet, green, and white, and with him upon white horses rode Sir Robert Carr and Colonel George Cartwright in scarlet uniforms and wigs of white horsehair. The men were in three divisions, each troop a hundred strong, musketeers and pikemen, with halberdiers at each flank. The banners held the center. They were white and red and yellow, and one was crimson and blue. They were guarded by groups of pikemen, among them harquebusiers, light-footed, light-armed, lively men, with flint-locked harquebuses.

Barnaby stood on the bastion-wall, watching them march down. The long white ashen pike-staves stood up like bare branches above the heads of the musketeers, and with the movement of the troops clattered upon one another like boughs in a wood in the wind. One troop was uniformed in blue with facings of red and buff, another in green and scarlet, and the third in red and white. Some had thrust their dagger-hilts into the muzzles of their muskets, from which they stood up, long and keen, like glittering steel thorns. Others had braided wreaths from evergreens on the hillsides, and had made them fast upon their brown steel caps like a victor's laurel wreath.

They were marching four and five abreast, six companies in all, and the swaggering, brown-faced musketeers, with their heavy firelocks over their shoulders, their brown swords slapping their thighs as they marched, and with daggers at their hips, were looking around them, as they came, with cool, defiant stare, as if they were the lords of all the visible earth, and were but letting it out for hire to its various occupants.

Barnaby stood on the bastion-wall, his cheeks a trifle flushed. The sound of the feet of the

men marching began to go through his head. The clinking of swords, the officers' shouts, like a hoarse, discordant chant, the little rattle of bandoleers, the clatter of the pikes, mingling with the clang of halberds and the rumbling

"God save King Charles!" cried Barnaby, and threw up his cap into the air. His father had been a soldier, a captain of just such men. They were his own countrymen. Again he threw his cap into the air. "God save King Charles!"



"'STAND OFF, BELOW, OR I 'LL THROW THIS SACK OF BARLEY-MEAL UPON YE!' BARNABY CRIED."
(SEE NEXT PAGE.)

of the drums, made a sound at once so deep and strange that once heard it could not be forgotten. Tramp, tramp, tramp! came the steady feet; clang, crash! went the clanking arms. A shiver ran through Barnaby; his heart began to beat fast. He ran along the rampart. Below him the banners were blowing and tossing; the drums beat fast and faster.

he cried. "God save the King!" It is so that the English shout, whether the King be right or wrong.

A captain paused in the roadway.

"What the dickens is this?" he asked. His corporals made no answer.

"God save King Charles!" cried Barnaby.

"Halt!" ordered the captain, hoarsely.

"Halt!" growled the corporals.

The dust among the feet of the men blew away in a little gray cloud.

"God save the King!" cried the captain, lifting his evergreened cap.

"God save the King!" cried the soldiers.

And then they all marched on.

One company stayed at the city gate, and one marched on to the Stad Huis and nailed the arms of England over the door. Fort Amsterdam they named Fort James, to honor the Duke of York; the city, too, they named for him, and all the country round. The burghers of New Amsterdam made no efficient protest. They retained their office and their trade; why should they protest? They gave a dinner-party to the Governor and his staff; they complimented their rulers, and finding them liberal men, "Ah," they said, "now we shall prosper like the cedars of Lebanon!" So they smoked their pipes and drank their schnapps, and went about their business.

But a man with a crimson handkerchief bound round his head, who was standing in the throng that filled the market-place when the English troops marched into the town, looked up with a startled exclamation, hearing Barnaby's shrill cry, and, with his hand above his eyes, peered across the sunny road. The glare was almost blinding; for a moment he stared, blinking, scarcely able to see at all. Then suddenly he caught the elbow of the man beside him.

"It 's him!" he cried. "By blue, it 's him!"

"It 's who?" said the other. "Where?" Then he looked. "By glory, Jack Glasco, 't is he!"

Clapping his hand to the hilt of his sword, he started across the market-field at the top of his speed, with the first speaker close at his heels.

A third man standing beside them, head and shoulders above the crowd, looked after his comrades, surprised; then, seeing the boy on the bastion-wall, clear-outlined against the sky, he smote his huge red hands together.

"By hen, but they 've found him!" he exclaimed. Parting the crowd before him like a flock of sheep, he darted across the market-field and rushed in at the fort-gate.

## Chapter XXXVI.

### "THE ROGUE IS MY APPRENTICE!"

On the stage at the head of the windmill steps stood John King and Jack Glasco, beating at the door. Barnaby, flying into the mill, had shut the door behind him and whirled the heavy bar into its sockets just as the two came shouting up the stairway after him. Tom Scarlett rushed to join them, and hurried up the stair. "Open that door!" cried John King. "Do ye hear me, boy? Open that door!" But Barnaby drove the bar down and thrust in the stay-pin over it. He could feel the hot breath of the master's mate, like the blast from an oven-door, over his fingers.

"Open, I say!" cried the captain. "It will be the better for you!" The master's mate was beating at the staples with a stone. "Open the door!" he cried. Barnaby ran for the ladder that led to the storage-loft. He was shaking like an aspen, and had broken into a sweat: the unexpectedness of the pursuit had taken the courage out of him. "Open the door!" cried John King. "Open the door, I say! Open, or I 'll kill ye when I get this panel in!" Barnaby felt the whole mill shake with the sailing-master's strength. He ran up the ladder to the loft; he was a little cooler now. Through the open window he saw the backs of the three at the door below. On the floor of the loft by the hoisting-tackle lay a sack of barley-meal. Catching it by the gathered throat, he dragged it to the window. "Stand off, below, or I 'll throw this sack of barley-meal upon ye!" he cried. The three were straining against the door until the panels cracked; the master's mate was still pounding at the staple. The three heaved together; the oak bar cracked. "Stand off!" cried Barnaby, in despair, and threw down the sack upon them.

One hundred and twenty pounds of meal done up in a heavy sack, with twenty feet to fall, gathering momentum, is no light thing for a missile. Down rushed the barley-sack. The throat-string bursting upon the sill, out leaped a cloud of meal, and, like a fluff of powder-smoke, whirled down the side of the windmill. Still half full, the heavy sack fell fast and struck the three men squarely.

The captain of the picaroons went down on his face as if he had been struck by a maul; the master's mate was under him, with his head in the barley-sack. The puff of meal had caught Tom Scarlett fair upon head and shoulders.

Choked, and puffing the blinding dust in gusts from his hair and beard, King scrambled, coughing, to his feet, and groped about the door. "You knave," he cried, "I 'll pay ye for this!" and cursing, he drew a pistol from his belt, and shook the meal from his blinded eyes as he cocked the firearm.

"But look out!" cried Scarlett. "Look out, there, John!" and he ran across the platform. "Quick, there, John; put by thy guns, sink the artillery! Put by, I say. We 're done; the jig is up!"

Into the fort came the provost-guard, with the sergeant at their head.

"What means this riot," demanded the sergeant, "when quiet hath been promised to this town? Neither pillaging is countenanced, nor quarrels with the people. Desist here; surrender, and give up thine arms, and that forthwith, or I will fire upon ye."

"There 's no need to fire," said Scarlett. "I surrender my arms; I am not setting up for a musketry-butt. I be fond o' this fleeting breath! Don't level your brass carronades at me; I surrender myself to the hand of the law!" And down the mill-stair he went, knocking the meal from his clothes. He had little fear of his life; the times were far too disturbed just then for deep inquiry into a man's past.

But King cried out furiously: "Although I am arrested, I have my right to my apprentice still. Take that boy in the windmill; the knave is bound to me."

"I am not," cried Barnaby, passionately. "You say what is not the truth."

"If I ever lay hands on you, you rogue," cried John King, hoarsely, "I will teach you more bitter truths than you ever knew in your life. The knave ran away from me in April," he said, turning to the sergeant, "and hath been in hiding here ever since. I call on you to seize him."

"I will seize or not seize, as I judge," said the sergeant, quietly. "I 'll hale ye all to the Governor; he 'll make sharp quittance of ye."

"Hale me to the Governor," exclaimed King, defiantly. "I have called on ye to seize that knave; I will not move without him. The rogue is my apprentice, and I know my rights to lay my hand to a runaway wherever I may find him."

"Naught of rights or wrongs do I ken," said the provost-sergeant, sharply. "I ken this much: ye may hold your tongue; and I commend ye to hold it tight; that 's all. As to the rest, ye will see as ye will see; 't will be as the Governor pleases." Here he turned to the windmill. "Come down from the loft there, boy!" he shouted.

Barnaby leaned out. "Nay, must I come down, sir?" he asked piteously.

"Ay," said the sergeant, curtly. "Have I not said as much?"

"Ye 'll not let them lay their hands on me?"

"I 'll crack this spontoon over the head of the man who offers to. Come down. Be quick; I have no time to waste."

So, with a heart like lead, poor Barnaby came down from the windmill loft.

## Chapter XXXVII.

### In the Governor's Court.

A week had come and gone since that day of New Amsterdam's surrender. To New Amsterdam it had been but six days of life and official stir; but to Barnaby Lee it had been an age of uncertainty and despair: for instantly upon his appearance before the Governor, John King had laid claim to Barnaby as his runaway apprentice, and had set his defense for attacking the mill in the plea that he was only seeking his own.

"The boy is my apprentice," he said. "He has been runaway since last April. I have been deprived of his services, and I demand my rights."

It was the court of Governor Nicolls, held in the Stad Huis council-chamber, which looked out upon the Perel Straat and the ships at Coenties Slip. The chamber was not a large room, but was dignified by usage for affairs of state and judgments. At the end toward the south, with his back to the bay, the Governor

sat upon a platform a little raised above the rest, with tall oak chairs, and a strong, carved desk and table for his papers. At his right were the burgomeisters, the sheriff, and the schepens, on high-backed benches of plain-carved oak, with cushions of russet leather, which on Sundays served to furnish ease to long hours in the state pews in the church. At the left the parties to the case were seated upon common benches, with uncarved backs, and cushionless. Upon one long bench were the witnesses from the crew of the Ragged Staff, as bronzed and bearded a netful of rogues and burly scalawags as ever was pinched in Pick-Thatch Lane or the purlieus of Turnbull Alley. Before them, upon a bench, alone, sat the prisoner. The captain of this crew of cut-throats, John King the picaroon, sat on a chair to which the rascal somehow lent a dignity, for, though a false and truculent scoundrel, a bully and a braggart, when put to a pinch where presence and wit might serve to carry the point, he had a certain courage of his own, and bore himself in a cool, bold way, the serene audacity of which had more than once puzzled the shrewdest.

He had arrayed himself for the occasion, with somewhat unusual and surprising good taste, in a plain but rich dark suit of plush and a handsomely embroidered waistcoat of silk. He had combed his unkempt hair, was clean-shaven, and wore the air of an adventurer or trader who made laws to suit his own fancy when out of the reach of authority, but always kept within bounds when at home, in a quasi-respectable manner. His huge, parrot-beaked nose and long, underhung jaw stamped him no common rascal. Richard Nicolls looked at him with more than common scrutiny. Himself the son of a barrister of some note, and a man of wide experience as a student of men, a courtier, a soldier, and an exile, he was not to be easily hoodwinked by the bland smile of a villain; and speaking Spanish, Dutch, and French as well as he spoke English, capable, resolute, honest, intelligent, fond of fair play, he was ready to go to the bottom of things with illumining penetration. Above medium height, of fine, stately presence, well-bred, fair, open, soldierly face, with sparkling, deep-set gray eyes, and a mouth that was firm but kind, he seemed the just judge, the fair advocate, the judicious seeker of facts.

King, to tell the truth frankly, bore his penetrating scrutiny unusually well, with composure without bravado, and the plain look of an honest man who, by some ill-advised blunder, has got himself into a kettle of fish and wishes himself well out of it. By times he looked at the English arms which were nailed upon the wall, by times he gazed at the Governor, and by times looked out at the window. The common stocks and the whipping-post were in plain view out of the window; but he did not long hold his glance upon them: they inspired unpleasant thoughts.

Overhead, in the cupola, the Stad Huis bell was still ringing; the long bell-rope flapped up and down through the hole in the boards below; Johannes Nevius, who had charge of the library of the law, had brought his leather-bound volumes and stacked them upon the table; the clerks were there with ink and quill; the fresh-turned hour-glass was running. "Oyes, oyes!" cried the bailiff, from his stand behind the prisoner. With a touch of the tape and the mumming which opens the lips of law, the provincial court was opened with the case of "said Complainant, who doth aver that the Prisoner is his bounden Apprentice, and herein offereth Testimony that may Substantiate said Claim."

"Sirs, your Excellency and your Honors: I respectfully submit that my name is Temperance Pyepott, of Virginia—" Thus said Captain John King, with a deep and placatory bow to Governor Richard Nicolls and the benchful of magistrates. The magistrates eloquently swelled their maroon-colored velvet breasts, set finger to ruffled waistcoat and cuff, sat up, looked wise, were gratified; but Richard Nicolls trimmed his eye under the corner of his eyelid and sailed a little closer to the captain's breeze. "I subsist by honest trading in these provinces," continued King, in the blunt, plain manner he had assumed. Now, honest traders do not declare that they are honest traders. Richard Nicolls rubbed his chin and trimmed his eye again, and laid his finger on that point. He did not like King's crafty mouth — it seemed a whit too smug; and his eye had a way of

swiftly glancing around the room and coming back to its first view-point before one had quite detected the motion. "I am a plain, hard-working mariner," said King, "and this boy is my bound apprentice. He hath served me four year as cabin-boy; he hath three year more to serve: I bring witness to attest it. He was bound to me in London-town."

"You, of course, have the indentures?"

"Indentures? Nay; I think the knave made way with them, or they have been stolen, sirs. I have been robbed of all my papers; I have been dealt with very hardly; yet I do not say that he took them."

Nicolls looked at the speaker sharply. The fellow seemed honest, nay, quite magnanimous; yet — somehow the look of that underhung jaw made the Governor eye him once more with inquisitive scrutiny.

"I fell in with his father at Hancock's, sirs, or else 't was Wynkin Bradley's, the first shop in Pope's Head Alley, in Cornhill, London-town. 'T is the sign of the Three Bibles," said King. "Sure, your Honor should know it well: it is a place of good reputation, frequented of decent men."

For the life of him, Governor Nicolls could not resist asking the question, "Were you given much to frequenting it, that it got such a reputation?"

King's eyes flashed back such an ugly gleam that the Governor's fingers tightened into a suddenly vise-like grip upon a roll of papers in them. "Mm-hm!" mused he. "My sweet Sir Sheep, you have wolf's teeth under your wool. Don't show them here, good friend, or I 'll pull them!"

Perceiving the threat in the Governor's eyes, the wily rascal changed his tack, and turned his scowl of malevolence into an obsequious calm, not altogether with success. "Your Excellency, why be sarcastical?" he asked, with an injured air. "To be sure, sir, you have the right to be, for the might makes the right of things here, and I am only a sailoring-man, a hard-working, hard-used mariner. Yet I have some rights, sirs, and I know them. This boy is my apprentice, and I have the right to have him. A man has a right to his apprentice wherever he may find him; and I have the right also to be paid in full for all the time they have kept him from me, at the rate of a shilling and sixpence the day, for the boy is an able hand."

There was justice in his demands; this Governor Nicolls knew. Barnaby's story stood alone against the mass of testimony. There was probably not one apprentice in ten but would deny his apprenticeship if, on running away, he was dragged into court. One by one, John King's witnesses had reaffirmed King's claim. Jack Glasco, the sailing-master's mate, was the first who had testified; after him Manuel Pinto, a renegade Portuguese sailor. To the best of their knowledge and belief they had both of them testified that Barnaby had been cabin-boy on board the Ragged Staff, apprenticed to her captain by his father, a London tailor, who dwelt in a mews off Pope's Head Alley. That was all they knew further than that the knave had served but four years and so still had three years more to serve.

Both men were deep in their cups, and caused so much disturbance among the other witnesses that when they had testified under oath they were sharply dismissed from court, and ordered to their shipping under penalty of the stocks.

The testimony of all the rest was much to the same end. There were examined that day Andrew Hume, of St. Catherine's, William Ford, of Limehouse, Richard Barnard, of Hull, in York, all able mariners; and John Johnson, of St. Botolph's, Aldgate, the cook of the Ragged Staff. Not one of these had been of the crew for more than two years at most, but all avowed with alacrity, born of hot brandy and sugar, that Barnaby Lee was apprenticed to Captain Temperance Pyepott, had served four years, had three more to serve, and that his time was worth full a shilling and sixpence the day, as an able mariner's boy.

A little hush fell on the court-room while the secretaries wrote. Sick to the bottom of his heart, Barnaby looked at the Governor. Nicolls could scarce help a thrill of compassion at seeing the boy's moved face. But testimony is testimony, and there seemed no way to impeach it. Barnaby, on his little bench, felt very much alone; he had never before in all his life felt so

utterly forsaken. There was not in the room a soul that he knew. Out of the window beside him he saw the church which stood on the hills beyond Brooklyn, and the roofs of the little village lying peacefully in the sun. He heard the ship-watch singing upon the vessels in the harbor. The songs which the English sing are gay, but these Dutch were melancholy. A pinnace had just cast anchor below the finger-post. There was a party of gentlemen in her, and a dog that was baying hoarsely. Two wherries were racing out from shore. He could hear the boatmen calling, and the gentlemen on board the pinnace laughing and crying out to the boatmen. Then the company all embarked in the wherries, and clapping their hands, raced to the landing, and vanished behind the colony warehouse.

On the glass of the window some idler's hand had cut the arms of New Amsterdam, with beaver and star, shield and crest; nor was it badly cut. It seemed strange to the boy, in a dull, stunned way, that the fragile glass had stood in its place while an empire had fallen into the dust.

There was a noise of feet upon the council-chamber stair and much confusion in the hallway, then voices asking this and that; and then the door of the chamber opened, disclosing a cluster of gentlemen standing in the entry, staring into the court-room with curious, confident faces. There was something of inspiration in the touch of their confident air. The captain of the picaroons looked up with a scowl not one of welcome. His case was near out, he carried the day, and was irritated by interruption; at any rate, what business had any one interrupting here?

"His Excellency Charles Calvert, Governor of Maryland, the esteemed, the honorable!" said the usher.

The plaintiff looked out at the tail of his eye, and all at once a shadow seemed to fall on his confident face. Otherwise his countenance was in no wise discomposed. His mouth was firm and serene as before.

The first who entered the court-room door was the Governor of Maryland. With him were Masters Marmaduke Tilden, Thomas Nottly, Baker Brooke, Henry Sewall, his secretary, and Master Robert Vaughan, captain of St. Mary's Band of Fusileers and Artillery. With them were also Simeon Drew, Master Cecil Langford and some other very pretty gentlemen — a strong and handsome party.

Governor Nicolls, as soon as he became aware of who was waiting upon his court, came down from his seat to meet Master Charles Calvert, and with excellent dignity made him welcome. "Ye do my courts much honor," he said, "by attending them in person."

"Nay, sir," said Master Calvert. "We are honored by attendance. I avow that I hang my head, sir, with shame, for coming so late in response to your call for colonial assistance in reducing this port to the English crown. Border warfare of our own hath compelled our presence at St. Mary's; my hands were so full that I had none to lend."

"Don't trouble yourself on that score; we easily prevailed."

"Faith, sir, I see the evidence of it; you have turned these Dutch into English as a lady turns a glove on her hand."

Richard Nicolls smiled and shrugged his shoulders. "They turned themselves English, I trow."

"Well, I thought that my aid would prove Newcastle coals," said Governor Calvert, shortly after; "but conscience would nothing but leap and prance until I had paid you my respects. Even so I might have been derelict had not my cousin insisted. Ye remember him, Philip Calvert; you were acquainted at Brest." He turned his face with a casual air and looked around the court-room.

He was thin, and his face was a trifle pale; though a little touched with color and smoothed with soft rice-powder, there was pallor under the color. He stood with one shoulder sunk; his long, fine, glossy black hair hung down in curls upon his shoulders, tied back with a gay, bright, cherry-red ribbon, as it was on the morning when Barnaby first saw him in Maryland. His coat and breeches were blue and silver, and he had a smart cocked hat in his hand.

"That 's a charming face," he said, staring at Captain John King.

The light lay fair on the picaroon's face, and he eyed the Governor of Maryland with the

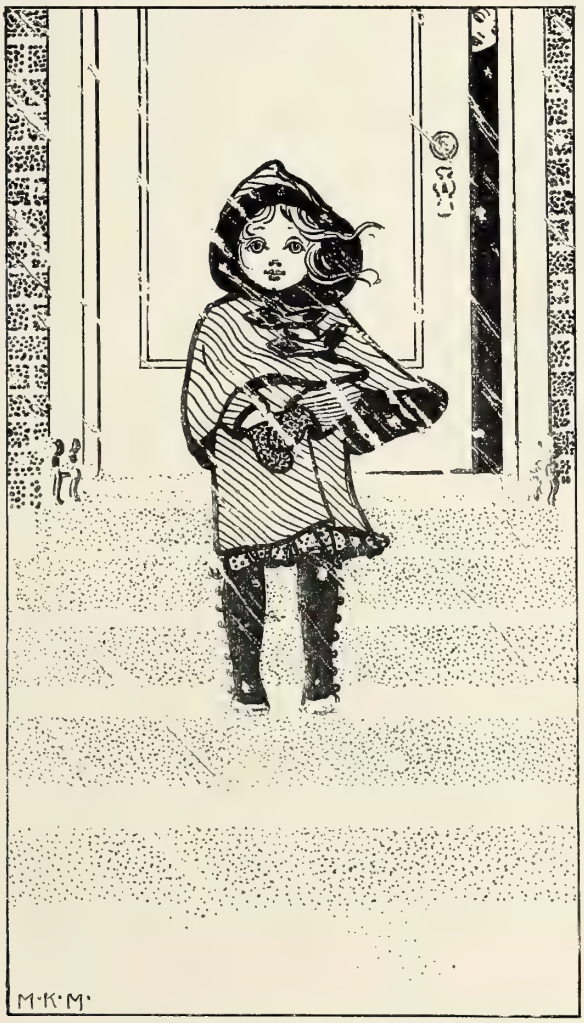
bold serenity and composed demeanor that had imposed upon many as shrewd a man. His eyes for the instant stood steady; he twisted his fingers a little.

Then Calvert turned to Nicolls and laid his hand upon his arm with an odd, evading look in his eye—one had almost said it was shamefaced. He bit his lip till the blood came; then with deepest seriousness began to speak in a very low tone, and with a rapidity that almost baffled his hearer; for few could speak with the rapidity of the Calverts when they were in earnest, or equal the incisive directness and clarity of their language. It had a quality all its own, a luminous insistence upon the point at issue, a neglect of all the rest, convincing in its argument, persuasive in its feeling.

Nicolls started, listened, stared. "You do not say! By gad! the rogue, the dirty thief of the world!" And then, "Why, surely, here 's the case itself," said he. "Come up and manage as ye please; here 's my assurance to ye, sir!"

*(To be continued.)*

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"WHY DOES N'T SOMEBODY BRING ME A VALENTINE?"



# Nature and Science For Young Folks.

Edited by Edward F. Bigelow.

## IN SPITE OF THE COLD.

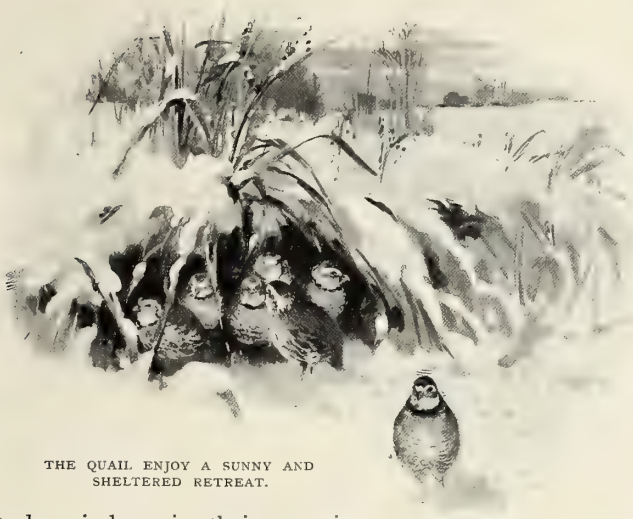
It is hard work, as well as lots of fun, to build a snow man. I was convinced of that by helping the young folks with the seven big balls of snow that they had rolled and rolled till even three large boys at one ball could n't move it over again without my help.

We piled the balls, and then modeled them with a shingle and a long-handled iron spoon to make legs, body, and head. Then we fastened on the arms, and put bits of charcoal on one side of the "head" ball to make eyes, nose, and mouth.

The thermometer said it was cold — very cold; but evidently none of us, so far as our actions or feelings showed, agreed with the thermometer. Neither was there any suggestion of cold in the frolics of the jolly and well-clothed young folks, that I watched later from my



WHAT FUN WE RABBITS HAVE AFTER A SNOW-STORM!



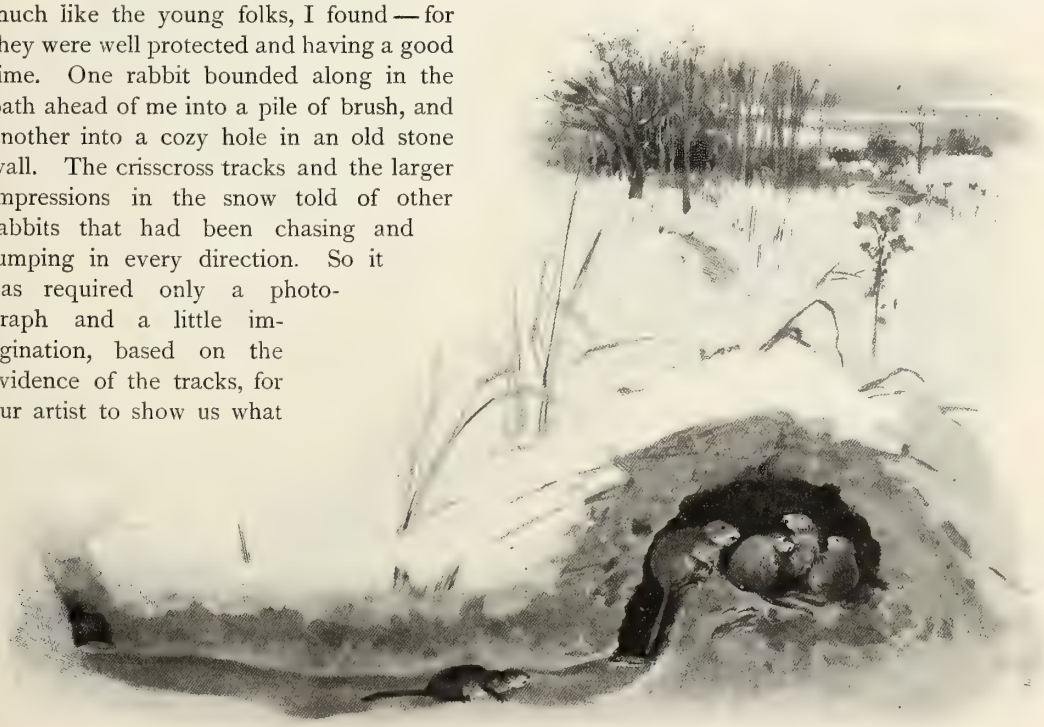
THE QUAIL ENJOY A SUNNY AND SHELTERED RETREAT.

study window, in their coasting, snow-balling, and skating, on the hillside by the forest, and on the bit of very smooth ice in the "hollow," not far from my home.

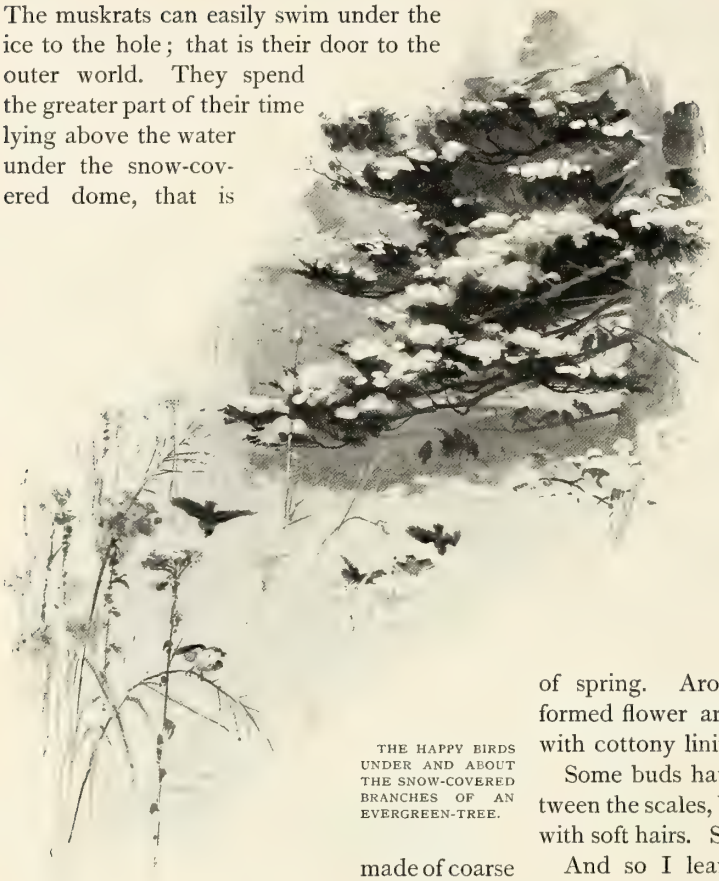
So I started for the woods, to see how the four-footed animals and birds were spending their time in the February snow. Very much like the young folks, I found — for they were well protected and having a good time. One rabbit bounded along in the path ahead of me into a pile of brush, and another into a cozy hole in an old stone wall. The crisscross tracks and the larger impressions in the snow told of other rabbits that had been chasing and jumping in every direction. So it has required only a photograph and a little imagination, based on the evidence of the tracks, for our artist to show us what had been taking place in rabbit-land that morning.

*B-r-r-r-r*—and a covey of quail, in their flight from a clump of grasses and sedges, fairly made me jump. They flew across the field and floated with wings outspread, alighting a few on the wall, and others beyond on the ground among the white birches and alders. There were plenty of seeds for food on the near-by weeds. The well-trodden snow in the miniature cave under the tore and weeds, and the tracks in every direction, told of comfort and enjoyment in spite of the cold.

I crossed the field and went down through the ravine to the swamp. Only a few mounds of snow on the meadow pond, but I knew how much they meant to the musk-rats; for on two occasions I had taken a musk-rat house to pieces "to see how it was made."



The muskrats can easily swim under the ice to the hole; that is their door to the outer world. They spend the greater part of their time lying above the water under the snow-covered dome, that is made of coarse grasses, small branches, and bits of drift-wood or other similar material, all cemented together with mud. The top of this house is usually about two to three feet above the water. The shelf, or floor, making what we may call the "bed," is supported by sticks stuck endwise into the mud.



THE HAPPY BIRDS UNDER AND ABOUT THE SNOW-COVERED BRANCHES OF AN EVERGREEN-TREE.

Farther down the ravine was a snow-covered evergreen. The lower branches and the ground were almost entirely free from snow. This formed an ideal retreat for the birds. A few that flew up from the snow, and more that rose from the ground and lower branches, told of happy times on this sunny but cold February day. In some places near by it was evident that the birds had dashed into the snow and thrown it around, just as in summer you have often seen birds throw the sand in a road.

In many other observations on that walk I found evidences of Nature's kind care for her children. They may suffer at times, but she has provided them with fur or feathers especially warm for the winter, and with many cozy retreats. On stormy days the birds and four-footed animals keep close within doors; but they have their frolics, like the young folks, when the weather is pleasant, even if it is cold.

A lengthwise section of one of the many buds from a maple branch showed under the microscope that the flower is all complete, ready to expand and appear on the first warm days of spring. Around the miniature but well-formed flower are protecting waterproof scales with cottony linings between them.

Some buds have not only this soft lining between the scales, but the entire bud is fur-covered with soft hairs. Some others have a coat of gum.

And so I learned from these observations, and many others that may be made in February, that Mother Nature has various methods of protection for her children — all the way from the well-clothed young folks to the buds on shrubs and trees down in the swamp.



BUDS ON MAPLE TWIGS, AND A MAGNIFIED VIEW OF A VERTICAL SECTION OF ONE OF THESE BUDS, SHOWING THE COTTONY-LINED LAYERS AROUND THE FLOWER IN THE INTERIOR.

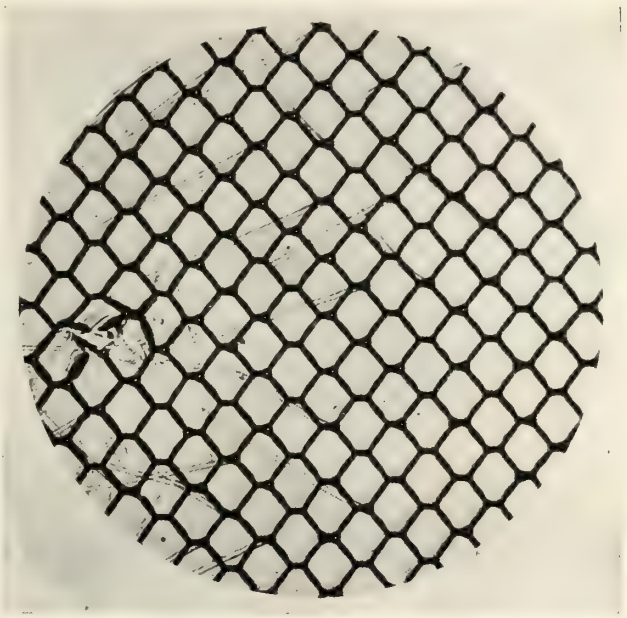
## HOW INSECTS SEE.

LAST month we found out about the little whirligig-beetles so often seen even in very cold weather in an open space in brook or pond —"the sprightliest bit of life in all the winter landscape." You readily recall the illustration of the queer double set of compound eyes, —one set for seeing upward and the other downward,—for the little beetle spends much of its time darting about on the surface of the water, and must be on the lookout for enemies in the air and in the water.

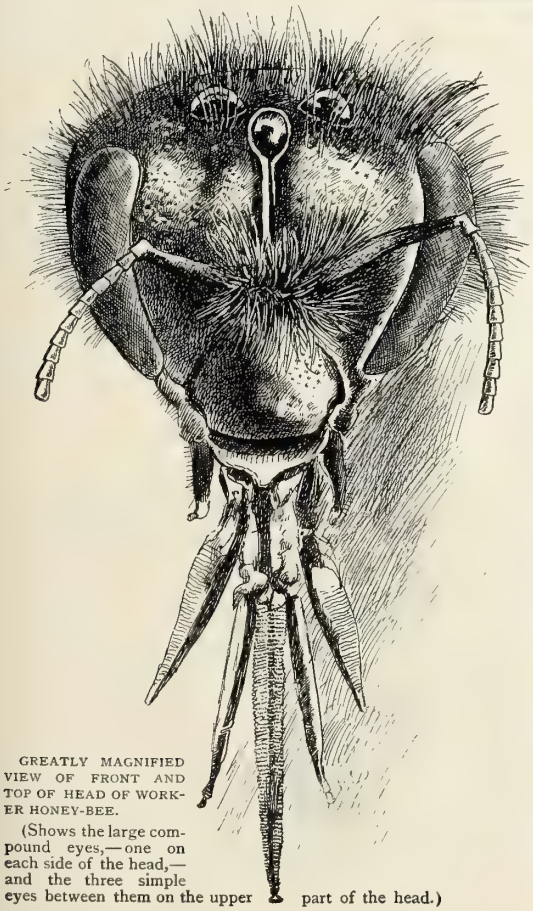


WORKER HONEY-BEE.

"But what is a compound eye, and how do this and other insects see?"



THE SIX-SIDED FACETS CLEARLY SHOWN IN A GREATLY MAGNIFIED SECTION OF THE COMPOUND EYE OF A FLY THAT GREATLY RESEMBLES A HONEY-BEE.



GREATLY MAGNIFIED VIEW OF FRONT AND TOP OF HEAD OF WORKER HONEY-BEE.

(Shows the large compound eyes,—one on each side of the head,—and the three simple eyes between them on the upper part of the head.)

our thoughtful young observers probably inquired when they read the article.

Nearly all insects have one pair of compound eyes, with which our young folks are familiar as the large, bulging, glistening objects on the sides of the heads. In the dragon-fly, grasshopper, and even the common house-fly, these eyes are very conspicuous. You recognize this organ at once as an eye; but when you come to examine it with a pocket-microscope, or even very carefully without any magnifying aid, you readily see that this eye is very different from that of larger animals. The surface is divided into a large number of six-sided divisions, called facets. We see that what at first appeared to be a single eye is really an organ composed of hundreds—yes, in many cases even thousands—of eyes, and is therefore called a compound eye.



A BEE-FLY.

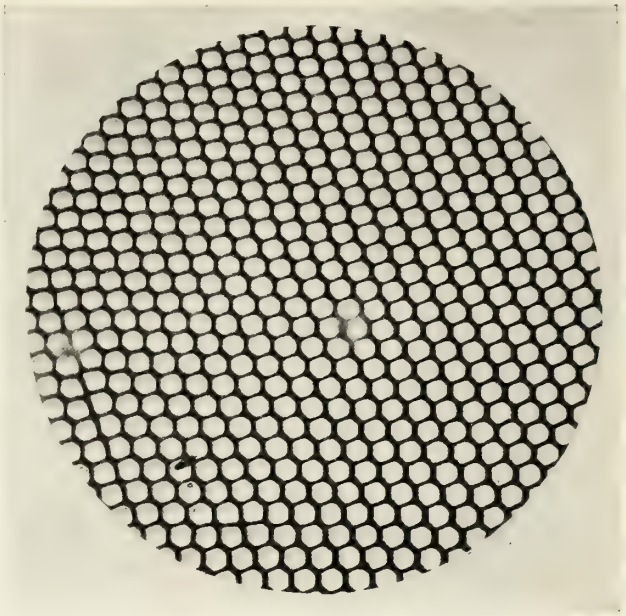
In addition to this pair of large compound eyes, there are, in many full-grown insects, simple eyes, in number from one to four, between the compound eyes. The most common number is three, so arranged that imaginary

lines connecting them would form a triangle. It is supposed by scientific people that "these simple eyes are useful in dark places and for near vision."



A DYTISCUS, OR "DIVING" BEETLE.

It is very difficult for us to understand how things appear to an insect with the many parts of the compound eyes pointing in every direction. Just try to imagine yourself flying through a room and seeing the four walls, floor, and ceiling all at the same time and equally well. And yet the insect probably does n't see anything as clearly and as distinctly as we do. Perhaps things are in a blur, as this page would be to you held ten feet away. Or hold both hands in front of you about two feet apart. Look at one and you can see dimly the other—about as clearly as the insect sees everything. Although you do not see clearly the hand at which you are not looking directly, you can tell accurately whether it is in motion or at rest. You can also tell its color. Although the insect sees things vaguely, it likewise can accurately and instantly detect motion and distinguish colors.

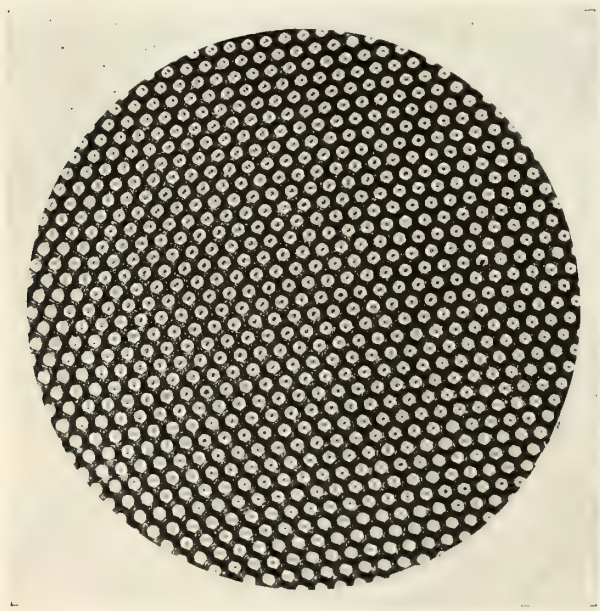


SECTION OF THE EYE OF MOURNING HORSE-FLY (*Tabanus atratus*), SOMETIMES CALLED BLACK BREEZE OR GADFLY, GREATLY MAGNIFIED. SIX-SIDED FACETS READILY SEEN.

The dragon-fly has very large compound eyes with over twenty-five thousand facets. If you have ever tried to get near one or to catch it in a net, you doubtless fully agree with scientific grown-up folks that it can see better than any other of our insects. Even the insects that see so dimly and in a blur are better off than many lower forms of animal life—forms that have no eyes, only a sensitiveness to light and darkness of the same nature as that of plants.



MOURNING HORSE-FLY.



GREATLY MAGNIFIED VIEW OF A PART OF THE EYE OF A DYTISCUS.

(This was photographed in a microscope. The light used was from a lamp. The flame shows faintly repeated in the facets. Examine with a reading-glass, and you can see the six-sided divisions between the facets.)




### HOW TO SEARCH FOR SECRETS.

I HAVE been reading a very interesting book, entitled "Secrets of the Woods," by William J. Long, who is well known to our young folks as a frequent contributor to this department. What he has to say in the preface to his new book I am sure is valuable advice to all hunters for nature's secrets.

Perhaps the real reason why we see so little in the woods is the way we go through them—talking, laughing, rustling, smashing twigs, disturbing the peace of the solitudes by what must seem strange and uncouth noises to the little wild creatures. They, on the other hand, slip with noiseless feet through their native coverts, shy, silent, listening, more concerned to hear than to be heard, loving the silence, hating noise, and fearing it, as they fear and hate their natural enemies.

We would not feel comfortable if a big barbarian came into our quiet home, broke the door down, whacked his war-club on the furniture, and whooped his battle-yell. We could hardly be natural under the circumstances. Our true dispositions would hide themselves. We might even vacate the house bodily. Just so wood folk. Only as you copy their ways can you expect to share their life and their secrets. And it is astonishing how little the shyest of them fears you if you but keep silence and avoid all excitement, even of feeling; for they understand your feeling quite as much as your action.

That is another point to remember: all the wood folk are more curious about you than you are about them. Sit down quietly in the woods anywhere, and your coming will occasion the same stir that a stranger makes in a New England hill town. Control your curiosity, and soon their curiosity gets beyond control; they must come to find out who you are and what you are doing. Then you have the advantage; for while their curiosity is being satisfied they forget fear, and show you many curious bits of their life that you will never discover otherwise.

It is well, too, for our observer-hunters to keep in mind this advice from John Burroughs:

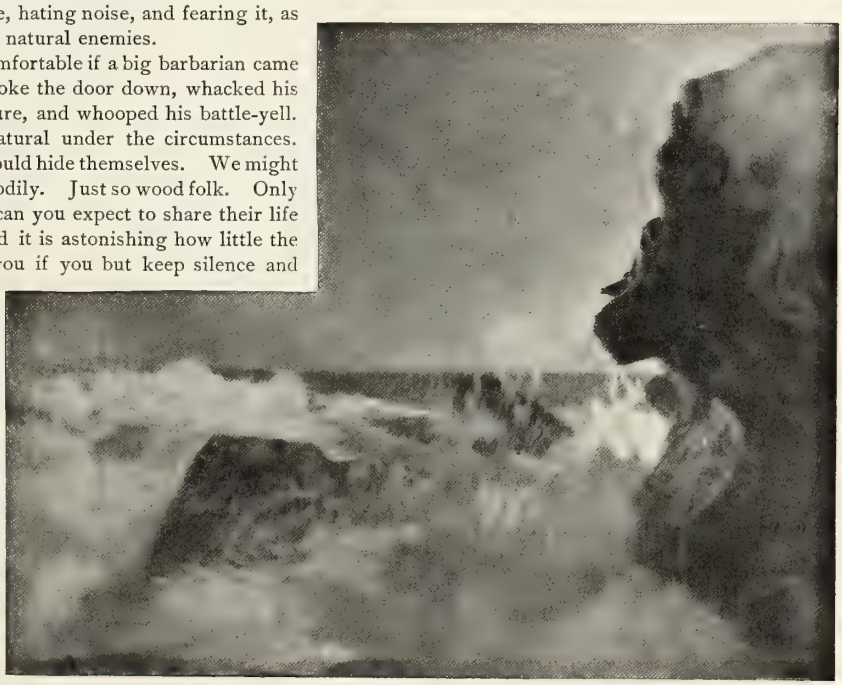
It is the heart that sees more than the mind. To love Nature is the first step in observing her. The eye sees quickly and easily those things in which we are interested.

### AN "OLD MAN" VIEWS THE DASHING WATERS.

220 W. MONUMENT ST., BALTIMORE, MD.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I saw in ST. NICHOLAS a request for photographs or drawings of faces found in nature. I send a photograph taken at Point Ripley, Harrington, Maine. Yours truly,

P. H. GLOVER.

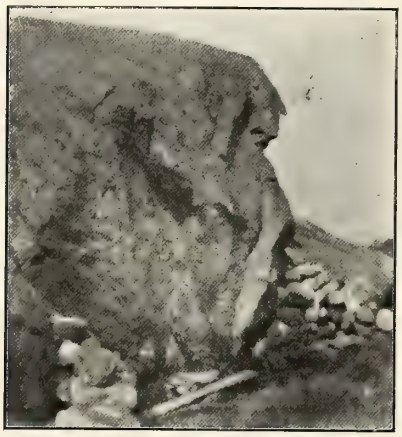


A GROTESQUE, ROCKY "FACE" ON THE CLIFF OVERHANGING THE RAPIDS.

### A NATURAL MONUMENT TO A FAMOUS MAN.

Newton Center, Mass.

Dear St. Nicholas: According to your request in St. Nicholas of September for pictures of rock profiles,



THE "GEORGE WASHINGTON" LEDGE.

I send you a photograph of one which closely resembles George Washington. The profile which I photographed is part of a boulder on Thorn Mountain, New Hampshire.

Yours truly,

Thurlow S. Widger.

### "RABBIT ROCK."

Denver, Col.

Dear St. Nicholas: When I read, on page 1038 in the September number of Nature and Science, the request for drawings or photographs of natural resemblances in rocks, I thought that some of the readers of St. Nicholas might like to see this almost perfect resemblance of a rabbit in rock. I took the picture last summer when I had a two months' vacation at Mount Wellington, near Lake Wellington, forty-nine miles from Denver. "Rabbit Rock," as it is called, faces Lake Wellington from across the road.

I wish you a long life. I am always impatient to get the next number.

Yours faithfully,

Richard de Charms, Jr.



THE "RABBIT" RESTING ON THE ROCK.
(Hold the page about three feet from your eyes and the resemblance is more striking.)

### THE GREAT BLUE HERON.

Somersworth, N. H.

Dear St. Nicholas: Can you tell me what is the name of a queer bird that I saw in Minnesota? It was about two and a half feet long, and had long legs, was of a gray-white color, and its cry sounded like a wild goose's. I could not find anything about it.

Warren S. Carter.



THE GREAT BLUE HERON.

Dr. Thomas S. Roberts, an authority on the birds of Minnesota, writes in regard to this bird as follows:

It is not very clear just what bird your correspondent saw. It must have been one of the herons. The color would suggest the black-crowned night heron, which is common in some parts of Minnesota. The American bittern is not "gray-white" in color. Neither of these birds is quite two and a half feet in length, and neither utters any sound like the cry of a wild goose. Taking all things together, I should be inclined to guess that the bird was the great blue heron (*Ardea herodias*), although it is considerably over the specified length. The great blue heron is common throughout various parts of Minnesota, nesting here and there in colonies in the tops of tall trees. They are commonly called "blue cranes," but incorrectly, as they are not cranes at all. Of all the herons with which I am acquainted, this is the only one that utters, at times when on its feeding-grounds, a note resembling the call of the wild goose (Canada goose). There is a great slough filled with seeds and wild rice directly in front of the house where I write, and several dozen of these great birds come here daily from a heronry at Lake Minnetonka, some fifteen miles away, to fish.

### MOLES ARE A NUISANCE.

ROME, ITALY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Last summer, in the Tyrol, going through the fields I often used to see rows and rows



FORE PART OF A MOLE'S BODY.
(Shows the pointed head for pushing through the soil, and the sharp claws and broad paws for digging.)

of dead moles lying there with their tails cut off. I always felt very sorry for the moles, and wondered why they were killed and also where their tails had gone. I also noticed that in pretty nearly every field there were traps.

On inquiring, I was told that the Austrian government had offered a certain sum of money to any peasant who should kill a certain number of moles and bring their tails. I asked a good many people if it was true that the moles injured the crops, but people differed in their opinions; so I thought that I just would ask ST. NICHOLAS about it, as there I am sure to get the true answer.

Your interested reader,

LAURA ASTOR CHANLER (age 13).

The favorite food of moles is worms and ground insects, but it is claimed, on good authority, that they also eat garden vegetables and almost any soft root. In some Western States the boys claim that the moles eat the seed-corn while it is soft and sprouting in May. On the whole, I think we must admit that moles are a nuisance. They surely are nuisances if only because of the ridges they make across the lawns from the earth pushed up to make the tunnels a few inches below the surface.

### USES OF PUFFBALLS.

THE ARLINGTON, BETHLEHEM, N. H.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I like ST. NICHOLAS very much. I am thirteen years old. Every spring I watch the birds. My sister, a friend, and myself have a place on the edge of the woods we call the "Cove." It is a lovely place, and just like a fairy's court. We each have special places, and I think mine is the best. It is a rock covered with moss, and back of it I have planted violets and adder-tongues. There is a tree on the right side of it, and on my friend's side there is a dead tree which has fallen over on to my tree.

In the ST. NICHOLAS there was an article about puffballs. I always called them "smokeballs"; but it makes no difference. Well, I must tell you that you ought to have added that when you cut yourself, break open a smokeball, and put the inside over the cut; it will stop the bleeding. We always have some in the house. They are generally found in damp ground.

Your new friend,

EMMA ISABELL ABBE.

Shake the spores from a puffball on the water in a tumbler, and then put your finger down, even to the bottom of the tumbler. If carefully done your finger will not be wet. The coating of spores on your finger has the effect of a waterproof plaster. This quality of the spores makes them serviceable in stanching the flow of blood from a wound.



THE PUFFBALL SPORES PREVENT THE WATER FROM WETTING THE FINGER.

Hold a puffball several minutes under water, and then see if the spores are still dry and will puff out in the smoke form. Of what advantage is it to the puffball to have the spores not easily affected by water? Who will send us an answer?

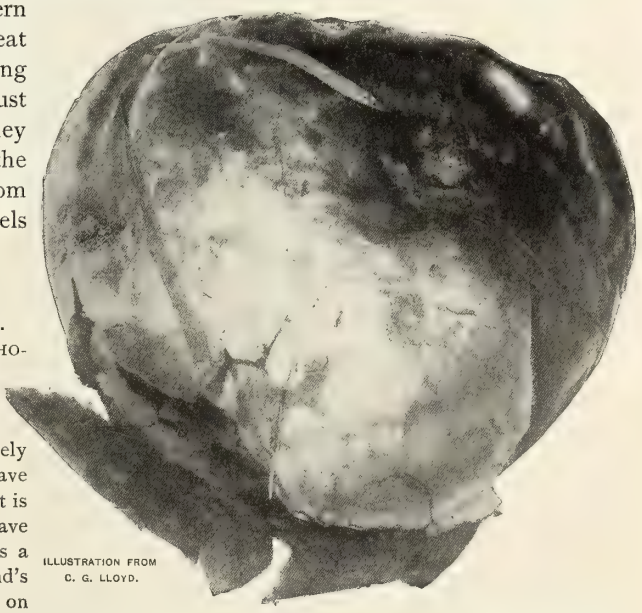
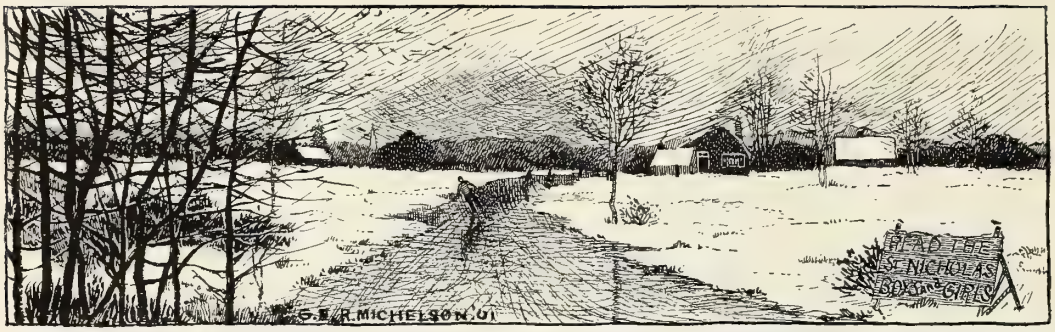


ILLUSTRATION FROM C. G. LLOYD.

THE "BOVISTA PILA" PUFFBALL, COMMONLY USED FOR STANCHING BLOOD.




# ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE

"A HEADING FOR FEBRUARY." BY GUSTAVUS E. R. MICHELSON, AGE 16. (CASH PRIZE.)

Oh, little month so brief and drear,
What honored names are thine!
Our Washington and Lincoln dear,
And good St. Valentine.

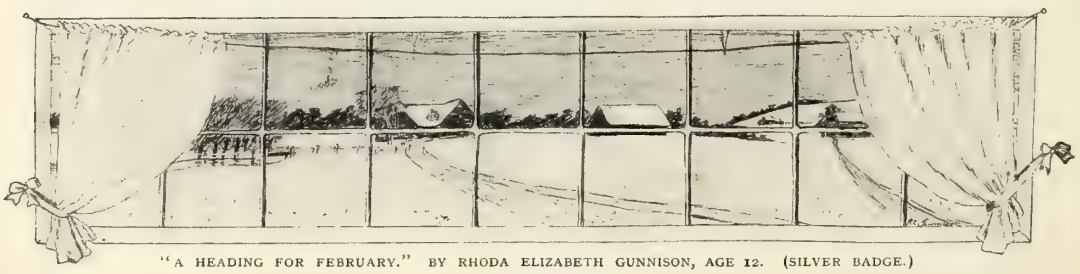
With February we begin to look forward. Vacation and Thanksgiving have passed into history. Christmas and holidays are far enough behind to become only pleasant memories, and in the midst of blast and blizzard and bleak far-lying suns we begin to picture green hillsides and to dream of pleasant lanes. Yet it is good to buffet the head wind and the snow. It makes the blood tingle and the muscles throb with renewed life. It is good to hear the crackle of the open fire when night gathers along the fields. There is so much happiness in every season, if we will only take a little time to realize it as we go along, and not live only in anticipation of joy to come, or in regretting the half-valued days that will not be lived over. Let us prize brief, stormy little February—she has done so much for us all.




"A HEADING FOR FEBRUARY." BY LOUISE SLŒT VAN OLDRUITENBORGH, AGE 15. (GOLD BADGE.)

## A NEW COMPETITION.

Now that we are well into our third year, and have so many active chapters, the League editor has decided to have one competition for chapters only. It will be an "Entertainment Competition," which means that there will be prizes offered to those young people who, as chapters of the St. Nicholas League, will give the most successful public entertainment and devote the proceeds to the best use. By "the most successful entertainment" is meant the most profitable, after legitimate expenses have been deducted, and by "best use" is meant that use most in accordance with the League aims and purpose as declared in its instruction leaflet. The entertainment is to be given and reported on by March 31, so that prize announcements may be made in the June St. Nicholas. Chapters not already formed may now be organized to take part in this competition, and children not already League members may become so by sending a stamped envelope for badge and instruc-



"A HEADING FOR FEBRUARY." BY RHODA ELIZABETH GUNNISON, AGE 12. (SILVER BADGE.)

tion leaflet, which are sent free. Remember that to belong to the League or to a League chapter, it is only necessary to be regular readers of the League department, and interested in the League aims and work; and that all who wish to take part in a League chapter entertainment are eligible to membership. Remember also that some of the most profitable entertainments given by chapters heretofore have been given in small towns, and that city chapters have no advantage either in the matter of talent or in obtaining appreciative and profitable audiences. Wherever there is a school there is a field for a chapter and chapter work. On the last League page will be found the prize offer and the rules for this new competition. Those desiring to take part should begin without delay. There is no time to lose.

## PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION No. 26.

In making the awards contributors' ages are considered.

Verse. Cash prize, Grace Reynolds Douglas (age 11), 240 S. River St., Wilkes Barre, Pa.

Gold badge, Margaret Clemens (age 13), Charles City, Ia.

Silver badges, Edwina L. Pope (age 16), 5218 Hibbard Ave., Chicago, Ill., and Sidonia Deutsch (age 15), 231 E. 122d St., N. Y. City.

Prose. Gold badges, Ruth Donaldson (age 16), Dalton, Ga., and Meta N. Walther (age 14), 236 E. 76th St., N. Y. City.

Silver badges, Hilda B. Morris (age 13), 611 Spring St., Michigan City, Ind., and Ralph Blackledge (age 9), Caney, Kan.

Drawing. Cash prize, Gustavus E. R. Michelson (age 16), 301 Massachusetts Ave., Arlington, Mass.

Gold badges, Yvonne Jequier (age 16), Faubourg du Cret 5, Neuchâtel, Switzerland, and Louise Slœt van Oldruitenborgh (age 15), 33 Rue d'Arches, Liège, Belgium.

Silver badges, Bessie Barnes (age 17), 60 Bury Old Road, Cheetham Hill, Manchester, England, and Rhoda Elizabeth Gunnison (age 12), Scarborough, Me.

Photography. Gold badge, Katherine Romeyn Varick (age 14), Park Hill, Yonkers, N. Y.

Silver badges, Michael Heidelberger (age 13), 51 E. 90th St., N. Y. City, and Margaret Wright (age 11), 1805 Walnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Wild-animal Photography. First prize, "Young King-birds," by Dunton Hamlin (age 13), Orono, Me. Second prize, "Possum," by Thomas R. Pooley, Jr. (age 15), 107 Madison Ave., N. Y. City. Third prize, "Wild Ducks," by Mary H. Cunningham (age 13), Field Point Road, Greenwich, Conn.

Puzzle-making. Gold badge, Reginald Cain-Bartels (age 17), Box 558, St. Hyacinthe, Quebec, Canada.

Silver badges, Edward W. Hills (age 16), 1610 John St., Baltimore, Md., and Harold Hering (age 9), 416 Mosher St., Baltimore, Md.

Puzzle-answers. Gold badge, Edward Sargent Steinbach, 27 Reynolds Terrace, Orange, N. J.

Silver badges, Agnes Cole (age 13), 582 Pennsylvania Ave., Elizabeth, N. J., and Samuel P. Haldenstein (age 12), 206 W. 132d St., N. Y. City.

Three drawing prizes this month go to League members on the other side of the Atlantic—one to Switzerland, one to Belgium, and one to England. Our young American artists will have to work and think hard to hold their own. American illustration stands at the head to-day. Are we going to keep it there?



"From my best negative." By Katherine Romeyn Varick, age 14. (Gold badge.)

## THE GARDEN AT MOUNT VERNON.

By Grace Reynolds Douglas (age 11).

(*Cash Prize.*)

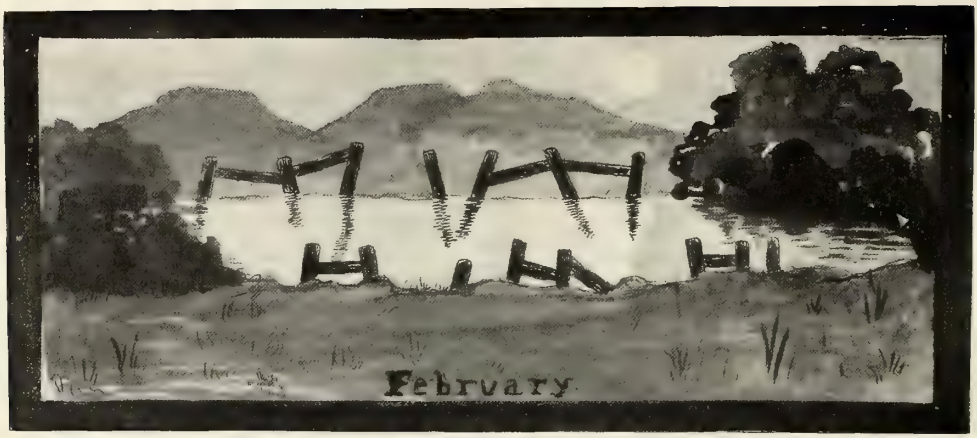
I know a quaint old garden
With boxwood bordered round;
And memories most precious
Hang o'er this sacred ground.

In sunshine and in shadow,
For fivescore years and more,
The lilacs and the roses
Have strewn their petals o'er.

The tall and stately lilies
Still scent the summer air,
While hollyhocks and poppies
Are growing everywhere.

Outside the whitewashed palings
The great trees hold their sway;
Beyond, the broad Potomac
Flows, singing on its way.

Bloom on, dear, quaint old garden!
Bloom on till time is done!
In mem'ry of our hero,
Our loved George Washington.




"A HEADING FOR FEBRUARY." BY BESSIE BARNES, AGE 17. (SILVER BADGE.)

## WHEN GRANDMA WENT TO SCHOOL.

BY RUTH DONALDSON (AGE 16).

(*Gold Badge.*)

Sally was only four years old, but, like all little girls of her time, she went to school. Now, a school in those days was not like schools are now, for this was in the forties. This school-house was built of logs, with square places cut in them for windows, and the windows had no glass in them—not even paper. The chimney was built of logs and mortar. The interior was very rudely furnished with only the teacher's desk, and benches that reached across the room for the scholars. These benches were minus backs, and had no desks in front of them as we have now. Sally's feet did not touch the floor, and of course sometimes she would get very tired, with nothing to lean against and her little feet dangling down with nothing to rest on. Now, Sally sat right by a window, and she thought the motion of the trees, as the wind gently swayed them back and forth, the most fascinating sight to watch, which was very naughty of her, as she should have been getting her lessons. The motion of the trees always made her sleepy, and she would keep getting sleepier and sleepier until she would go to sleep and fall off the bench. Then the teacher would ask, "What 's that?" and some one would answer, "Only Sally Monday fell off the bench." The teacher would then come back and pick her up, lay her behind the door on his overcoat, and let her sleep until school was out.

Although this teacher was never known to whip any one, he always kept a very long switch, and sometimes, just as Sally was about to drop off to sleep, he would slam his switch down on the floor and call out, "By the wars! get that lesson"; and this always frightened Sally so that she would sometimes fall off at this. So you see Sally did not have such an easy time at school, after all.

This is a true story, for that little girl is now my grandmother.



"FROM MY BEST NEGATIVE." BY MICHAEL HEIDELBERGER, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE.)

## BE LIKE WASHINGTON.

BY MARGARET CLEMENS (AGE 13).

(*Gold Badge.*)

"I 'll tell you the story of Washington,"
Said grandmama, one day,
To Ted and Helen and Lucy
As they came to her from play.

She knew very well what was wanted;
You could tell, if you *were n't* very wise,
By looking right down at their faces
To the twinkle in their eyes.

They clustered all about her,
Lucy on grandmama's knee,
While she told of our good Washington:
How he cut the cherry-tree.

How *he* never ran away to hide,
To lay blame on another one.
Ah, no; he came and told the truth,
As all boys should have done.

"Oh, grandma, was it Washington
Who never told a lie?
I guess *I 'll* be like Washington.
*I* ate your pumpkin-pie."

Poor little Ted was crying,
And his dimpled fists, so fat,
Were right into his teary eyes.
"'T was I, and *not* the cat."



"YOUNG KING-BIRDS." BY DUNTON HAMLIN, AGE 13. (FIRST PRIZE, "WILD-ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPHY.")

## WASHINGTON.

BY EDWINA L. POPE (AGE 16).

(*Silver Badge.*)

TURNING over History's pages,
Dim with blood and tears of men,
Seeing with a childish wonder
Lives and deeds beyond my ken,

Came I then to glittering letters,
Like to fire, shining bright,
Shedding over all around them
Their transfiguring, holy light.

Vainly then I strove to read them,
But still, like the flickering fire,
They evaded all my efforts,
Dazzling, ever leaping higher.

Years passed by. Once more I looked there.
Sorrow had now chastened me;
Dire misfortune had afflicted,
And with love had made me see.

Now they shone with steady brilliance,
And I saw a hero's name,
And I saw where lay his greatness,
Realized his truer fame.

Now I sympathized, and wondered
At his victories sorely won,
And it aided me and cheered me
Such as nothing else had done.

## THE NEW SCHOLAR.

BY META N. WALTHER (AGE 14).

(*Gold Badge.*)

IT was a cheerful morning, and the school-room was a scene of confusion. The monthly examinations were over, and on this day the general standing was to be revealed. The girls stood grouped around a certain girl, and greeted what she said with peals of laughter. The thirty-five different voices all chatting made the room not unlike the bird-house in Central Park.

"Now, Belle," said one girl, addressing their leader, "you were head of our class twice; you must not be defeated this time."

"Cannot be altered," answered Belle, carelessly, gracefully waving her hand.

"I should like to know who can surpass Bella!" said a flattering voice.

"Why, the new scholar," put in a piquant voice.

All the girls fairly screamed.

"How can you be so ridiculous, Julia?" said Bella.

"Well, she deserves to be head, if any girl in this class does. She studies harder than you, Bella Adams."

"That may be, my dear; and if her mode of study is so beneficial, 'why, follow a good example.'"

Bella's dramatic eloquence gave her great influence among the girls, and admiring glances stole over many faces. Even though she appeared to care so little about her marks, her perfect faith in her success made her seem so indifferent.

"What do you say, girls? We 'll try to make Sophie believe she stands lowest," proposed Bella.



"OPOSSUM HANGING BY ITS TAIL." BY THOMAS R. POOLEY, JR., AGE 15. (SECOND PRIZE, "WILD-ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPHY.")

A dragging step was heard in the hall, and all eyes turned as the door slowly opened and a little German girl entered. She bowed her good morning, as she spoke broken English.

"Oh, Sophie," broke out a dozen voices, "have you heard the news? You stand lowest!"

Sophie stood bewildered a moment, and coloring high, a few silent tears rolled down her cheek. She then answered brokenly:

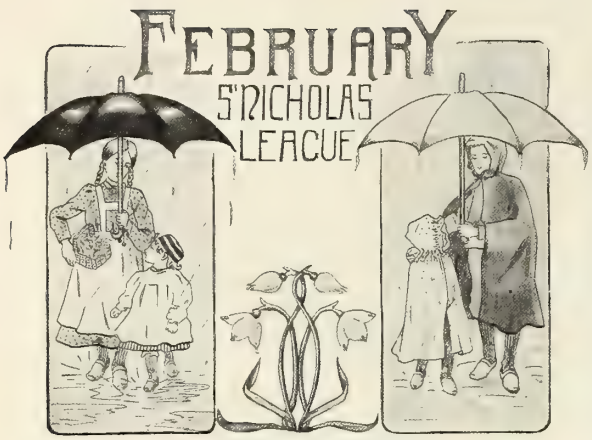
"Ich dun't care; ich studierte hard."

This was so different from what the girls had expected that a blank, guilty look spread over their faces.

The teacher's entry stopped all further com-



"WILD DUCKS." BY MARY H. CUNNINGHAM, AGE 13. (THIRD PRIZE, "WILD-ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPHY.")




"A HEADING FOR FEBRUARY." BY YVONNE JEQUIER, AGE 16. (GOLD BADGE.)

ment. Going directly to her desk, she said, looking over the expectant faces:

"First in our class for February stands—"

All eyes turned to Belle, who had assumed as indifferent an air as possible.

"Sophia Koch, our new scholar."

## WINTER.

BY MARJORIE PARKS (AGE 10).

It is as cold as winter;
The snow is on the ground;
The winds are blowing briskly;
No sunbeams are there found.

The ponds will soon be frozen,
And sleigh-bells soon be heard;
Then we will go out skating,
For warmly are we furred.

We will be dressed in coats and hats,
And gloves and gaiters, too,
Then swing our skates upon our backs,
And falls there will be few!

## WHAT MARTHA LEARNED AT SCHOOL.



"MARTHA."

Illustrated by the Author.

BY HILDA B. MORRIS (AGE 13).

(*Silver Badge.*)

Martha was young and ambitious. In fact, she was very young, as she had just passed her sixth birthday, and very ambitious, having resolved to learn to read and write before she was seven.

For two days Martha had been to school, sitting straight in her little wooden form and diligently studying the a-b-c book before her. She had watched the reciting-classes with interest, and she had trembled visibly when it became her turn to point out the A, B, C, and D on the chart. She had seen a boy punished for whispering, and she had seen the music-teacher. In fact, Martha felt herself thoroughly initiated into the ways of the school.

Poor, ignorant Martha! Little was she prepared for the disgrace that met her on the third day. A wad of paper struck her squarely in the face—a hard wad. Martha jumped with surprise; this was a new experience. Cautiously she unwrapped it, to find a piece of sticky peppermint candy carefully inclosed. Martha dimpled with delight, and looked about the room to find the donor. She saw a red-haired boy grinning at her. She returned the grin and blushed coquettishly. She put her hand into her lunch-basket, and drew forth a precious piece of fudge that sister May had put in for "the baby." Such kindness as the peppermint candy should be returned, and Martha wrapped the fudge in the wad of paper and prepared to throw. Poor Martha! how was she to know that it was forbidden?

She tossed the wad with incorrect aim; it struck little Janey Green directly in the eye. Janey howled.

The teacher spoke sharply:

"Martha, did you throw that paper at Janey?"

Martha felt herself turn cold.

"Yes'm," she said.

"You may stand face to the wall for five minutes."



"FROM MY BEST NEGATIVE." BY MARGARET WRIGHT, AGE 11. (SILVER BADGE.)

Martha heard the cruel red-haired boy laugh as she took her sorrowful position.

What disgrace, and the fudge gone! But Martha was a wiser girl.

## WASHINGTON.

BY SIDONIA DEUTSCH (AGE 15).

(*Silver Badge.*)

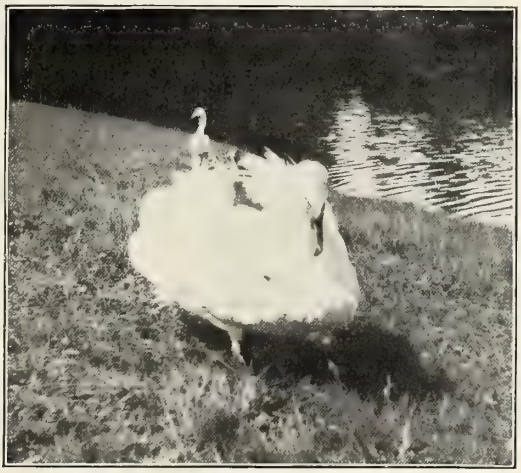
From the heav'ns the stars are beaming on the fair, new-fallen snow,
And the moon-kissed snow is gleaming, and the winter breezes blow;
Angels say: "We 'll guard him daily; sound the bugle through the morn!
Ring the bells, oh, ring them gaily: Washington is born!"

Now the colonists, debating, have declared their country free,
And with patience they are waiting, fighting for their liberty—
Liberty for their foundation. Washington, commander in
Sorrows of a future nation, Washington will win!

Now the colonists, defeated, think their cause is almost lost;
O'er New Jersey they 've retreated, and the Delaware they 've crossed.
Trenton captured, Princeton taken; hope is leveled to the dust;
What though now they seem forsaken? Win they shall, they *must!*

Germantown is almost taken. France is now the States' ally;
Hope in Washington 's ne'er shaken; they will win their cause or die!
Now their forces are victorious, now their suffering 's begun;
Yorktown's siege, decisive, glorious. Washington has won!

Once again the bands immortal, present at man's birth and death,
Vanish through the great white portal on the night wind's dewy breath.
Round him cluster angels holy; angel spirits guard his bed.
"Ring the bells, oh, ring them slowly: Washington is dead!"



"FROM MY BEST NEGATIVE." BY MARGUERITE PRESBREY, AGE 15.

## WHAT MY SCHOOL LIFE IS LIKE.

BY RALPH BLACKLEDGE (AGE 9).

(*Silver Badge.*)

My school life has not been like that of most nine-year-old boys. I am not always well, and cannot go to school as my younger sister can. But my papa and mama and other relatives spend much of their time telling me of great men and women who have helped make the world better and wiser, and of wonderful countries, and take me on splendid trips that I may see and learn in that way; and as I remember well, I do not think I am behind other boys my age.

I have quite a little library for a small boy, and I love my books and count them among my good friends. My ST. NICHOLASES have a shelf to themselves where I can reach them easily. I could not study this last year at all, but I took a good trip, and learned ever so much. I saw the wonderful Petrified Forest in Arizona—great trees eight feet in diameter turned to beautiful jasper and agate. Thousands of years ago birds sang in their green branches; then earthquakes came, and the waters of an inland sea covered them. And there was n't any America at all. Then more changes came, till all is as it is now.

One tree has fallen across a cañon, forming a bridge of pure jasper. It was here, on the 4th of March, that my last birthday was spent, and I ate my birthday dinner at the bottom of the cañon, right under the bridge of jasper.

After that we went to Flagstaff; then drove to the ruined homes of the cave-dwellers, and to the cliff-dwellings perched like swallows' nests on the face of the cliffs above the beautiful cañon.

On our way back to Flagstaff we were caught in a terrible mountain storm.

"Well, how white it is!" I exclaimed, when I saw what I thought was white light. "I am so cold!"

It was the first snow-storm I had ever seen, and oh, how frightened I was!

Then the Grand Cañon. Just think; the river has worn a great crack in the rocky earth thirteen miles wide and six miles from the top to where the river now is! And the rocky sides of the cañon are in all the tints of the rainbow.



BY RUTH T. FRARY, AGE 14.



"FROM MY BEST NEGATIVE." BY MARGARET HEAD, AGE 15.

## A STORMY NIGHT.

BY FAY MARIE HARTLEY (AGE 12).

BLOW, winds, blow, winds!
Bring the swirling snow, winds;
Heap it up in soft white drifts about the terraced lawn;
Shutters squeak and rafters creak,
Stormy the winter night and bleak;
Alone I lie within my bed, waiting the gray of dawn.

Dogs are mournf'lly howling,
In the distance prowling;
On the blast is borne the long low whistle of a train;



"HAWTHORNE'S HOME." BY ALICE BUSHNELL.

Figures weird, fantastic,
Everchanging, plastic,
Constantly resolve themselves
from the tumult of my
brain.

Rattling, prattling,
With each other battling,
With shrieks unearthly chilly
blasts around the cottage
sweep;
Moaning, groaning,
Ghostly dirges droning,
The elements have all conspired
to rob me of my sleep.

## A "RABBIT" EPISODE.

BY W. N. COUPLAND (AGE 14).

It was a baking hot summer afternoon. A monotonous, droning sound pervaded the class-room, broken at intervals by a half-stifled laugh or a guarded exclamation. Mr. Johnson, the class-master, sat at his desk with a large volume propped up before him. A so-called "rabbit," a wonderful legless creature made out of a pocket-handkerchief, skimmed merrily about from boy to boy, always disappearing most unaccountably whenever Mr. Johnson glanced up to administer a mild reproof. He presently found it necessary to quit the room for a moment, and the fun became fast and furious. Master Rabbit scudded to and fro in the most reckless manner, till suddenly he took a quite uncalled-for flight, and caught on a gas-bracket, far out of reach of any boy. The next moment Mr. Johnson entered, and every one settled down and tried not to look up at the suspended handkerchief. But, unluckily, the master happened to look up.

"To whom does that belong?" he demanded.

No one answered directly, and Mr. Johnson, leaping upon a desk, very gingerly disengaged the offending object with his thumb and forefinger, and brought it down in order to see the name.

"Please, sir, I made it," said a voice.

"Come here," said the master, severely, and when the boy came, "Now, undo it."

The boy gave a twist to the rabbit's head and a pull at its tail, and lo! it came out into an ordinary handkerchief.

"And now," said Mr. Johnson, impressively, "you shall write as a punishment, how to make a—" He paused.

"Rabbit, sir," put in some one.

"Yes, a rabbit—how to make a rabbit, twenty times, and bring your work to me to-morrow afternoon."

## A TALE OF SCHOOL.

BY MARGUERITE BEATRICE CHILD (AGE 15).

(*Winner of Gold Badge, September, 1900.*)

Once upon a time there was a little girl who went to a big high school. She was rather lonely, for, being younger than most of the boys and girls, she knew only a few.

So she "made believe" about the school. Some of the time it was the Gloomy Prison, and she the Prisoner; but oftener it was King Arthur's court, and all the boys were knights and the girls fair ladies. And the Jolly Jailers (otherwise known as the teachers) and the rest of the gay court little thought how closely and eagerly they were watched by the quiet Prisoner.

Among the knights there was one she liked to watch especially, because to her he seemed the noblest of all. "I think I 'll call him 'Sir Bors,'" she said, when she had finally decided he was the best. "For Bors was strong and brave and courteous, and he was better than Lancelot."

Perhaps you who read this will wonder why she chose this particular boy out of half a hundred. Whenever he met her he "doffed his casque" to her and greeted her courteously. A foolish reason, you will think; but ah! you do not know how much it meant to that little girl. It meant that



"FROM MY BEST NEGATIVE." BY JEANETTE BISHOP, AGE 12.



"FROM MY BEST NEGATIVE." BY J. FREEMAN DAY, AGE 13.




"A HEADING FOR FEBRUARY." BY TINA GRAY, AGE 17.

some one appreciated the fact that she was just as much a lady of the court as any of the older girls, and, in her own words, "It makes me feel as if I were somebody, and then I try to have good lessons, and be nice, so that sometime, perhaps, the other knights and ladies will like me and treat me as one of them."

But Sir Bors never knew.

Oh, you boys of the St. Nicholas League, wherever you are working in school, remember this: that you may help some lonely little Prisoner so much by just being courteous and knightly to all the ladies of your court. For knighthood is still on earth, and the best and truest men are those who have always tried to live up to the old standard of knightliness.

## O COME YE IN, MY NEIGHBOR!

BY HARRIET IVES (AGE 13).

O come ye in, my neighbor;
'T is lonesome hereabout.
As we list the night winds whistle
And moan in trees without.

O come ye in, my neighbor,
And by our hearth be gay,
And talk and laugh and social be,
To while the hours away.

O come ye in, my neighbor;
The evening hours are long;
O come ye in, my neighbor,
And sing old friendship's song.

O come ye in, my neighbor,
From the night so dark and drear;
O come ye to our fireside,
Where all is light and cheer.

O come ye in, my neighbor,
And by our hearth be gay,
And talk and laugh and social be,
To while the hours away.

## A JAPANESE SCHOOL.

BY FLORENCE J. CHANEY (AGE 15).

DOROTHY was a very little girl when her father was appointed to fill a consulship in Japan, and only remembered a few things about American life.

She had been attending a kindergarten in the city where she lived, and was very much delighted with the children she met and the amusing things they were taught to do.

And so, after she had been in Japan a few months, she begged to be taken to a Japanese school. Her mother was very busy, but one morning she woke Dorothy up early, and told her that she would take her to see one of the schools near by. As the school began at seven o'clock, they had to hurry and eat their breakfast, and the clock struck seven as they hurried down the narrow street in search of a school.

Along the way many boys and girls were playing who evidently did not go to school. The girls had little babies on their backs, but were having a fine game of shuttlecock.

Soon Dorothy heard the sound of many voices, and looking around, they saw a school. The teacher welcomed them in his peculiar way, and Dorothy was soon lost to everything else but the scene before her. The children were squatting on the floor around their teacher, and all were mumbling together the *iroha*, or Japanese alphabet.

It fairly deafened Dorothy, but the teacher seemed to know what each boy was saying, and corrected him if he were wrong.

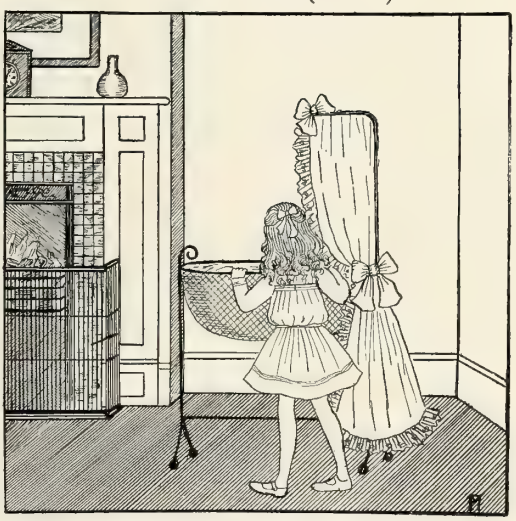
After a while they stopped this, and began reading in concert some maxims long studied by the Japanese.

The drawing was especially interesting. Soft paper was brought out, with brushes and India ink. They did the drawing very nicely, and had acquired a wonderful use of their arms and hands in this work.

There were no chairs in the room, and Dorothy soon began to grow tired and fidget. By and by she whispered, "I don't like the Japanese schools, mama. Let 's go home to *America*, and go to kindergarten."

## PEGGY'S VALENTINE.

BY MADGE FALCON (AGE 16).



(Illustration by the Author.)

OF valentines I 've had a score
This year and other years before,
And I 'm afraid I seem to be
A little tired of them. You see,
They all have hearts and flowers and birds,
And all have nearly the same words.
But I 'm sure the nicest one, you 'll say,
Was one that came to me to-day.
For I was sitting on the floor,
Counting my valentines o'er and o'er,
When nursey said, "Come here, dear, do;
Another one has come for you."
I ran across the nursery floor,
And then what do you think I saw?
A little cot with frills of lace,
The very smallest pinky face,
For, oh, this greatest joy was mine:
A baby sister valentine!

## THE REVERIE OF A SCHOOL-BOY.

BY DAVID MACGREGOR CHENEY (AGE 16).

WHEN many years have fallen on this head of mine, changing its brown to silvery gray, and bending these shoulders with their weight; and when I see the sun of my ambitions sink below the horizon of all hope; and when my strong young limbs grow feeble and stiff: then, as I sit in the ruddy glow of an open fire, I shall dream over my past, and laugh at its joys and sigh at its sorrows. I shall seem to see in the depths of the dancing flames my school-boy days again, and companions long dead will rise anew to life, and speak with me. Then I shall be again in a crowded school-room, conning over long and weary lessons, while the birds tempt me with their songs and the green trees beckon me to come out, or the sunlight, glancing from the ice and snow, will suggest the sports awaiting me outside.

Mayhap my dimmed eyes will be filled again with light; and I shall see once more the world about me, not as it will be then, but as it is now! Then once more school-boy pranks, studies, and ambitions will fill my brain. Then I shall be a boy again.

Shall I remember then my father's cheery voice, and bless him for his self-denials for me? Shall I remember then the soft, sweet tones of my mother's voice, soothing me in my disappointments, or rejoicing with me in my successes? Shall I remember my sisters, who were always made happy by my good fortunes or heavy hearted by my failures? Ah, yes; I shall remember all that, if the spark of reason still burns and this heart of mine continues beating in that far-distant day.



"LEFT OVER FROM CHRISTMAS." BY EDGAR YOUNGCHILD, AGE 13.

## HIS FIRST SCHOOL COMPOSITION.

BY MARY P. PARSONS (AGE 16).

TEDDY'S big geography book was standing up in front of him, making a screen to protect him from the fiery glances of the teacher. Behind this he put his head down on the desk while he watched a little girl who sat one seat back across the aisle.

Suddenly the teacher said, "Four A class, attention!"

At this the geography closed with a bang, and Teddy sat up very straight.

"It is time for language class now, but I want each one of you to write a composition to-day instead." Most of the members of the Four A class looked distressed. "You may write it," she said, "about what you think an ideal school would be."

Teddy felt like giving up in despair, and he looked back at the little girl, and saw her writing on her slate as if she were quite used to making up compositions. All at once a bright thought came to Teddy, and he began to write as fast as he could make his fingers go. When the composition was done, and he had filled both sides of his slate, Teddy read it over, and then carried it up, very proudly, and laid it before the teacher on her desk. This is what it said:

"An ideel school.

"I never went to one but it wood be one where their wernt any teachers and you didnt have to come unles you wanted to an there wernt any lessons to get or compositions to rite or anyone to keep you after school nights or say you couldnt whisper or anything."

## A SCHOOL I SAW.

BY LORAINE MOORE SHERMAN (AGE 15).

IT was a dull afternoon in June, and having nothing else to do, I took a book and went out into the orchard to read; and I soon proved the book to be very uninteresting by falling asleep. When I awoke the moon was up, and everything shone like silver in its rays. Within reach of my hand was a ring of toadstools, with a larger one in the center. Certainly this was just the place for a fairy frolic, but it was not a frolic that I saw. No; the fairies who were seated on the toadstools were too quiet, and then, what a queer buzzing sound came from their mouths!

Looking more intently, I observed near the door a blue flag which bore this inscription: "The School of Kindness."

Then the master, who sat in the middle, arose and said:

"The graduating class may step forward."

They obeyed this command.

"Now, Elf," said the master, whose name seemed to be Longlegs, "what would you do if you saw a beetle on its back?"

"Help it get up," answered Elf.

"Correct. And, Pop, what would you do if you saw a fly in a spider's web?"

"Tear the web," Pop replied.

"Wrong. You should simply help the fly out."

And so the questions went down the line, all being answered correctly. When it was Pop's turn again, Longlegs, the master, said: "Now, attention, Pop. What would you do if an ant fell into an ant-lion's nest?"

"Toss sand on top of her," said Pop.

Then the master was very angry.

"Incorrect, incorrect," he said. "You may go to the principal."

They all disappeared. Had I been dreaming? No; there were the toadstools, which had certainly not been there when I fell asleep.

## CHAPTERS.

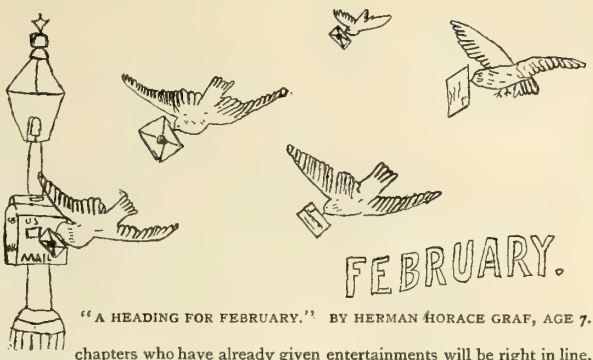
Now is the time to form a chapter and take part in the big Chapter Entertainment Competition. It is not necessary to be a subscriber to ST. NICHOLAS to belong to a chapter, but it *is* necessary to belong to the League. All those not already members who wish to join in a chapter entertainment (see Prize Offers on last

League page) should get their badges and instruction leaflets at once, by sending an addressed and stamped envelope.

AN EXCELLENT EXAMPLE.

Chapter No. 262, "The Ozark," of Rolla, Mo., gave a most delightful entertainment on last October 25, and a very successful one from every point of view. Every feature of the programme — play, recitations, songs, etc. — was selected from ST. NICHOLAS. Wigs, beards, and other make-up were obtained from St. Louis (the nearest city), and the "best children's entertainment ever given in our city" resulted in satisfactory proceeds, which were given to the city for a public well — a most commendable purpose. Chapters desiring to enter the Entertainment Competition might obtain some valuable points from the chairman of No. 262. Her address is, Miss Lois J. Shaw, Rolla, Mo. We hope 262 also will not fail to compete.

Chapter 38 sends a report of new officers. Marion Lichtenstein, 1070 Madison Ave., N. Y., is now secretary. 146 calls for twenty new badges. 171 calls for eight, and reports that its colors are cream and white. Secretary asks about the cracking of the Liberty Bell — a matter which seems to be in dispute among historians as well as League members. 335 calls for three new badges. 342 calls for eight new badges — meetings every Wednesday night. 358 calls for one new badge. 370 has six new members, and a new paper, "The Oriole's Feather," to which each member contributes.




"A HEADING FOR FEBRUARY." BY HERMAN HORACE GRAF, AGE 7.

## NEW CHAPTERS.

No. 388. Ethel Wyman, President; Sarah Loud, Secretary; twelve members. Address, Rear 55 Preble St., Portland, Me.

No. 389. Nanice Hunter, President; Margaret Young, Secretary; six members. Address, W. F. Manse, Southend, Campbelltown, Scotland.

No. 390. "J. A. M." Rae Roberts, President; Ruth Adams, Secretary; six members. Address, 601 De Soto St., St. Paul, Minn.

No. 391. "Jolly Six." Eleanor Colby, President; Elizabeth Pierce, Jr., Secretary; six members. Address, care of Pierce Mantel and Tile Co., Dayton, Ohio.

No. 392. "Mayflower Chapter." Edna Wier, President; Maude Fulmore, Secretary; four members. Address, Walton, N. S., Canada.

No. 393. "G. G.'s." Harriet Byrne, President; M. Olive Barrett, Secretary; six members. Address, 88 Fisher Ave., White Plains, N. Y.

No. 394. "Hiawatha Junior Club." Mary Cameron, President; Charlotte Shepardson, Secretary; nine members. Address, 5135 Hibbard Ave., Chicago, Ill.

No. 395. Paul Lieder, President; Louis Schellbach, Jr., Secretary; six members. Address, 20 Ellery St., Brooklyn, N. Y. No. 395 will visit every Saturday and Sunday some museum or public building of New York and neighboring cities. Hearty welcome extended to any chapter desiring to go along. Any such chapter should write and arrange time, number of those desiring to go, etc. 395 sends a most interesting group of its members. This chapter has made a most excellent start. Good luck to it!

No. 396. "P. and T." Helen Griffiths, President; Lucy Kent, Secretary; thirty-five members. Address, 441 Park Ave., New York City. Meetings monthly.

No. 397. "The Gleaners." Effie Baker, President; Elizabeth Deeble, Secretary; six members. Address, 2020 P St., N. W., Washington, D. C. Regular meetings every Friday, and oftener if necessary. Like 395, this chapter is going to "do the town" and see the sights. This is certainly excellent chapter work.

No. 398. Clara Cowburn, President; Leda Wallace, Secretary; eight members. Address, 545 W. 2d St., N., Salt Lake City, Utah.

No. 399. "Lowell Club." Rosalie Hausmann, President; Alma Low, Secretary; eight members. Address, care of Mrs. Hausmann, 1628 Octavia St., San Francisco, Cal.

No. 400. "Sunshine Chapter." Ethel Freeman, President; Juliette Halla, Secretary; seven members. Address, 146 First St., Troy, N. Y.

No. 401. "Happy Seven." Clare Armstrong, President; Blanche Dunham, Secretary; seven members. Address, Kane, Pa.

No. 402. "Red Rangers." Herbert Calvin, President; John Mayer, Secretary; eleven members. Address, Rumsey Hall, Sanford Preparatory School, Seneca Falls, N. Y.

No. 403. "Arnold Chapter." Eleanor Brigham, President; Edith Dunn, Secretary; nine members. Address, Grafton, Mass. Meetings monthly, at members' homes. The secretary would like to correspond with members of other chapters. Ages of members, 14 to 16.

No. 404. "Silver Crescent Club." Myra McCormick, President; Ellen Reading, Secretary; five members. Address, 1015 W. 4th St., Williamsport, Pa. Colors, silver and white. Weekly meetings, at which part of the League department is read and discussed. A good plan.

## LETTERS.

LEAGUE members, and those not already members, should read the "Chapter Prize Offer" on the last League page. Those chapters who have already given entertainments will be right in line, and those who have n't should get in line double quick. There is no time to lose.

Here is a letter that ought to encourage those members who have contributed month after month without success. Industry and perseverance always find their reward somewhere, somehow, and sometime.

Never give up, so long as there is the least encouragement or hope. Never say die!

WALTHAM, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I received the gold badge and the five dollars the day before yesterday, and I thank you ever so much for them. I think the badge is beautiful, and I am very proud of it. I was never so surprised and pleased in my life as when I saw my name with the first prize, and I don't really see how I could have got it. I have tried to send something to almost every competition since the League began, and although I did get in the roll of honor a good many times, I did not expect ever to get a prize; now when I have got the very first prize, it seems almost *too* good to be true. Only, I can't try for any more prizes this year, but I suppose I may contribute to the competitions? I think your League is a splendid thing, and it doubles the value of your magazine to me and, I should think, to every one else also.

Thanking you again for my prize, and wishing you a long and happy life, I am your sincere reader, EMILY STORER.

UTICA, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: At the home for aged couples, in the city of Utica, there was a man that lived there that was confined to a wheel-chair, moving hardly any part of his body but his arms. But he was able to put crumbs out on the window-sill, and the birds would come by fifties and hundreds to eat the little crumbs that this man put out for them. This good man lived in this home for many years, but six months ago he died; yet every day the sparrows come just the same for their crumbs.

Do you think that the mama and papa birds told their little ones where to get their food? MAY ROSE WOODARD (age 11).

FARRAGONA, SPAIN.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I collect stamps, and I would be very glad to exchange stamps with any League member. My address is, Plaza de Œozaga No. 2. AUGUSTUS CAMPRUBI AYMAR.

LOUISE SLŒT VAN OLDRUITENBORGH, 33 Rue d'Arches, Liège, Belgium, Europe, would like to correspond with some members of the League; to write about music, painting, drawing, or anything of that kind. She would exchange drawings, etc.; would write long letters and make the correspondence interessant. She will answer all those who will write to her in the fifteen days which will follow the issue of ST. NICHOLAS in which this will be printed.

L. S. v. O.

Other appreciative and interesting letters have been received from Louise Sharp, Ruth M. Peters, Charlotte Bosler, Frances Marion Simpson, Allen R. Ingalls, Teresa Cohen, E. C. Day, Eleanor T. Colby, Hilda Mander, Katherine Andrews, Esther Davis, Harold T. Whitney, Florence Leighton, Alberta Bastedo, J. Tabelè Brown, Jr., Jessie Day, John Seley, Jessie Wilcox, Catherine M. Neale, Dorothy D. Andrews, Margery Bradshaw, Helen Kent Emery, Henry Goldman, Percival C. Smith, Nancy E. Barton, Anita May Julien, Ella Harrison, Helen Lathrop, N. K. Roessler, Marion B. Van Volkenburgh, Theodora B. Dennis, Clarence L. Hauthaway, Shipley W. Ricker, Jr., and, with pictures, from Bruce Davidson, Elisabeth B. Warren, H. Payne Breazeale, Jack Willets, Willard Becker, Carl Hoos, Helen Hartness, Marjorie C. Clifford, and Katheryn Maddock.

The pictures with these letters were not quite up to the League standard.

Perhaps the senders would like to try verse, or prose, or puzzle-making.

## ROLL OF HONOR

A LIST of those whose work has been found worthy of honorable mention and encouragement.




"A HEADING FOR FEBRUARY." BY JOSEPH KRAMER, AGE 15.

### VERSE.

Gladys Whelpley
Georgia Wicker
May Stark
Florence L. Bain
John Hall, Jr.
Dorothea M. Posegate
Alma Jean Wing
James J. Macumber
Leone Harding
Florence Van Valkenburg
Marguerite M. Hillery
Doris Francklyn
Ruth G. Thomas
Neill C. Wilson
Mary Noel Arrowsmith
Verna Mae Tyler
Francis Marion Miller
Helen White
Walter Harvey

### PROSE.

Lida P. O'Bannon
Millie Newman
Marion S. Almy
Cantey Venable
Jeanette Eloise Perkins
Netta Pearson
Helen De Lancey Watkins
Beulah H. Ridgeway
Grace Hollaman
Celia McCormick
Maude Robinson
Dorothy W. Caldwell
Edith Wilson
Marguerite Hope Ford
Norman Darch
Katherine C. Gurney
Julia W. Williamson
Ivy Varian Walshe
Henry Goldman
Louis F. May
Alice Fuller
Alberta Bastedo
Mary C. Scheinman
Louis Saunier
Susie Franks Iden
Irene Hagey
Isabel Robinson
Katherine Cady Weaver
Mignonne Lincoln
Dorothy Heroy
Edith C. Dann
Florence Gordon
Helene E. Dykeman
Helen Livingston
Dorothy Wadsworth
Margaret E. Barron
Gertie Rosenstein
Eva Levy
Erna Weil
Rosa H. Neale
Clarissa Gladys Caldwell
Fay Ressmeyer
Martha Gruening
Mary Atkinson
Katherine Barr
Ruth M. Peters
Mary B. Lowell
Martha Dunton
Charles H. Brady
Alice W. Baker
Dorothy Turple
Alice Moore
William Newton Coupland
John Hall
B. Bertha Goldman
Gertrude Hodgson
Laurella Hollister
Stella Weinberger
Agnes Dickenson
Harold R. Norris
Catherine H. Chapin
Richard M. Kendig
Elizabeth McCormick
Gertrude Traubel

### DRAWINGS.

William J. Henderson
William Campbell
Augustus Camprubi Aymar
Jack D. Whiting
Gertrude Crosland
C. W. Hibbard
Arthur Bell
Laurence M. Simmonds
Rachel A. Russell
Helen E. Jacoby
Bertha Burrill
Dorothy Fry
Helena L. Camp
Fannie Taylor
C. De Ball
Beatrice Whistler Doolittle
Catherine Lee Carter
J. Morton Knapp
Jacob Salzman
Viola Ethel Hyde
Anna Strang
Joseph Fewsmith
Samuel D. Otis
Mabel Miller Johns
Ruth M. Waldo
Virginia Lyman
Katherine E. Foote
Helen de Veer
William C. Staunton
Carol Bradley
Philip L. Ross
Harry Robinson
Louis Moen
Kate Colquhoun
Russell Westover
Doris Cole
Harry Barndollar
Ethel De Ronde
Charlotte Morton
Ethel McFarland
Aimée Vervalen
Rudolph Benson
Edith G. Daggett
Cora A. Hoskinson
Anna Zucker
Mildred Curran Smith
Salome K. Beckwith
Charles Houlton
Edward Mower
Elizabeth Crane Porter
H. Linney
Beth Haward
Louise E. Davidson
Edna Huddleston
Marjorie S. Hood
Katherine Forbes Liddell
Francis W. Losere
Cordner Smith
Ruth E. Crombie
Clarence W. Rodman
J. Deems Taylor
Gertrude E. Allen
Harry Barnes
Mildred Carter
Margaret Jane Russell
Alice A. Thorp
Isadore Douglas
Nellie Littell McCulloch
Eleanor Marvin
Winifred B. Warren
Gertrude E. Comfort
Louise Hazeltine
Alice M. Crane
Cicely Bell
Sarah H. Atherton
Mary Hazeltine Fewsmith
Madge Elliott
Mary Alexander
Arthur D. Fuller
Margaret Herrick
Clement G. Yates
Nancy Barnhart
Margaret Peckham
Alice Earnley
Eva C. Collins
Athole Cammann
Sara D. Burge
Marjorie L. Gilmour
Ruth Davis
Mildred Easty
Harry Middlebrook
Alice F. Einstein
Doris Chittenden
Eleanor Chapin
Charles Henkle
Rowland Lord
Elizabeth Walbridge
Harold Castle
Ralph Coykendall
Gilbert L. Merritt
Isabel Kerr Russell
Hurley Baldy, Jr.
Lydia A. Stetson
Fred H. Lahee
George C. Wakeman

### PHOTOGRAPHS.

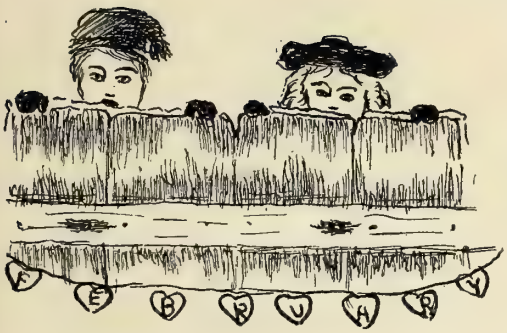
Alan Seegar
Constance W. Addington
Winfield Cobb, Jr.
Adele Mack
Antoinette Heckscher
Helen Chandler
Grace Morgan Jarvis
Louis F. Doring
Joseph S. Webb
Alfred Wotkyns
Sidney D. Gamble
Robert T. Hayne
Elizabeth Chapin
Helen Frith
Emma R. Crampton
Marian H. G. Sherman
C. Agnes Claypool
Elsie Widenman
Maurice T. Fleisher
Maxwell F. Lawton
Edith Iva Worden
Hildegarde Allen
Roger F. Gardener
Marcus H. Doll
Hugues Jequier
J. L. King
Gladys Bullough
John E. Woodruff
Marjory Rea
Kent Shaffer
Selma Matson
Lucile Christina Mellen
Reginald French
Edward Bringhurst
Florence Pfeifer
H. Bartlett Gerrard
James S. Wroth
Ellen Dunwoody
Laurence Erickson
S. Lehman Brown
Cecily Smith Pigott
C. B. Andrews
William Carey Hood
Ruth Chamberlain
Dorothy McAlpin
Barbara Hinkley
Larned V. P. Allen
Kendall Bushnell
Fred A. Dewey
Robert N. Erskine
Charles A. Bragdon
Eric L. Miller
Laura Chanler
Clarence A. Manning
Wendell R. Morgan
Eleanor Hollis Murdock
Camilla R. Simpson
Roland P. Carr
Alfred J. MacDermot
Mary Sprague
Sallie Sprague
Frances Goldy Budd
Henry D. Hammond
Elsie N. Gutman
T. Charlton Hervy
Henry G. Young
Mabel Murray
Louise D. Putnam
Frank Bodine
Caroline C. Everett
Nannie Doring
Sheldon S. Yates
Hazel Hyman
Thomas W. Bowers
A. H. Kyd
W. T. Slover
Kathleen F. Grand
Irene F. Wetmore
Frederic C. Smith
Arnold Lahee
J. Parsons Greenleaf
Frank McFadden
Ariana McE. Belt
Lucy Kent
Allene Gates
Nathalie Lorillard Bailey
Dorette T. John
N. Kellogg Roessler
Lillian Menaugh
Miles W. Weeks
Alice Sachs
Andrew W. Anthony
Rosamond Sergeant
John S. Perry
Flossie Reith
Ruby F. Allen
Margaret V. Shotwell
C. S. Hickock, Jr.
Elizabeth Morrison
Carolyn E. Putnam
Sarah Fifield Evans
Richard de Charms, Jr.
Lucille Sledge Campbell
William B. Wroth
Sturges D. Cook
Eugene White, Jr.
Randolph Ridgely Fisher
Mabel W. Whiteley
Grace R. Jones
John W. Suter, Jr.
Anna M. McKechnie
Lois R. Frost
Ruth Anthony
Norma Nelthorp
Gertrude Weinacht
Charles S. Smith
Martha D. McKechnie
Philip Jackson Carpenter
Seymour Blair
Alan M. Osgood
Dorothea S. Paul
Edwin J. Kuh
John B. De Motte, Jr.
Lucy S. Robinson
Helen Lathrop
Isabel Barbour
Frederick S. Brandenburg
Jean Forgeus
Margaret P. Wotkyns
Gertrude Schirmer

### PUZZLES.

Minnie A. Florey
Florence Hoyte
Harford W. H. Powel, Jr.
M. Ethel Lee
Rachel Erwin
Ada H. Case
Helen Boas
Bessie Kirkman
Joseph Wells
James K. Neill
Charline Smith
Jack White
A. Zane Pyles
Lorna Ingalls
Rachel Rhoades
Alma Low
Morgan Davies
Jessie L. Connell



"GOING TO THE FIELDS." BY POMEROY HUBBARD, AGE 6.



"HEADING." BY PHŒBE HUNTER, AGE 10.

# COMPETITIONS.

## THE NEW COMPETITION.

PRIZES FOR THE BEST CHAPTER ENTERTAINMENTS.

To encourage chapter formation and further to promote the aims and purpose of the St. Nicholas League the following prize offers are made to chapters already formed, and to those that may form in time to take part in the competition.

To the chapter that in March or April of the present year shall give the most successful public entertainment, and devote the net proceeds to the best use, fifty dollars' worth of books, to be selected from The Century Co.'s latest published catalogue, which will be sent free on application.

To the chapter ranking second, as above, twenty-five dollars' worth of Century publications.

To the chapter ranking third, fifteen dollars' worth.

To the chapter ranking fourth, ten dollars' worth.

RULES FOR THIS COMPETITION.

1. The entertainment may be of any sort, provided that a majority of the features are selected from the ST. NICHOLAS magazine.

2. "The most successful entertainment" shall be understood to mean the entertainment realizing the largest net proceeds after legitimate expenses have been deducted.

3. The "best use" shall be understood to mean that most in accordance with the St. Nicholas League aims and purpose, and it may be educational, charitable, patriotic, or humane, or for the best advancement of the League itself as represented by the chapter giving the entertainment. It is not necessary that the sum realized be all devoted to one purpose. The matter is left entirely in the hands of each chapter, and a full report must be made to the League editor by the chapter president and secretary, and indorsed as correct by those to whom the money has been paid.

4. In all public announcements of the entertainment, and upon the printed programme, the chapter number and the name of the League must appear, as per following example:

Given by the St. Nicholas League,
Chapter No. ——,
Of (Town), (State).

If the chapter has a name, the name should also appear.

5. Whenever practicable, it shall be allowable for chapters to obtain free use of hall, accessories, costumes, and any other form of contribution possible, in order to swell their net proceeds — in fact, to make any honest effort to reduce the expenses of giving the entertainment.

6. Where a dramatic entertainment is to be given the St. Nicholas League will, *upon application signed by chapter president and secretary, send, postpaid,* "The Book of St. Nicholas Plays," from which any play may be selected, said book to remain the property of the League for use in future entertainments, and must be returned care of The Century Co. when the entertainment is over.

7. The report of each entertainment, with a copy of its programme, must be received by the League editor on or before March 31st. The awards will be announced in the League department for June.

REMARKS.

This competition ought to result in a great deal of good for everybody. Whether the entertainment be dramatic, musical, recitative, a fair, or a combination of all, it cannot fail to result in much wholesome interest and pleasure, while the fund obtained, whether small or large, whether it obtains a prize or not, will be of benefit to whatever good purpose it be applied.

NOTICE TO SECRETARIES.

As a matter of convenience, the secretary of each chapter should be authorized to receive subscriptions from any one desiring to subscribe for ST. NICHOLAS, and the publishers have agreed to allow a liberal commission on each *new* subscription so received, the amount to be placed to the chapter's credit and remitted to the said chapter when it shall aggregate $5.00. Chapters may accumulate a good fund in this way, and while an entertainment is in progress a number of subscriptions should easily be obtained.

## REGULAR PRIZE COMPETITION No. 29.

THE St. Nicholas League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle-answers.

A SPECIAL CASH PRIZE. To any League member who has won a gold badge for any of the above-named achievements, and shall again win first place, *a cash prize of five dollars* will be awarded, *instead of another gold badge.*

*Competition No. 29* will close February 15 (for foreign members February 20). The awards will be announced and prize contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for May.

VERSE. To contain not more than twenty-four lines, and may be illustrated, if desired, with not more than two pictures by the author. Title to contain the word "May" or "May-time."

PROSE. Story, article, or play of not more than four hundred words. It may be illustrated, if desired, with not more than two drawings by the author. Subject, "One Sunny Day," and must be a true story.

PHOTOGRAPH. Any size, mounted or unmounted, but no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "Our Animal Friend (or Friends)."

DRAWING. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash (not color). Subject, "A Heading for May." May be suitable for any portion of the League department, or for a poem or story.

PUZZLE. Any sort, the answer to contain some word or words relating to the season.

PUZZLE-ANSWERS. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS.

WILD-ANIMAL OR BIRD PHOTOGRAPH. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of a gun. For the best photograph of a wild animal or bird, taken *in its natural home: First Prize,* five dollars and League gold badge. *Second Prize,* three dollars and League gold badge. *Third Prize,* League gold badge.



"FEBRUARY." BY WILLIAM BERGEN, AGE 9.

## ADVERTISING COMPETITION No. 10.

A REPORT of this competition with a list of prize-winners will be found on advertising page 9.

## RULES FOR REGULAR COMPETITIONS.

EVERY contribution of whatever kind *must* bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, *who must be convinced beyond doubt that the contribution is not copied,* but wholly the work of the sender. If prose, the number of words should also be added. These things must not be on a separate sheet, but *on the contribution itself* — if a manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, on the *margin or back.* Write or draw on *one side of the paper only.* A contributor may send but one contribution a month — not one of each kind, but one only. Members are not obliged to contribute every month. Address all communications: THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE,
Union Square,
New York.



"FEBRUARY." BY IRMA CASTLE HANFORD, AGE 14.

# BOOKS AND READING.

## REPORT UPON THE "SPELLING-MATCH."



THE delay in reporting upon the contest in correcting the story, "Eh Kernel's Sun," printed in the October number, has been caused by the large number of answers, more than 1170 having been received. Every answer has been carefully examined, and those found to contain errors being excluded one by one, the rest were examined again and again, and finally ranked according to their merit and the ages of the writers.

Two hundred and fifty were marked correct in spelling, and then these were considered with regard to the relative age of the sender, the neatness and general excellence of the versions submitted.

The final result of the examination follows:

### PRIZE-WINNERS.

William S. Rusk, 8 years old, Baltimore, Md.
Geddes Smith, 11 years old, Orange, N. J.
Ernest Fowler, 11 years old, Denver, Col.
Robert W. Wilson, 11 years old, Lexington, Mo.
George S. Buck, 10 years old, Taunton, Mass.

### SPECIAL HONORABLE MENTION, WITH AWARD OF ADDITIONAL PRIZES.

Satia York, Detroit, Mich., 9.
Katharine McC. Dayton, Glen Ridge, N. J., 10.
Harold Stephens, Chicago, Ill., 10.
Ralph Blackledge, Caney, Kan., 9.
Constance H. Irvine, Minneapolis, Minn., 10.

### HONORABLE MENTION.

Lilian Sarah Burt, Ivoryton, Conn., 13.
Florence Ross Elwell, Amherst, Mass., 13.
Annie C. Sykes, Cincinnati, O., 13.
Lester M. Beattie, Norwalk, O., 13.
Donald McGregor, Slocan, B. C., 10.
Caroline Sinkler, Charleston, S. C., 13.
Kate Baker, Columbia City, Ind., 12.
Grace C. Gilman, Fossil, Ore., 12.
Dorothy Buckingham, Washington, D. C., 11.

Robt. W. Wilson, aged 11, Lexington, Mo.

Original.
Annie H. Wilson

A Colonel's Son.

A right sweet little boy, the son of a colonel, with a ruff around his neck, and a plain red coat reaching to his waist, one night paced up the road as fast as a deer.

After a time he came to a pause before a house and rung the bell.

His toe hurt him and he needed rest. He was too tired to raise his fair but too pale face, and a moan of pain rose to his two lips.

The maid who heard the bell was about to have a fear, but she put it by and flew with all her might and main in vain for the guest would not wait. But when she saw the wee one, tears poured from her teeming eyes at the sight, for her heart was touched.

"You poor dear, what ails you? Why do you lie here? Pray, are you dying?"

"No; not so," was his groan. "My foot is sore, and I am faint."

So she bore him in her arms, as she ought, to a room where he might be quiet, gave him a piece of new rye bread and meat steak in a place by the grate, held a scent-bottle under his nose, took away his collar, wrapped him up warmly, gave him a sweet dram from a blue vial, till at last he went forth through the rain as hale as a young bear.

ONE OF THE PRIZE-WINNING VERSIONS.

SPECIAL ROLL OF HONOR.

Paula Elizabeth Hazard, 14.
Alice W. Phillips, 14.
Mary R. Hutchinson, 14.
Jennie M. Clow, 14.
Gretchen Green, 14.
Samuel Stillman Berry, 14.
Edith Clare Williams, 13.
Ruth W. Gilmore, 14.
Grace Reynolds Douglas, 11.
Robert C. Lower, 14.
Katherine G. Chapin, 11.
Alida S. Pear, 14.
Josephine Johnson, 14.
Bessie Alter, 12.
Antoinette Heckscher, 13.
Edna Wise, 13.

## ROLL OF HONOR.

Containing the names of all the rest of those who made no mistakes in words or spelling.

*Eight years old.*

Margaret B. McElroy

*Nine years old.*

Thomas E. Gay
Evelyn A. Noble
Margaret D. Penniman
Martha Fifield
Edward Merriam Powell
Steele Wotkyns
Gregory Hartswick
Dorothy Quimby Applegate
Warren S. Ellison
John Rice Miner
Katherine Copeland
Harold B. Hering

*Ten years old.*

Horace M. Bringhurst
Marion Helen Tobin
Helen A. Lee
James T. Hanna
Martha Bradey Weeden
Clara May Colley
Elsie May Paty
Thomas Reath
Dorothy Swift
Flora Lee
Marjorie Sparrow
Mary Dana Oughton
Eugenia Bradley
Henry Ten Eyck Perry
Gladys Groves
Harold Thompson
Edward P. Carpenter
Maurice Windus

*Eleven years old.*

Catherine Potter
Albert E. Gartside
Helen Winstone
Harry Parsons
Marjorie Peet
Florence R. Beck
Madeleine McKechnie
Elizabeth Halsey
Ruth H. Keigwin
Marjorie Hill
Helen H. Crandell
Lida S. McCague
Elizabeth H. Webster
Joseph Larkin
Helen Turner
Lois J. Andrews
Helen Greene
Bessie Clancey
Ralph C. McGee
Helen Schlesinger
Ernest G. Fifield
Florence G. Brown
Genevieve Apperly
Dorothy Nicoll
Louise Gregory
Wolcomb Rogers
Olive R. T. Griffin
Sara Stowell Graves
Julia E. Patterson
Marjorie Jane White
J. Lawrence Myers
Marjory Mullon
Helen Dutton Bogart
Helen Throssell
Helen K. Baker
Katherine Taylor

Eleanor M. Henry

*Twelve years old.*

Everett A. Baldwin
Marguerite M. Cree
Mildred Spargo
Fanny Taylor
Edythe R. Carr
Helen D. Fish
Constance Hoyt
Louise Tennant
Marion Gay
Frances J. Shriver
Hester Barclay Fogg
Margaret L. Fishburne
Ethel Emma Miller
Madeleine L. Hirsh
Clinton Brown
Cora Barr
Margaret Kutner
Edith Barstow
Marguerite Hallowell
Catherine Gifford
Louise K. Chase
Violet M. MacEwen
Arthur H. Lord
Mary R. Walley
Bata M. Bemis
Frances Haworth
Raymond Gardner
Alice McCullough
Emerson Grant Sutcliffe
Raymond Fuller
John Burgess
Mary F. Watkins
Horatio Perry
Elizabeth Parker
Robert Hance
Ruth C. Sharp
Eva Fortuine
M. Elaine Swezey
June Buechele
Katharine Park Lewis
Prudence Ellis
Elsie Fuller
Mortimer H. Hess
Margery B. Chipman
Katharine Hammond
Roba Forbes
Donald Sweet
Theodore Wilkinson
Arvin B. Shaw, Jr.
Richard Lewis Remare

Clara S. Cutler

*Thirteen years old.*

Eva Fling
Grace B. Coolidge
Aimee B. Drake
Marion E. Larrabee
Mary Enid Hately
Roy J. Clampitt
Robert Hardy
Maria Louise Meeker
Davis V. Applegate
Marjorie Warden
Minnie Sweet
Marion L. Greene
Julia B. Collier
Birdie Bruns
Ruth W. Kendrick
Louise Jenkins
Lura F. Heilman
Marjorie Hammons
Frank S. Surls
Alice Potter
Marion Chesley
Anna Clara Pike
Mary C. Hiss
Vitas Hunt
Charles MacVeagh
Dorothy Platt
Philip Roberts
Anna Loraine Washburn
Henry McKinnie
May Adsit
Winfield Cobb
Robert B. Childs
Florence Cochrane Turner
Margaret Williams
Constance Warwick Stephenson
Isadore Douglas
Isabel A. Guilbert
Margaret Fithian
Miriam Riggs Burch

Emil Breitenfeld

*Fourteen years old.*

Edith H. Ford
Rosa M. Waltmann
Elizabeth C. Potter
Franklin Talmage
Rachel Riddle
Marion R. Russell
Ethel C. Breed
Willia Nelson
Lesley B. Crawford
Eleanor McCormick
Ruth C. Dewey
Florence Murdock
Helen Chapin Moodey
Marguerite Beatrice Child
John Mott
Frances M. Thomsen
Rebecca E. Moody
F. Ethel Hart
Edna Marrett
Edith H. Smith
Marjorie F. Wells
Marion Senker
Corina Soldati
Catherine A. Carter
Samuel Pierson, Jr.
Clarence B. Arnold
Elizabeth Clark Eaton
Margaret Wilkie Gilholm
Jean Paul Slusser
Minnie Gwyn
Clara Stutz
Winifred F. Dennison
Alden W. Baldwin
Margaret Hamilton
R. Burke Vermilya
Leila Elizabeth Heffron
Elsa B. Sommer
Della H. Varrell
Lizzie S. James
Lila M. King
Grace Harriet Graef
Henry C. Hallowell, Jr.
Edna Schell
Nicholas C. Bleecker
Ethel M. Crittenden
Geoffrey Lemmon
Marion Dawley
Edna B. Hopkins

| | |
|---|---|
| Anna M. Richards | Ruth M. Olmstead |
| Pauline S. Merwin | Gaylord Hawley Paine |
| Reynold A. Spaeth | Ruth Mitchell |
| Carl H. P. Thurston | Dorothy Kuh |

Corinne Gradwohl

A word or two of explanation will show the meaning of these lists. First, the names of *all* the two hundred and fifty boys and girls whose versions were correctly written appear in the lists given. In the Prize-winners, Special Honorable Mention, Honorable Mention, and Special Roll of Honor lists appear the names of those whose versions, *considering* age, were the neatest, least faulty, and most creditable.

These all were judged and marked specially, and then compared. The five ranking highest were made prize-winners, and each receives one year's subscription to ST. NICHOLAS. The five next in rank received Special Honorable Mention, and it was decided by the editor that each of these also should receive a year's subscription to ST. NICHOLAS, in recognition of the excellence of their work.

In considering the result it must not be forgotten that the prizes were awarded in accordance with the conditions stated in the October number, and that *age* and *neatness* were the deciding factors, since two hundred and fifty competitors succeeded in correcting the "queer" spelling. The ages are given in every case. The fact that five *boys* took all the prizes was entirely unexpected, and is a little surprising. The little eight-year-old who took a prize deserves especial credit.

The judges of the contest desire to say a few words about the errors that were made.

The commonest of all was the writing of "passed" to correct "paste," instead of writing "paced." Of course the whole story was meant to contain words rightly spelled, but wrongly used. The correct pronunciation of the words gave the clue to the true substitute. "Paste" has a long *a*, and, every child knows, is not pronounced "passed," or "past."

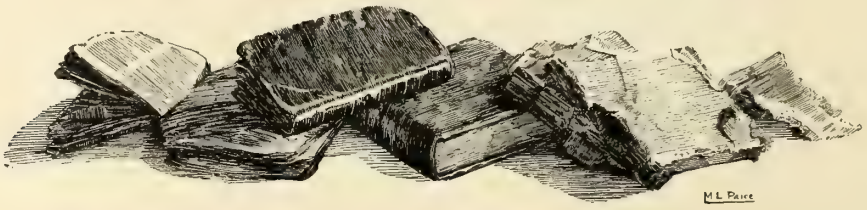
Secondly, the idea plainly was to write a story that, read aloud, would sound the same as the one printed; consequently, all changes of words were counted as errors. "Rung" is correct, and a good substitute for "wrung"; "rang" is also correct, but is a change of sound, and so was counted an error. "Until" is correct, but so is "till," and to change "till" to "until" was an unnecessary change of sound and therefore counted against those who made it.

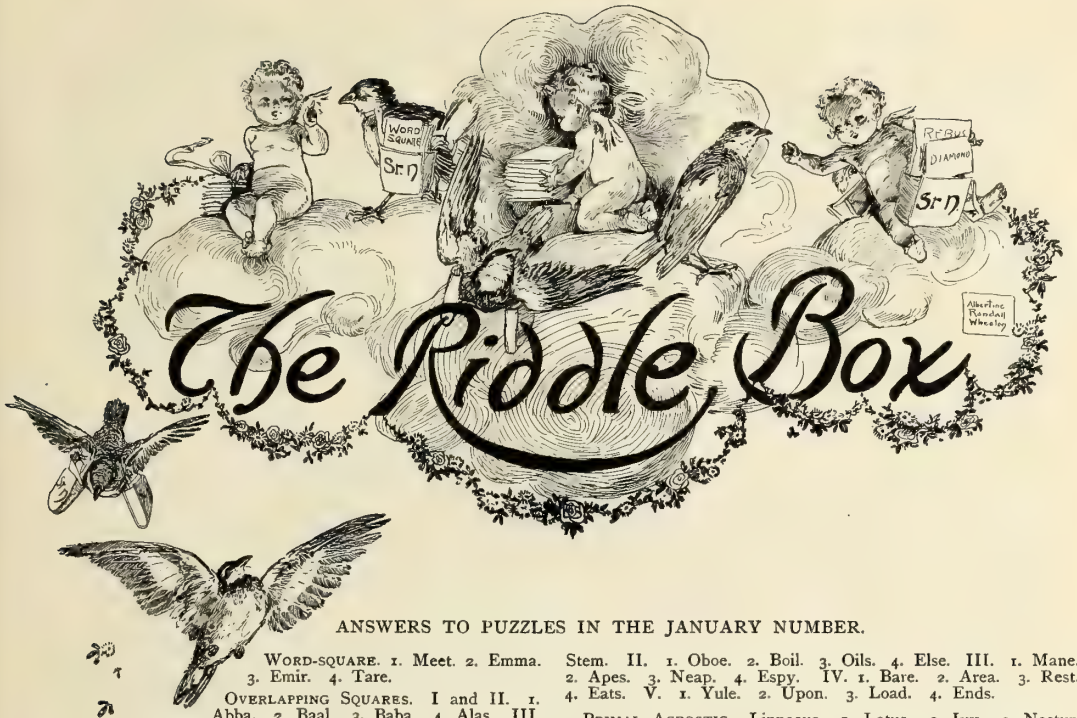
Next to "passed," the commonest fault was to write "drachm" instead of "dram." Undoubtedly one *could* give a boy a sweet *drachm*, but the phrase is not used in that way. It is as if one said, "gave him a sweet *pint*." "Dram" means a drink, and was considered the better choice to suit the meaning, especially with the adjective "sweet." The spellings "phial" and "vial" were both allowed.

Many wrote "as hale as a young *hare*," instead of "bear"; many omitted the "two" before lips; "teaming" bothered a number — "teeming" being an unusual word. "Wrapt" for "wrapped" was allowed, being a good dictionary spelling, and in good usage. Many substituted "ruche" for "ruff" in correcting "rough"; and, in fact, every possible mistake seems to have been made.

Undoubtedly the rules for marking errors were strictly applied; but in a contest where care and accuracy alone were necessary to secure a perfect answer, this was the right course. The number of correct answers, two hundred and fifty, shows that the rules adopted were not too strict. Very many of those who failed made more than a single error, and the judges have spared no pains to make their decision entirely fair and impartial. All disputed or doubtful questions were decided by several different persons.

To those who wrote thanking the editor for the pleasure and benefits derived from the contest, grateful acknowledgment is here made.






## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JANUARY NUMBER.

WORD-SQUARE. 1. Meet. 2. Emma. 3. Emir. 4. Tare.

OVERLAPPING SQUARES. I and II. 1. Abba. 2. Baal. 3. Baba. 4. Alas. III. 1. Baba. 2. Alas. 3. Base. 4. Aser. IV and V. 1. Base. 2. Aser. 3. Seir. 4. Errs.

PROGRESSIVE NUMERICAL ENIGMA. Ada, Adam, a man, ant, adamant.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, reading downward, "A Merry Christmas"; finals, reading upward, "and Happy New Year." Cross-words: 1. Author. 2. Modena. 3. Efface. 4. Rubify. 5. Redraw. 6. Yankee. 7. Canton. 8. Humbly. 9. Recoup. 10. Instep. 11. Seneca. 12. Trough. 13. Morbid. 14. Awaken. 15. Sahara.

CONNECTED SQUARES. I. 1. Owls. 2. Wait. 3. Like. 4. Stem. II. 1. Oboe. 2. Boil. 3. Oils. 4. Else. III. 1. Mane. 2. Apes. 3. Neap. 4. Espy. IV. 1. Bare. 2. Area. 3. Rest. 4. Eats. V. 1. Yule. 2. Upon. 3. Load. 4. Ends.

PRIMAL ACROSTIC. Linnaeus. 1. Lotus. 2. Ivy. 3. Nasturtium. 4. Narcissus. 5. Aster. 6. Elecampane. 7. Unifoliate. 8. Strawberry.

A DOUBLY BEHEADED ACROSTIC. Festivities. 1. Ef-face. 2. Fr-eight. 3. Re-serve. 4. An-them. 5. Gr-in. 6. In-vent. 7. Gr-ill. 8. Al-tar. 9. Kn-it. 10. Pl-ease. 11. En-sign.

CHARADE. Miss-ell-tow — Mistletoe.

DIAMOND. 1. G. 2. Moa. 3. Goose. 4. Ask. 5. E.

CONCEALED CENTRAL ACROSTIC. January. 1. ma-j-or. 2. ab-a-se. 3. to-n-ic. 4. fo-u-rs. 5. tr-a-in. 6. mo-r-al. 7. ra-y-ed.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS Riddle-box, care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER were received, before November 15th, from Ellen I. True — M. McG. — Joe Carlada — Basco Hammond — Katharine Thaxter — Frances Hunter — Helen D. Harris — Arthur H. Weston — Louise E. Jones — Shipley W. Ricker, Jr. — Allil and Adi — Ottilie, Eleanor, and Mabel Mason — Edward Sargent Steinbach — Wilkie Gilholm — Nettie Lawrence — Clare, Esther, Ernest, and Constance — Rosalie L. Hausmann — Theodora Kimball — "Tia" — Georgie and Helen Monroe — Gertrude H. Lemon — Arthur H. Lord — Samuel P. Haldenstein — Eleanor M. Traylor — Dorothy Arno Baldwin — Edgar Whitlock — Joe S. Beem — Agnes Cole — Eva A. Mooar — Edythe R. Carr — Ethel Carleton Williams — Olive R. T. Griffin — H. G. G. — Florence M. Williams — Tessie McMechan — Eleanor R. McClees — Edith Lewis Lauer — Reg. Cain-Bartels.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER were received, before November 15th, from Mary Lowell, 7—Daniel Milton Miller, 10 — Florence and Edna, 9 — Harold K. Schoff, 6 — Ruth and G. B., Jr., 5 — Constance Irvine, 9 — Charlotte E. Cunneen, 5 — Welles Baxter, 8 — Grace L. Craven, 3 — Amelia Ferguson, 5 — Alexander P. Gest, Jr., 1 — George Kahn, 4 — Daisy Pitcher, 1 — Delia E. Taintor, 1 — Mary A. M. Bayne, 1 — Henry Carter, 1 — Bessie S. Gallup, 9 — Lowell Walcutt, 9 — John McK. Blaikie, 10 — Gertrude L. Cannon, 8 — Samuel Sachs, 1.

### PATCHWORK.

(*Silver Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

(EXAMPLE: Take a syllable from an old-fashioned feminine name, and a syllable from a garland, and make a lozenge. Answer, Tab-itha, chap-let: tablet.)

1. Take a syllable from a large gun, and one from part of a harness, and make a means of illumination.

2. Take a syllable from to overflow, and one from a great number, and make to expand.

3. Take a syllable from a meal, and one from to cheat, and make to discern.

4. Take a syllable from one who worships idols, and one from to meditate on, and make a paragraph.

5. Take a syllable from the name of a large fish, and one from something worn round the neck, and make a coin.

The initials of the five new words will spell a name which is a great favorite on Valentine's Day.

EDWARD T. HILLS.

### EASY DIAGONAL.

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the diagonal (beginning at the upper left-hand letter and ending at the lower right-hand letter) will spell a little word that is often seen nowadays.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Part of a ship. 2. A governor. 3. A prank. 4. Once more. 5. Without sight.

JOSEPH WELLS (League Member).




### NOVEL ZIGZAG.

(*Gold Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

When the following words have been rightly guessed, and written one below another, the zigzag, beginning at the upper left-hand letter and ending at the lower left-hand letter, and then beginning again at the lower right-hand letter and ending at the upper right-hand letter, will spell a famous quotation which relates to the valentine season.

Cross-words (of equal length): 1. A pacer. 2. Captives. 3. A rich fabric. 4. To invest with raiment. 5. Slow-moving animals. 6. A place in India where Wellington gained a victory. 7. A place on the northern shore of Lake Ontario. 8. One of the pyramids. 9. Attended. 10. An ancient name of Britain. 11. A masculine name.

REGINALD CAIN-BARTELS.

### BEHEADINGS.

1. Behead a quick look, and leave a long spear. 2. Behead unusual, and leave a common verb. 3. Behead to come forth, and leave to sink. 4. Behead to correct, and leave to repair. 5. Behead to that place, and leave to this place. 6. Behead perfect, and leave to divide. 7. Behead part of the neck, and leave to mimic. 8. Behead brightness, and leave privation. 9. Behead the backbone, and leave an evergreen-tree. 10. Behead to light up suddenly, and leave to strike with a whip. 11. Behead to fall back into a former state, and leave to pass away. 12. Behead an emblem of peace, and leave to dwell. 13. Behead a pool, and leave before. 14. Behead disdain, and leave a grain. 15. Behead to bring up, and leave to shower. 16. Behead to justify, and leave to point out. 17. Behead high above the ground, and leave a story. 18. Behead foliage, and leave the lower edges of a roof. 19. Behead pertaining to a point of the compass, and leave backward. 20. Behead nothing, and leave something. 21. Behead to rely on, and leave to become oxidized. 22. Behead angry, and leave standard. 23. Behead bigoted, and leave a missile weapon. 24. Behead strong feeling, and leave movement.

The beheaded letters spell certain words which will be found on many valentines.

HELENE BOAS (League Member).

### DIAGONAL.

(*Silver Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

When the following words have been rightly guessed, and written one below another, the diagonal (beginning at the upper left-hand letter and ending at the lower right-hand letter) will spell the name of a saint.

Cross-words: 1. A seaport in British Columbia. 2. A territory in the southern part of Syria. 3. The name of three beautiful Irish lakes. 4. The principal seaport of England. 5. A small town that was the scene of the first bloodshed of the American Revolution. 6. The "Silver Republic." 7. The birth-place of Whittier. 8. A town in Navarro County, Texas. 9. A portion of the Vatican Palace at Rome.

HAROLD HERING.

### CONCEALED CENTRAL ACROSTIC.

A child of time, I cannot stay,
But vanish slowly, day by day.

Cross-words.

1. There was a modest little man
Who proffered books to Mary Ann.
2. "I 've written works of note," said he,
"But fame and wealth are naught to me.
3. "For when I hurt a borrowed book
The paths of learning I forsook.
4. "I do not care to be too wise —
To cross my t's and dot my i's.
5. "Yet this poor secret you must keep —
I wish our spelling-books were cheap.
6. "For, first and foremost, I confess,
My spelling 's not a great success."
7. And then upon his heart he placed
His hand, and bowed with tact and taste.
8. "Of course," said Mary Ann; "indeed,
I skip the spelling when I read."

ANNA M. PRATT.

### DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

My primals and finals are both seen on valentines.

Cross-words: 1. A loud noise. 2. To connect. 3. A dance. 4. Interior. 5. Divided.

BESSIE KIRKMAN (League Member).

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK.

*If you don't see*




# PEARS' SOAP

*ask for it.*

*All rights secured.*

# ST. NICHOLAS STAMP PAGE.




THE changes which have been made recently in the stamps of Victoria have excited much interest. Some of the older issues appeared last year in new colors. The plates, being in fine condition, were employed for the purpose of making reissues which could be used for postage during the period before the stamps of the Federation make their appearance. Some of these old plates bore the words "Stamp Duty." A new issue has recently appeared, of similar type but from new plates, in which all the stamps bear the word "Postage." The earliest issue was in use only a short time, and many of the values seem to be scarce. The later type now in use, with the word "Postage," is also very likely to be a good one to save, as it will not be long before the stamp bearing the head of the king takes its place.

One of the most difficult things to represent in a catalogue is the variation in color which is found in different stamps. The plan which has been adopted by the publishers of the catalogue seems to be, on the whole, the best, although it must fail to express the exact facts unless the collector has a good idea of colors and color names. The plan has been to adopt the principal designation of color, such as red, carmine, and violet, and then, when there were variations of these, to express other shades by a combination of the different color names. Thus "carmine-red" means that the carmine predominates, but that the color cannot be exactly expressed by the term "carmine" alone. The young collector, by studying the terms that are used in the catalogue, will find that they convey with sufficient accuracy the facts in relation to the shades of different stamps.

The last edition of the catalogue contains large cuts of the central portion of the different printings of the stamps of Greece, so made that any collector can see the variations that occur in the different issues. This country contains many cheap stamps, some of which are quite scarce, and most of which will advance very rapidly in value as soon as collectors come to appreciate their scarcity.

The large number of stamps that are being issued from year to year, and the great number of variations that occur in them, make it possible as easily now as in the past to secure stamps which will become valuable. More and more attention is being paid to small differences, and while the young collector may not make it a special point to gather these for his collection, it is well for him to know which are the valuable varieties, so that when an opportunity occurs he may dispose of them to advantage, and thus secure other stamps needed for his collection.

Among the most interesting series to collect are the stamps of Uruguay. Early issues are quite rare, but many of the later stamps are easily obtained. The changes in the methods of engraving and printing, and the improvements which have been made in the processes, are shown very clearly by a comparison of the various issues of this country. Its earlier stamps were nearly all produced by lithography. These gave place to stamps printed from copper or steel plates, and these have been improved from year to year, so that the finest designs and workmanship combined may now be found in the issues of this South American republic. Most of the work on the stamps of this country is done in foreign lands, but occasionally a shortage in the stamps of some particular value makes it necessary to resort to the cheaper process, lithography. This method has once or twice, as in 1881–83, been resorted to for the production of whole issues. It has generally, however, been used merely to bring out a provisional or temporary issue, soon superseded by regular stamps of the finely engraved types. Carelessness in the methods used for the separation of stamps has produced a large number of part-perforated and part-rouletted stamps, which makes the gathering of the stamps of this country doubly interesting.

There have been few of these varieties produced in recent years, and, consequently, they are fast becoming rare, as they are put away in collections.

## ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS.

THE time to buy unused specimens of new issues is when they first appear. They are then sold at the lowest prices. Used stamps of new issues are usually sold higher when they first come out than they are a little later, when more of them have been used and they are, consequently, more common. Stamps of British colonies, when canceled with pen marks, have been used as revenue stamps. There are certain South American stamps, however, such as Colombian Republic, in which pen marks on the stamps were made for the purpose of canceling them when they were used to pay postage. These stamps should be distinguished from the others. Stamps formerly known as speculative are now included in the catalogue because collectors generally desire them. No issues, however, are admitted which have not been made by a government having a postal service. The varieties mentioned in the stamps of some countries, such as the early Philippines, were caused by the separate engraving of each stamp that appeared on a plate. Engraving, at the present time, is done by the use of a die, which makes all the stamps alike on the plate.

**The New International Album** *contains spaces for PAN-AMERICAN STAMPS.*
Price $1.50 and upwards.
We have just made a new line of **Approval Sheets** for young collectors, containing the largest variety ever offered in a series, at the lowest prices. Send for a selection.
**Acme** imported peelable hinge, the best, 20c. per 1,000.
**Scott Stamp & Coin Co.,** 18 East 23d Street, New York, N. Y.

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**152** different foreign stamps, Servia, Egypt, and many other countries, 10c. 12 Brazil, 10c.; 10 Bulgaria, 10c.; 10 Chile, 10c.; 9 Jamaica, 10c.; 10 Cuba, 10c.; 4 Hawaii, 10c.; 10 Nicaragua, 10c.; 5 Hayti, 10c.; 4 Siam, 10c.; 3 Fiji, 10c.; 10 Salvador, 10c. Fine alphabetical approval sheets, 50% com. Price-list free.
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**$7** **FOR ONLY 4 CENTS.** $1 green, $1 gray, $1 olive, $2 gray and $2 olive, U. S. Documentaries, the entire lot for 4 cents, postage extra. New list free.
**KOLONA STAMP CO., DEPT. N, DAYTON, OHIO**

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**FREE** a rare old Chinese coin to every applicant for my finest 50 per cent. approval sheets and new illustrated catalog. 25 varieties Sweden 10c. ***Samuel P. Hughes, Omaha, Neb.***

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**STAMPS.** 105 different genuine Ceylon, Peru, Salvador, China, Cape G. H., Labuan, Borneo, Finland, etc., with album, only **10** cents; **1000** fine mixed **25** cents; **all fine** bargains. Agents wanted, 50%. New List free. I buy old stamps and collections.
**C. A. STEGMAN, St. Louis, Mo.**

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**JUST FOR FUN** 50 Var. Foreign, many unused, Cuba, Turkey, Tunis, etc., 1 set Japan, 10 var., 20 var. U. S., a pocket album, hinges and price-list, all for 10c.
**W. W. MacLaren, Box 133, Cleveland, O.**

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**STAMPS.** 103, no two alike and GENUINE, Mauritius, Natal, Cape of G. H., Cuba, Costa Rica, Honduras, Mexico, etc., and an ALBUM, for **10c.** only—a splendid bargain. New list free! Agents wanted, 50% com. **L. B. DOVER & CO., St. Louis, Mo.**

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**PREMIUM GIFTS** In rare stamps (besides 50 per cent. com.) to all who sell 25c. or more from our approval sheets. Collections bought. Highest price paid for used Buffalo stamps.
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**400** different stamps, a grand collection worth $5, price 80c. 1000 mixed foreign stamps for 25c. 40 diff. U. S., 10c.
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**GERMANY** 1900 set of 12 var., 2 pf. to 2 mk., 12 cts. App. sheets, 50%. **Geo. M. Fisk, 2015 Vermont Ave., Toledo, O.**

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**STAMPS** Approval Selections 50% discount. 546 different in album, $1.50. 200 different China, Cuba, etc., 15c. Collections and rare stamps bought. Stamp paper FREE. Established 1877.
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**500** Foreign stamps, **10c.** **104**—all different—from Malta, Bulgaria, India, etc. Album, **10c.** **15** different unused, **10c.** **40** different U.S., **10c.** **9** different Cuba, **10c.** **23**-page list **free.** Agents wanted. 50 per cent. commission. **D. CROWELL STAMP CO., Cleveland, O.**

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## WITHOUT A DOUBT

**REDFIELD'S MAGAZINE** is the best 5c. general monthly magazine published. Send five cents in stamps or coin for a specimen number. Address SCOTT F. REDFIELD, Dept. B, Smethport, Pa.

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If you know of anything better than

**NABISCO**

Sugar Wafers the secret may make you famous.

DIFFERENT FLAVORS.

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY.

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## *The* American Boy

**The Biggest, Brightest and Best Boys' Paper in the World**

Hezekiah Butterworth says: It enters into their life.

**Trial: 3 months for 10c**
**Regular: $1.00 a year**

Boys are enthusiastic for it. Clean, inspiring stories. Information, encouragement, advice. Games, Sports, Animals, Stamps, Printing, Photography, Debating, Science, Puzzles. How to make boats, traps, etc. How to make and save money. How to succeed. Friends of boys pronounce this the only successful attempt ever made to lead a boy in right directions, and at the same time chain his interests. One hundred pictures each month. See it and be surprised at the feast of good things for that boy.

**Address SPRAGUE PUBLISHING CO.**
**243 Majestic Building, . Detroit, Michigan**

# LA BELLE CHOCOLATIÈRE
## AND THE CHILDREN



**Since 1780,** one hundred and twenty-one years ago, **Walter Baker & Co.** have been making pure, high-grade Cocoa and Chocolate in Dorchester, Massachusetts. Do you realize how long ago that is? The business is older than the United States, older than "Old Glory," older than steel pens, lead pencils, matches, sewing machines, kerosene, steamboats, railroads, the electric telegraph.

Whenever you see the graceful "Chocolate Girl," remember that she is the representative of a business that began before any man now on earth was alive, and has through four generations stood for success.

How many of you know her history? It was a charming bit of romance, for the Beautiful Chocolate Girl of Vienna, painted by Liotard, was a real character, and ended her life as one of the nobility.

Walter Baker & Co. have prepared a booklet giving an account of this little heroine, and showing specimens of the advertising designs prepared by children, members of the St. Nicholas League.

This booklet, "La Belle Chocolatière and the Children," will be sent to all who ask for it and send a two-cent stamp. Address

***WALTER BAKER & CO., Ltd., Dorchester, Massachusetts.***

*Result of Advertising Competition No. 9. Twenty Prizes of Five Dollars each for the best advertisements for any of a list of firms printed in the advertising pages of the December number of St. Nicholas.*

PRIZE WINNERS.

John L. Binda (15), Mattapan, Mass.
Joshua W. Brady (16), Potsdam, N. Y.
Harold R. Callisen (16), Larchmont, N. Y.
Donald Cole (15), Baltimore, Md.
Edward C. Day (17), San Anselmo, Cal.
Ralph E. Dyar (17), Winona, Minn.
Helen de Veer (15), New York City.
Helen H. Ferrey (16), Pittsfield, Mass.
Alfred L. Gimson (17), Lambertville, N. J.
Rose C. Goode (15), Boydton, Va.
Rosabel Horton (16), Rochester, N. Y.
Gordon K. Miller (16), Montreal, Canada.
Ruth M. Peters (14), Dorchester, Mass.
Dorothea Posegate (17), St. Louis, Mo.
Harvey Robinson (17), St. Louis, Mo.
Albert D. Schrader (17), Cleveland, O.
Paul A. Sihler (17), Cleveland, O.
Theodora Simmons (11), Bennington, Vt.
Paul A. Slusser (17), Cleveland, O.
Florence Ewing Wilkinson (12), Kirkwood, Mo.

HONORABLE MENTION.

Mary M. Alexander,
Fleta Chandler,
Eleanor F. L. Clement,
Mildred R. Cram,
Ethel De Ronde,
Ethel Elliott,
Matthew Gault, Jr.,
Jean Howard Gilmore,
Graham Hawley,
Jeannette Higgins,
W. Wesley Kurtz,
Hilda B. Morris,
Earle Percy,
Florence Pfeifer,
Walter E. Robson,
John A. Ross,
Dorothy Slocum,
Harriet R. Spaeth,
Raydia Squires,
Will Timlin,
Virginia B. Watson,
Isabel White,
Helen Ludlow White.

## *Advertising Competition No. 11.*

FIFTY-FOUR PRIZES.

Last month the prizes in the Advertising Competition were offered for the best answers to twenty-five questions based upon certain advertising pages.

This month there will be $100 in prizes, divided into fifty-four prizes based upon the advertisements in this number of ST. NICHOLAS:

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Four prizes of Five Dollars each | | | . . . . | $20 |
| Ten | " | " Three " | " . . . . | 30 |
| Ten | " | " Two " | " . . . . | 20 |
| Thirty | " | " One Dollar | " . . . . | 30 |

Answers may be submitted until February 25.

These prizes will be awarded for the best original catch-phrases for advertising the general business or the specialty of any firm advertised in this number of ST. NICHOLAS,— or for the best new trade-mark or trade-design suggested for any of those firms. Three dollars each will be paid for any of the ideas accepted by the firms for whom they are prepared.

The idea of this competition is to bring out new phrases or new designs that will be as good as some of the devices so well known to all ST. NICHOLAS readers — such as "It Floats," "He won't be happy till he gets it," "You press the Button and We do the rest," or such figures as the Pettijohn Bear, the Knox Gelatine Boy, the Sapolio tin-pan reflection — etc., etc., etc.

We wish to encourage the presentation of clever ideas in simple, striking form. Do not forget that an advertisement should make an impression that is both pleasant and lasting.

The "happy thought" of a moment may win a prize.

The conditions are the same as before in League competitions, except that all may compete irrespective of entries in other competitions.

A booklet showing some sixty-odd reproductions of the sketches submitted in the first six advertising competitions has been printed, and will be sent to any of the competitors in the work of the St. Nicholas League upon receipt of a two-cent stamp. Address

ADVERTISING COMPETITIONS,
St. Nicholas League,
Union Square, New York.

# CARMEL SOAP




AN ABSOLUTELY PURE OLIVE OIL SOAP FOR Nursery, Toilet and Bath.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS & GROCERS. IMPORTED BY
A. KLIPSTEIN & CO.,
122 PEARL ST., NEW YORK.

# FERRY'S SEEDS

For
The Farmer
The Gardener
and
The Housewife

They cost a little more. They are worth a *great deal* more than the ordinary kind. Sold everywhere.

1902 Seed Annual Free.

D. M. FERRY & CO., Detroit, Mich.

## Use Dixon's American Graphite Pencils

Their tough, smooth leads don't break or scratch when in use. Made in all styles, covering the whole field of pencil use.

THEIR GRADES NEVER VARY

Ask for them at your dealer's. If not obtainable, mention ST. NICHOLAS, and send 16 cents for samples worth double.

JOSEPH DIXON CRUCIBLE CO., Jersey City, N. J.




## CANNON'S TOY BLOCKS

will build **BIG** Freight, Stock, Coal or Flat Cars; Station, Merry Go Round, and lots of other things.

**Indestructible—Helpful—Amusing**

Not a cheap affair, but **BIG** solid value. Freight car 9½ in. long, 4 in. wide, 5 in. high. Other sets ready. New things preparing. Send for illustrated circular.

CANNON TOY COMPANY, Lock Box 751, Casco, Wis.

## BEAUTIFUL SHELLS FROM THE GULF OF MEXICO

One quart of these ranging from the size of a nickel to a silver dollar, beautiful shades, tints and colors, for decorative use, very artistic and handsome for Cabinet. Postage prepaid to any part of the U. S. on receipt of one dollar. Address,

CHARLOTTA MATTHEWS, Sanibel, Lee Co., Florida.

## THE CENTURY COOK BOOK.

More than a Thousand Receipts, 600 pages, 150 Illustrations. Price only $2.00.

THE CENTURY CO., NEW YORK.

# An Index to the Volumes of ST. NICHOLAS

A complete, comprehensive index to the first twenty-seven volumes of ST. NICHOLAS, containing 20,000 references arranged analytically, alphabetically, and classified—now ready. Invaluable to every owner of the bound volumes of ST. NICHOLAS.

Cloth bound, price $4.00. Address

THE CENTURY CO., Union Square, New York

# A Mellin's Food Boy

We have a book of pictures of Mellin's Food babies. The book also tells something about Mellin's Food, what it is, how it is used and why it is needed.

*We will send you the book free for the asking.*

MELLIN'S FOOD CO.
BOSTON, MASS.



LEONARD WALLACE BURDICK
HOMER, NEW YORK.

Don't let your children acquire the Coffee Habit.

Get out of the rut yourself!

All doctors recommend COCOA & CHOCOLATE in preference to coffee. Why not get the Best?

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GROCERS EVERYWHERE.

If not handled by your grocer, send his name and address and receive Free Sample and Booklet. Huyler's, 863 Broadway, N. Y.

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PHONOGRAPH
Go Hand in Hand



NONE GENUINE WITHOUT THIS TRADE MARK
Thomas A Edison

Modern times have not produced its equal for amusement and instruction.

*Nine Styles, from $10.00 to $100.00*

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New York Office - 135 Fifth Ave.
Chicago Office - 144 Wabash Ave.
Foreign Department:
15 Cedar Street, New York.

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## A SWEET RESTORER.

Fragrant nods the flower beside the garden path;
White are daisies, laughing in morning's dewy bath;
But purer than the daisies, more sweet than heliotrope,
A little sleeping baby, fresh bathed with Ivory Soap.

IT FLOATS.

The drawing by Mrs. Alice Barber Stephens, reproduced above, was awarded second prize of Four Hundred and Fifty Dollars in a recent artists' competition conducted by The Procter & Gamble Company.

# Swift's Premium Hams & Bacon
## Silver Leaf Lard




The increasing popularity of Sugar-cured Hams and Breakfast Bacon as high-class foods is due to the great advances made in the art of selecting, preparing, and curing them. To produce Hams and Bacon suitable for the extremely critical taste of the present day, they must receive an extraordinary amount of care from the moment the fresh meat is refrigerated until it is cured and placed on the marketman's counter.

In no establishments are these points more carefully looked after than in Swift & Company's plants. Every detail of preparation receives attention, and only the absolutely perfect pieces—perfect in trim, size, and texture—are allowed to receive the "Premium" brand. ¶ Swift's Silver Leaf Lard is America's Standard.

CHICAGO KANSAS CITY OMAHA **SWIFT & COMPANY** ST. LOUIS ST. JOSEPH ST. PAUL

# ROYAL BAKING POWDER

**Absolutely Pure**

**Made from most highly refined grape cream of tartar.**

**Makes pure, delicious, wholesome food.**

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

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LOOK AT THE LABELS!

THE GENUINE




# BAKER'S COCOA

AND

# CHOCOLATE

PUT UP IN PACKAGES LIKE THESE




MOST AND BEST FOR THE MONEY

WALTER BAKER & CO., LTD.

ESTABLISHED 1780. DORCHESTER, MASS.

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# ONE IN THREE

**Persons hurt by Coffee.**

# YOU MAY BE ONE.

**COFFEE TOPERS.**

**Do You Know Any?**

More of that kind than belong to the whiskey class.

No criticism offered if the drug agrees with the system, and it does with some. About one in three are unpleasantly affected in some organ of the body, and the proof is found by the disease leaving when coffee is left off.

Postum Cereal Coffee furnishes perfect nourishment and quickly rebuilds a broken-down nervous system. Proof is in trying. Grocers furnish at 15 and 25 cents.

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# KODAK

***PROGRESS COMPETITION***

**To show the progress of the Kodaker in the field of photographic art and to demonstrate the technical superiority of pictures made with our instruments and our film**

**we offer**

# $4,000.00

**IN PRIZES**

**for the best amateur work made with the Kodak and Brownie Cameras.**

**The prize list includes $2000.00 in Cash and $2000.00 in Kodaks.**

**Prize Contest circular free at any Kodak dealer's or by mail.**

**EASTMAN KODAK CO.**

**Kodaks, $5 to $35. Rochester, N. Y.**

"The Boy Recruits," a long story, complete.

# ST NICHOLAS

## FOR YOUNG FOLKS

CONDUCTED BY

MARY MAPES DODGE




MACMILLAN AND Co L'T'D, ST. MARTIN'S ST LONDON

THE CENTURY CO UNION SQUARE NEW YORK

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY THE CENTURY CO. ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL MATTER.



WHEN the winds of March are blowing and playing tricks with one's apparel, is it any wonder that the eye of the passer-by is caught by such an attractive boot as the **Sorosis?** At this season one must have a sure footing, if falls or accidents are to be avoided, and a firm step is a mark of *Sorosis* wearers everywhere, for perfection of fit gives that sure foothold which an ill-fitting boot renders impossible. *Sorosis is the only shoe of which every part is made rights and lefts*, and is so modeled as to prevent that only too common fault—a flattening of the arch of the foot



Everywhere in America the price of **Sorosis** still remains at $3.50 per pair.

**A. E. LITTLE & CO.,** Makers of "Sorosis," **67 Blake St., Lynn, Mass.**



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**Subscription price, $3.00 a year; single number, 25 cents.** The half-yearly parts of ST. NICHOLAS end with the October and April numbers respectively, and the red cloth covers are ready with the issue of these numbers; price 50 cents, by mail, post-paid; the two covers for the complete volume, $1.00. We *bind* and furnish covers for 75 cents per part, or $1.50 for the complete volume. In sending the numbers to us, they should be *distinctly* marked with owner's name, and 54 cents (27 cents per part) should be included in remittance, to cover postage on the volume if it is to be returned by mail. Bound volumes are not exchanged for numbers.

Persons ordering a change in the direction of Magazines must give both the *old* and the *new* address in full. No change can be made after the 5th of any month in the address of the Magazine for the following month.

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# A SHEAF OF NEW NOVELS AND THEIR WRITERS

THE CENTURY CO. has recently published several new novels by writers heretofore unknown. In most cases these are their first books, and as they have been more than ordinarily successful, in some cases remarkably so, the portraits of the authors are presented herewith.

* * *

"MRS. WIGGS of the Cabbage Patch," at the present writing in its fourth edition, and liable to be in a still larger one before this is read, is a book which has been called "a sure cure for the



ALICE CALDWELL HEGAN.

blues—a gay challenge to pessimists in general." The author, Miss Alice Caldwell Hegan, is a native and resident of Louisville, Kentucky, whose literary work heretofore has consisted mainly of short stories and sketches. The chief character in "Mrs. Wiggs" is distinctly a creation. The book is one which, when you have read, you will be apt to pass along to another or to go out and buy half a dozen copies to send to as many friends.

* * *

THE AUTHORS OF "MISTRESS JOY," a novel of the South at the end of the eighteenth century, are two Southern women living in Tennessee. Two years ago they were strangers to each other, although they had been associated as president and vice-president of the Tennessee Woman's Press Club. Mrs. Annie Booth McKinney, who lives in Knoxville, was born upon a large plantation in Mississippi, and graduated from Hillman College, spending the rest of her girlhood on her father's plantation and in Vicksburg. Her co-laborer, Mrs. Grace MacGowan Cooke, has her



GRACE MACGOWAN COOKE.

home on the battle-field of Missionary Ridge at Chattanooga. She began serious literary work about ten years ago, and has contributed to the *Atlantic Monthly*, *St. Nicholas*, and other magazines.

Mrs. Ruth McEnery Stuart is one of many who are enthusiastic over "Mistress Joy." She says: "I need not say that I am entirely charmed with it. It is delightful from cover to cover. It must appeal to all lovers of sweet and wholesome romance, and satisfy style-lovers as well as those who care for a charming story." And Mrs. Stuart goes on to wonder "how two women could do it without patch or stitch or seam anywhere."



ANNIE BOOTH MCKINNEY.

MR. GOUVERNEUR MORRIS has made a decided hit with his little book "Tom Beauling." The Seattle *Post-Intelligencer* calls it "the season's best story." "Nearly every year," writes the

critic of this paper, "we are blessed with at least one story which is 'just right'—a story that is clever enough to appeal to the head and tender enough to appeal to the heart, a story that commends itself to the fastidious reader as well as to those who are less critical." And this is the story.

The author, who is only twenty-five years of age, is a great-grandson of the famous Gouverneur Morris of Revolutionary days. He was graduated from Yale in the class of '98, and a year ago settled down to work in a publishing office, but soon found that clerking was not his forte, and proved himself by "Tom Beauling" to be a real writer. Readers of the February CENTURY can get a taste of his work in "Captain England: An Antic of the Sea."



GOUVERNEUR MORRIS.

"GOD SAVE THE KING" is Mr. Ronald MacDonald's second book. His first had a somewhat similar title, "The Sword of the King," and both of them strike the reader at once as being better adapted to plays than many novels whose dramatizations have already seen the footlights. Perhaps the two or three years' experience of the author on the stage is responsible for this quality in his novels. Ronald MacDonald is the second son of the poet-preacher-novelist Dr. George MacDonald, whose stories were so widely read in America twenty years ago. The son was born in 1860, and received his education at Trinity College, Oxford. For two years he was a schoolmaster in England, and for seven years he taught in America. In 1894 he returned to England, and since then has come his experience on the stage. He has written several plays, and his wife is an accomplished actress. The Philadelphia *Times* says that "God Save the King" "should establish Ronald MacDonald's position as one of the very best writers of romantic fiction of the day."



RONALD MACDONALD.

MRS. HELEN CHURCHILL CANDEE, the author of "An Oklahoma Romance," a story of a love-affair complicated with a land claim, comes of a New York family that has been well known in the metropolis for several generations. She had served an apprenticeship to letters before attempting a novel, and for several years past her name has often been seen attached to essays and short stories in various magazines. Besides this, she has edited a magazine and has been an editorial writer on one of the great New York dailies. She is thoroughly well acquainted with the Southwest. The Boston *Times* calls "An Oklahoma Romance" "a beautiful, stirring story of fondness and faith."



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SPRING WEATHER.

# ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XXIX. MARCH, 1902. No. 5.

## CHILDREN OF AN EXILED KING.

By Emily P. Weaver.

The little boy and girl in the picture on page 389 were children of King James II. of England; but about seven years before it was painted he had been driven from his throne because he had tried to force his people to change their religion against their will. The boy's name was James Francis Edward, and he was seven years old when this portrait was taken. The little girl's name was Louisa Mary. She was then hardly four years old, but in the portrait she is dressed like a grown-up court lady.

Though their father was a king, he was very poor, for, when he fled from England, he was forced to leave behind him everything he possessed. He would not have known where to obtain food and shelter for himself and his family had not the King of France, Louis XIV., given him a large sum of money every year, and lent him a beautiful house to live in, called the Château of St. Germains. Many English people, who thought that James ought to be King of England still, came to live at St. Germains too. They had spent their money and lost their lands and houses in trying to help James II. to regain his crown, and now some of them were almost starving, and James, in his turn, had to use in helping them much of the money that the French king gave him. His little son and daughter were taught not to spend their money on sweetmeats and toys, but to save it up for the education of the children of the poor gentlemen who had suffered so much for their father's sake. These children were a great deal at St. Germains, so James and Louise had no lack of playfellows, and, in spite of their father's misfortunes, they had a merry childhood.

King James seems to have made a special pet of his little girl, whom he called his comforter, while his wife, Queen Mary, was exceedingly fond and proud of both her children. They were very pretty, and she loved to dress them in rich laces and bright-colored velvets even when they were mere babies; but the French ladies wondered to see such small children dressed in robes of state. The queen herself had been brought up very strictly, so she was careful not to be too severe with her own children. She treated them as friends and companions, and they loved her dearly. Happily for them, she sometimes seemed able to forget her troubles, and St. Germains witnessed many a gay scene while the royal exiles held their little court there.

There were birthday parties for the prince and princess, and masquerades and picnics, and merry romps in the fields beside the Seine,

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when James and Louise and all their young companions pretended to help the haymakers. Both the brother and sister were good dancers, and one evening, when the queen was away from home, Louise wrote to her that, finding a number of young people had assembled in the palace, she had sent in quest of a violin, and they had danced country dances till supper-time. Occasionally the King of France invited Queen Mary and her children to a state ball at Versailles, but on these occasions there must have been too much form and ceremony for real enjoyment.

Louise was fond of riding, and even a severe fall when hunting did not induce her to give it up. Once she was invited by the Dauphiness of France to join a hunting-party, but as she had neither a suitable dress to wear nor a horse fit to mount, she would have been obliged to decline the invitation had not the French princess guessed the difficulty she was in, and provided her with both dress and steed. The French court happened to be in mourning, and most of the ladies wore habits of black or gray; but Princess Louise appeared resplendent in a scarlet dress trimmed with bright gold.



PORTRAIT OF JAMES II. BY SIR PETER LELY.

Ten years before this, when his son was just thirteen, James II. had died. From that time the prince was called in France the King of England, though some years later, when serving in the French army, he took the name of the Chevalier of St. George, for he had not the means to live like a king. But he and his friends kept hoping for years that he would one day be King of England. They were always disappointed, and were so poor in their exile that Louise once said: "We are reduced to such pitiable straits, and live in so humble a way, that even if it were the will of Heaven to restore us to our natural rank we should not know how to play our parts with becoming dignity."

She was very fond of her brother, and was most anxious that he should regain the kingdom that his father had lost. But in spite of all the troubles of her family, she was generally bright and happy. "It seems to me, madam," she once said to her mother, in the stately language of that old time, "that persons who, like myself, have been born in adversity are less to be pitied than those who have suffered a reverse. Never having tasted good fortune, they are not so sensible of their calamities; besides, they always have hope to encourage them. Were it not for that, it would be very melancholy to pass the fair season of youth in a life so full of sadness."

Louise did not live to know that her brother's hopes were never to be fulfilled. When she was only twenty she and James were both stricken with smallpox, and after a few days' illness she died. James recovered, but, though he lived to be an old man, he never wore the crown of England, and his life of bitter disappointment made him so sad and listless that even his best friends at last lost faith in him and in the success of his cause.



PRINCE JAMES AND PRINCESS LOUISA MARY, CHILDREN OF JAMES II. OF ENGLAND.

(From a photograph, by Walker & Boutall, of the original painting by Largillière in the National Portrait Gallery, London.)

# THE "GAZETTE'S" BOY.

By Henry Holcomb Bennett.

The bell of the telephone in the office of the Fairfield "Daily Gazette" rang furiously.

"'Phone, Mr. McIntyre," called the boy who answered it, and the city editor, pushing back his chair, arose from his desk with an uncomplimentary exclamation concerning people who interrupted him at the busiest time of the day.

Fairfield was a town of sixteen thousand people, and it supported, or allowed to exist, three daily papers, all issued in the afternoon, and each one the rival of the other two. If a "Gazette" reporter walked rapidly down the street, a representative of the "Herald" ran after him, and a "News" reporter, on a bicycle, chased the other two. If the "Gazette" came out with a half-column on a fire, the "Herald" doubled it, while the "News" ran a double-column display, with alleged pictures of the building "before and after taking" fire. To get a "beat" or "scoop" on the other sheets was the absorbing desire of every man and boy on each of the three papers. To achieve this no effort was too great; and no one, from the proprietor to pressman, was more anxious to "work a scoop" than was Jimmy Burns, now doing a month's trial on the "Gazette."

"Did you ever hear such luck?" almost shouted the city editor as he hung up the telephone-receiver with a vicious jerk and came back to his desk, giving a kick to a waste-basket which scattered its contents on the already littered floor. "Here 's a big wreck on the C. & N.," he went on, "and no one to send after it. Big smash out at the cut; freight and passenger—a head-end collision. They 've telegraphed back for surgeons. The wrecking-train goes in fifteen minutes—and no one to send!"

"Where 's Burke, and Thompson, and Stevens?" asked the advertising man, who stood near the desk, with an unkindly grin at the wrathful helplessness of the city editor.

"How do I know? Skirmishing around uptown somewhere. The sheet 's full, more than 'up' now, and so they 're taking it easy. Great Scott! Did you ever hear such luck? Big smash—two hours to press-time—no town near there—and no one to send!" McIntyre pounded the desk with his fist.

"Send me, Mr. McIntyre. Let me go."

The city editor turned in astonishment. There, at his elbow, stood Jimmy, his steady gray eyes sparkling with excitement and his face aglow.

"Send you! What do you know about handling a big thing? A kid of eighteen! Your line 's church socials. This is a bad wreck."

"Yes, I know," said Jimmy; "but the other fellows are not here, and I am. And father used to be on the road, sir. I know it from one end to the other, and every man on it, almost. I 'm better than nobody."

"That 's so," assented McIntyre. "Your father was an engineer, was n't he? Guess you 'll have to go. You 'll have to run, too, or you 'll not catch the wrecking-train; and that 's the only way to get to the wreck in time. Sure you know what to get?"

McIntyre began telling him what facts to ascertain while Jimmy hurriedly got into his coat, snatched up a pad of paper, and ran for the door, with the city editor's admonitions following him as he went downstairs in three jumps. He broke into a keen run as soon as he was on the street.

The wrecking-train was soon whirling along toward the scene of the disaster. The exhaust of the engine sounded like the roll of a heavy drum, and the red-hot cinders from the stack flew in a stream far behind the train. In one corner of the caboose, which was the rear car, a group of surgeons sat, with instrument-cases and rolls of bandages on the long seat beside them. The division superintendent, a telegraph-operator, and half a dozen other rail-

way men stood near the rear door. In the group, also, were the reporters,—Perkins, of the "Herald," Bailey, of the "News," two of the best newspaper men in town,—listening intently to the talk of the railway employees, and now and then asking a keenly intelligent question.

Jimmy looked at them, and wondered what chance he stood of beating these experienced men. Just none at all, he concluded; but his eyes snapped as he determined that they should not get more accurate information than he, even if they did handle it better. The men at the office could rewrite his matter if they pleased, but he would be the one who got the story. And if he got it—well, if he got it to the satisfaction of the city editor, it meant that he would have a permanent place on the staff, and his mother would not have to work so hard at the sewing.

Jimmy knew the telegraph-operator, and drew him to one side.

"What are the train numbers?" he asked; and the operator told him. He gave Jimmy also the engine numbers, the names of the train crews, and what the running orders had been; and was going on to tell him other items he knew when the group by the rear door broke up, and Bailey, seating himself on the opposite side of the caboose, called to Jimmy.

"Hello, there, youngster," he said, with a grin, "when did the editor of the 'Gazette' begin sending out children to look after these things?"

Perkins, of the "Herald," who sat beside him, laughed, as did several of the other men.



"JIMMY DID NOT STAY TO HEAR WHAT PERKINS ANSWERED." (SEE PAGE 393.)

"Yes, Jimmy," chimed in Perkins, "how does it come that you are doing this wreck? Did you think it was an afternoon tea?"

"No," said Jimmy; "we knew what it was,

well enough; but Mr. McIntyre said that any boy on the 'Gazette' could beat the 'News' and 'Herald'; so I came."

There was a general laugh at the expense of Perkins and Bailey, in which they joined; but for the rest of the ride the two men let Jimmy alone.

The wreck had occurred at the mouth of a deep cut through the shoulder of a hill, on a curve, so that the mail and express, dashing down the grade at fifty miles an hour, had crashed into the oncoming freight before the engineers of the two trains were really certain whether what they heard was another train or the roar of their own. The great engines had reared up like two fighting lions, and fell an inextricable tangle of bent and broken rods, shattered running-gear, and twisted iron. Behind, around, and partly over them the cars of the freight and the coaches of the passenger were piled in terrible confusion. Under a tree near the track the injured passengers had been placed. On the arrival of the wrecking-train the surgeons went to work at once to attend the wounded, while the wrecking-crew attacked the tangle of iron and wood, and began to clear away the shattered cars.

In half an hour Jimmy had all the facts which he could gather concerning the wreck, and his familiarity with railway affairs stood him in good stead. He had written the story as he got it, so that there might be no delay at the office; but now the question was to return to town and get his copy to the office in time for the paper.



"HE THREW A LITTLE MORE POWER INTO HIS WORK, AND THE LEVER SWUNG BACK AND FORTH MORE SWIFTLY THAN BEFORE."

He hurried up the side of the cut, to where the telegraph-operator was seated on a box, with his instrument on a barrel before him. With a piece of wire the operator had "tapped" the main line, and had started a temporary sending-station right at the wreck. Bailey was already at the operator's side, and Perkins joined him just as Jimmy came up. Bailey was arguing with the division superintendent;

but his argument was not convincing, for the superintendent turned away, saying decisively: "I can't do it, boys. We need the line ourselves. You can't send a word from here now, and I don't know when you can."

"Here 's a nice go!" said Bailey. "No wiring to be done. Well, I 'm going to strike over here in the country and see if I can get a horse; and it 's doubtful if these 'hillites' own horses. I 'll try it, anyway."

"I shall stay right here," Perkins said. "There may be a chance at this any time; and it 's twelve miles to town by the rail and sixteen by wagon-road. Time you get there your sheet will be out and forgotten."

"What 's the difficulty about our issuing an extra?" said Bailey, as he climbed a fence and started across a field.

Jimmy did not stay to hear what Perkins answered, but turned and ran down to where the wrecking-train stood. There, by the train, lay a track-velocipede, which he had noticed as it was being lifted from a flat-car to get it out of the way of other things. Jimmy's eyes flashed when he saw it, and he hurried to the side of the division superintendent.

"Mr. Thompson, may I use that track-tricycle?"

"What do you want it for?" asked the superintendent, not turning his head to see who spoke.

"I want to get back to town."

"All right," answered the official, who was thinking more of the wreck than of the velocipede and the slim young fellow who stood beside him.

Jimmy did not wait for further explanation or permission, but ran to the velocipede. One of the wrecking-crew helped him to put it on the track. Jimmy, settling himself firmly, grasped the cross-handle of the lever and started on his ride.

The velocipede was a queer-looking machine, with a long seat placed over two heavy wheels, which ran on the same rail. It was worked by a lever, and was kept in equilibrium by a third wheel, which rested on the other rail, and was connected with the body of the machine by a wooden arm. The velocipede worked easily, and as Jimmy swung back and forth, lending his weight to the pulling and pushing of the lever, the wheels began to revolve rapidly, and the fences at the sides of the track glided by with increasing speed. Twelve miles to go and a little over an hour in which to do it! He chuckled as he thought of Perkins, sitting by the operator, and of Bailey, toiling over the hills, and wondered what they would think now of the "Gazette's boy."

The track was slightly down grade, and the velocipede gathered speed as it went. At last, at the end of a shallow cut, Jimmy caught sight of a tall spire, and knew he was only four miles from town. He knew, also, that he was just at the top of the steepest grade on the road, and smiled to think what fast time he could make. He threw a little more power into his work, and the lever swung back and forth more swiftly than before. The fences fairly ran away behind him, and now the telegraph-poles joined in the race.

The lever swung faster and faster, and Jimmy's body swung back and forth with it. The perspiration streamed down his face, but he could not take a hand from the lever to get his handkerchief.

"Whew!" he whistled. "I 'd better slack up, or I 'll be worn out."

He threw his weight against a forward swing of the lever, and the handle was jerked violently from his grasp. Before he could get out of the way the returning lever struck him across the breast, driving the breath out of him, and nearly throwing him from the machine. He lay back along the seat to get his breath again. The lever jerked to and fro so swiftly that hope of grasping it and checking the speed was gone. The telegraph-poles seemed to race to meet him; the ground flowed away under him like a river; the air rushed against him, and the gritty dust, whirled up from the track, stung his face; the wheels rattled over the track-joints like the ticking of a watch. All that he could do was to hold on and to hope that there might be nothing on the track before him.

On and on he sped. Clinging desperately with both hands, he strove to watch the track ahead, but the rushing of the ground, the mad race of the fences, the whirl of the air, made him dizzy, and he shut his eyes. He knew he

was nearing a curve. If the little balance-wheel lifted, if its shallow flange raised above the outer rail, the velocipede would leave the track, to be hurled over and down the embankment, and he with it! He threw himself sidewise and bore down with all his weight on the connecting-arm. Here was the curve. He heard the wheels grinding on the rails.

On and on and on. The curve was passed: he was nearing the edge of town. The knowledge gave him new heart, and he raised himself. The track here, he knew, became level. Soon he could grasp the lever and check the speed, but not yet. The dust flew into his eyes, and he closed them.

A sudden, wild shout startled him. In front was a hand-car and four men! Powerless to stop, he plunged nearer and nearer. Almost on them! They were striving to lift the car from the track. Could they do it before he struck it? They tugged and lifted desperately. They had it off! No—not quite. Yes! Now!

When Jimmy opened his eyes he saw a crowd of faces about him. Where was the hand-car? And the velocipede? He looked up at the man who bent over him.

"Where am I?" he asked.

"At the C. & N. station. You hit the corner of a hand-car, you know."

At the station! Jimmy sat up and then staggered to his feet. They were waiting for him at the office. He started for the door. How long had he been unconscious? Had the paper gone to press? Was he too late, after all? He glanced up at a clock which hung on the wall.

The next moment he was through the door and running toward a cab.

"'Gazette' office!" he gasped. "Hard as you can go! Whip up!"

Up the office stairs he toiled, clinging to the rail, panting, breathless, and dizzy. He heard the voice of the city editor.

"We 'll give him three minutes more," Mr. McIntyre was saying. "If we don't get word then, you may lock up and go to press. We 've waited long enough."

"You don't have to wait any longer, Mr. McIntyre"; and Jimmy, hatless, grimy, a red streak of blood down his face, stumbled into the office, waving a pad of paper in his hand. "Here it is! All of it. And the other papers won't have it!"

In an instant the foreman, waiting in the door, had torn the pad apart, with an exultant whoop, and dashed back to the composing-room to distribute the copy. The city editor and the reporters stood about Jimmy, who sank into a chair. Some one brought him a drink of water; and he heard, as though in a dream, the voice of the chief editor, saying:

"You 've got a place here as long as you want to work, Jimmy Burns."

And Jimmy is on the staff now, but he is city editor, and not the "Gazette's boy."

---

## STRANGE.

By Stella George Stern.

There was a young lady named Sue
Elizabeth Harriet Prue
  Lucretia Elmiora
  Ann Agnes Sapphira,
And she could recite it all through.

She had a wee brother named Paul
Who was just about learning to crawl.
  It seems such a shame—
  *He* had but one name,
And he could n't pronounce it at all.



# THE QUEEN'S MESSENGER.

"SPIDER, spinner! — you 're very late!
What do you think will be your fate
Should the Fairy Queen and court arrive
To find the tent you promised to spin
Of the glossiest web at precisely five
Not ready for holding the dances in?
She may change you into a tiny gnat,
Or a fly, or something worse than that!
There 's only an hour before the ball
To finish the room for our dance to-night,
So that when the dew shall fall
It will spangle all with silver light.
You 've wasted time in catching flies—
I read the truth in your eight green eyes!
To work with a will, for the sun is low,
And soon the moon comes over the hill;
The fairies begin to gather, you know,
As soon as they hear the whippoorwill.
Haste, then; spin! — or you 'll be too late.
The Fairy Queen will never wait;
And unless the pavilion shall be complete,
The snug gray roof with dew pearls spread,
The silken rug for the fairy feet,
Oh, spider! you may quake with dread!"

*Tudor Jenks.*

## THE FABULOUS TABLE, *here set down by Jessica and Orson Lowell*

A WIZARD once lived on Cape Sable
Who owned a most wonderful table
It had wings, if you please,
And could fly with great ease
Could this excellent bird of a table.



When it stood in a corner demurely,
You'd have thought it most commonplace surely,
But a man who was there
Saw it flying in air,
With the WIZARD atop quite securely!



# THE ROOM-MATE.

By Elizabeth Knowlton Carter.

She was gazing discontentedly at her own slender feet, but the fault was not with them; what caused the frown between her delicate eyebrows was the conviction that her new room-mate was not an interesting girl. The photographs and belongings set forth on her small dressing-table looked very uninteresting. Genevieve noticed among these a large picture of a boy, his eyes looking out with rustic, embarrassed alertness; his starched low collar revealing an unbecoming length of neck; his hair brushed straight up from his forehead in a manner that she particularly disliked.

Genevieve had a great impatience of the commonplace; her soul went forth eagerly to the uncommon, the beautiful, and, above and beyond all else, to the heroic. Now she turned suddenly and surveyed with a slowly kindling eye the three framed photographs on the wall above her bed. They all were there — her heroes: Nathan Hale, in his young, heroic beauty; Nelson, with its look of boyish wistfulness; and the dreaming, absent, sad, far-seeing eyes of General Gordon. Then, with a deep sigh of contentment, she viewed on her own dressing-table her beautiful sister, slim and fascinating in her furs, her brother, impressive in his cadet's uniform, and cast a pitying glance at the photographs of the other girl. If she had had to live with people as commonplace as that, how afflicting might life have been! But, after all, was n't it rather small-minded and prying to sit and stare in a critical spirit at another girl's dearest possessions? She threw herself back on the bed; the question revolved dreamily in her mind, and, tired with traveling and unpacking, she was presently asleep.

When she opened her eyes again the room had grown a trifle dusky. Her new room-mate was standing by the window. She was a tall girl, with broad shoulders and a large waist, though she was thin. Her head, looking noticeably small with its smoothly brushed, scanty hair, was outlined against the white square of the window, showing a long, plain, delicate profile, the pointed chin held deprecatingly forward. She was looking at something on the wall, a tablet on which Genevieve had copied Emerson's solemn lines beginning:

Daughters of Time, the hypocritic Days.

"Probably she 's thinking how queer I am to pin up writing," thought Genevieve; and having indulged in a momentary pity for herself at the prospect of rooming with that girl, she sat up with an impulse of kindness.

"How do you do?" she said. "I think you must be my new room-mate, Miss Stebbins. Excuse me for being asleep instead of doing the honors. I have the right to do the honors of this room, because I 've had it two years. I suppose they told you my name — Genevieve Clark?" She advanced toward Miss Stebbins, holding out her hand and smiling.

Miss Stebbins turned with a confused murmur of response. She had dark gray eyes in a face of singular pallor, and the deprecating attitude of her head was repeated in her expression. Miss Stebbins was evidently very shy.

Genevieve lingered a moment, making conversation; then hilarious voices on the stairs warned her of the arrival of some more of the "old girls,"— Elsie Bruce was among them, she could hear her laughing,— and, abruptly excusing herself, she hastened to greet them.

This little scene was exactly typical of her whole intercourse with Esther Stebbins during the weeks that followed. Her feelings were always kind, her manner always cordial; but, being the most popular girl in Miss Burton's school, her leisure time was naturally spent in the other girls' rooms; it did not seem so pleasant to have the girls come to see her, now that her shy, stiff, awkward room-mate must be taken into account. She had wished to have

Elsie Bruce or one of the old girls. If Miss Burton had n't arranged things so awkwardly!

One Saturday afternoon Elsie came to her door with one of the new girls, and finding Genevieve alone,— Esther had gone out with one of the teachers,— they entered and made merry. The two Cartwrights, hearing sounds of revelry, came in from across the hall, and the mirth increased till nearly all the rooms in the upper hall had sent guests to Number Seven.

The new girl, Amy Folsom, was the only uncongenial spirit. Genevieve heartily disliked her, and could not see why Elsie had taken her up. "She is such a little snob," she had had occasion more than once to declare wrathfully to herself. But Amy's haughty little face, framed in its dense, full puff of black hair, had assumed an expression decidedly bored. She showed her pretty teeth at the jokes, and once in a while said one of her bright things; even Elsie thought she had "such a cute little way." She was sitting by Esther's dressing-table, and presently she said to Genevieve, turning her head with a sidelong glance:

"Is n't that boy the funniest thing?"

Genevieve colored. "I don't understand. How — funny?" she said.

Amy gave her little smile. "He looks as if he were saying, 'Nothing else to-day?' Mary," she added, turning to one of the Cartwrights, "did you ever see anything so funny as that hair-cut?"

Mary Cartwright looked around and laughed. Genevieve flushed angrily.

"Just please remember that Miss Stebbins is my friend, girls," she said. And then she looked up and saw Esther standing in the door of the room. That she had heard Amy's last speech Genevieve instantly divined. Her face was white, and it quivered; her eyes, for an instant, over all their startled faces, flew to the pictured face on the table. In the next moment her self-consciousness returned. She stood there, awkward, plain, and a victim to shyness.

"Do move, some of you girls, and let Miss Stebbins come in," said Genevieve. She had never brought her friendship to the point of calling her room-mate by her first name. "There 's lots of room over here by me — if you can only make your way here."

"Oh, I won't come in now," said Esther. "I forgot to speak to Miss Maybough about something — there was something —" Her voice murmured in her throat; she turned away, and they heard her going downstairs.

"Gracious!" said Mary Cartwright. "I 'm awfully sorry."

"So am I," said Genevieve; "but it can't be helped now. Perhaps she did n't hear what we were saying. Anyway, worry won't help it. Have some candy."

Having, like a dutiful hostess, set her startled guests more or less at ease, she indulged in a small tempest of inward indignation, and when they all had gone, she shed, in the twilight, a few vexed tears. Then the incident was forgotten.

That evening the photograph disappeared, and Genevieve saw it no more until the week before commencement, when Esther Stebbins was packing her things to go home. She was leaving early, and she was not coming back the next year. Genevieve, kind and a little remorseful, was helping her to pack her trunk. Esther was emptying one of her boxes, and dropped something to the floor with a little clatter. Genevieve sprang to pick it up; it was the boy's picture, unseen since that unlucky Saturday afternoon.

"Is this your brother?" she asked, not liking to hand it to Esther in silence.

"Yes." Esther flushed darkly, and Genevieve felt herself coloring, too.

"How nice," she said confusedly. "Nearly your age, is n't he? Is he going to college?"

"He *was* going." The girl's eyes, fixed on the photograph, filled with slow tears, and her mouth twisted. "He died last summer."

"Oh," cried Genevieve, shocked and dismayed, "I beg your pardon! I 'm so sorry. Why did n't you tell me?" Her words merged themselves in a kiss as she put her arms around Esther. "I 'm so sorry," she whispered.

"It was because he was so unselfish," Esther went on, in a choked voice. "Our uncle, the one who brought us up, said if Henry graduated at the head of his class he could go to college, and if he did n't he would have to go right to work in the bank. He was never very fond of us,— Henry and me,— but Henry was very bright, and Uncle Bert was willing to be proud

of him. And all the last year Henry was at the high school, when he was working the hardest, he spent every evening with a schoolmate who had been hurt in an accident. I used to hear him come in, night after night, about eleven — it was a long walk from our house. One night — it was just before examinations — I went down and found him with a wet towel around his head, staring at his book in such a queer, troubled way. He said: 'I don't know what ails me, Esther. These things are all mixed up. Won't you just try hearing me through once?' But when he tried he could n't say three words. And when I exclaimed that he had been giving up too much time to Jim Bolton, he said" — Esther's voice half broke — "he said: 'Well, it 's almost over now, and poor old Jim, he had to be first anyway. It 's hard enough for him with all that we fellows can do.' He said 'we fellows,' but he was the only one who had been faithful, who had n't grown forgetful and careless — though, of course, they all meant to be kind. Then examinations came on, and he failed in subject after subject. And then he was awfully ill. It was overwork, and the dreadful disappointment at the end. Poor Henry! it was so nearly over — that night."

"Oh," said Genevieve, reverently. She took the picture and gazed through tears at the alert, boyish face with the consecration of unselfish death upon it. She realized that in his way this also was a hero, who had put his love for his friend before his ambition, and had sealed the sacrifice with his life. "Thank you for telling me," she said. Then, impulsively, she added: "I wish you had told me before. I wish I had known you better."

"Then I will tell you something else," said Esther. She was going on with her packing, hurrying a little, for the expressman was impending, and she spoke with the sudden astonishing eloquence of a clever, shy girl who breaks for a moment the barriers of her prison. "It was the first day I was here — you know, I came in when you were lying on the bed, and it was dusky, and I did n't see you. But I saw your pictures, Nathan Hale and Nelson, and that poem,— I have always liked it so much,— and I felt so happy just for a moment. I thought I had found a girl who cared for just the things that I did, and that I would have a real friend at last. Then suddenly I saw you lying there asleep, and I knew it would never be. You were too pretty and too graceful, and your hair was too curly, and your feet were too small, and your clothes were too lovely, and I knew you were n't for me. But you 've been something better than a real friend. You 've been the perfect ideal of all that I ever imagined a girl could be. You 've never disappointed me."

"Oh, don't, don't!" Genevieve cried, covering her face. "I 'm not nice at all. I 'm a conceited, stupid little wretch —"

"There 's the expressman coming upstairs," said Esther. "I must go. I have n't said good-by to Miss Burton and the others." She drew Genevieve's hands away from her face, and looked at her for a long moment with her clear, sad eyes. Then she kissed her and was gone.

Genevieve stood alone, looking around the little room. The expressman thumped noisily out with the trunk; she heard the rattle of the departing stage that bore away Esther Stebbins. She looked at the empty dressing-table, the neatly made bed,— Esther's bed always looked neater than hers,— and a great aching regret came over her.

This was the girl who would have understood, the girl who loved her heroes, the sister of a hero. It was she herself who had been commonplace, looking on the outside, judging from the outside as Amy Folsom might have done. She found herself gazing absently at the verse on the wall:

> To each they offer gifts after his will,
> Bread, kingdoms, stars —

The last lines broke upon her consciousness with a sudden sharp significance as if she read them for the first time:

> I, in my pleachèd garden, watched the pomp,
> Forgot my morning wishes, hastily
> Took a few herbs and apples, and the Day
> Turned and departed silent. I, too late,
> Under her solemn fillet saw the scorn.

Yes, she had taken over-hastily what each day offered — the careless good times, the fun; she had let a great friendship pass her by.

# THE BOY RECRUITS.*

*(A Story of Brave Sons and Wise Fathers.)*

By Willis B. Hawkins.

*The following story is a condensation, made by the author for* St. Nicholas, *from a longer story soon to be published as a book. It is the fifth of the long stories complete in one number that are to appear in the present volume of* St. Nicholas. *"Uncle Andy" is a crippled veteran soldier who shows the "Boy Recruits" how honor and discipline make boys brave, honest, manly, and capable. Full of fun, incident, excitement—our readers will find few better stories than this story with a moral. If all "morals" were taught as "Uncle Andy" teaches them, no one would find that young (and old) readers disliked "stories with a moral to them." And so—Attention! to the "Boy Recruits."*

## Chapter I.

### LOST IN THE WOODS.

The circus which had recently visited Mornington had left many a boy of that small Illinois town with an ambition to be a daring rider; for boys of 1861 were not so very different from boys of the present time.

Fred Stanton and his little friend Jimmy Ray were practising feats on old Peg, the limpy horse, and Meg, the cow, in Senator Stanton's back lot, when the court-house bell rang out an alarm, and away went both boys, to see what was up.

Not long before this, Fred had learned that when he was a baby this same bell had saved his life by calling out the men who rescued him from a sweeping flood. So he felt that he owed a great debt which he could pay only by always responding to the bell and doing what he could to save lives or property.

At the court-house, Fred's father was addressing a crowd of excited citizens. News of the firing on Fort Sumter had come, and the senator was telling his townsmen that everybody who could carry a gun should stand ready to fight in the coming war.

Fred soon forgot his ambition to be a circus man. He now wanted to be a soldier.

"Will your father let you?" little Jimmy asked, as the two boys walked away from the court-house.

"What if he won't?" Fred replied. "Did n't he say that youths should forsake their parents to fight for the Union?"

"Did he mean that boys ought to be soldiers when their folks don't want them to be?"

"Of course he did. Nobody's folks want him to go to war. If everybody stayed home on that account, there would n't be any soldiers at all."

This was plain enough to Jimmy. "Let 's play soldier now," said he. "You be captain."

With sticks for guns, they started to march.

"Here! That won't do," said a cheery voice behind them.

They turned, and saw an old man stumping along on a peg leg, smiling as he came.

Everybody in Mornington knew "Uncle Andy" Bigelow, though few understood him. Most of the people said he was "cracked." Senator Stanton said he was a genius. The children of the place just loved him, and did not trouble to ask why. Almost every day some of them might be found in his little cobbling-shop on the Flats, listening to some queer story or quaint song with which he entertained them while he worked. When they asked him how he lost his leg, he was as apt to answer one way as another. "'T ain't lost," he would say; "I know whur it is." Or: "Mebbe I had it cut off to save socks; you see, a pair lasts twict as long now." Or: "Who ever said I 'd lost it? Mebbe I was borned with a peg leg. Who knows?" This was about as near as he ever came to telling anything about himself. But the man who paid out money for the government knew that Uncle Andy drew a pension because he had lost his left leg in the Mexican War.

"That 's no way to march," said he, when he had overtaken Fred and Jimmy. "Who 's cap'n?"

"Fred is," said Jimmy.

Uncle Andy made them halt before him and showed them how to hold their sticks.

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"Hi, there!" he shouted to some other boys who were coming along from the court-house. "Hurry up!" He beckoned them with a broad sweep of his crooked old arm. "We want more sogers."

The boys came running, and Uncle Andy soon had them in line, himself at the head, with a lath for a gun.

"I 'll be sergeant," said he. "Now, then, cap'n," — he saluted Fred, — "give the command this way." He threw back his head and shouted: "Hmpny, for'd! Cm tm! Hrch!"

Fred had no idea that this meant "Company, forward! Common time! March!" so he just imitated Uncle Andy.

At the command "Hrch!" the veteran soldier planted his peg leg just twenty-eight inches forward, and so swung away, with his chest thrown out, and his shoulders squared, and his grizzled old head high in air. A tuft of long white hair, that stuck out through a hole in his old slouch-hat, bobbed and nodded like a plume.

The boys behind him giggled as they traipsed along, out of line and many of them out of step; but to Fred, who marched beside Uncle Andy, it was all very serious business.

Presently the gallus sway and swing of the march seemed to make Uncle Andy forget where he was, and he struck up a lively march-song, which consisted mostly of the chorus:

"Ri-tiddy-inka-*day*, ri-tiddy-inka-*day*,
Ri-tiddy-inka-tiddy-inka — dad — di — *ay*."

His ragged voice now and then squeaked out of tune, but never failed to keep exact time with the thump, thump, thump of his peg leg.

When the company had halted, Uncle Andy said: "That there 's a tune some sogers used to sing 'way down in Mexico with Ol' Rough an'-Ready Zach Taylor. It sort o' holped 'em to march, an' kep' 'em f'm bein' afeared, you minght say."



"'HANG ON, JIMMY!' FRED SHOUTED."

"Were you one of those soldiers, Uncle Andy?" a boy asked.

"Me? Wh-a-t! Me a soger? Do I look it — me with one peg leg an' t' other twisted like a fried cake from the rheumatiz?"

Soon after President Lincoln's call for troops

Camp Hammond was established just beyond the Big Woods to the east of Mornington. Senator Stanton frequently rode or drove over there, sometimes taking Fred with him. The sight of tents in long rows and men in bright uniforms made the boy wish more than ever to be a soldier.

One evening he and Jimmy rode the old horse to pasture to bring the cow home for the night. Jimmy found a bottomless tin wash-boiler beside the road, and fastened it to his belt for a drum. Then with two sticks he beat it in gallant style.

When through playing and ready to start for home, he mounted the cow, while Fred, seated like a general on the horse, gave the command to march. Jimmy hit his tin drum a sharp whack with a big stick, which so frightened the cow that she broke into a frantic run; and the faster she ran the more she was frightened by the rattlety-bang of the boiler against her bony side. At the bars she turned toward the Big Woods instead of toward home, and ran into the forest at the top of her speed. Fred followed on the limpy old horse, but Jimmy got far ahead of him.

"Hang on, Jimmy! Look out for the branches," Fred shouted. But Jimmy was already hanging on as tightly as he could; and as for the branches, he had been sufficiently warned of them by one which had nearly brushed his home-made soldier-cap away and had threatened to take him with it. At last, however, the cap went, and a stout branch ran through the boiler and held him fast, while the cow ran out from under him and disappeared in the darkness.

When Fred came up he found Jimmy dangling helplessly from the limb, and when he had helped him down and found that he was not hurt, the two had a good laugh over it; for Jimmy certainly did make a very funny picture, hanging there with his legs and arms sprawled out; Fred said he looked like a frog hung up by a string.

It was pitch-dark by the time they found the cow, and after they had tramped about until they were tired, looking in vain for a way out of the woods, they lay down under a big tree, and before long both boys went to sleep.

## CHAPTER II.

### THE BOYS ARE ENLISTED.

HARK! What sound was that? The gray dawn was seeping through the trees when Fred sprang to his feet.

"Bugle!" he exclaimed. And sure enough, when he and Jimmy reached the eastern edge of the woods, there lay Camp Hammond, less than a mile away.

"Let 's go and see the soldiers," said Jimmy.

"Let 's go and *be* soldiers," said Fred.

On the way across the open fields they agreed that it would not do to give their own names, because somebody was sure to know Senator Stanton, and would be likely to report the case to him before letting them enlist.

"Halt!" A sentinel stood before them with his bayonet lowered.

Fred told him they had come to enlist.

"Oh, ho! That 's it, is it?" There was a twinkle in the sentinel's eye as he called the corporal of the guard, a tall Irishman, and reported the case to him.

"So it 's soldiers yees do be wantin' to be?" asked the corporal, gravely.

"Yes, sir," Fred answered. It was a very serious matter to him and Jimmy. They could not see what the soldiers, who had come from the tents to look on, were grinning about. Surely the corporal was stern enough.

"All right," said he. "I 'll inlisht yees right here."

He stood the boys in line, and made a number of grotesque passes over them with his great bony hands, as if he were mesmerizing them.

"There, now," said he, "yees are dooly inlishted. An' now I 'll inshtruct yees in yer dooties. The first thing is that yees must always obey yer superior officers. If yees don't, the hand o' the goover'mint will come down on yees." He spread out one great claw-like hand over each boy, and glowered down on the little fellows. You may be very sure they resolved never to disobey a superior officer and take the chance of being crushed in the awful hand of the government.

"An' the next thing," the corporal went on, "is that yees must niver tell a lie to a superior officer. D' yees undershtand that?"

"Yes, sir," the boys answered meekly.

"Well, then,"— he turned to Fred, — "what 's yer name?"

Fred was now afraid to give a false name to his superior officer, so he gave his own.

"Who 's yer father? What does he do?"

"He 's Senator Stanton, sir."

"Oh, ho!" said the corporal. His face did not look so stern now. "How did yees git here, ye young rapscallions?" he asked, with a kindly smile.

Fred told the truth about the cow running away with Jimmy and losing them in the woods.

"An' yees did n't have anny supper or breakfast? Ye poor little muffins! Fall in an' I 'll mairch yees to battle wid something to ate."

While the boys were at breakfast the corporal sent a message to Mornington. Then he marched them to his own tent and commanded them to stay there until further orders.

Presently they heard a dull thump-thump-thumpy sound on the ground outside, and in a moment there stood Uncle Andy at the flap of the tent.

"I knowed it," said he. "I knowed I 'd find you here where the sogers is."

There had been some commotion in Mornington the night before. Senator Stanton had aroused several boys to ask if they had seen Fred, and at last had gone to the greatest boy of all — Uncle Andy. Then, while others were searching about Mornington, the old cobbler had quietly set out afoot through the Big Woods for Camp Hammond.

For a long time he stayed with the boys, telling them strange stories, until the corporal came and ordered them to fall in. As he marched them along the streets of the camp, soldiers poked their heads through the tent-flaps and watched them. One of them ran out and clapped a real, true soldier-cap on Jimmy's bare head, and although it was an old one, and much too big for him, the little fellow was very proud to wear it.

The corporal halted them in front of the colonel's tent, where a number of officers were standing as if waiting for something to happen.

"These is the raw recruits, sor, that I tould ye of," said the corporal.

"Very well, Corporal McGinnis," the colonel answered. "Here is another recruit for you to enlist." He drew the flap of his tent back, and out walked Senator Stanton.

Fred could hardly hold himself in the ranks; he wanted to run to his father: but the senator paid no attention to him.

Corporal McGinnis made the same kind of passes before the senator that he had made over the boys. "There, sor," said he, "ye are now dooly inlishted, an' I app'int ye brigadier-gineral, an' give ye command of these new throops." Then, turning to the boys, he added: "Moind, now! This man is yer superior officer. If yees iver disobey him, or lie to him, the hand o' the goover'mint will come down on yees."

Uncle Andy had led up old Peg and old Meg.

"Attention, brigade!" Senator Stanton commanded, standing erect before the boys and holding his riding-whip to his shoulder like a sword. "Brigade, mount!"

Uncle Andy lifted Fred to Peg's back, and the corporal put Jimmy on the cow. A soldier brought Senator Stanton's horse from behind the tent.

"Andrew Bigelow," said the senator to Uncle Andy, "I appoint you colonel and chief of staff, and give you command of the Boy Brigade. Please take my horse and march your troops home."

The old warrior saluted his new brigadier, and mounted the horse.

"Brigade, for'd — hrch!" he shouted; and the funny-looking troop moved off toward Mornington, while the officers in front of the tent let out the laughter they had been holding in so long.

Fred and Jimmy, as soon as they reached home, circulated the news that they were now soldiers in the real army. Some of the bigger boys laughed at this, but the smaller ones took it seriously, and wished they, too, might be soldiers. So Fred formed several of them into a company, and, with Jimmy as his lieutenant, marched them off to the Flats, to see if the chief of staff would take them into the Boy Brigade.

## Chapter III.

### THE FIRST BATTLE.

As Uncle Andy sat at his work he heard angry words outside, and, looking through his

window, saw big Bill Brogden and two other members of the "Flats Gang" standing in front of Fred's little company, telling them they could not march there. The old cobbler's first impulse was to go out and chase the big bullies away, but on second thought he said to himself: "The little fellers minght as well learn to fight their own battles fust as last." So he merely stood out of sight and watched them through the window.

The real fighting began when Brogden struck Jimmy over the eye and the little fellow pitched into him with all his might. Fred undertook to help his lieutenant, but Brogden's companions pulled him to the ground and pommeled him unmercifully. At the first blow the privates deserted their officers and ran away toward Uncle Andy's hut; and when the old man went out to scold them back to their places, Brogden and his friends thought he was coming after them, so they ran away across the Flats, leaving Fred and Jimmy lying on the ground.

Fred was soon on his feet, but Jimmy still lay motionless.

"Jimmy!" said Fred, shaking the lieutenant's limp body. "Jimmy! Jimmy!"

But Jimmy made no answer. His chubby face, usually so full of the rich color of health, was now turned up to the sky, pale as parchment, save where it was smeared with blood. Fred, regardless of his own bruises, raised the little fellow in his arms and ran with him toward Uncle Andy.

"Shucks!" said the old soldier, "he ain't hurt none. Jes' takin' a little nap, that 's all."

He sent Fred to the shop for a cup of water, while he calmly unbuttoned Jimmy's neck-band. Then he sloshed the water into the little fellow's face, saying: "Nothin' like a good cold dousin' to wake up your wits."

Jimmy moved a little and, opening his eyes very wide, stared about as if he did not know where he was.

"Up you come," said Uncle Andy. "The' 's a hull lot more fightin' to be did afore sundown. You got to lick that Brogden critter or I 'll lick you."

At the mention of Brogden's name Jimmy's senses seemed to come back all at once. In a second he was on his feet, blinking and looking dazed, but ready to fight all the Brogdens that might come along.

"There!" said Uncle Andy, clapping him on the back. "That 's the kind of a soger fer me. Got more spunk 'n a hull rig'ment o' such 'fraid-cats as you," he added, looking hard at the boys who had run away.

He brought the pail of water from the shop, and bathed Fred's and Jimmy's wounds. The captain had been only bruised, but the lieutenant had a bad cut over one of his eyes. Uncle Andy bound his big red bandana handkerchief over this.

Brogden and his companions had run to a safe distance across the Flats, and were now seated on the grass, keeping an eye on Uncle Andy.

"See them loafers over there?" the old man asked. "Wal, you fellers 've got to go an' march all around 'em; an' if they try to stop you ag'in, you 've got to lick 'em. D' you hear?"

"Yes, sir," Fred and Jimmy answered; but the other boys remained silent.

"D' you hear?" Uncle Andy spoke to the others in a louder tone. "You 've got to lick 'em so 's they 'll stay licked. How many of you wants to try it on? Come, now, one thing or t' other: you 've got to be sogers, or git out o' the ranks fer good an' all. How many of you wants to be sogers? Them that does, stan' over here."

Fred and Jimmy promptly stepped over. One by one, the rest of the boys straggled after them.

"Anybody that 's skeered to fight fer his rights might as well say so now, an' git off home to play grace-hoops or bean-bag. This ain't goin' to be no baby game, this ain't. It 's goin' to be sogerin', I can tell you."

The old man counted noses, and found there were ten privates besides the two officers. "Think o' that!" said he. "An even dozend of you an' on'y three o' the other fellers! You ought to lick twict that many; an' you can, too, if you 'll do as I tell you to."

He took a handful of wooden shoe-pegs from his work-apron pocket. "See here, cap'n," said he, "here 's your plan o' battle." He sat down on his door-sill, and stuck five pegs in a row into the ground. "There 's your front

rank," said he, "with the cap'n in command of it." Then he set up five pegs in a row just behind the others, and said: "There 's your rear rank, with the lieutenant in command o' that. Now you 're in shape to fight. Don't never march to battle single file. You must n't never let the enemy ketch you on the flank like you did afore, 'cause then your men all have to scramble over each other to git at 'em. Face right up to 'em, with ev'ry fightin' man free to rush at 'em, an' nobody in nobody's way. See?"

Fred asked if the front rank would not be in the rear rank's way.

"No," the old colonel answered. "You must n't go into the fight with both ranks to onct. You must begin with the front rank alone, an' hold the rear rank back fer a reserve. Nothin' like a reserve to scarify an enemy with. I 'll tell you about that in a minute. Now, here you be, marchin' along in two ranks, column front, 'tendin' to your own business; an' here 's the enemy over here, gittin' ready to stop you. Don't go too nigh to 'em. Halt your troops fur enough back so 's to give you plenty o' room fer a good long run at 'em. You can sometimes scare folks wus by runnin' at 'em like sixty, an' yellin' like blue Injins, than you can by actially punchin' 'em in the face. Now, then, soon 's you see the' 's *got* to be a fight, you begin it. Don't wait fer them to git in the fust lick. Git it in yourself. Sometimes the' ain't on'y one blow struck in a fight, an' the feller that strikes it wins the vict'ry. Sail right in with your front rank. Mind! your rear rank ain't to move till the cap'n gives 'em orders. Let the front rank do the fightin' till they 've got the enemy sort o' tuckered out. Then come at 'em with your fresh troops, runnin' an' yellin' like all git out, an' ten to one the enemy 'll turn tail."

Jimmy did not like the idea of staying back with the rear rank. He was afraid the fight might be over before he could get into it, and he had a score to settle with Brogden. But Uncle Andy said scores don't count in war. "Nothin' counts," said he, "but jest obeyin' orders an' winnin' battles. Sogers that ain't got nothin' better 'n grudges to fight fer better stay home an' knit socks fer them that has."

When the company had fallen in, Uncle Andy said to the front rank: "Don't move till you git the command to charge. Then start with a rush an' a whoop. Don't fergit to yell — yell like a passel o' wildcats; make 'em think you 're a hull lunatic asylum broke loose, an' would n't know it if you was licked. Never mind their faces. Punch 'em in the stummicks. That 's whur the wind is. Knock that out of 'em, an' then call up your reserves if you need 'em. Understand, cap'n?"

Fred said he did.

"All right, then; you 'll win. But mind this." He shook his finger at the captain. "You ain't to go pickin' no quarrels. A good soger don't never git into a fight as long as he can keep out, an' then he don't never git out as long as he can keep in. If them loafers don't say nothin' to you, don't you say nothin' to them. You mind your business, an' make them mind theirn."

Uncle Andy pretended to return to his work in the shop; but as soon as the boys had marched away, he slipped over to the window and slyly peeked out. He could not have been more interested in the outcome of that expedition if the little fellows had been real men soldiers advancing, under command of Old Rough-and-Ready, against twice their number of Mexicans.

## Chapter IV.

### STRICT DISCIPLINE.

When the little company had come within fifty yards of where the three rowdies sat, Brogden got up and called out: "Thought I said yous could n't march here?"

"Company, halt!" Fred commanded. Then he answered Brogden: "We 've a perfect right to march here, and we 're going to do it."

Brogden's companions got up, and the three started toward the company.

"Don't come any nearer," said Fred; but Brogden only came the faster. "Front rank, charge! Hrch!"

The young captain was too much excited to remember the command as Uncle Andy had given it to him, but that made little difference, for with a yell and a leap he rushed forward, beckoning his soldiers to follow him.

The front rank hesitated a moment, but Jimmy gave two of the boys a violent push from behind, and screamed in their ears: "Go on! Run at 'em! Yell, yell!" And away they went, yelping like a pack of wolves.

The three bullies stopped in surprise. They had expected the little fellows to run the other way. Fred, who was far in advance of his followers, dashed at Brogden like a mad tiger, but Brogden dodged aside and struck him as he passed.

One of the boys of the rear rank saw this, and turned to run. Jimmy made a grab at him, but missed his hold, and the boy cut for home.

Meantime Fred had turned and struck Brogden a blow on the nose that dazed him. Quickly following up his advantage, the little captain rained a perfect torrent of blows all over the thug's face, until the big fellow put his arms across it to protect it. Then Fred remembered Uncle Andy's instructions to strike for the wind, and went at the enemy's stomach like a battering-ram.

Brogden's companions had taken to their heels, and were now running across the Flats, pursued by the boys of the front rank.

Jimmy was beside himself with joy. "Chug it to him, Fred!" he shouted. But just then Brogden grabbed the young captain and threw him to the ground, falling heavily upon him.

Jimmy could hold himself no longer. Totally forgetting Uncle Andy's orders, he rushed to Fred's assistance, and struck the bully under the ear. The boys of the rear rank followed, and all piled on Brogden, who was soon glad to cry, "Enough!"

On the way back the rear-rank boys huddled about Fred, all talking at once. As they neared the hut Uncle Andy came out, and Jimmy ran toward him, kicking up his heels and shouting: "We licked 'em, Uncle Andy! We licked 'em!"

There was a severe frown on the old man's face. "I thought this was a comp'ny o' sogers," he said, with a sneer, "but I see it 's on'y a mob. Who tolt you to break ranks? Fall in, there!" he commanded sharply. "You 're a pretty cap'n, you are, to leave half your men on the field, an' come back with the rest jabberin' away like a drove o' monkeys!"

The boys of the front rank had been outrun by the two frightened roughs, and were coming back across the open, talking the fight over, much as Fred and his crowd had.

"Who tolt you to chase off there?" Uncle Andy sang out to them. "Come here! Fall in! I 'll take command myself now fer a while. We 'll see if you 'll skedaddle all over creation."

He brought them all to front face before his door, and said:

"Lieutenant Ray, step out here!"

Jimmy stepped to the front.

"Salute your superior officer, sir!" Uncle Andy commanded sternly.

The little fellow touched his soldier-cap as he had been taught to do.

"Now, sir," the old soldier went on, "what were you ordered to do in the battle?"

"To stay back with the rear rank until the captain ordered us to charge."

"Wal, did you do it?"

Jimmy hung his head and began digging in the ground with his toe.

"Front!" shouted the old man, harshly. "Hold up your head, sir, like a soger. Answer me. Did you do it?"

"No, sir," said Jimmy.

"Disobeyed orders, then, did you?"

"Y-e-es, sir; but I thought —"

"You ain't got no business to think. That 's whut your superior officers are for — to think fer you. Your business is to obey. Step back, sir. We 'll see whut we 'll do with you later on."

Jimmy returned to his place with tears in his eyes. He felt that he had lost Uncle Andy's respect.

"Cap'n Stanton, step out."

Fred came forward and saluted the colonel.

"How many men have you got in your ranks?" the old man asked.

"Ten, sir." Fred had been so busy with Brogden that he had not seen the rear-rank boy run away.

"Count 'em an' see."

Fred counted his boys and found only nine privates. "One of them is gone, sir," said he.

"Whur 's he gone to?"

"I don't know, sir."

"Don't know?" Uncle Andy asked, as if it

were the most astonishing thing in the world. "You the cap'n o' the comp'ny an' don't know whur yer men be? Whut d' you s'pose a cap'n 's for if not to look after his troops? How do you know that one o' your sogers ain't layin' out there on the field, bleedin' to death?"

"Please, sir," said Jimmy, "I know where he —"

"Hush up!" Uncle Andy snapped out. "Speak when you 're spoke to."

Fred looked the company over, and said: "It 's Charley Blanchard. I suppose he ran away. He always does."

"Oh, you s'pose, do you?" said Uncle Andy, tauntingly. "Wal, let me tell you, sir, cap'ns ain't commissioned to s'pose. It 's their business to know. If you 'd had your comp'ny fall in ag'in after the fight you 'd 'a' knowed you was a man short. Then it 'd 'a' been your business to find out whut had become of him afore you left the field. How do you expect to make a report o' your battle if you don't know whut 's become o' your men?"

Fred did not know what to make of Uncle Andy. He had never seen him in such a mood before. Usually the old man was full of gentle fun, ready at all times to tell a story, or sing a song, or have a romp with the boys; but now he was as severe as a martinet.

"I did n't know I had to make a report, Uncle Andy," said Fred.

"Don't 'Uncle Andy' me, sir. The' 's on'y one uncle to sogers in this country, an' that 's Uncle Sam. Address me as colonel, sir. An' remember, next time you have a battle, don't come back from it with your troops all higgledy-piggledy, like a flock o' cacklin' hens. Keep your men in ranks till they 're properly disbanded."

He ordered Fred back to his place, and brought the front-rank boys forward.

"Did anybody order you to chase off acrost the Flats?" he asked.

"No, sir," said one or two.

"Then whut did you do it fer?"

Nobody answered.

"Whut if them fellers had run away jest on purpose to make you foller 'em?" said the old soldier. "An' whut if they 'd turned around an' licked the boots off o' you when they 'd got you so fur away that your reserves could n't 'a' holped you?"

It had never occurred to the boys that an enemy might play such a trick as that.

"Then, whut if they 'd 'a' come back, after lickin' you, an' licked the rest?" the old man went on. "You minght 'a' lost the hull battle piecemeal jes' 'cause you scattered your force all over creation."

The young soldiers began to see the wisdom of sticking together and obeying orders if they were to win fights.

Then the stern old colonel called out the rear rank. "Did any officer order you to charge?" he asked.

"No, sir," one boy answered meekly.

"Whut made you do it, then?"

"Jimmy charged," said the boy, "and so —"

"Stop, sir!" the old soldier commanded. "Who 's Jimmy?"

The boy looked surprised. He wondered if Uncle Andy were really cracked, as some folks said he was. "Why, Jimmy Ray," said he.

"Do you mean Lieutenant Ray?"

"Yes, sir."

"Wal, then, say so. Don't go *Jimmyin'* your officers when you 're on duty. 'T ain't respec'ful. Now, go on. Whut made you go into the fight?"

"Lieutenant Ray went in, and we thought we ought to follow him," said the boy.

"There you be!" The colonel looked daggers at Jimmy. "See how one wrong thing makes more wrong things? The lieutenant disobeys orders, an' then a hull platoon thinks it 's got to, jes' 'cause he did. But," he went on, addressing the boys of the rear rank, "it wa' n't none o' your business whut the lieutenant done. Long 's he did n't order you to move, you ought to 'a' stood still till you took root in the ground."

He paced back and forth, socking his peg leg down as if he had some spite against the earth. "I dunno whut to do with sech sogers," said he. "I s'pose I 'll have to drum the hull kit an' caboodle of you out o' camp afore you 'll learn that orders is orders."

He stopped and suddenly faced the boys.



"'WAL, DID YOU DO IT?' ASKED UNCLE ANDY."

"'Tention, comp'ny! Break ranks! Hrch!" He clapped his hands together, and smiled in his old good-natured way. "There!" said he, "you 're off duty now. Every feller can do as he pleases."

Fred came forward and saluted. "Colonel," said he, "I —"

"Hol' on, here," the old man interrupted, grabbing Fred in his arms. "No salutin' now. I ain't colonel on'y when we 're on duty. After we 've broke ranks I 'm jes' plain ol' Uncle Andy ag'in. Sogerin' is sogerin' an' nothin' else. Hain't no friendship then. We 're all jes' parts of a machine sot to do suthin' that nothin' but a machine can do. But soon 's we 're off duty we 're jes' good fellers together, same 's ever."

He held Fred off at arm's-length and looked admiringly at him. "Jiminy Chris'mus!" said he, "how you did lam it to that Brogden loafer! You 'd 'a' licked him alone if the rest 'd kep' off."

He sat down on the door-sill and called to Jimmy. "Come here, you little tike. Lemme look at your cocoanut." He drew Jimmy to his knee, and raised the handkerchief which was still bound round the little fellow's head. "Look a' that," he said to the other boys, who huddled close to see Jimmy's wound. "Know whut that is? That 's his badge o' bravery. He 'll carry a scar there quite a while, an' that 's better 'n all the medals that could be hung onto him in a month o' Sundays. Lots o' folks gits medals pinned to 'em by their friends without doin' nothin' in pa'tickilar to win 'em. But the' ain't no goin' back on a scar that 's put there by the enemy. An' when it 's as clost to your eye as this one is, you don't have to run around explainin' to folks that you was facin' right up to trouble when you got it."

He led Jimmy inside the shop and washed his face again, while the other boys crowded around, wishing they, too, had some cuts as badges of their bravery.

"Wal, wal, wal!" said the old man, going to his bench and taking up a half-cobbled boot. "I won't never git nothin' done if I don't quit stan'in' around gassin' with you fellers."

He looked at his battered silver watch, then made a bugle of his hands and tooted the old, old mess-call through it.

"Hear that?" said he. "That means supper. Better hurry home or you won't git none." And as the boys went out at the door he added: "Better fall in an' march till you git away from the Flats. The Brogden gang minght be layin' fer you."

## Chapter V.

### BUYING A PISTOL.

One Saturday morning Hank Wolff was showing a pistol to some boys on the public green, when Fred and Jimmy came along. The young captain wanted to buy it, but Hank demanded more than he had, so Jimmy offered to put in about a dollar in pennies that he had saved. Hank finally agreed to take what money the two had if Jimmy would throw in his soldier-cap. The little fellow regarded this as his most precious possession, but he was willing to make the sacrifice for his friend and captain. So, while Fred went home to get his money from his little iron savings-bank, Jimmy ran off to get his pennies.

Mrs. Ray was in the back garden when Jimmy opened the drawer of the bureau in the front room where his savings were kept. He did not wish his mother to know that he was taking them. As he stood before the bureau he happened to look into the mirror, and saw the soldier-cap on his head. Oh, how he wished there were something else he could give Hank instead of that! Then he saw his mother's purse in the drawer, and a very wicked thought popped into his head. He took up the purse and looked at it, but put it back without opening it. He had never in his life taken anything that did not belong to him, and he might have resisted the temptation this time if he had not seen his cap again in the looking-glass. But he could not bear to part with this, so he took a silver quarter from the purse, excusing himself to his conscience by saying he was merely borrowing it.

Hank Wolff was easily induced to take the quarter instead of the cap, and Fred and Jimmy went away with the pistol. As they walked along, examining the weapon, they were filled with bubbling joy over the possession of it; but

presently Jimmy's conscience got the upper hand of him, and he began to feel very uncomfortable.

As for Fred, he had been so eager to own the pistol that he had thought of nothing else. But now the question arose, What were they to do with it? He was sure his parents would not approve the purchase. He must, therefore, keep them from knowing of it. And yet, to conceal such a thing from his father was the same as lying to his brigadier-general. Finally he stopped short and said: "Jimmy, we ought not to have bought this pistol."

Jimmy's heart leaped with joy. "Let 's take it back to Hank and get our money," said he, thrilled with the hope of putting back the silver quarter.

"Come on," Fred answered, leading the way back to the green at a sharp run.

But when they reached there, not a boy was to be seen. Hank Wolff had proposed to stand treat, and all had gone with him. Half an hour later, while Fred and Jimmy were looking elsewhere for them, Hank and his companions were sitting on the river-bank near the sawmill, eating sweets. Then, when the mill shut down for noon, they went inside and lighted up the penny-grab cigars that Hank had bought for them.

Eddie Graham, who was ashamed to admit that he had never smoked before, puffed at his cigar until he began to feel faint. Then he stealthily tucked it under the sawdust behind him, and, when the other boys were not looking, crawled quietly into a corner and fell off into a sickish stupor.

Presently, when Robbie Parker said he saw the city marshal, Hank and the rest scampered away, leaving Eddie asleep in his corner.

Fred and Jimmy, in their search for Hank, went first to the swimming-hole, near the railroad bridge. On the way they talked very little. Each was busy with his own thoughts. Fred, who was always confident of succeeding in whatever he undertook, had no doubt that they would find Hank and get their money back; but even that did not wholly relieve his mind. He remembered the story his father had told him about a boy who drove a nail into a post every time he did anything bad, and pulled one out every time he did anything good. Even after the boy had pulled out all the nails the post was sadly marred and weakened by the holes left in it. Fred was ashamed that he had been so foolish as to drive another nail into his post.

But Jimmy's troubles were far greater than this. Fred had merely sneaked his own bank out of the house, and taken his own money from it: but Jimmy had stolen — he tried not to think of that word, but it would come to his mind — yes, he had stolen money that belonged to another; and that other his mother, who had always been so good and so kind to him!

"What 's the matter, Jimmy?" Fred saw tears in the little fellow's eyes, and put his arm about him.

Jimmy turned his face away and walked on in silence. He feared that to tell what he had done would be to lose the respect of his friend and captain.

"You won't lose anything," Fred added sympathetically; "I 'll see that you get your money back."

Every kindly word cut Jimmy deeper than a harsh one could, and made the tears come faster and faster. At last he sat down on the edge of the sidewalk, and put his face between his knees, folding his arms about his head, as if to hide himself from all the world.

"Jimmy! Jimmy!" said Fred. "What is it? What 's the matter?" For Jimmy's body throbbed and trembled and rocked to and fro in his overpowering grief.

Finally he spoke; but his face was buried so deeply, and his arms were folded so tightly about his head, that his words would have been unintelligible, even if they had not been stifled by sobs.

"What did you say?" Fred asked, with his face close down beside Jimmy's.

"I — I —" Jimmy turned his head a little, and raised one elbow just enough to let the sound of his voice come out under it. "I — I — stole." He jerked the arm down again, and buried his face deeper than ever.

"You stole?" said Fred, in astonishment. He could hardly believe his ears. Jimmy was the one boy of his acquaintance whom he would have trusted anywhere. "Oh, Jimmy," said he, "I 'm awfully sorry."

"S-s-so 'm I," Jimmy sobbed.

Fred sat down on the walk beside him, and put his arm closely round the little quivering body. "Tell me all about it, Jimmy," said he, in a kind of fatherly way.

Between spasms of grief and catchings of breath, Jimmy had a hard time getting the words out, but at last succeeded in telling the whole story, though he still kept his face hidden from his companion.

Fred did not speak for a long time. He was trying very hard to decide what ought to be done. His own troubles had sunk out of sight behind Jimmy's greater ones. He wanted to help his little friend, but could not quite see how he was going to do it. His own money was all gone, but even if it were not, he felt that Jimmy's trouble lay too deep for money to reach. He had never before felt so clearly the need of a wiser judgment than his own. If his father had been within reach he would have suggested going to him for advice, but Senator Stanton was at the State capital.

"Let 's go and see Uncle Andy," said Fred.

Jimmy shrank from this. He felt that he had already lost friends enough. "No; I 'm going home," he said.

Fred did not want him to go home until he could take money enough with him to pay back the "borrowed" quarter. Besides, there was that vague something else that he felt had to be done. "Come on," said he; "let 's go see Uncle Andy."

Jimmy had never before set his own will up against Fred's, but now the more they argued, the more firmly he stuck to his purpose to go home. And Fred, on his part, was equally determined that they should go to the Flats.

Finally Jimmy got up and started to walk away.

"Where you going?" Fred asked.

"Home."

"No, you ain't."

"Yes, I am."

Fred pleaded with him to come back, but Jimmy doggedly walked on.

"Halt!" Fred commanded.

Jimmy stopped, hesitated a moment, then walked on.

"Halt!" Fred shouted again. "I 'm your superior officer. The hand of the government will come down on you if you don't obey me."

This brought Jimmy to a stand. That terrible hand that Corporal McGinnis had so graphically pictured was not to be trifled with.

"About, face!" Fred commanded. "Forward, hrch!" Jimmy meekly obeyed, and Fred, imitating the manner of his colonel on duty, looked as severe as he could while he marched the little lieutenant to the hut on the Flats.

## Chapter VI.

### what uncle andy had to say.

Uncle Andy had just sat down, with a well-filled tin plate on his lap and a pewter mug of steaming coffee on the work-bench beside him, when the two boys came to a halt before his open door. Fred left Jimmy standing at attention outside, while he himself marched in and saluted.

"On duty?" asked the colonel, answering the salute.

"Yes, sir," said Fred; "it was the only way I could make him come here."

"Whut did you want him to come fer?"

"There 's something I want you to help us about, and he would n't come till I made him fall in and march."

"Is it brigade business?" the colonel asked.

"No, sir; it 's something he did; I want him to tell you about it."

"Was he on duty when he done it?"

"No, sir."

"Then you did n't have no business to make him fall in an' march whur he did n't want to. That won't do. You ain't cap'n jes' fur the sake o' makin' folks do as you want 'em to. Go out an' break ranks right away. Then, if you 've got any argiments to settle, you can come in here an' settle 'em man to man, if you want to."

There was nothing to do but obey the colonel's order; but as soon as he had released Jimmy from military authority, Fred began to plead with him to come in and tell Uncle Andy what he had done.

"Whut 's up 'twixt you fellers?" the old man asked. He had followed Fred to the doorway.

Jimmy hung his head and turned his face away.

"Come on, Jimmy," said Fred, putting his arm about his friend and drawing him toward the door. "Tell Uncle Andy all about it. I 'm going to tell him what I did."

"Been up to mischief, have you?" The old man stooped and took Jimmy bodily into his strong arms. "Now I got you," he said playfully, and sat down on the door-sill, with the little fellow on his knee. "Now, out with it. Whut you been up to?"

Jimmy burst into tears and hid his face on Uncle Andy's shoulder. "I — I —" But he could get no further.

"Yes," said the old man, encouragingly; "go on."

"I — I — Fred 'll tell you," he sobbed.

"Shall I tell him, Jimmy?" Fred asked.

The little fellow nodded his head and snuggled closer to Uncle Andy's broad breast.

Fred told the story, putting Jimmy in the best possible light. "He did it because he knew I wanted the pistol so much," said he; "and, besides, he only borrowed the quarter."

"No, he did n't," Uncle Andy answered; "he stole it, that 's whut he done. Ain't no use tryin' to pull the wool over our own eyes. Borrered it! Shucks! The' ain't a thief in jail that could n't say the same thing. You stole it, did n't you?" he asked of Jimmy, whose face was still hidden.

Jimmy nodded his head.

"Knowed you was stealin' it, did n't you?"

Jimmy nodded again.

"But he 's going to put it back," said Fred.

"S'posin' he is?" Uncle Andy replied. "That ain't goin' to settle it. S'posin' he stuck his finger in the fire an' burnt it to a crisp! D' you think all he 'd have to do 'd be to pull it out ag'in? Don't you think he 'd have to put some salve or somep'n' on it afore it 'd quit smartin'?"



"AS THEY WALKED ALONG, EXAMINING THE PISTOL, THEY WERE FILLED WITH JOY."

After a few moments of silence the old man said: "So you come here to git me to holp you out o' your scrape, did you?"

"Yes, sir," said Fred, while Jimmy nodded once more.

"All right, then." He snatched the soldier-cap from Jimmy's head, and gave it a fling into the farthest corner of the shop. "There 's the fust move to make. When a feller gits to thinkin' so much of an ol' cap that he 'll give his tarnal soul fer it, it 's time to throw it away."

Jimmy gasped as the cherished cap flew from him.

"Now," said Uncle Andy, "next thing is to put back that stolen quarter. Whur you goin' to git the money?"

"I don't know," Jimmy answered, without looking up.

"But you got to know, ain't you? Got to put it back, ain't you?"

Jimmy nodded.

Fred said they would get it all right as soon as they found Hank Wolff.

"Goin' to play baby, are you?" said Uncle Andy. "Made a fair, square trade, an' now you want to back out of it. Done suthin' you no business to, an' now you 're goin' to try to make Hank Wolff pay for it? Wal, he 's a fool if he does it. Lemme see that pistol."

He put the muzzle of the weapon into his mouth, puffed out his cheeks, and blew till his face was red, but no air went through it. "I thought so," said he. "'T ain't wuth two cents. Chuck-full o' rust. Minght as well try to shoot with a crowbar." He flung the pistol into the corner with the soldier-cap. "Them

two things 'll go fust-rate together," said he; "one 's about as dangerous as t' other."

It seemed to Fred and Jimmy that Uncle Andy, instead of helping them out of trouble, had helped them deeper in by taking from them their only means of getting the money back. But they were more than ever astonished when he got up and went back to his cold dinner, saying: "Wal, I guess that 's about as fur as I can holp you. Guess you 'll have to do the rest of it yourselves."

"But, Uncle Andy," said Fred, "we don't know what to do. That is why we came to you."

"Oh, that 's it, is it?" the old man replied. "I see. 'T wa' n't very hard work to git into trouble, so you done that yourselves; but when it comes to gittin' out of it, you find it 's consid'able of a job, so you want to saddle that onto me. That 's the idee, is it?"

"No, Uncle Andy," said Fred; "you don't understand. We don't want you to do anything; we only want you to tell us what to do."

The old man cut off a piece of bacon and chewed it ever so long without saying a word. Then he began one of his queer stories:

"Onct upon a time a boy drawed a Curleykew on the suller door with a piece o' chalk. Ever hear this story?"

Of course the boys had never heard it. Nobody had ever heard it, for Uncle Andy always made up these stories as he went along.

"Wal," said he, "the boy went to bed an' left the Curleykew there on the suller door. Along in the night, after the moon come up, the Curleykew seen a Flutherbudge keelin' summersets an' havin' lots o' fun down in the grass.

"'My!' says the Curleykew, 'wish I could come down there an' play with you.'

"'Why don't you?' says the Flutherbudge.

"'Can't,' says the Curleykew. 'Can't git down from the suller door.'

"'Yes, you can,' says the Flutherbudge. 'All you got to do is to let go an' you 'll slide down.'

"So the Curleykew let go, an', sure enough, here he come slidin' down the suller door, easy as you please.

"Wal, after him an' the Flutherbudge had played till they was tired, the Curleykew thought he 'd go back home. So he went an' sot by the bottom o' the suller door, an' let go as hard as he could. But he found that gittin' down was one thing an' gittin' up was another. The harder he let go, the more he did n't slide up the suller door.

"After he 'd sot there till pretty nigh mornin', lettin' go with all his might, an' gittin' homesicker every minute, he seen a Mud-turkle come moseyin' along through the grass. Now, Mud-turkles, you know, is s'posed to be awful wise, 'cause they go about slow-like an' can't keel summersets. So the Curleykew yells out at him: 'Hi, there! Wish you 'd help me git onto this suller door.'

"'Ain't got time,' says the Mud-turkle. 'Got forty rods to go yit to git to breakfast. Won't git there in time if I don't hurry right along.'

"'Oh, come on,' says the Curleykew. 'I don't want you to do nothin'—jes' want you to tell me whut to do.'

"'Oh, I see,' says the Mud-turkle. 'You jes' want me to do the thinkin' an' you 'll do all the work.'

"'That 's it,' says the Curleykew.

"'Uh, huh, 't is, is it?' says the Mud-turkle, walkin' off. 'Wal, mebbe by the time you 've thunk out how to git onto that suller door you 'll change your idee about whut work is. Should n't wonder but you 'd find that thinkin' out the way is about the hardest part o' doin' things.'"

Both boys saw the point of the story, and were heartily ashamed that they had been so much like the silly Curleykew. But the old man set their minds off in another direction by asking Jimmy where his mother got the silver quarter.

"Father gave it to her, I suppose," Jimmy answered.

"Where did your pa git it?"

"He worked for it."

"I want to know!" Uncle Andy exclaimed, as if it were the most wonderful thing in the world that anybody should work for money. "You don't tell me! Worked for it, eh? Wal, wal! Who ever heared o' gittin' money that way?"

"Why, Uncle Andy," said Fred, "does n't everybody work for—" He stopped short,

and a new light came into his eyes. "Oh, Jimmy," he cried, "I know what Uncle Andy means. He means that we can work and earn the quarter. Don't you, Uncle Andy?"

"There, there!" said the old man, bustling about. "You must n't bother me any more with your affairs. I 've got more o' my own than I can 'tend to. Look at all that pile o' boots ready to be delivered, an' all these here that 's got to be mended. Gracious goodness!" He grabbed up a boot and began pounding as if his life depended on mending it that minute. "My suz! Don't see how I 'm ever goin' to do all this mendin' an' deliver them boots this afternoon myself."

"Can't we deliver them for you, Uncle Andy?" Fred asked.

The old man hammered away for dear life. "I minght hire one o' you, mebbe, if you was willin' to work like sixty," he said, without looking up. Then he turned to Jimmy. "How much 'll you charge to work fer me this afternoon?"

The idea of charging Uncle Andy anything seemed ridiculous to Jimmy. He was willing to do what he could for nothing.

"I don't want nobody to work fer me fer nothin'," said the old cobbler. "Folks that works fer nothin' ain't gin'ally wuth the price. I 've got about twenty-five cents wuth o' work to be did this afternoon, but it 's got to be did right up to the handle."

Jimmy saw a chance to pay back the stolen quarter. "I 'll do my best, Uncle Andy," said he.

The old man pretended to think it over a long time. "I dunno," said he, doubtfully. "I 'm afeared you minght fergit your business if you seen a game o' marbles or suthin' goin' on."

Jimmy declared he would not.

"U-u-u-um, wal," said the old man, slowly, "I 'll try you fer a while."

He gave Jimmy a boot to deliver to Mr. Ralph, and told him to get his dinner on the way back. "Mind, now," said he, "if you ain't back here by half-past one, you neet n't come at all."

The two boys started away on a run. But hark! What 's that? The court-house bell!

"Fire!" said Fred. "There it is." And away he went on a dead run toward a column of smoke rising above the sawmill.

## CHAPTER VII.

### THE BURNING OF THE MILL.

THE sound of the bell and the sight of the smoke made Jimmy forget everything else, and he started to follow Fred. But before he had run far he dropped the boot he was carrying under his arm, and had to stop to pick it up. This reminded him of his errand, and he stood a moment, hesitating between desire and duty.

It seemed to him that he had never before wanted to do anything quite so much as he now wanted to go to the fire; yet a small voice within him kept saying: "You know you ought to deliver the boot." He tried to make himself believe he could go to the fire first and deliver the boot afterward; but the small voice answered: "Your time belongs to Uncle Andy, not to you." He argued that he could take enough of it just to go to the fire, and Uncle Andy would never know it; but the voice now spoke in a louder tone: "Are you willing to steal time from Uncle Andy merely because he won't know it? Is a thief any less a thief if he is never found out?"

Jimmy had heard a good deal about duty, but had always before looked upon it as something which big folks use to make little folks do as they wish them to. Now, however, he saw it in a new light. "That 's so," he said to himself; "Uncle Andy told me it would be all work and no play, and I agreed to that. He promised to pay me a big price, and he will keep his promise. It would be mean for me to break mine."

This idea of honor is a very simple one, but if it has never come to you, you cannot understand how much happiness it brings. It was hard for Jimmy to turn from following Fred, and go to Mr. Ralph's house, when everybody else was hurrying to the fire in the opposite direction, but he felt a glad pride in his strength to do it — felt like a man, a real, true man. And the more he resisted his desire, the more power he had to do so; for moral strength is like physical strength, and, you know, the more

we exercise our muscles, the stronger they become. By the time Jimmy reached Mr. Ralph's house he had so far conquered himself, and was so glad of it, that he felt sure he could never again be tempted to do anything contrary to what he knew to be his duty.

In the meantime, Fred had run to the burning mill, and pressed his way through the crowd of men and women who stood idly looking on. He recalled the story of how the court-house bell had saved his life when he was a wee baby, and he yearned with all his heart to do something to pay that debt. But when he undertook to help the firemen, Sam Forester, the fire chief, yelled at him, through his big trumpet, to keep out of the way. Then Fred ran round to the windward side of the mill, and put his eye to a crack, to see if there was anything in the burning building that he could save.

For some time he could see only the vague outlines of the big saw, and the long carriage with a partly sawed log upon it; but as his eye became accustomed to looking through the smoke, he thought he saw something move in the far corner. Then, through the din of men's loud voices, he faintly heard a cry from that corner.

It was Eddie Graham. The cold stream from the hose had struck him and partially aroused him from the stupor in which he had lain since he hid his lighted cigar under the sawdust and swooned from the dizzying tobacco sickness. In a dazed way he had struggled to his feet and staggered closer to the corner, farther from the fire.

In an instant Fred had run round to the open front of the mill, and, before any of the men there could prevent him, had dashed through the dense smoke and disappeared inside the burning building. To those who saw him enter that furnace of flame it seemed that he had gone to certain death. Nobody knew why he had done it, and nobody had the hardihood to follow him. But Fred had found the chance he had longed for so earnestly, and his mind was so wholly concentrated on the one thought of saving the imperiled life that he did not stop to consider the danger to himself.

Were you ever seized by a desire so overwhelming that it swept all other thoughts from your mind, took you completely out of yourself, lifted you above all fear, carried you to a point where you were sure that whatever must be done could be done? If not, you do not yet know your power. As Fred rushed through the smoke there was no question in his mind as to whether he could save Eddie Graham. He *must* save him. He must tear down the mill, if necessary; and he felt full confidence in his power to do so with nothing but his own two little hands. Oh, but it is a glorious moment when a man or a boy feels the thrill of that tremendous power within him — that boundless assurance that he could hurl mountains aside, if need be, to accomplish his great purpose!

When Fred reached Eddie he found him cowering close in the corner, crazed by fear. The smoke was stifling and the heat so intense that Fred's eyeballs felt like coals of fire searing into his brain; but there was no time to think of such things. Eddie, in his frenzy, tried to fight his rescuer off, but Fred caught him up in his arms as if he were a struggling baby; and when Eddie frantically clutched a cross-beam, Fred tore him loose by main strength, and plunged with him into the flame and smoke that filled the space between them and the opening.

The task of bearing that writhing, kicking, scratching burden to safety might well have seemed impossible had Fred stopped to consider it; but he was there to act, not to consider. Plowing through sawdust up to his knees, leaping through flames taller than himself, ducking low and holding his breath where the smoke was thickest, he made all possible haste; but before he had clambered over the great log on the carriage, he felt a whirling sensation in his head, and then it seemed as if he were falling from some dizzy height through clouds of suffocating smoke into a vast lake of flame.

The terrible strain had been upon him too long; yet he retained enough consciousness to know that he must hasten on — or, rather, he was so saturated with desire to save Eddie that he pressed on without knowing what he was doing. He did not even know when he reached the open air; did not know that his clothing was ablaze; did not see the men who stood paralyzed with horror as he rushed by them, wrapped in flame. As his heart beat without

the conscious aid of his mind, so his arms clung to Eddie and his feet bore him on — on over the log runway, on over the platform, blindly, unconsciously, on to the bulkhead, and over its edge into the deep water above the mill.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### ON THE EDGE OF THE MILL-DAM.

As soon as the astounded men realized what had happened, they flocked to the platform, leaving the mill to look out for itself. Even Sam Forester forgot that he was the fire chief, and neglected to use his unnecessary trumpet when he excitedly called to everybody in general and to nobody in particular to fetch a rope. A fireman hastily cut the hauling-rope from the hose-cart; but before he could elbow his way through the crowd on the platform the strong cross-current which ran from the bulkhead to the middle of the river had borne the boys beyond reach.

The cold water had revived Fred and put out the fire that was eating through his clothing; but no sooner had one peril been passed than another presented itself.

When he struck the water he had instinctively begun to swim, thus letting go his hold on Eddie. Then, as both boys rose to the surface, Eddie, still beside himself with fear, seized Fred from behind in such a manner as to pinion his arms. Here the frightened boy clung with a frenzy that turned his muscles to steel, while Fred, aware that this imprisonment meant death to both, struggled




"'KEEP COOL, CAP'N,' UNCLE ANDY CALLED. 'I 'M COMIN'. I 'LL GIT YOU.'"

with the force of desperation to free himself. It was a terrible battle that the two boys fought as they drifted rapidly toward the middle of the stream where the cross-current met the main flood — met and merged with it into a mighty torrent that sped faster and faster, until it bent and broke over the abrupt edge of the dam. Once, twice, they had sunk together and risen again. Then Fred managed to squirm round face to face with his antagonist. Raising his knees to his chin, he placed his feet against Eddie's chest, and straightened his legs with all the power he could put into them. It was a life-and-death tug between legs and arms, but the arms could not long bear the tremendous strain upon them. Eddie had put his last remaining hope in them, and when they were forced loose he sank back exhausted, and gave himself up as lost.

Fred snatched him by the hair and raised his head above the surface; but Eddie had already filled his lungs with water, and ceased to breathe.

Fred, as he drifted nearer and nearer to the dam, felt that now he was only cumbering himself uselessly with a lifeless body, but still he clung to it. He had rescued it from the lapping tongues of flame, and he could not yet bring himself to let the greedy waters swallow it.

The excited men on the platform had been shouting all kinds of advice to the boys; but now they were appalled into silence, for the main current had seized Fred and was whirling him, with his helpless burden, toward the roaring falls.

"Make way! Make way, there!" A voice cut the silence as lightning gashes the sky. "Make way!" And Uncle Andy hurled men right and left. He had just reached the scene, and had heard only that some boys were doomed to go over the dam.

At the end of the platform he stopped an instant to survey the situation. A man at his elbow said there was nothing to do — that the boys were surely lost. Uncle Andy made no answer, but thrust his fingers into a crack in the side of the mill next to the river, and swinging himself from the platform, threw his good leg over a beam that protruded above the water. From this beam he swung himself to another and another, until he could drop into the still, shoal water just above the end of the dam. It was poor footing among the great rough stones that had long ago been tumbled in as "backing" behind the woodwork of the dam. They were slippery, too, with the water-soaked moss of years. But he jabbed his peg leg into cracks and crevices, and held it there until his good foot was securely placed. As he thus picked his way along the edge of the dam, the men on the platform agreed that he could never reach the boys.

"Nobody can walk the dam through that current," said one.

"If he could," said another, "he could n't get to the boys in time."

"No use, Andy," Sam Forester yelled. "You 'll only be drowned yourself."

"Hush up!" the old soldier answered, without turning his head. He had recognized Fred, and had something to say to him.

"'Tention, brigade!" he shouted. He knew that if Fred were beginning to lose courage, this command would give it back to him if anything could. "Hang on to the other feller. Don't le'go! Work this way fur as you can."

Fred was now in the ruffled water that rushed, three feet deep, over the uneven "backing." In vain he struck his heels among the slippery stones; his utmost effort resulted only in slightly impeding his progress. He felt that if he should let Eddie's body go he might grasp a stone with both hands, and hang on until he could get a foothold. But his colonel's command put determination into his heart — determination to show the world how a soldier could obey a command even with death staring him in the face.

"Keep cool, cap'n," Uncle Andy called. "I 'm comin'. I 'll git you."

Since Fred could not hold back against the current, he pushed as hard as he could across it, and made considerable headway toward Uncle Andy; but the hearts of the men on the platform sank as they saw the boy throw both arms about Eddie's body and shoot into the smooth sheet of water where the planking of the dam began. He was not six feet from the brink, and Uncle Andy was twice that distance from him. Then they saw the old soldier thrust his peg leg straight out in front of him, and

throw himself forward with a mighty lunge, falling headlong toward the boys.

A groan escaped many a bloodless lip on shore, for man and boys had all pitched over the edge of the dam, and it seemed that nothing now could save them from being battered and torn and ground to death on the sharp rocks below. But in the next instant the breathless spectators were amazed to see Uncle Andy still dangling over the edge, clutching a boy in each hand, and slowly drawing both up the bended sheet of falling water toward him. Then, as he raised them above the brink, a resounding cheer came from the shore.

"Hush up!" roared Uncle Andy. "Shut your heads an' git to work. Send a rope in a boat. Keep above the suction." Then he turned to Fred. "Grab holt o' me an' brace yourself," said he.

Fred flung both arms round the old man and fixed his fingers tight.

"Twist your leg around mine," Uncle Andy went on. "No, no; not that one; t' other one."

Fred wrapped his leg round the colonel's peg.

"I 'm goin' to le'go o' you, cap'n. Can you hang on?"

"Yes, sir," Fred answered.

All this time the people on shore wondered what miraculous power held the old soldier there on the very edge of the dam, where the planking was so slippery and the water rushed so furiously.

Uncle Andy raised Eddie in both arms and threw him over his shoulder like a sack of meal, with his head hanging down in front.

"You ain't half drownded yit," said he, squeezing the boy's chest till water flowed in a stream from the mouth and nose. "Why did n't you drink up the hull river while you was about it?" Another squeeze. "Then you could 'a' walked ashore dry-shod."

He put his lips to Eddie's and blew into his mouth to clear the air-passages. Then he pumped the limp arms up and down until his effort was rewarded by a gurgling gasp.

"I tolt you you wa' n't half drownded," said the old man. "Here!" He spatted Eddie on the back rhythmically to aid him in breathing. "Here! Come to! Quit playin' possum."

Three men had put out into the mill-pond with a boat in which they carried the rope cut from the hose-cart. Eddie had regained his senses, and, perched on the old man's shoulder, out of harm's way, had recovered from his fright sufficiently to be tied to the end of the rope and hauled up to the boat. Then Fred was drawn in in the same way. Now it was Uncle Andy's turn; but when he had fastened the rope under his arms he found he could not free the peg leg, which, in his last lunge, he had stabbed with all his weight into a crack between two planks.

Now that the boys were saved and the mill beyond saving, the strain was removed from everybody, and jokes fell fast upon Uncle Andy from boat and shore.

"Guess you 'll have to stay there, Andy, till the summer drouth," said one.

"Would n't mind it if I had a fish-line an' some worms," the old man answered between grunts as he jerked and wrenched at the immovable leg.

"If you get hungry, Andy, you can make a current pie," shouted a punster.

"There 's Doc Bingham," said one of the humorists in the boat; "we might fetch him out here and have him amputate your peg leg."

"I got a better idee 'n that," the old soldier sang back. "Hold that rope tight a minute." He squatted in the water till it splashed and foamed half-way up his back. For a few moments he seemed to be fumbling at something under the surface. "All right!" he finally shouted. "Haul away!"

As the men in the boat drew him to them, there stood the old peg leg at the edge of the dam, with the water rippling and foaming about it. He had unfastened the straps at his waist and left it there.

"A fitting monument to simple heroism," said Elder Goodwin, seriously.

And everybody cheered the sentiment.

## CHAPTER IX.

### ON POLICE DUTY.

JIMMY came back from dinner a few minutes ahead of time, and found Uncle Andy's door locked. The little sliding window was partially

open, and he peeped through it just in time to see somebody dodge behind the calico curtain which served as a clothes-press in one corner. At first he thought it might be the old cobbler playing some joke on him; but when he saw a pair of feet below the curtain, he guessed it was somebody who had no business there.

Jimmy had started to run for help, when the window was shoved wide open, and Bill Brogden began to climb out.

"Get back there!" the little fellow shouted, snatching up a club and making a dash at the window.

Brogden drew back to avoid the club, and Jimmy put himself on guard.

"Lemme out o' here!" the big fellow commanded in a bullying tone.

But the sturdy guard only gripped his club and set his lips the tighter.

Then Brogden tried friendly persuasion. "Aw, come on, Jimmy," he pleaded. "What 's de use of us havin' trouble? I ain't got no grudge ag'in' you."

Jimmy had one against him, though, and meant to keep him there until somebody came to capture him.

Whz-z-z! A shoe-hammer, flung from inside, just missed Jimmy's head. After that he kept himself hugged close to the wall, between the door and window.

Presently Uncle Andy came hopping across the Flats, using an old broom as a crutch. He was surrounded by a crowd of admiring boys, to whom he was telling a wonderful story about a fireman who once shinned up a stream of water to a third-story window, and slid down it again with a beautiful maiden under each arm.

When he saw Jimmy, the old man shouted: "Hello! Got here ahead o' me, did you?"

Bill Brogden had been watching his chance, so when Jimmy turned to answer Uncle Andy, he vaulted through the window, and made off before his guard could aim a blow at him. He had taken nothing but a new pair of boots, which he wore, leaving his old ones in their place.

Jimmy was so deeply chagrined at having let the thief get away that Uncle Andy pitied him.

"Tell you what," said the old man; "you minght take a squad o' sogers an' see what you can do to git them boots back."

This set the little fellow all aglow. Some of the boys who had taken part in the other battles with Brogden were eager to go with their lieutenant; and their eagerness so inflamed the others that every one of them responded to Jimmy's order to "fall in."

The colonel then gave the lieutenant his instructions. He was to march his men to the Brogden shanty, and surround it, to prevent Bill from escaping. Then Jimmy was to go to the door alone, and politely demand the boots.

"If he won't give 'em up," said the colonel, "hold your guard on the house, and send word to me by an orderly. Don't go into the house, or do anything but demand the boots, an' see that Brogden don't git away with 'em."

Jimmy was a proud boy as he marched away at the head of his big company.

A few minutes later he sent one of his young soldiers back to the colonel, with a report that Mrs. Brogden had come to the door and said no one could come in.

Uncle Andy answered in writing, thus:

Order No. 1.

Lieutenant Ray will immediately send to headquarters all the men he can spare without weakening his guard.

A. BIGELOW,
Col. Com'd'g.

Jimmy sent four boys, and the colonel despatched them in different directions to look for the city marshal.

When Mr. Dirkman, the marshal, came, Uncle Andy told him what had happened, and asked him if he could not let the boys take a hand in making the arrest. "It 'd do 'em good," said he. "'T ain't a bad idee to interest the little fellers on the side o' the law."

The marshal admitted that his work would be much easier if the boys of the town were with him instead of against him.

"You can have 'em with you, easy enough," said the old soldier, "if you 'll jes' make friends with 'em. The trouble with most city marshals is that they keep the boys skeert of 'em. All that amounts to is to make the little fellers go straight while the marshal 's lookin'. Soon 's his back 's turned, they go on with their mischief wus 'n ever. If you 'd sort o' take 'em into partnership with you — let 'em feel that

they was doin' their share to keep law an' order — you 'd find 'em workin' like beavers fer you. It 's a hull lot better to make folks respec' the law than to make 'em afeared of it."

The truth of this was apparent to Mr. Dirkman. He was empowered by law to call on anybody to aid him in making arrests, so when he reached the Brogden shanty, and Bill's mother still refused to let them see whether her son was there, the marshal ordered Jimmy to take a squad and search the house.

"Can't do it, sir, without orders from the colonel," said Jimmy, importantly. "He told me not to go into the house."

Mr. Dirkman was at first amused by this answer, but when the serious side of it struck him, he admired the "colonel's" discipline and complimented the boy.

"I 'll send for orders, sir," said Jimmy.

In a few minutes the orderly returned with instructions from the colonel:

Order No. 2.

Lieutenant Ray will report to City Marshal Dirkman for further orders.

A. BIGELOW,
Col. Com'd'g.

Mrs. Brogden had now locked the door, and refused to open it when the lieutenant, in obedience to the marshal's order, tried to enter.

"Very well, then," said Mr. Dirkman, in a loud tone; "we 'll have to smash the door in."

Mrs. Brogden heard this, as the marshal had intended she should, and, opening the door, said they might come in and see for themselves whether they could find Bill there.

Just then there was a commotion behind the house, and three or four boys came running round the corner. Bill had jumped from a back window, knocked one of the guards down, and so frightened the rest that they let him pass.

It was a short chase for the marshal, however. He soon came back with a grip like that of a bear-trap on Brogden's arm.

"Where are those boots?" he asked, for Bill was barefoot.

"What boots?"

But Mr. Dirkman was not to be fooled by Bill's pretensions of innocence.

"Lieutenant," said he, "take a squad of four soldiers and search the house for the boots."

Mrs. Brogden had come out to plead with the marshal. She declared that she did n't think Bill had stolen any boots; that he had come home barefooted and —

"Aw, stop yer talkin'," Bill interrupted her. He knew the game was up, for here came Jimmy from the house with the boots in his hand.

## CHAPTER X.

### PROMOTION.

DR. BINGHAM had taken Eddie Graham home in his gig. The sawmill had collapsed and fallen into its own raceway. Fred Stanton had walked home, accompanied by even a greater and more admiring crowd of boys than had gone with Uncle Andy.

When the young hero had told his mother considerably less than all that had happened at the river, and had changed his clothes, he came out and joined the boys who were waiting for him. Then they all went to Uncle Andy's hut, reaching there soon after the city marshal had led Bill Brogden away to the calaboose.

Jimmy had drawn his company up in front of the shop and had made his report to the colonel, who sat on the door-sill, mending an old discarded peg leg which he had kept for emergencies.

After acknowledging Fred's military salute, the colonel returned to questioning Jimmy:

"How many men did you station at the back window?"

"Five, sir," the lieutenant answered.

"Let 'em step out here."

Jimmy turned to the company, expecting to see the five boys step out, but only one responded. That was Tommy Edwards, the one who had been knocked down by Brogden.

"Come on," said the colonel. "The' 's four more o' you."

But none of them moved.

"What 's this?" The old soldier looked amazed. "Mus' be some mistake here. Can't be the' 's four sogers in this comp'ny that don't dast stan' up an' tell the truth. That 's wus 'n bein' afeared o' Bill Brogden. A brave man may git panicky an' run away f'm a fight, but nobody but a nachul-borned coward 'd try to lay it onto somebody else. Jes' see, now.

Long 's I don't know who them four is I 've got to suspicion every soger in the hull comp'ny. That ain't fair an' square, is it? I don't b'lieve the' 's any nachul-borned cowards in *this* comp'ny. I b'lieve them four is goin' to step right out here like men an' sogers."

One of the boys came forward in a shame-faced way, and the three others straggled after him.

"I knowed it," said the colonel, proudly. "I knowed the' wa' n't no cowards here. Ready to stan' up an' take your medicine like brave sogers, ain't you?"

"Yes, sir," the boys answered.

Uncle Andy turned to Tommy Edwards. "You was in that other fight with Brogden, wa' n't you?"

"Yes, sir," Tommy answered.

"Got skeert an' run away the fust time, did n't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Wa' n't so skeert this time, was you?"

"No, sir."

"Done your best to ketch him, did n't you?"

"Yes, sir. But he 's a good deal bigger 'n me," said Tommy. "He knocked me down before I could get hold of him."

"Wal," the colonel answered, "I p'omote you to corp'ral fer bravery in action." Then he turned to the four others. "I 'm goin' to give you another chance. Mebbe you won't run away next time."

After the company had broken ranks Uncle Andy asked how many wanted to join the Boy Brigade. The boys all responded eagerly, and the colonel took down their names. Then he sent them away, saying that he and Jimmy had a lot of work to do. Even Fred was not permitted to stay.

When he had Jimmy alone the old man became the severest of taskmasters. Throughout the afternoon he did not give the little fellow a chance to rest a minute. But that was not the worst of it. Jimmy was willing to work hard, but Uncle Andy's cold, unsympathetic manner cut him to the quick, and every now and then he said something which seemed to pinch the little fellow's heart till it ached. Once he muttered, half to himself: "I s'pose I done wrong to send Bill Brogden to the calaboose all alone. He 'll be pretty lonesome without any other thieves there to keep him comp'ny. I minght 'a' sent another one along as easy as not."

Jimmy knew who the other one was, and oh, how it hurt him to think of it! He almost envied Brogden; for Bill, at least, had had his mother to plead for him.

His mother! Ah, had Bill ever stolen money from *his* mother? Jimmy wondered whether he himself were not, after all, a worse thief than Brogden.

That was the most painful afternoon that the little fellow had ever passed in all his life, and Uncle Andy seemed determined not to let him escape for a single moment from the suffering of it.

When the whistle at the woolen-mill sounded five o'clock the old man said: "Here 's your pay. Whut you goin' to do now?"

Jimmy took the silver quarter, and stood looking at it a long time before he dared trust his voice to answer.

"Goin' to sneak it back into your ma's purse, I s'pose, and not say nothin' to her about it."

"No, sir," said Jimmy; "I 'm going to give it to her and tell her all about it." He was holding back the tears with all his might.

"Why? Whut fer? Whut you goin' to tell her fer?" Uncle Andy asked.

The little fellow put his face in his hands and poured out the grief that had been accumulating in his heart all the afternoon. "I — I — I don't know," he sobbed. "I — I can't — help it."

"I know," cried the old man, snatching the boy to his breast. "I know why. It 's 'cause you ain't cut out fer stealin'. Some boys is nachul-borned thieves, but you ain't one, an' you can't never be one."

Uncle Andy's voice was now as soft and gentle as a loving woman's; yes, and there was a suspicious tremor in it as he hurried over to the corner and seemed to be looking behind the calico curtain a long time for something that he did not find. When he came back his eyes were red. He laid his hand tenderly upon the boy's shoulder.

"That 's right, Jimmy," he said. "Take it to your ma an' tell her the hull story — how

you stole her money, an' whut you done with it, an' how you worked with all your minght to earn it so 's to pay it back."

He took the soldier-cap from the corner where he had flung it that forenoon. "D' you know whut this is?" he asked, holding it up. "This is a United States army cap, an' no man ain't fitten to wear it till he knows whut honor means."

The old soldier straightened himself up to a military attitude.

"'Tention!" he commanded.

Jimmy, who had no idea what was coming, took the soldierly position that Uncle Andy had taught him.

"I 'd ruther cut off this arm," said the old man, holding up the cap, "than use it to put this badge o' the United States army on a head that had n't no idee of honor in it." He advanced a pace and stood before Jimmy.

"'Tention!" He clapped the cap on Jimmy's head. "Cap'n Ray, I salute you, sir."

Jimmy was dumfounded. He did not know what to make of Uncle Andy's strange actions and stranger words. "I 'm only lieutenant," he said in a dazed sort of way.

"You 're cap'n now," the colonel answered. "We 've got sogers enough fer two comp'nies, an' you 're fitten to be cap'n of one of 'em. But remember this: the higher your rank, the more 's expected of you."

The little captain who entered the Ray cottage that evening was a very different person from the boy who had skulked out of it that morning with a stolen quarter in his pocket. The new idea of honor that had come to him when he had resisted his desire to go to the fire; the sense of duty that had kept him faithfully at work all the afternoon, even when not under Uncle Andy's eye; the feeling of manly importance at having been called to help the city marshal enforce the law; the assertion of his loved colonel that he was fit to wear the proud badge of the United States army; and, above all, his own inner consciousness that he had stolen for the first and last time in all his life — these things combined to make him the happiest and bravest of little men. It is doubtful whether, among all the grown-up captains, there was one with more true courage in his heart.

Without a whimper, Jimmy told his story to both his mother and his father — told it as if it were some almost forgotten error of his long-ago past, when he was a foolish child, before he became a gentleman and a captain.

## CHAPTER XI.

### BY ORDER OF THE GOVERNOR.

WHEN Senator Stanton came home from the State capital, Fred met him with a military salute instead of the kiss with which he had always greeted him before. He would have been glad to run to his father's arms in the dear old way, but it seemed to him unsoldierly for a captain to receive his general in so childish a manner. The senator concealed his amusement under a dignity quite as pompous as Fred's, and gravely asked if the young captain had anything to report.

"Yes, sir." Fred stood at attention, and told his own part in the pistol transaction, leaving Jimmy's part for Jimmy himself to tell. Then, without going very deeply into the details of how he and Eddie Graham came to be in the mill-pond, he gave an exciting account of how his colonel had saved them at the brink of the dam.

Senator Stanton soon forgot his mock dignity, and, as the story progressed, became more and more seriously interested.

Half an hour later he stood in the little hut on the Flats, holding one of Uncle Andy's leathery old hands in both his own and trying to tell how grateful he was.

"Shucks!" The grizzled veteran blushed like a girl. "Guess somebody 's been tellin' you a widget story. I did n't do nothin' wuth thinkin' twict about. Tuh! 'T wa' n't knee-high to whut that boy o' yourn done."

Uncle Andy told of Fred's courageous deeds at the burning mill and in the rushing water. It was a very different story from the one the boy himself had so modestly told.

The senator was, of course, very proud of his son, but he did not purpose to let Uncle Andy turn the conversation completely away from his own heroism.

"Andrew," said he, "Fred tells me that you cannot swim a single stroke. Is that so?"

The old soldier looked as sheepish as a boy caught in the act of helping himself to forbidden preserves. He scratched his chin and pursed his lips into a foolish grin. "Wal," said he, "I s'pose I minght answer that the way the Injin did when they ast him if he could read an' write: said he did n't know; had n't never tried."

"And yet you walked half-way along the edge of that dangerous dam! There is n't another man in Mornington who would have done it," said the senator.

"Hain't another man in Mornin'ton got a peg leg; that 's why. Sho! I wa' n't in no more danger on that dam than Julius Cæsar was at the battle o' Bunker Hill. You could n't 'a' drawed my leg out o' that crack with a yoke o' steers an' a flaxseed poultice."

Senator Stanton was deeply impressed by Uncle Andy's story of how Fred had obeyed his colonel's command, and clung to Eddie in the water even when he believed he might save himself by letting go. He was also greatly interested in the development of Jimmy's sense of honor, about which Uncle Andy had proudly told him.

"Andrew," said the senator, "it is a shame such boys are not real soldiers. I wish we had not helped Corporal McGinnis to play that joke on them. I had no idea the boys would take it seriously, except for the moment."

"It 's done 'em a lot o' good, though," Uncle Andy answered. "An' it 'd break their hearts to tell 'em now that they ain't real sogers."

"I know it," the senator admitted, "and yet we cannot afford to go on fooling them about it. They will find out their mistake some time; then what will they think of us?"

This was the dilemma from which the two men had not extricated themselves when they parted.

A week later Senator Stanton was sitting in the executive chamber of the State Capitol, where he and the governor were resting after a long and important conference. The senator had amused the governor by telling how Corporal McGinnis had enlisted him and the two boys, and had appointed him brigadier-general. When the governor had had his laugh over this, the senator presented the more serious side of it. He told of the great improvement in the boys since they thought themselves enlisted; of the awakening of Jimmy's sense of honor; of Fred's bravery at the mill; and, finally, of Uncle Andy's heroism at the dam. "I regret the part I have taken in giving the boys a wrong idea," said he; "yet I see no way to back out of it. It would be cruel, if not positively harmful, to tell them they are not soldiers."

The governor was deeply moved by the senator's words. "You are right," said he; "we cannot afford to mislead such boys."

"Then you would advise me to tell them they are not soldiers?"

"N-n-no," the governor answered, meditatively; "that won't do, either."

He sat for some time drumming on his desk with his finger-tips and looking thoughtfully at the ceiling. At last he took up a pen and wrote:

> I hereby authorize the Hon. R. F. Stanton to organize and maintain a brigade of boys, to serve in case of necessity as a home guard, without expense to the State of Illinois, and to appoint or remove such officers as in his judgment the best interests of said brigade may demand. RICH'D YATES.

To be sure, this was not a very formal document, and the governor's smile indicated that it was not to be taken too seriously; but it came from the commander-in-chief of State troops, and was therefore authority enough for Senator Stanton. Indeed, many a matter of even national importance was settled by the great men of those trying times in almost, if not quite, as offhand a manner as this.

## CHAPTER XII.

### THE FORMING OF THE BRIGADE.

WHEN Senator Stanton next came home he found the brigade in a flourishing condition. Not only had Uncle Andy enlisted half the small boys of the town, but the fathers of many of them, hearing so much about the colonel's wise methods and seeing so much improvement in their sons, had begun to take an interest in the organization.

"We 've got boys enough to form a small rig'ment," said Uncle Andy, "if we on'y had timber to make the officers of. I don't b'lieve

in p'omotin' 'em till they do somep'n' to earn p'omotion."

Senator Stanton suggested appointing fathers of the boys to fill the higher offices.

"Jes' the thing," said Uncle Andy, "if we can git 'em to 'tend to it. 'T won't hurt the daddies none to 'sociate a little more with their boys, an' 't won't hurt the boys none to have their daddies fer superior officers."

When the senator spoke of this to some of the fathers, they expressed enthusiastic approval. The result was an organized meeting of men, at which such matters as uniforms, summer encampments, sham battles, and an armory for winter headquarters were freely discussed. Senator Stanton, the chairman of the meeting, subscribed a thousand dollars to start a fund for defraying the expenses of the brigade, including a salary for the military instructor. Uncle Andy declined to accept anything for his part of the work. "You minght as well pay a duck fer swimmin'," was his way of putting it. But the meeting unanimously insisted that the laborer was worthy of his hire.

When the local newspaper reported the proceedings of this meeting, Senator Stanton and Uncle Andy were overwhelmed with applications from men and boys, big and little. It seemed as if everybody in town, and many from the surrounding country, wanted to get into the brigade.

"The more the merrier," said the senator; and all applicants were enrolled.

"Gittin' in a good many rags, tags, an' bobtails," said Uncle Andy, disparagingly. "Most o' these fellers ain't got no more idee of what a soger ought to be than a hen has of playin' a jews'-harp."

"All the more need, then, to teach them, Andrew," the senator answered.

A few weeks more, and the regiment was so overfull that it was divided into two regiments, and a brigade organization effected. General Stanton chose his staff from among the most important men of the town, and filled the line offices with those who seemed to be best fitted for such duties. Fred and Jimmy were the only boy captains in the brigade. Uncle Andy would not listen to reducing them to lieutenancies, which were the highest offices given to any other boys. "The' ain't a man cap'n in the hull brigade that 's wuth as much as either one o' them boys is," said he. And he took very good care that no company should be better drilled than those of Fred and Jimmy.

The fame of the Boy Brigade traveled all over the State. Even the governor, busy as he was with actual war matters, watched its growth with interest. Senator Stanton had told him that there were some pretty big boys in the ranks, and the governor suggested that they be put into companies by themselves. "There is no telling," said he, "how long this war will last. Some of your companies may yet have a chance to see real service, senator."

So some of the companies were formed wholly of big boys, and the governor supplied them with arms from the State arsenal, while those composed of smaller boys were armed with wooden guns, made in excellent imitation of the real ones.

Toward the end of that summer the country districts of northern Illinois began to be infested by great bands of what were then called "bummers." They would now be called tramps. These bands were composed of all sorts of lawless men — deserters, bounty-jumpers, and other scamps who traveled about on freight-trains in such numbers that the trainmen dared not try to put them off. They frequently descended by hundreds on some little community, and committed all kinds of depredations in their efforts to get food. They were the terror of farmers and villagers.

Late in the following autumn several of these bands chanced to meet at a railway junction in the county next east of that in which Mornington was situated. Their numbers were so great and their depredations so bold that the sheriff, finding himself unable to cope with them, called on the governor for help. But by this time President Lincoln had called out most of the fighting men of the State, leaving the governor with no militia in that neighborhood. It was in this emergency that the governor thought of Senator Stanton and his brigade. A telegram to the senator brought a prompt response. Yes, the Boy Brigade would go without delay to the sheriff's relief.

There was hustle and bustle in the brigade armory until Uncle Andy came stumping in. Then everything began to move like clockwork. As calmly as if he were preparing for a dress-parade he gave his orders, and soon had his companies formed in the street, ready for the march to the railroad station. A train of freight-cars was ready to take the young soldiers to the junction. Senator Stanton had thought that only the companies of big boys should go, but the chief of staff said it would be a shame to leave the little fellows behind. "Besides," said he, "we want to make as big a show o' numbers as we can. I hear the' 's a hull raft o' them bummers over there."

The senator yielded to Uncle Andy's judgment, and told him to take full command of the brigade. "Only don't let the little fellows get into danger," he added, somewhat anxiously.

On the way to the junction Uncle Andy laid out his plan of campaign and gave his orders to the commanders of the regiments. One of these was Mr. Dirkman, the city marshal. His regiment was composed of the smaller boys. "Keep an eye on me," said the old soldier, "an' when you see me lift my han'ke'chief, send your boys on a run, yellin' like Sam Hill, through the open ranks o' the other rig'ment."

The sheriff boarded the train before it reached the junction, and reported that the bummers had concentrated near the station, and, he thought, intended to make a stand against the brigade. They had heard that a lot of boys were coming to drive them away, and it had even been reported that they were coming with only wooden guns.

Uncle Andy disembarked and drew his troops up beside the track, with Colonel Dirkman's regiment of small boys in the rear of the other. The bummers were congregated some fifty rods down the road, awaiting the assault. Uncle Andy strode about half-way to them, and, stopping, took out his old silver watch. "I 'll give you fellers jes' one minute to git out of that road," he said to them.

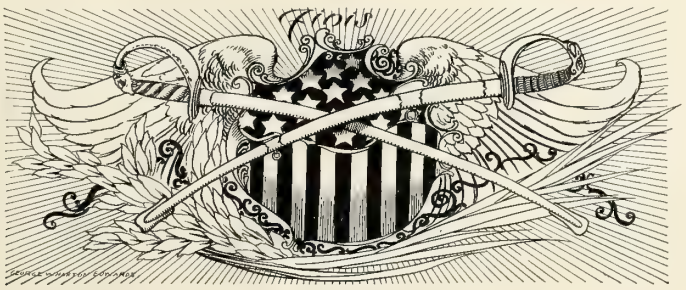
The answer came in a burst of coarse laughter and defiant words.

In the next instant the regiment of larger boys had fired a volley above the heads of the mob, and swung by the right and left wheel into open order. Uncle Andy raised his red bandana handkerchief, and the rear regiment of small boys, with their painted bayonets glistening in the sun, came bounding through the open ranks of their brother regiment with the terrifying yell that the chief of staff had taught them.

The volley and the whistle of the bullets above their heads had shown the bummers that Uncle Andy was in dead earnest. And now that they saw those gleaming bayonets coming with a rush straight at them, they came to their senses enough to scramble up the road as fast as their legs would carry them.

"Halt!" The old colonel's command rang out, and the well drilled boys stopped in their tracks. There was no need to go farther. The band of bummers had been so utterly routed and broken up that there was no chance for it to get together again.

Does the reader wish that Fred and Jimmy had been given opportunity that day to perform some special act of individual heroism? Ah, but they had outgrown that vain desire. Under the wise instruction of Uncle Andy, they had come to see that the best soldier is the one who loses his identity in his regiment; that battles are won, not by any individual's glorious deed, but by what the boys of to-day call "team-work"— by that self-effacement which makes the whole command the unit of force.





"SAY, TOMMY, YOU 'VE FORGOTTEN YOUR HAT!"

A PARTY IS A DREADFUL THING, AND YET I LIKE TO GO,
BUT TOMMY WANTS TO STAY AT HOME — HIS KNEES THEY TREMBLE SO!

# MAUD'S FAIRY.

By Pauline Jenks.

"Tell us a story," the children cried, as they clambered upon Uncle Jack's knee, after supper.

"What kind of a story shall I tell?" asked Uncle Jack, passing round the candies with a liberal hand.

"Oh, I don't know; only don't have a moral — we are all sick of morals!" exclaimed Florence, the eldest.

"Very well," replied Uncle Jack, good-naturedly. "I will leave out the moral this time."

When they had all settled down, Uncle Jack began:

"Once upon a time" (Uncle Jack's stories always began that way) "there lived a little girl named Maud.

"One day — or rather one evening — her father and mother went away to stay at her grandmother's overnight.

"Maud had begged to go too, but they thought it wisest not, because she had a very heavy cold, and there was a bad fog.

"So Maud was left at home with Sarah, the cook. It was getting late, and Maud had nothing to do. At last she went into the parlor and sat down before the fire with her guitar, which she could play quite nicely. Then she began to play. As she played, it seemed to her that the strings sang a little more than they used to, and did not twang so much.

"It began to grow darker, and Maud could hear the pitter-patter of the rain on the pane, for a steady downpour had set in.

"She went on playing a little while, and then she bent down her head to listen better. She was certain she heard a little voice singing. Then she stopped playing and listened, but she heard nothing. But after she had listened a long, long time, she heard a little voice say:

"'Oh, dear! oh, dear! I 'm afraid I 'll never get out! Oh, dear! oh, dear! — oh, dear!'

"After a while Maud heard the voice say again:

"'However, I will go and look out of my window, though I can't get out because of the iron bars.'

"'Mercy!' thought Maud, 'where can it be?' So she kept very still, and presently a tiny head popped out between the strings of the guitar. It was a pretty little head, with golden hair and blue eyes; and the little fairy (for it proved to be one) had a pretty silver stick with a golden star on the top, from which came light, as if from a tiny lamp.

"'She must be a fairy!' cried Maud, 'and that is her wand.'

"At this the little fairy cried: 'Oh, please break the bars, little mortal, and let me out into the world! It is so dull in here!'

"Maud was too astonished to speak, but she pulled apart the strings of the guitar, and the fairy flew out and landed on one of Maud's feet.

"'Oh, little fairy,' cried Maud, 'come and live with me, and be my little playmate. You can have my baby-house to live in, and a crumb of my breakfast every morning.'

"'It is very good of you,' said the fairy, 'and I will come. Only, I shall never cease to mourn that I cannot go back to Fairyland.'

"'Why can't you?' asked Maud, surprised and delighted; for, although she was a humane little girl, she could not help being glad that the fairy could not do better than stay with her.

"'Alas!' said the fairy. 'When I was but a little younger I broke my godmother's wand. So she shut me in this prison. Now, when a fairy has been in the world two days, two years, and twenty-two minutes, she can never get back to Fairyland.

"'All the two days, two years, and twenty-two minutes I tried to collect my courage to call for help while you were playing, but I could not, because I was so afraid you were a little boy (who would surely kill me) that I did not dare. I had a very dull time, my only amusement being to sing to the tunes you were playing. When the two days, two years, and twenty-two minutes were over, you stopped playing, and I thought you had gone away. I went to look out of my window, and there you were.'

"'Come, you must go to bed,' said Maud, with a matronly air, for she had begun to feel her new cares already. So she gently lifted the fairy on her finger, to take her upstairs to the doll-house — when the fairy grew dimmer and dimmer, and at last faded away!

"Maud stirred and awoke. She saw her little friend Caroline leaning over her with her doll in her arms.

"'I came over to play,' she said, 'but you were asleep.'

"'Come,' said Maud, 'into the kitchen by the warm fire, and I will tell you my dream.'"

"What a lovely story!" exclaimed the children. "It 's the best you 've told us yet."

"Yes," said Uncle Jack. "And it 's a true one."

"*Is* it?" they cried.

"Yes," said Uncle Jack, "for when Aunt Maud was young she had that dream."

"Oh, Aunt Maud," they cried, "do play for us!"

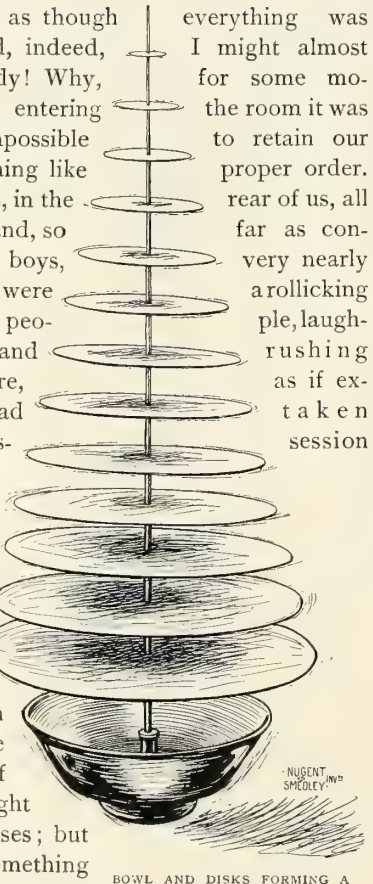
"Certainly," said Aunt Maud, briskly.

So old and young gather round the fire, listening to the quaint old ballads that Aunt Maud plays upon the wonderful guitar.




By Meredith Nugent.

It seemed as though everything was spinning, and, indeed, I might almost add, everybody! Why, for some moments after entering the room it was well-nigh impossible to retain our wits in anything like proper order. In front of us, in the rear of us, all around us—and, so far as concerned the boys, very nearly all over us—were a rollicking set of young people, laughing, dancing, and rushing here and there, as if excitement had taken complete possession of them. Of course it was apparent something unusual had happened, and happened, too, in the immense round tub of which we caught fleeting glimpses; but what that something was we could not imagine, any more than we could account for the assembling of this jubilant band.




BOWL AND DISKS FORMING A "PAGODA TOP."

"Oh," suddenly cried a bright boy who had noticed our wondering looks, and thought to enlighten us, "don't you see? It 's a top party!" and then, sure enough, the whole situation dawned on us instantly. Had we glanced from the merry faces to the many tables standing about, we might easily have guessed as much, but the clamor had been so bewildering that we scarcely saw, much less heeded, the trays, pans, and plates of all kinds spinning round and round as if they never would stop.

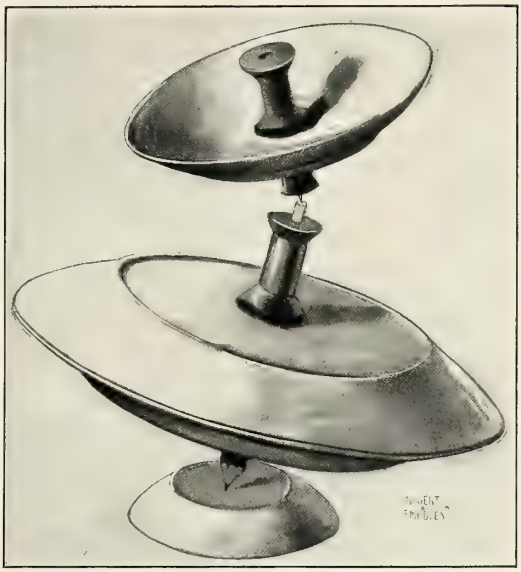
Ed Hooper had conceived this idea of a top party the morning following his discovery that out of a dinner-plate could be made a top which would spin longer than any store-top ever sold. Ed had a reputation for making things hum. Indeed, he had positive genius in that direction.

Whiz-z-z ! went the tops again before we had fairly regained our senses. Whir-r-r, bing-g-g, hum-m-m, sw-i-s-h! went a combination of disks and bowl right in front of my nose. Bang! went the shiny pan-top to the floor, where it had a jolly time rolling its separate parts under everybody's feet. Up to the ceiling whirled the flashing tins, and such a dizzy, whizzing time came after that we old folks of the nine-

teenth century felt like old fogies amid this sample of the more bustling twentieth.

Through the buzzing maze of jollity and tops Ed led us—dragged us, rather—to where a bright boy was spinning a big top in glorious delight.

"There," he said, grasping this boy's top in his hands when it had stopped spinning, "see how simple!" Simple! Why, it was just two dinner-plates fastened together with sealing-wax, with a spool above, and one below with a peg in it. Could anything be simpler? "Go it!" Edward shouted, as George started the spinner off again; and watch in hand, he began counting time: "One minute, two minutes, three minutes, four minutes, four minutes and a half, five minutes, five and a half, five minutes and fifty-five seconds! Oh, that's not long!"



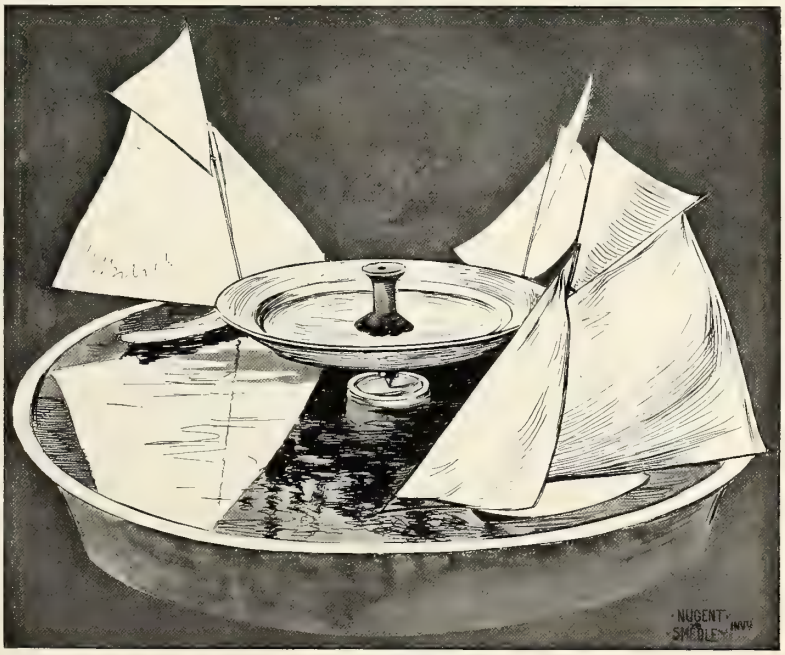
A TWO-STORIED SPINNER.

"That 's not long!" we both muttered in amazement, wondering just how long such a top was expected to spin. But our thoughts were quickly driven from this channel by our attention being called to two tops, one spinning on top of the other.

"Bravo, Will! Do it again!" shouted the boys as we approached, and the little chap repeated the trick. What a pretty one it was you can judge for yourselves by the picture of it upon this page.

I could have watched this double-top performance the rest of the evening had not Ed nudged me in the ribs, which signal I obeyed by squeezing after him to the table opposite.

Here was another surprising exhibition. In a large pan of water, sailing round and round, were three beautiful yachts running gracefully before the zephyrs of a plate-top breeze. At first sight it did not seem possible the central top could furnish such a wind, but as it slowed down we discovered that it had a wind-maker in the shape of a bit of cardboard attached to its outer edge. On this same table, but farther along, was the amusing top merry-go-round,



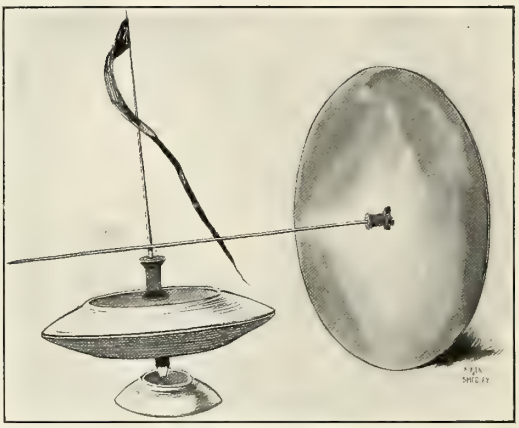

A TIN-PAN REGATTA.

with its traveling disk, which made the circuit of the top seventeen times, thereby covering a

measured distance of one hundred and nineteen feet. Now we came to a table around which a large crowd of little folks were joyously clapping hands and chuckling their delight right merrily. No wonder their exultant shouts pealed shrilly above the surrounding din, for what child would n't go into raptures on seeing the "Circle of Pinwheels" for the first time! Even before the top was set spinning the scene was one to delight any child's heart; but when brown-eyed Paul started the top which made the varicolored wheels go round, it did seem as if children could n't be happier. Almost as many tots were assembled in front of the gaily colored disk, which whirled round and round whenever the top at its base was set in motion. This top had the unique feature of a lighted candle on its summit, which added very greatly to the effect. The children said they were not allowed to show this unless a grown person was present.

After we had completed the circuit of the room, and watched the twistings of the hair-raising giant-whirler until we felt like whirlers ourselves, the boys and girls formed a large circle, with Ed and the mysterious tub in the middle. Ah, now we were going to learn the cause of the racket which greeted our entrance. It was evidently a boat-trick of some kind, for we could see the floating piece of wood. The eagerness of every one was intense, and all eyes were riveted upon Ed when, with top in hand, he leaned over the brimming tub. A sweeping movement of his right arm, and all was roar and confusion as when we entered. What! No, it could n't be possible; but somehow a momentary glance through the now jostling crowd gave me the impression that the boat was in motion.

"Room, please, room!" pleaded Ed, as he



THE TRAVELING DISK.

drew us through the maze of scrambling children. No, I was not mistaken; the little boat really was going around, and, think of it! propelled around, for it had a screw, and the engine that made the little screw whiz was a spinning top.

No wonder pandemonium reigned! No wonder the children broke ranks and thronged to the tub! It was as pretty a piece of mechanism as a boy could wish for, and so simple in




THE CIRCLE OF PINWHEELS.

construction that one like it can easily be made by anybody. Ed had tried it on the river, he said, where it traveled ever so much better than in the tub.

Of course the topic of conversation during the serving of refreshments was tops. Ed was especially ecstatic over the length of time his plate-tops could spin.

"Why," he exclaimed with enthusiasm, "one would remain spinning while we went to Hayden's drug-store and back again."

"Let 's try it, then," said slim Charley Hicks, quite unexpectedly. Charles was a wee bit skeptical.

"All right, let 's try it," responded Ed, taking up the half-veiled challenge, and while six of the boys donned their overcoats, he drew on his own, and all prepared for the spin. "Are you ready?" he cried, as the boys, hat in hand, stood by the open door, and in response to the chorus of affirmatives, pulled the string from the top with all his might.

Now, Hayden's drug-store was fully a quarter of a mile distant, and as the boys rushed down the steps Ed suggested that they walk there and run back. Bright fellow that he was, he knew what he was about, and one could almost hear him chuckle beneath the collar of his greatcoat as he thought of the eight-minutes' record made in secret only the day before. Past the lighted stores the boys rapidly walked, dexterously threading their way through the knots of pedestrians intently hastening their steps on this frosty evening. A fire-engine with its three white horses dashed through a cross-street ahead, and the hose-cart and hook-and-ladder truck which followed delayed them for a few moments. However, it was only for a few moments, and they continued their way, zigzagging through the fire-bound crowds until they reached the dazzlingly illuminated drug-store.

"Now let 's run back the other way," shouted Ed. It was the longer way.

This made the boys laugh, and they guyed him about his faith in the tops. Nevertheless, they willingly obeyed his order to run. Down the dark side street they ran, turned to the right, when lo! straight ahead of them they descried the blurred outlines of a mob of people, flying sparks, and a dense black smoke which overhung everything.

"Oh, we can never get through there. Come around this way!" Ed exclaimed at the top of his voice, and the boys hurried back again over two lines of hose, past a snorting fire-engine, and out of the way of the swarming crowd. "Is n't this a good joke on me, though?" Ed cried; and then he added, "That top will be through spinning long before we get even within sight of the house."



A WHIRLING GARLAND.

On they all flew, however, past the jeweler's window with its illuminated clock announcing that nine minutes had already elapsed, down another street, and finally into view of the crowded stoop where the boys and girls were awaiting their arrival.

"Hurrah! I know I 'm whipped!" shouted Ed, so as to be ahead of the expected gibes. "I 'm beaten. I 'm-m—"

"Quick, quick!" came back a chorus of voices. "It 's still spinning, still spinning!"

"Still spinning?" gasped Ed. "Hurry, boys, hurry!" And leaping the steps two at a time, the madcaps rushed through into the dining-room.

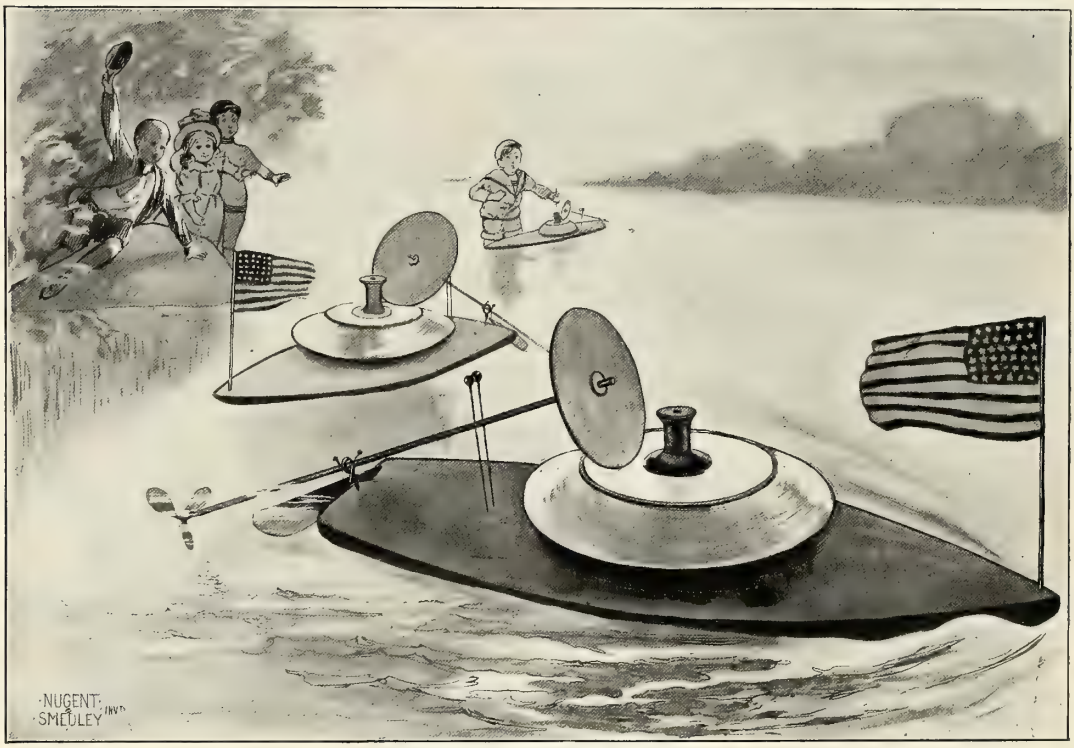
"Honestly, now honestly," panted Ed, ex-

citedly, as soon as he could recover breath enough to speak, "is n't this a joke you 're playing us ?"

"No!" exclaimed everybody in unison. "We thought you would never come."

"Why," Ed announced in triumph, "that top has been spinning for twelve minutes! Wow!"

And amid a perfect bedlam of merriment and cheers the wonderful top continued its slow revolutions until it had spun for twelve minutes and forty-five seconds!




A HEAVILY PLATED FLEET OF MONITORS.

## PRACTICAL DIRECTIONS.

### HOW TO MAKE THE PLATE-TOP.

FASTEN two heavy china plates together with sealing-wax, as seen in pictures. The heavier the plates the better. Make a cardboard disk, exact size of bottom of plate, and in center of this cut a hole just large enough for a spool to pass through. Use this disk as a guide in placing spools in center of plates. (See diagram.) Fasten spools to plate with sealing-wax. Before fastening lower spool in position, plug it with a round piece of wood, and then cut off one end of spool. Insert for peg a wire nail, or stout wire, and file end of it to a point. Be sure to heat over a candle the part of plate where sealing-wax is to be applied, and be sure always to place spools in exact center of plates. A lead-pencil may be used to spin top with. Hold the pencil upright, with its end in the spool, but not touching the plate. (See drawing on page 433 for an illustration of the method of spinning.)

### SAILING-BOATS.

BOATS four inches long, with keel an inch deep; pennies fastened to keel for ballast; masts and spars very delicate; sails of tissue-paper; inverted tumbler on which top spins attached to bottom of pan. Top same as that used in pinwheel trick. Rudder prevents boats from touching pan. Set sails at angle shown in picture. All fastenings made with sealing-wax.

### REVOLVING DISK.

STIFF cardboard disk, fifteen inches in diameter, ornamented with scraps of colored tissue-papers. In center is a three-inch strip of cardboard, bent V-shape. (See picture.) Long hat-pin passes through this and disk into the leaves of one of a pile of books placed behind for support. Four pieces of stout string are fastened to top so as to project two inches beyond edges of plates. Place top one inch from disk, and on exact level with bottom of it. Piece of match stuck into small bit of candle will hold it in position on spool. When

projecting strings on top strike lower edge of disk, the latter revolves rapidly. I must warn all my readers that boys and girls should not attempt the whirling garland unless a grown person is present, because of the risk that the tissue-paper may take fire.

### GIANT WHIRLER.

To the bottom of a heavy crockery bowl fasten small silk-spool, with peg in it. In center of bowl, inside, fasten a large spool. Cut a stick forty inches long, one-half inch thick, and tapering to one-quarter inch, and whittle thick end so as to fit tightly in large spool. Disks are of wrapping-paper, varying in diameter from four to eighteen inches. Thrust these over stick into position, as shown in drawing. To spin top, wind string around upper end of stick, place a spool above it, and hold this while spinning. (See heading.)

### CIRCLE OF PINWHEELS.

PINWHEELS are made from three-inch squares of tissue-paper, and pinned to little sticks, and these in turn are attached to platter. In center of platter is fastened a piece of cardboard with a hole in it. Place peg top in hole before spinning. On opposite edge of top is a bit of cardboard half an inch square. All fastenings made with sealing-wax. Tissue-paper streamer is attached to tapered stick. Top is spun with this stick.

### TWO TOPS, ONE SPINNING ON TOP OF THE OTHER.

LOWER top is a heavy plate-top, the upper one a light saucer. In the top of a two-inch stick make a cup-shaped hollow. Whittle the other end to a point. Spin plate-top, place wooden stick in spool, point downward, insert peg of saucer-top in hollow, then pull gently and rapidly, but do not press downward.

### BOAT RUN BY PLATE-TOP ENGINE.

BOAT in drawing was a piece of pine board two feet long, nine inches wide, and one inch thick. Butter-plate

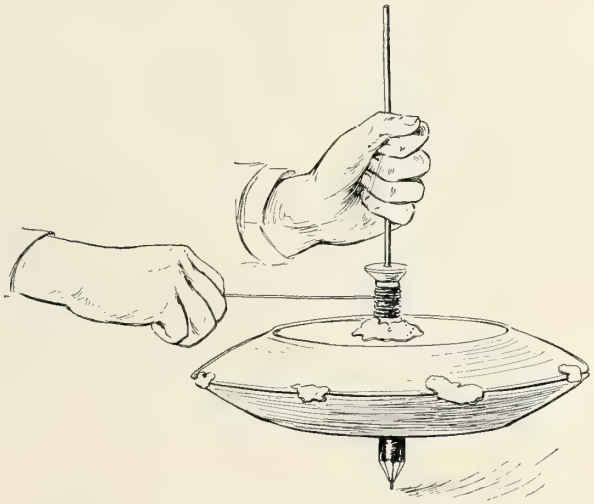



DISK SERVING AS GUIDE IN FASTENING SPOOLS.

was fastened in center for top to spin on. The disk was of cardboard five and a half inches in diameter, and the propeller blades of wood, each two inches long and one inch at greatest width. Drawing illustrates mechanism of boat so perfectly that further explanation seems unnecessary.

### TRAVELING DISK.

MAKE as shown in drawing. Disk should be fourteen inches in diameter.



METHOD OF SPINNING THE PLATE-TOPS.



'NAY, BIDE, THOU MERRY PIPER BOY!'
"THE KINDLY HOUSE-DAMES SAID."

# THE BALLAD OF PIPING WILL.

By Anna Hempstead Branch.

There was a lad named Piping Will
With tattered coat and poor;
He had no home to bide him in,
But roamed from door to door.

This lad had naught except a pipe
On which he used to play;
Yet never lad did laugh so free,
Nor had a look so gay.

"Nay, bide, thou merry piper boy!"
The kindly house-dames said.
"The roads are rough, the skies are wild,
And thou dost lack for bread.

"The hills are steep, the stones unkind—
Why wilt thou always roam?
And winter turns a barren heart
To them that have no home."

Then would he smile and pipe awhile,
But would not ever stay.
How strange that he could be so poor,
Yet have a heart so gay!

And so the good folk shook their heads,
And they would turn and stare
To see him piping through the fields.
What was he doing there?

It fell about the blithe Yule-tide,
When winter winds were keen,
The Burgomaster's little maid
Slipped from the house unseen;

For she had heard that in the wood
The dear snow-children run,
And play where shadows are most cold
And where there is no sun.

But lo, the evening hurried on,
And bitter sleet blew cold;
It whitened all her scarlet cloak
And flying locks of gold.

The road was hid, and she was lost,
And knew not where to go;
And still the sharp blast swept her on,
Whether she would or no.

Now who is this amid the sleet?
His face she cannot see!
He tunes his pipe against the wind,
As merry as can be.

He tunes his pipe against the wind
With music sweet and wild,
When lo! a fluttering scarlet cape,
The sobbing of a child!

He took her up and held her close;
"I 'll take you home," he said.
But still the little maid sobbed on,
Nor was she comforted.

"What! Cold and hungry, little maid,
And frightened of the storm?
I 'll play upon my pipe," said he,
"And that will keep you warm!"

And lo! when first he blew his pipe,
It was a wondrous thing—
The sleet and snow turned all to flowers,
The birds began to sing!

When next he blew upon his pipe,
She marveled more and more;
For, built of gold with strange device,
A palace rose before!

A lovely lady led them in,
And there they sat them down;
The piper wore a purple cloak,
And she a snow-white gown.



"A LOVELY LADY LED THEM IN."



"THEY TOOK HER TO THE QUEEN."

And there was song and light and cheer,
  Feasting and everything!
Who would have thought that Piping Will
  Could be so great a king?

The third time that he blew his pipe
  They took her to the queen;
Her hair was yellow as the sun,
  And she was clothed in green.



"Make this thy home, thou Piping Will,"
The Burgomaster cried.
"Thou hast restored our little maid!
I tell thee, thou must bide."

"Make this thy home, thou Piping Will,"
The bustling mother said.
"Come, warm thyself before the hearth
And eat the good white bread."

But Piping Will would only smile:
"Good friends, I cannot wait!"
(Who could have thought that tattered coat
Had been a robe of state!)

So forth he fared into the night,
And piping, went his way.
"How strange," they said, "a lad so poor
Can have a heart so gay!"

Only the little maid that sat
Upon her father's knee
Remembered how they two had fared
That night right pleasantly.

And as she ate her bread and milk,
So close and safe and warm,
She wondered what strange, lovely lands
He wrought of wind and storm.

Yet did she kiss that little maid,
Who should no longer roam—
When lo! the dear dream flashed away,
And there she was at home!

For he that plays a fairy pipe
Is lord of everything!
She laughed to think that Piping Will
Should be so great a king.



# HEART-TO-HEART LETTERS.

By Lawrence Sutherland.

My dearest, sweetest, Mary Lou:
I 'm coming over to play with you;
I 'll bring my doll that 's dressed in blue,
And then I 'll tell you what we 'll do,
When I come over to play with you.
I am, your little playmate,
Sue.

Dear Hugh:
I 'm coming over to play with you;
All the fellows are coming, too.
In haste,
"You Know Who."

My darling, dearest, sweetest Sue:
Be sure to bring your boy-doll, too.
Come over in a hurry — do!
Affectionately,
Mary Lou.

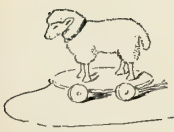
Dear Bobs:
Bring your bat and ball, and racket, too,
And whistle, so I 'll know it 's you.
Hugh.

## Sarah Samantha





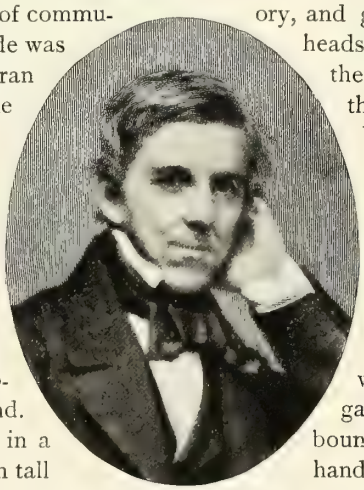
Here's sweet little Sarah Samantha,
Whose smile would have softened
a panther.
She lisped, I am told,
But whoever might scold,
She *alwayth* returned a thoft
anth'er!



# A LETTER FROM OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

By Kate Milner Rabb.

Twenty or twenty-five years ago, the little towns straggling along the lowlands or perched on the high bluffs where the Ohio deeply scallops Indiana's southern boundary were very far away from the active world, the world of books and deeds. Their only means of communication with the world outside was the great steamboats that ran from Cincinnati and Louisville down the Mississippi to New Orleans. In times of freshet, in extremely cold winters when the river was frozen, or when the water was low in summer, communication with other towns was often shut off, and the people were almost as isolated as was Robinson Crusoe on his island.



OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

To a little girl who lived in a big white house encircled with tall fir-trees, and having an upper veranda from which could be caught, across the bluff, a tiny glimpse of the beautiful river, blue and sparkling in the morning, and silver in the moonlight, the outside world was known only through the head-lines in the weekly papers, and the never-to-be-forgotten stories in St. Nicholas. Her books were so few and so worn with much reading that the announcement of a new book for her collection was hailed with as much joy as the arrival of a long-expected friend; the day of its coming was marked with a white stone in her record, and all its incidents still stand out clearly in her memory.

The summer brought the promise of a new book, "about a little Indian boy." The little girl waited many a noon and evening before at last her father came, and drew from his pocket the little green volume of Longfellow's Poems, "Diamond Edition," with the gilt diamond on the cover. Then the "legends and traditions" of "Hiawatha" sang themselves into her memory, and gave new meaning to the arrow-heads and stone hatchets dug from the many ancient Indian mounds that were found along the river. Whittier's "Snow-bound" came next to the young reader.

A little set of book-shelves had been strung up in the chimney-corner, the edges trimmed with fir-cones from the trees in the garden, laboriously glued on by patient fingers, its cords strung with spools. Slowly the books gathered there—and when "Snow-bound" came another winter was at hand, the fir-boughs "wore ermine too dear for an earl" (that poem brightened another Christmas season), and the little reader shivered in mock terror while "outside the witches were making tea."

The child-heart has its own tastes and likings. None could have foretold that in all that little collection a small, brown, gilt-topped volume should have become her best beloved; that she would turn with equal pleasure from "The Wonderful One-hoss Shay" to "The Opening of the Piano"; or that her little soul would be thrilled with the slow music of

> Till thou at length art free,
> Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea.

But so it was; and she asked so many questions about the kindly gentleman whose picture

formed the frontispiece of the book—for all the world like the pictures of her uncles in the family album—that others of his books were not long in finding their way to her shelves.

It was not strange that a little girl who was so fond of poetry should attempt verses of her own at times, nor that she should sing of her favorite

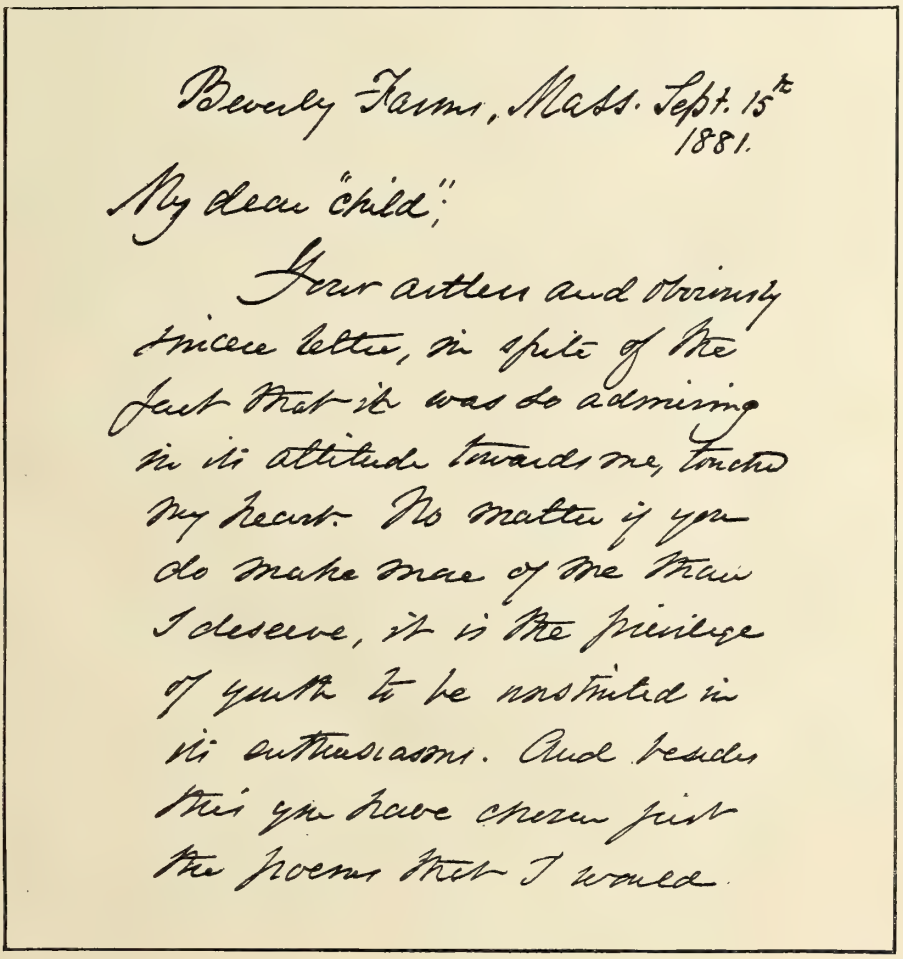
> Poet, Professor, Autocrat—
> All these he seemed to be;
> But I chose the one I loved the best,
> The Poet, of the three.

The strange part of it was that she should venture to send the little tribute of her affection on its long journey eastward to the author; but this she did one September day, expecting no sign in return, impelled only by a desire to have her appreciation known to him.

The good poet's knowledge of the child-heart justified his title to enthronement there. His admirer received thanks for her tribute in a letter which became her most precious treasure, though it was not until years afterward that she realized to the full the kindness of this much-sought-after and busy man in writing at length and so thoughtfully to his far-away reader.

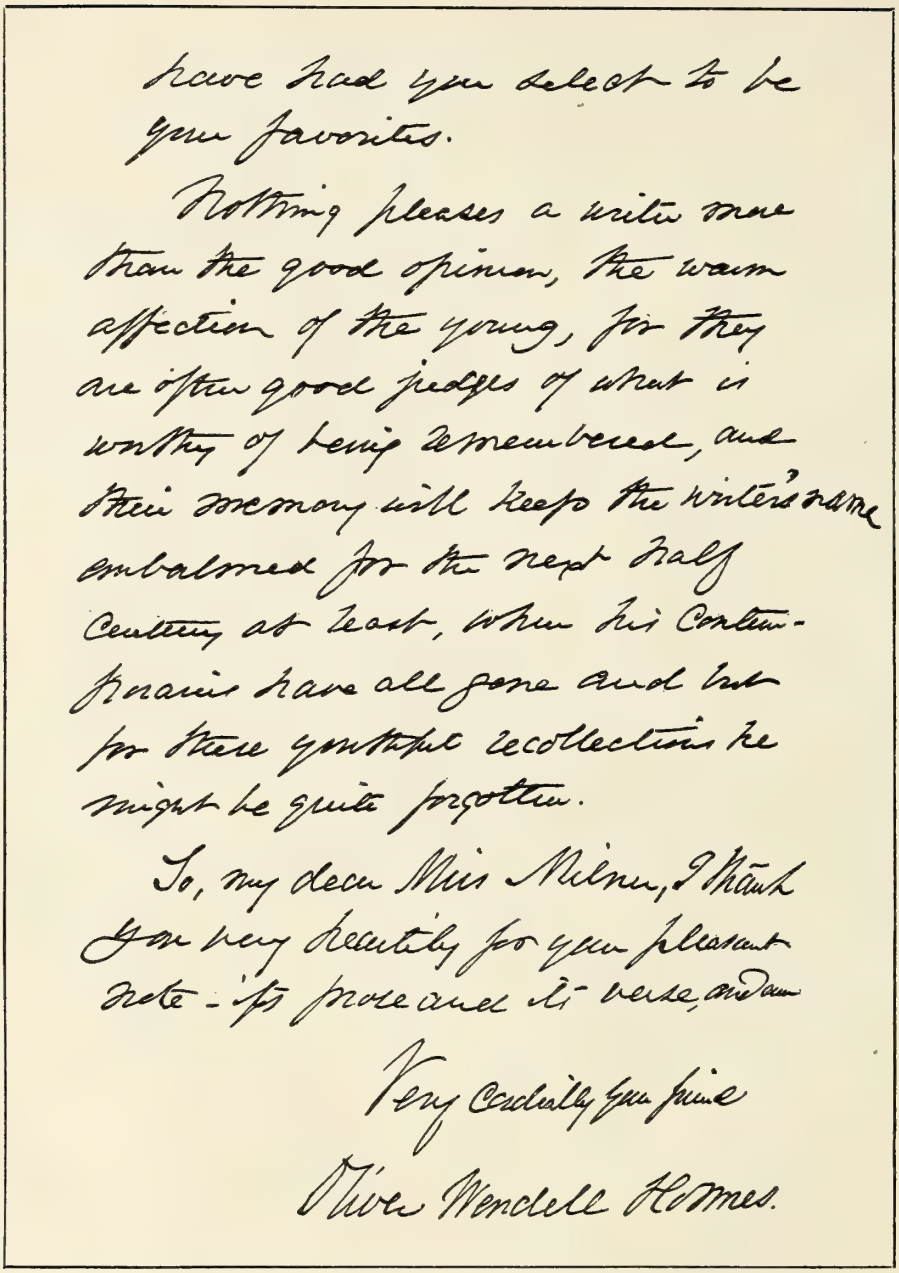
BEVERLY FARMS, MASSACHUSETTS,
September 15, 1881.

MY DEAR "CHILD": Your artless and obviously sincere letter, in spite of the fact that it was so admiring in its attitude towards me, touched my heart. No matter if you do make more of me than I deserve, it is the privilege of youth to be unstinted in its enthusiasms. And besides this you have chosen just the


Beverly Farms, Mass. Sept. 15th
1881.

My dear "child":

Your artless and obviously
sincere letter, in spite of the
fact that it was so admiring
in its attitude towards me, touched
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have had you select to be
your favorites.

Nothing pleases a write more
than the good opinion, the warm
affection of the young, for they
are often good judges of what is
worthy of being remembered, and
their memory will keep the writer's name
embalmed for the next half
Century at least, when his Contem-
poraries have all gone and but
for these youthful recollections he
might be quite forgotten.

So, my dear Miss Milner, I thank
you very heartily for your pleasant
note - its prose and its verse, and am

Very cordially your friend

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

poems that I would have had you select to be your favorites.

Nothing pleases a writer more than the good opinion, the warm affection of the young, for they are often good judges of what is worthy of being remembered, and their memory will keep the writer's name embalmed for the next half century at least, when his contemporaries have all gone and but for these youthful recollections he might be quite forgotten.

So, my dear Miss Milner, I thank you very heartily for your pleasant note—its prose and its verse, and am

Very cordially your friend

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

The poems mentioned in my verses were (if my memory does not fail me): "The Chambered Nautilus," "Iris," "Under the Violets," "The Boys," "The Opening of the Piano," "Agnes."

# A SMALL BOY'S AMBITION.

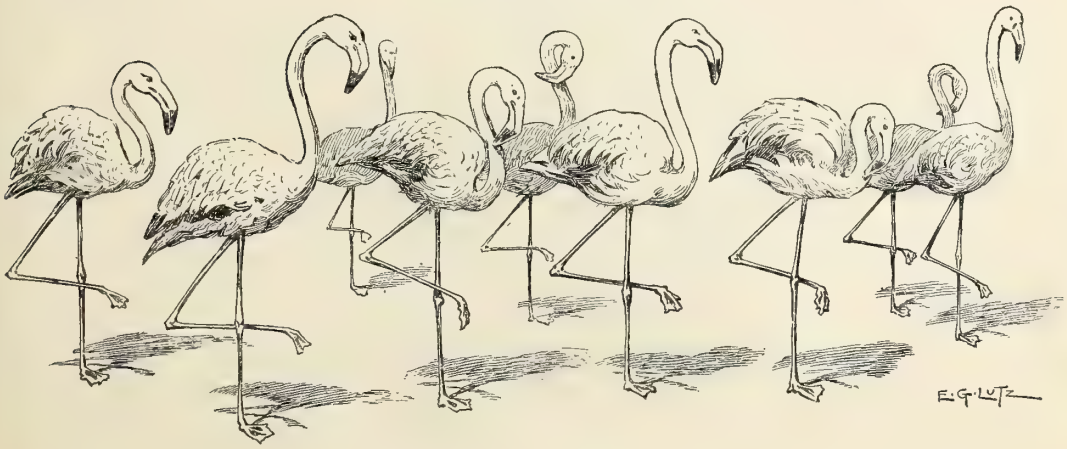
My brother Fred 's the nicest man, so big an' straight an' tall.
Why, he can do all kinds of things that I can't do at all!
An' you always hear him whistlin' while he 's a-workin' round.
Sometimes he doubles up his arm, an' says to me, "Now, pound!"
An' when I pound him (awful hard) he only laughs at me.
When I am big that 's just the kind of man *I 'm* goin' to be.

Sometimes when I 've been hammerin' an' the nails won't go in straight,
My brother Fred he comes along, an' says, "Why, that 's first-rate!"
An' then he takes my hammer an' he taps just once or twice,
An' all those crooked, bent-up nails go in as straight an' nice!
An' then he laughs an' picks me up, till I am taller 'n he.
An' when I 'm big that 's just the kind of man *I 'm* goin' to be.

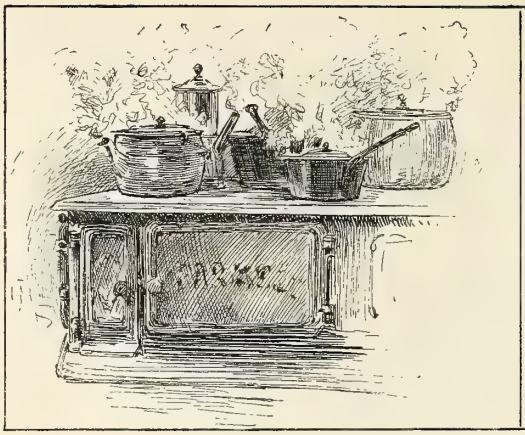
Sometimes when I 'm a-playin' round, I break things an' feel bad;
But Fred he comes whistlin' along, an' says, "Don't look so sad."
Then off he goes, an' pretty soon I hear him comin' back;
An' what I broke 's all mended up so ma can't find the crack!
I don't cry then, but laugh, an' mama laughs, an' so does he.
An' when I 'm big that 's just the kind of man *I 'm* goin' to be.

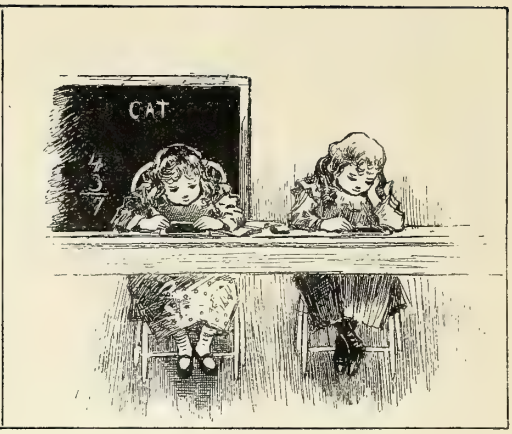
Once I was sick a-visitin', I guess I was 'most dead.
But my ma she knew what to do — she sent for brother Fred.
An' Fred he picked me right straight up an' carried me off home
So easy in his big strong arms. An' wa' n't I glad to come!
An' I was thinkin' all along as he was bringin' me,
"When I am big Fred 's just the kind of man *I 'm* goin' to be!"

*Emma F. Bailey.*



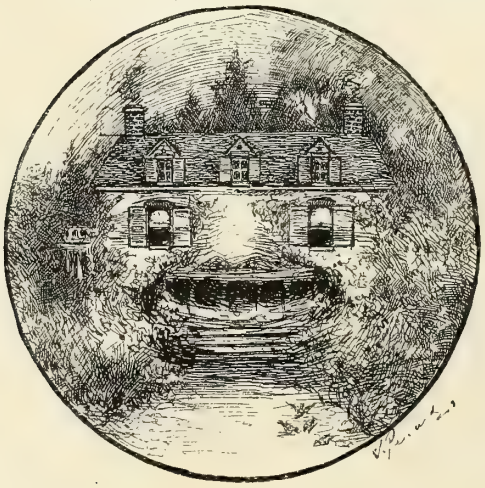

FOUR-LEGGED BIPEDS.





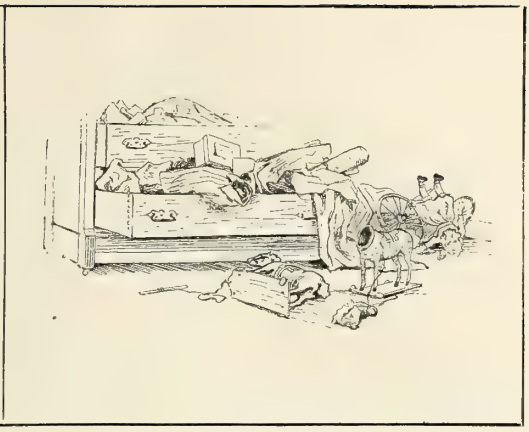

# THE SMILING HOUSE.

SUNSHINE gay and bright,
Laughter, smiles, delight!
Cuddled in his nurse's lap,
Dimpled baby takes his nap.
In the school-room, "Can" or "Try"
Helps to make the moments fly.
In the kitchen, joy of joys!
Doughnuts turn to sailor-boys,
And shining pots and kettles gaily hiss.
Cat and kittens on the floor,
Fido watching by the door,
Mother practising a song,
Bridget hums it all along.
Fred and May, their lessons o'er,
Gaily keep a mimic store,
And father, home in time to play — what bliss!
Are you surprised *their* house should look like *this?*



*Illustrations by Victor Pérard.*



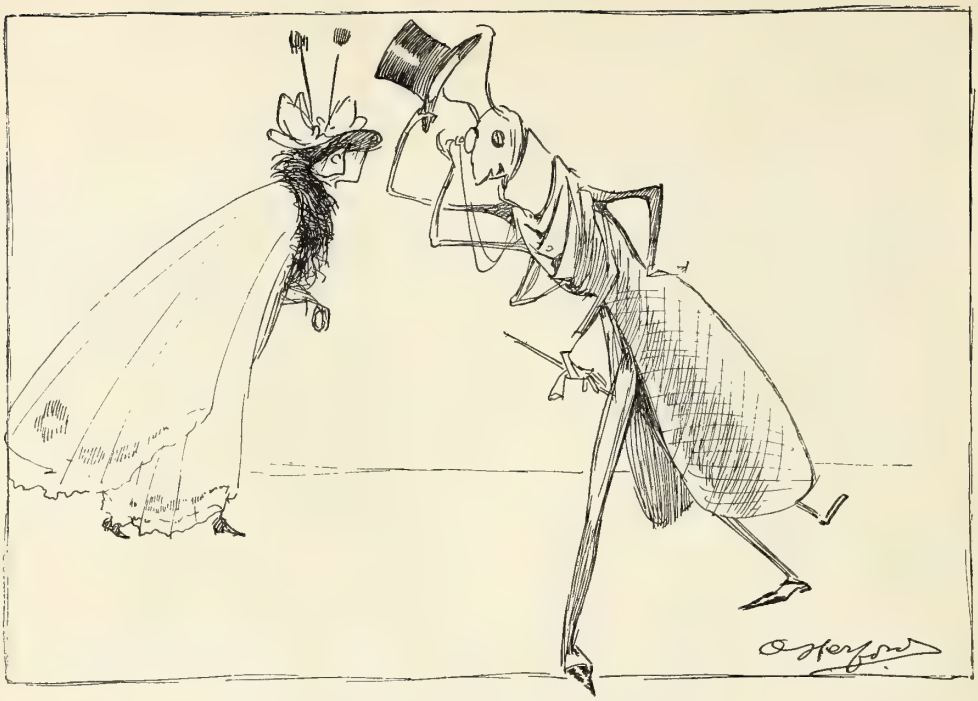


# THE FROWNING HOUSE.

Storms without, within;
Racket, noise, and din!
Teddy bawling,
Baby squalling,
Children, anything but neat,
Frown and stamp their angry feet,
Changing "Can" to "Can't,"
Screaming "Won't!" and "Sha'n't!"
In practising or lessons most remiss!
Mother ill and nervous,
Bridget leaving service;
Playthings lie about,
Panes of glass are out,
Father, kept awake at night,
Feels to-day in sorry plight,
And, bolting breakfast, fears his train to miss.
Are you surprised *their* house should look like *this?*



*Verse by Margaret Fezandie.*



THE GAYEST YOUNG DANDY THAT EVER WAS SEEN
WAS QUEER LITTLE, SPRY LITTLE, GRASSHOPPER GREEN.



CRANE, CRANE, I 'D RIDE TO SPAIN,
OVER THE DESERT, AND BACK AGAIN!

# THE STORY OF BARNABY LEE.

By John Bennett.
(*Author of "Master Skylark."*)

[*This story was begun in the November, 1900, number.*]

## Chapter XXXVIII.

### IN SIGHT OF THE GALLOWS-TREE.

Master Calvert took his seat on the bench by the Governor, and facing sharply about, stared at John King. "What did you say that your name is?" he asked, with a keen, penetrant look that was not to be avoided.

King met it, and eyed him, not winking an eyelash. "My name is Temperance Pyepott," he said. "It is the honest name of an honest seaman; there are no et ceteras to it."

The Governor pinched his lips together. "Very like," he said. "What is your trade?"

"I am a coastwise merchant and bargainer."

"No doubt you have a permit?"

"My papers have been stolen."

"'A calamitous convenience,' to quote from Henry Fleet."

Now, Henry Fleet was a pirate who had been hanged for his piracies.

John King stared fixedly, with cheeks turning purple-red. "Henry Fleet?" he said, choking. "What's that to me?"

"I do not know," replied Governor Calvert; "you are your own doctor."

The plaintiff sat eying his questioner with a new, almost fierce look of defiance. To be tried for a liar was one thing; to be tried for one's life was another. He twisted his fingers uneasily together, and began to move his feet about, while he eyed the Governor of Maryland with an odd, puzzled look, as if trying to conjecture what he was up to. Out of the western window he could see the narrow street winding away to the market-field, and the fort-wall closing the way like a dike. Over the fort on the river-shore was a gallows-tree, dangling a shred of rope in a melancholy breeze; and a gallows-tree is no pretty sight at the very best of times.

"Captain Temperance Pyepott," said Master Charles Calvert, sharply, with a certain sternness in his voice that had not been there before, "you say that your name is 'Temperance Pyepott,' with no et ceteras; there are certain et ceteras to your name that you have been blithe to forget."

For an instant the flush died out of John King's brutal face, and nothing but a bruise remained to color the ashy surface; he began to look about him with quick and covert glances.

"What your real name is," pursued Master Calvert, "does not alter the facts in the case. You were with Henry Fleet in the 'Tiger' when he took the 'Mercedes'; you were with Jem Percy at the sacking of Bay Island."

King looked up with a smothered cry, and made as if to speak; but Calvert stopped him with a gesture. "You were also with Nat Godolphin, Solomon Fry, and Barney Hall at the plundering of Cornwalleys Manor in 1659. Are you right sure that your name is Pyepott?"

"My name is Temperance Pyepott; is there need to repeat it again?"

"Nay, nay; but it just occurred to me that perchance it might be Haman."

"Haman?" said John King, sullenly. "I never heard of the rogue."

"Well, that is no matter, Captain Pyepott; he was hanged."

"Hanged?"

"Yes—for the sake of a good example; not very much of a matter. Men have been hanged for more and for less."

The plaintiff sank back in his chair, his fingers clenched in the coarse black hair that dangled down his cheeks. Sweat had begun to come out and to stand in beads on his forehead. He put up his other hand to wipe them off, but the hand moved aimlessly toward his face and only touched his cheek.

"You were also at St. Mary's when Claiborne

pillaged our capital; and, sir, there was never a Pyepott there, much less any temperate ones. I have begun to wonder, captain, just what your real name might be." John King was growing uneasy at his questioner's bantering tone; but the Governor's thin face grew threatening as his bantering went on: "You are not Joe Bryce, for he was shot; nor are you Tom Smith of Kent Island, for he was taken and hanged. Coursey," he asked, turning suddenly, "please to hand me that list of names."

King sprang to his feet to exclaim against this summary procedure, but was met by a look on the Governor's face that took all the spring from his knees. "Soft, Captain Pyepott; before ye do anything touching on rash, pray look at the landscape!" said he, with a wave of his hand toward the window.

John King looked out, and across his face came a ghastly attempt at a smile, for all he could see was the gallows and the rope.

"It strikes me, Captain Pyepott," continued the Governor, quickly, taking up a bit of string that was lying upon the desk before him, "that you have made a great mistake in some of your calculations. You say that this boy is bound to you; don't you think that you make an error?"

"No; the knave was bound apprentice to me four years ago, in London."

"Four years ago? Are ye certain of that? Don't ye think that his time is out?"

"Nay; his time is a deal not out. He hath three years more to serve. I 've a right to him, and I want him."

Governor Calvert leaned back in his oaken chair and did a most incomprehensible thing. He shut one eye very slowly, cocked his head on one side, and making a little running noose out of the bit of string in his hand, he held it up admiringly. King watched him fixedly, as though he were fascinated.

"Master Temperance Pyepott," continued the Governor, "a complaint hath been lodged at St. Mary's, by Griffith & Company of London, that four years ago they despatched a ship to the Chesapeake to trade. Her name was the 'Bear and the Ragged Staff,' her commission to return one year from the date of her sailing. Since that day, the complainants aver, there hath been nothing seen or heard from their vessel. They further assert that her master hath stolen their vessel in question, and hath turned her into a picaroon, to their much loss and greater discredit."

John King looked up with a smothered oath. His face was very white.

"Griffith & Company further allege that this vessel and her commander make rendezvous and harbor in the ports of Maryland, to the dishonor of the colony and the reproach of our government."

"My lords," cried King, "and your Honor, this is beyond all precedent!"

"Hold your peace," replied Nicolls. "In new countries it is the fashion to establish precedents."

King held his peace, but watched Master Charles Calvert of Maryland as a rat might watch a cat.

"Now, Master Temperance Pyepott," said Master Calvert, quietly, "if you still insist upon having your rights, we are ready to see that you have them. The only question remaining is, How much do you want to have them?" He took up the little slip-noose in his hand and put it around his finger. "I think it exceedingly dubious that you ever had an apprentice. If you insist upon an apprentice, don't ye think that it verges on folly so to insist as to cause us to remember some things that you wish we might forget? Come now, Master Temperance Pyepott, as we look at the pretty view, does it not strike you forcibly that you do not want your apprentice half so much as you thought you did?"

Out of the western window against the sunset the gallows dangled its strand of hemp.

"How much do you want your apprentice?" asked Calvert, quietly, looking out of the window with a half-reflective air.

"I do not want him so much as that!" replied the picaroon, hoarsely. He could not take his dark eyes from the gallows.

"In fact, you 'll be hanged if you do! A sensible conclusion," said Calvert, placidly. "You are a wiser rogue than I thought you; I must say that much for you. 'Hanged' is none too pretty a word, I think you 'll agree with me; but pretty or not, it would have made a very sweet et cetera to your name."

John King rose heavily to his feet. "My lords," he said, "and masters, your Honors, sirs, is this the course of law in these provinces? A snake, although trodden to death, will strike, and a cornered rat may bite." The blood had surged up into the picaroon's face, and he struck the ledge of the railing that ran around the platform where the judges held their seats. "For if this be the law," he continued, with passionate vehemence, "if interlopers can say their say, bully men down, and talk of hanging, common men may have their say, despite your fine-cut gentry; and I 'll have mine: that in your teeth! By glory, I have a tale I can tell that will make some pretty people wince, and I promise you that their large talk may dwindle very small before I am done with my story!"



JOHN KING BEFORE THE GOVERNOR OF MARYLAND.

His eyes had gathered fierceness out of their sheer malevolence; then something seemed to rise in his throat and stop his bluster: he had seen a gleam from Master Charles Calvert's eyes, and a gesture of his hand.

The Governor of Maryland here rose to his feet and took a step toward the railing. "We know this tale that you would tell, you black-hearted, conscienceless rogue! I heard it out, from first to last, three weeks ago to-day. The story is over and ended; and you have come the day after the fair. You may thank the mistakes of others for my clemency toward you; I am within an ace of hanging you, story or no, for your countless offenses. A private shame may be covered, but you have made yourself a public scandal!"

"As true," said Governor Nicolls, "as the Gospel of St. John."

"You have harbored in my rivers and crept about my coasts until my colony rings with your villainy," continued the Governor of Maryland. "I have enough against you to hang you forty times; yet here, for the sake of another, I give you quittance of it. But, sirrah," here his face flushed with sudden hot resent-

ment, "I warn you off these general coasts; off mine own, particularly. If you slip keel within my grants, or trespass on my fartherest border, by the Earls of Tyrconnell, I take an oath, I will sink your ship and harry you out until your boot-soles cry! Off to your ship and out of our harbor as fast as you can set your sails; and don't ye cross my path again, or I shall forget my clemency, given you here for the sake of one whom, for God's grace, I must needs forgive, and hang you out of hand!"

"To that I do set hand and seal likewise," spoke up Richard Nicolls, sharply; "and I give ye just twenty-four hours, sirrah, to ship yourself out of my borders. Enough; be out of my room!" he said, rising with quick decision. "Clerk, adjourn me this court; the complainant hath lost his suit."

## Chapter XXXIX.

### farewell, john king!

The picaroon raised his head. His face was deathly pale, and his hair was thick and wet with sweat where it lay along his seamy forehead. His eyes went slinking around the room; his faltering lips were bitter and wet. "I will have my day!" he said. But his bolt was shot; he had missed his aim. "John King, pass on!" said Fate.

Out of the threatening court he slunk into the dusky street, and as he went the very doorposts seemed to say, "Pass on!" Out of the court and down the street he hurried with sidewise, skulking gait, into the shadows of Winckel Street, on and out of the sight of man.

Into the shadow went John King, and Winckel Street was still, but the little yellow windows seemed to say to themselves, "Pass on, John King; pass on!"

Into the shadow and the silence of the falling night went John King the picaroon. The shadow covered him over, and the night's silence swallowed him. He was seen no more, and nobody cared and nobody mourned for him. It is said that he sank off Barbados in a hurricane, years after; but the truth of this rumor no man may affirm, further than this much: John King had passed on. Jack Glasco was slain in an affray while in harbor at Martinique. So ended the lives of two precious villains who had measured out to them judgments such as they meted forth.

Barnaby sat on the prisoner's bench as if he were in a dream. What it all meant he had not an idea. It was impossible; it was absurd! As they came down from the judgment-seat, Master Charles Calvert looked at him across the room, and nodded with a smile, then, crossing the chamber, came up to the staring boy and took him by the hand.

"Well, Master Lee," said he, laughing and bowing courteously, "sure, we came in the very nick of time. I am glad to have done ye such service."

Barnaby looked at him, wondering. "And truly, lad, we owe ye enough to be glad of a little credit." The Governor's olive cheek was a little flushed, and his kindly voice was nervously sharp. "Come, now, you will stay with us all at the tavern, of course? Sure, a jail is no place for a gentleman; though there 's some that were far better in one, no doubt."

Barnaby stared at him bewildered, for he thought Master Calvert must be losing his wits. The Governor still held the boy's hand in his own with a strong, continuing, friendly pressure.

"When you come down to Maryland," said Master Calvert, "you will surely not forget us. My wife has lost her heart to ye and to that pretty face of yours; drop in at my castle any time and take pot-luck with us."

By this time Barnaby was quite sure that they both were losing their wits. His mind was aswim with that afternoon's dreads, and bedazed with singular doings.

"How now!" cried Master Calvert, laughing, "and what 's the matter with ye? Do ye think me a-driving hindforemost, my cart before the horse? Drew! Master Drew! Simeon Drew! What here!" he cried, raising his hand. "Let me make ye acquaint with your client! You 'll be after having him close, I am thinking, for a talk upon business." The lawyer came quickly across the room. "Master Lee, Master Drew — Master Simeon Drew," the Governor said, presenting them both.

"Master Lee, I am glad to meet ye," said Drew, with a wise, quiet bow, regarding the boy with a scrutiny that puzzled him more and more. "Be assured, I am heartily glad to meet ye!" said the dry old honest lawyer, as he studied the boy's frank face, "and I trust that our mutual acquaintance will be profitable to us both!"

The court-room was nigh deserted; Governor Nicolls was coming up. "By your leave, Master Lee," said Simeon Drew, "by your leave, sir, and if you please, we two should be having a thorough-done colloguing together, in private. There 's a quiet room in the tavern just around the corner, and I think that we should be off to it; so, by your permission, your Excellency, and by your leave, Master Lee!"

Pulling the bewildered boy's arm through his own, with a very low bow to all about them, Drew trundled him to the tavern, plumped him down in a great arm-chair in the snuggest room that ever was kept in privacy for the guests of an ordinary, and seated himself in an opposite chair. "Now, Master Lee," said he, "I 've a very strange story to tell you, for its extremest and last tail-ending is all I shall tell. The beginning ye may have some knowledge about, but the middle is lost forever; and it is very much better for all concerned that we let it all fade but the moral. Will ye promise to take my word for it, and trust in my verity? I am an old man, as ye may see."

"I promise, sir," said Barnaby.

## Chapter XL.

### THE RUIN OF VAN SWERINGEN.

So much for what happened to Barnaby; but, in the meanwhile, what had been happening to Mynheer Van Sweringen?

He fought the red Mohegans in the forests beyond Beverwyck, driving their warriors before him, consuming their stores of maize, slaying all who opposed him, and destroying their villages, until the wild men begged for mercy.

There was no communication with the world behind him, so he kept his face turned steadfastly to the needs of each passing hour, and dealt out sorrow to his countrymen's foe with a hand that knew no stay. So his days went by with battle and his nights with watchfulness, until on the night of a troubled day in the forepart of September, as he sat by his camp-fire in the wood, beside a little brook, a man came up through the forest from the south, with the pack of a hunter upon his back and a musket in his hand.

"*Heida*, comrades, what seek ye here in the woods of Beverwyck?" called the man from the opposite side of the brook, as he stopped and stared at their party.

Van Sweringen answered him: "We seek vengeance upon the savages, for the slaying of Abraham Staets."

"Who strike ye for?"

"For New Netherland."

"Then ye strike for a will-o'-the-wisp," said the man. "New Netherland is no more."

"That is a lie," replied Van Sweringen.

"I do not lie," said the huntsman.

"Then it is a rumor thou hast heard — one that is false and vain."

"It is neither a rumor, nor false and vain. The news is in all the valley. Ye may go and hear it for yourselves."

Then Van Sweringen called the man across the brook and seated him in the camp, and gave him of their provisions, although they were fallen very short. "Eat and drink," he said, and with that gave the hunter wine from the flask at his own belt. "As for me, I shall neither eat nor drink until I have proved the truth or the utter falsity of this tale."

"It is as I say," the hunter answered. "New Netherland hath fallen." So he ate and drank and slept with them, and when morning was come he went his way up the Mohawk trail into the wild lands.

But Van Sweringen and his company came down from the hills through the forest to Beverwyck, which lay by the gate of Fort Orange, and came into view of the palisades of the town while the dew still lay upon the grass and the sun was coming over the hills.

There was a man working in a field before the town gates. Van Sweringen halted and hailed him: "*Hola*, there, *kerel!* what is the news?" he cried.

At the sound of his voice the man looked

up, and "Who art thou," he asked, "that ye come with your company asking news in the fields at five o'clock in the morning?"

At this answer Van Sweringen leaped the fence and took the man by the neck. "Kerel," he said sharply, "I asked thee what is the news; it is no matter who I am."

The man fell upon his knees and groveled. "Oh, sir, spare my life," he begged. "I meant ye no offense. New Amsterdam is fallen, and New Netherland is no more; that is all the news I know." Then from their arms and warlike array taking them to be English, and thinking to placate them, he raised a feeble cry of "God save the King!" and threw his cap into the air.

Gerrit Van Sweringen looked once at him, then, turning quickly away, ran to the fence and got out of the field.

Then he asked no more of any man for news, but went into the town, and after much persistency obtained six saddle-horses from one stanch-hearted burgher, though spiteful words and contumely from almost all the rest, which he passed by, saying only: "Nay, I have no time now to quarrel; but if ever I come this road again, we shall settle this between us!" And leaving Beverwyck at noon, with three of his men beside him, he rode post-haste for New Amsterdam, sending his company down by yachts.

The yachts, with wind and tide and stream, came down in four days; but those who rode on horseback, galloping down through the highlands, past Storm King, by the Esopus and through Haarlem village, came to the gates of the fallen city on the third day in the evening, just as the sun was going down.

As their weary horses stumbled down the hills among the bouweries and meadows, they came to Peter Stuyvesant, standing at a gate, breaking his heart there in the twilight alone. Van Sweringen reined his horse to a stand. "What is this, your Excellency," he asked, "that wanderers tell in all the wayside inns? What is this lie that men have brought to me in the forests of Beverwyck? In my soul's name, what doth it mean?"

"It is no lie," said Stuyvesant, turning his face away. The tears were running down his cheeks. "We have sold our birthright and our honor for a mess of traitors' pottage: New Amsterdam hath fallen; our kingdom is passed away."

"Without a blow?" cried Van Sweringen.

"Without a blow," said Stuyvesant.

A man who was standing in the road came up to them at this. "Mynheeren," he asked, "is one of your company the Sheriff of New Amstel?"

"I am," replied Van Sweringen. "What is it to thee?"

"Naught to me, but all to thee," replied the man, simply. "The English have seized New Amstel, taking all that was there to be taken. Sir Robert Carr hath plundered thy store and thine house, and hath given them both to his son."

Van Sweringen's garments were powdered gray with the dust, and the dry mud from the water-pools clung in his hair. The foam of his horse's nostrils was in spots upon his cheek. There was no color in his countenance, no luster in his eyes; his face was haggard. His horse's head hung almost to the earth, and its knees tottered with weariness; its sunk flanks heaved; its eyes were glazed. Its rider sat upon its back as though he were a dead man. Down from the hill the flocks came bleating homeward; from the fields beyond the orchards the cattle followed, lowing heavily. The town grew gray, and yellow candles began to peep. The glow was gone out of the western sky, and the whir of the locusts in the orchard failed, like the sound of a spinning-wheel whose treadle is left untrodden.

Gerrit Van Sweringen drew himself up and looked wearily about him. "Without a blow!" he said to himself, as if there were no one near, and as if he had not heard the man who had just spoken to him. Then, drawing his sword from its scabbard, he kissed its long, straight, splendid blade, and, with a sudden burst of anguish, broke it in two across his knee; and standing as high as he could in his stirrups, he threw the pieces over the wall into the dusty meadow-grass. "Thy steel was for the Netherlands; my hands are for Van Sweringen."

Then all at once he stretched his hands out

before him, saying, in a piteous, choking voice, "I am ruined!" For at first he was thinking of himself; but now he thought of what the future meant to his wife and daughter.



"'NOW, MASTER LEE,' SAID SIMEON DREW, 'I 'VE A VERY STRANGE STORY TO TELL YOU.'" (SEE PAGE 451.)

Thus Gerrit Van Sweringen came down to the city gate. The gates were closed and the guard was set.

"Halt!" cried the sentry; "the word?"

"I have no word," said Van Sweringen.

"Are ye friend or foe?" said the sentry.

"I know not," answered Van Sweringen. "I was the Sheriff of New Amstel: I am what ye and those like ye have made me."

The soldier stared at him through the twilight. Next, a corporal came and stared; then, turning his head away, coughed. "In God's name, ride in," said the sentinel, and Van Sweringen rode in.

When he had found the house where his wife was staying, he went in quickly. Barbara De Barette, his wife, was sitting at the window. "Barbara," he said, "I am ruined!" and there stopped, for his throat was choking.

She looked up with a placid face. "Yes, Gerrit," said she, "I had heard of it. They cannot say that I married thee for thy money any more!" and with that she laughed very softly.

"But I am a beggar, Barbara; they have taken everything that I owned," he cried. "I have not a guilder to my name; I am brought to beggary."

"Nay, then, what of that?" she said, rising and laying her slender, firm hands on his shoulders. "Art still the man thou wast before. I am just as rich in thee, dear heart, as ever I was. To be ruined without fault of thine own, there is no disgrace. Be comforted; be comforted!"

But he could not be comforted, for his heart was bitter within him, and heavy as a stone in his breast. His empty scabbard rattled mockingly as he moved to and fro, and the shadows in the room seemed gibbering at the misfortune that had come upon him. He threw himself down in a chair by the fireside and stared

into the ashes with a face that was white with despair.

His wife came and sat down beside him. "Gerrit, as for me," she said, "it matters not one whit. I gave up home and everything to go with thee. I knew not whither our way should run, nor what should betide. I gave over all to be with thee; and here am I — with thee. I ask no more, being satisfied. Once was I poor; I am poor again. Dear heart, what doth it matter? A woman would rather have her own way with the man she truly loves than to run through a rain of guilders with an apron to catch them in, Gerrit, and I am satisfied. Laugh at me an thou wilt, dear heart, but I am satisfied."

But he looked at her as a wounded dog might look at one who strokes its head. The deeper the heart the deeper the hurt; and he was no shallow man. He looked at her, but he could not speak. He arose, instead, and walked the floor, for his bitterness was very great. "Be not impatient with me," he said; "I shall be comforted after a while. But now!" and he struck at the empty air as though its sheer emptiness mocked him. "Lost; it is all, all lost!" he cried out in a tone of agony. "All lost, and I have worked so hard!" Then he came and sat down again by the hearth, with his face hidden in his hands.

His wife was sitting on one side, and Dorothy on the other, sitting upon a foot-stool and leaning on his knee; and "Father," said Dorothy, "we are here in the darkness with thee, mother and I. We do not mind poverty, father dear; so do not mind it thus terribly for us. Poverty is nothing. We shall take a very little house, and mother shall do the weaving, and I shall do the darning and spin;— oh, how I can spin! —and I shall gather wild hops for the brewing, and nuts and berries in the wood with the poor girls that I know; and we women shall cook, and thou shalt work by the day, and we shall save stuiver by stuiver until the stockings are full again."

"And thou shalt win thy way, Gerrit, despite this great misfortune," said Juffrouw Van Sweringen, steadfast in her own father's unswerving faith. "No sparrow falleth but God's eye sees it. Thou hast Dorothy and me; and Dorothy and I have thee. Love asks but little, Gerrit; wilt not be comforted?"

While she spoke there was a sound in the street of voices and footsteps, and some one beat upon the stoop, then, stumbling up the steps, rapped heavily on the door, crying: "What! Here! Donder and blitzen! are ye all as dead as door-nails, that ye keep your house so dark?"

They all sat up suddenly, listening. The words came in a round, full, merry voice.

*(To be concluded.)*

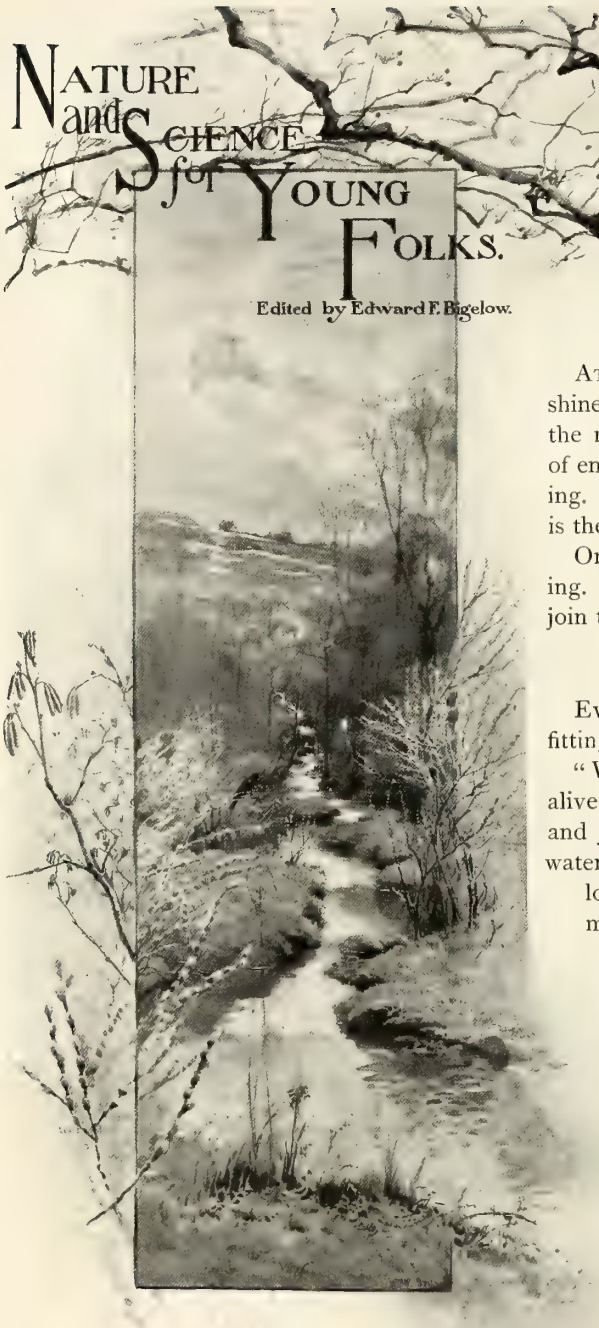




"BONNY WITCHES." A PAGE OF SILHOUETTES, BY LUCY G. MORSE.

# Nature and Science for Young Folks.

Edited by Edward F. Bigelow.



## THE MUSIC OF THE MARSHES.

At the "burst of spring"—a day of sunshine following several days of mist and rain—the marshes and watercourses become places of enchantment beyond picturing and describing. To be there and to enjoy them yourself is the only way to fully appreciate them.

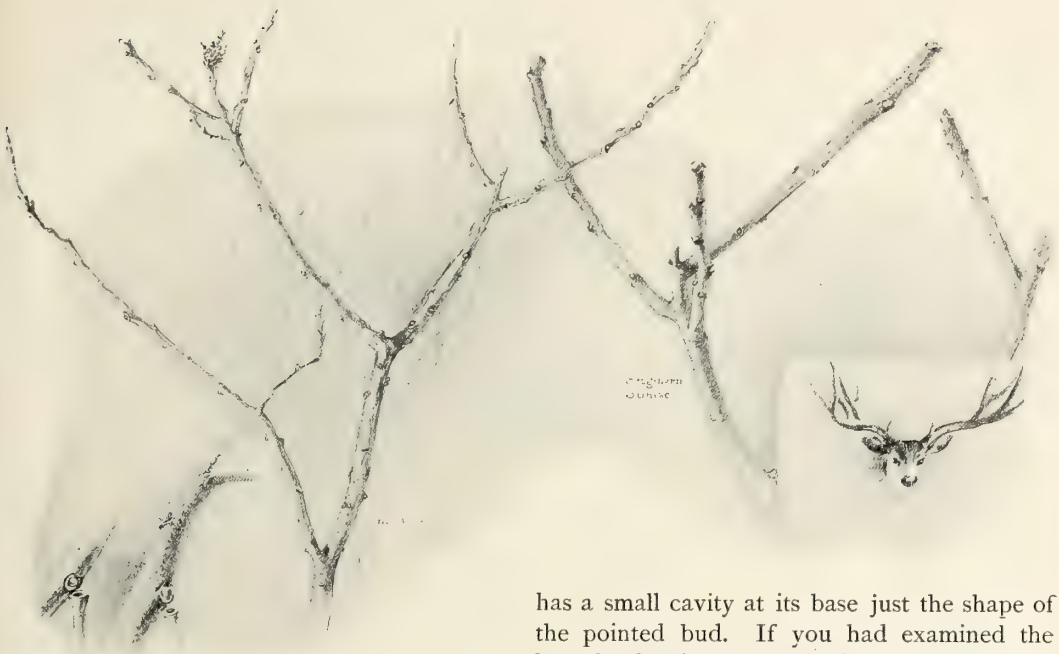
On yonder hillside the snow is rapidly melting. Innumerable rills are hastening down to join the swollen brook that chatters and sings

> Over stony ways,
> In little sharps and trebles.

Everywhere are youth and joy—our most fitting companions. As Thoreau expresses it:

"Willows and alders along watercourses all alive these mornings, and ringing with the trills and jingles and warbles of birds, even as the waters have lately broken loose and tinkle below—song-sparrows, blackbirds, not to mention robins, etc., etc."

The shining black suit, with red epaulets, of the blackbird is very conspicuous among the white fluffiness of the willows. We may maintain that the song is *o-ka-lēē*, or *kŏng-quĕr-rēē* or *gurgle-ēē*, and, in any case, it is evidently a most fitting accompaniment to the brook. Farther up the stream you see the song-sparrow, with its conspicuous black spot on its breast. Its varied "sprayey songs" are an important part of the marsh music. Add the songs of bluebirds, robins, and the laughter of the young folks, and all is complete.



Smooth sumac. Stag-horn sumac.

## "HATS" IN SUMMER—"BAREHEADED" IN WINTER.

When shrubs and trees are bare, many interesting things may be learned from the position of the leaf-scars. Cut a hickory twig, and note how the buds are situated at the *upper margin* of each leaf-scar. This is the arrangement of leaf and bud on branches and twigs of many other trees and shrubs with which we are most familiar.

But examine a branch of our smooth sumac and of the stag-horn sumac, which grow on rocky hillsides, and you will find that the scars which mark the places where the bases of the leaf-stalks were attached *surround* the buds. This fact shows that the bases of the sumac leaf-stalks must have completely covered the buds during their growth.

Search the ground beneath the shrubs for dry leaf-stalks during the winter and early spring, and you will find that each one has a small cavity at its base just the shape of the pointed bud. If you had examined the branches late last summer or in early autumn you would have seen that there was not a single bud exposed on the new growth of sumac. The bushes appear to have made no provision then for next year's growth. But this was not the case. If you had broken a green leaf-stalk from the branch and examined it carefully, even with the naked eye, you would have seen a tiny bud in its enlarged base. The next year's stems develop laterally so as to form branches that remind us, in both species of the



THE SMOOTH SUMACS ON THE SUNNY SIDE OF AN OLD WALL.

sumac, of the antlers of a stag, although only the rough sumac is commonly called "stag-horn."

It is interesting to note that the hollow base of each leaf-stalk is lined with soft down like the nap on a fur hat, which protects the bud until it is full grown. This can easily be observed by snapping off some of the dry leaf-stalks which have clung to the branches. After the frosts of autumn the red stalks fell away and exposed the soft pointed buds. It is surprising how quickly this was effected. One day the smooth sumacs on the sunny side of an old wall were a mass of color; the next the leaves had vanished and the branches were covered with buds as if by magic. In bleak, exposed places the leaf-stalks often cling a whole month longer than in protected places.

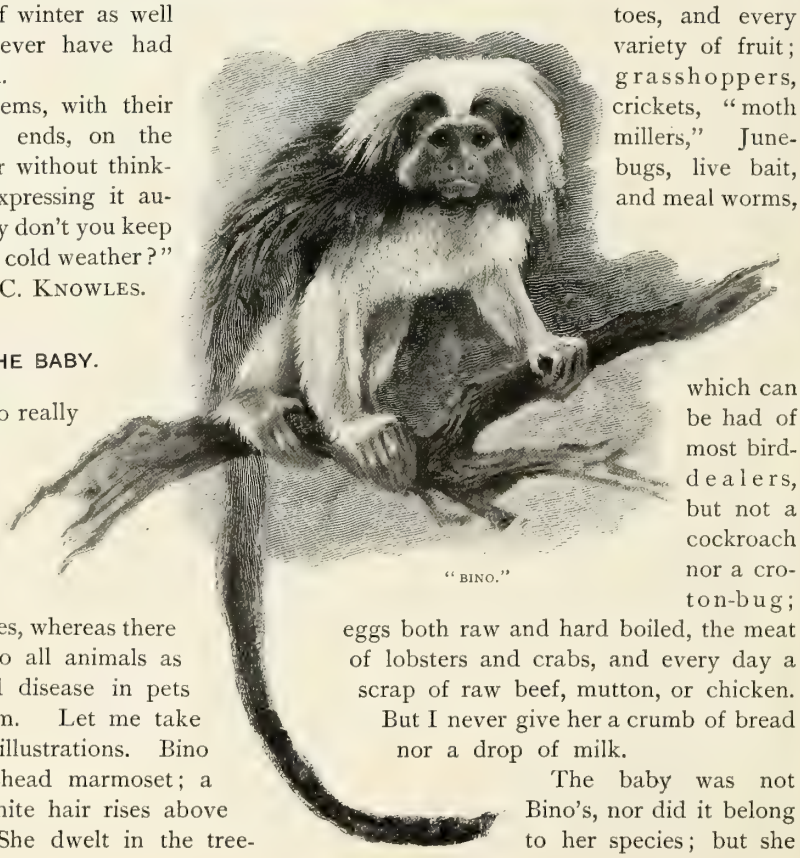
Here is an unusual case of Mother Nature's protecting the bud very carefully during the summer, until it is fully grown, and then taking off the fur-lined "hat." By reason of its warm covering of furry scales this bud can withstand the cold and storms of winter as well as other buds that never have had such special protection.

I never see these stems, with their hollow and fur-lined ends, on the ground in cold weather without thinking (and sometimes expressing it audibly), "Little buds, why don't you keep on your hats during this cold weather?"

W. C. KNOWLES.

## "BINO" AND THE BABY.

THE young folks who really love their pet animals want to know how to keep them in health. Misleading books on this vital subject advocate a diet in which bread and milk flourishes, whereas there is nothing so deadly to all animals as bread and milk. All disease in pets can be traced to them. Let me take Bino and the baby as illustrations. Bino is a pinche, or cotton-head marmoset; a splendid coronet of white hair rises above her coal-black face. She dwelt in the tree-tops of a Brazilian forest, where she lived upon insects, fruit, birds' eggs, and, I am sorry to say, the young birds themselves. Nature has given her the power to sing so that she can lure her prey to their deaths. But when I found Bino she was tied to the platform of a snake-charmer, in the side-show of a circus. The stifling, peanut-laden air, the banging brass band, the staring crowd, and, worst of all, the snakes twisting about the form of her mistress, and darting hungry looks at Bino, had thrown her into a nervous panic. Her wild eyes and piercing screams went to my heart. I tried to buy her, but her mistress could not make up her mind to part with her *then*. One day, some months after our meeting, a box came to me by express. In it was poor Bino. She was thin and her coat was rusty. Four years ago that was; now she is fat and her fur shines with the gloss of health. This is the way that I feed her: bananas always, all the year round, baked sweet potatoes, and every variety of fruit; grasshoppers, crickets, "moth millers," June-bugs, live bait, and meal worms,



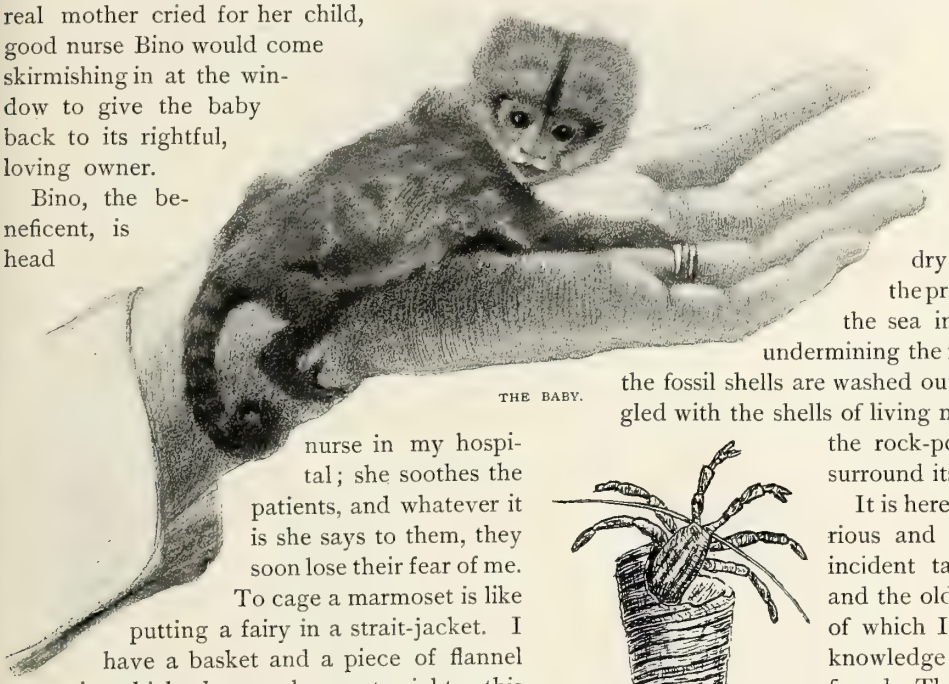
"BINO."

which can be had of most bird-dealers, but not a cockroach nor a croton-bug; eggs both raw and hard boiled, the meat of lobsters and crabs, and every day a scrap of raw beef, mutton, or chicken. But I never give her a crumb of bread nor a drop of milk.

The baby was not Bino's, nor did it belong to her species; but she

loved it, and it was "ride a cock-horse" all day long over the fences and up the trees with the baby on her back. When the real mother cried for her child, good nurse Bino would come skirmishing in at the window to give the baby back to its rightful, loving owner.

Bino, the beneficent, is head



THE BABY.

nurse in my hospital; she soothes the patients, and whatever it is she says to them, they soon lose their fear of me. To cage a marmoset is like putting a fairy in a strait-jacket. I have a basket and a piece of flannel in which they curl up at night; this stands in a cage, and here they sleep fourteen good hours; after their breakfast of bananas I open the door, and off my little fairies go, to scale the walls of my room in winter, and to climb the tree-tops in summer.

In the spring and summer Bino and her brothers are often frisking about in the top branches of a near-by elm-tree. Then, when I call to her she stops her play to answer, and her white topknot shines out from the leaves against the blue sky. Frequently she responds by her musical call, that seems like a clear and sweet, yet strange, song.

JUSTINE INGERSOLL.

## SOME OLD HOUSES.

AT the entrance to the harbor of San Pedro, in California, lies a little island known as Isla de los Muertos, or Dead Men's Island. It is composed of layers of sand and clay full of fossil shells.

Ages ago these mollusks were living on the old sea-bottom, and when they died their shells became buried in the sand and ooze, and covered by the accumulating sediment. As the ages rolled by, the slow but great movements of the earth's old crust gradually raised the sea-bottom above water so it became dry land. At the present time, the sea in storms is undermining the island, and the fossil shells are washed out and mingled with the shells of living mollusks in the rock-pools which surround its base.



It is here that a curious and interesting incident takes place and the oldest houses of which I have any knowledge are to be found. The little hermit-crabs, hunting for empty univalve shells in which to make their homes, seize the fossil ones as readily as the living, and scurry off, bearing upon their backs houses so old that, compared with them, the most ancient ruins of human habitations were built but yesterday.



LIVING HERMIT-CRABS IN THEIR ANCIENT HOUSES — FOSSIL SHELLS.

And these little houses of the hermit-crabs, although so old, are not in ruins or decay, but as strong and perfect to their minutest detail as when occupied by their original owners, perhaps two hundred thousand years ago!

J. HOWARD WILSON.



THE WHITE BIRCHES IN THE WINTER WOODS.

Under the trees in the foreground you can see the scales and seeds, like dirt, on the snow. To know their real form, examine them closely, preferably with the aid of a pocket-microscope or reading-glass. Dimly in the distance, at the right, you can see the farmer with his load of birch and other wood for fuel.

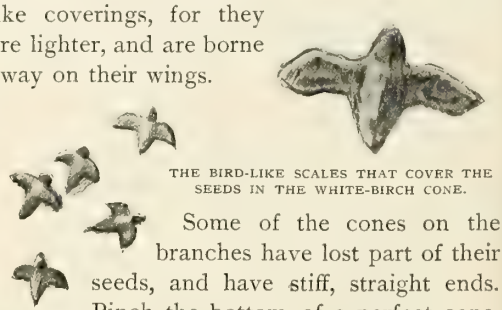
## "MIMIC SNOW-BIRDS."

MANY seeds are scattered by the winter storms, and forest-planting goes on in the woods long before we dream of gardening.

When the logs are hauled in from the woods, many of our country boys and girls have noticed small brown specks clinging to the snowy sticks. Examine a brown bit, and you will find it a veritable miniature "snow-bird"—in shape, at least. Head, wings, and tail are all there.

If you wish to know where this strange little brown flock came from, follow the sled back to the snowy woods, where the men are chopping, and somewhere near you will surely find a white birch tree hung with dark-brown cones, the fruited catkins of last spring.

Shake one of the cone-bearing branches, and thousands of brown specks, like those brought home to the wood-pile, will sail over the snow. These specks are the small scales which cover the little seeds of the birch-tree. The tiny yellow seeds are harder to find than their bird-like coverings, for they are lighter, and are borne away on their wings.



THE BIRD-LIKE SCALES THAT COVER THE SEEDS IN THE WHITE-BIRCH CONE.

Some of the cones on the branches have lost part of their seeds, and have stiff, straight ends. Pinch the bottom of a perfect cone, and you will soon discover a method of scattering seeds as marvelous as that of the witch-hazel.

In ripening, the rows of seeds with their bird-like coverings have loosened from the stem of the cone, and are now held together by the



THE SMALL CONES ON A BRANCH OF WHITE BIRCH.

contact and pressure. The one hard scale at the end unlocks the secret. Touch that and the whole flock of seeds takes flight as if we had unlocked the door of a cage and real birds were gladly escaping from their captivity.



THE YELLOW SEEDS OF THE WHITE BIRCH.

The sturdy black birch scatters its seeds in a similar manner. One winter day I saw a hungry little brown bird opening this small storehouse of seeds with its bill.

W. C. K.

## "WE WILL WRITE TO ST. NICHOLAS ABOUT IT."

KEEPING THE EYES OPEN IN WINTER WOODS.

PARK HILL, YONKERS, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been interested in Nature and Science since it was first issued, and now I look for the department one of the first things when I open a new number. My mother also is greatly pleased with it, as she is a great lover of nature, and she wants me to tell you of the walk we took this morning through the winter woods. The wood road was badly cut up by the rains, and we had a good opportunity to study the formation and growth of river systems.

We noticed that the tiny streams carried grains of sand, and that when they curved and twisted they cut away the little banks on the outer curve and deposited the sand, or earth, on the inner curve, making one side sloping and the other steep. This was because the current was slower on the inner side and could not carry such a heavy load. There were many little streams that finally united in one.

In one place I noted that two little streams left a point of earth where they united, and because one was swifter than the other it cut its channel deeper and captured all the water, and so the other one dried up; we observed that there were tiny falls and rapids in some parts, so it resembled a young river like the St. Lawrence.

Again we saw one stream joining another. The first was clear, like the Mississippi, and the other, like the Missouri, emptied into it a stream of yellow mud that discolored one side of the stream for some distance.

The brook foamed madly over the stones along by the old road, and farther down spread out now and then into broad pools in the flat places. On both sides were touches of bright green in the grasses, clovers, and fivefingers.

All around were chestnut-trees, whose bark, we saw, was very rough and deeply furrowed; we learned that the reason was, the interior of trees grew faster each year than the bark, and so the bark was cracked open instead of being smooth like birches and others. When we found a stump we counted the rings to see how old it was; we noticed how wide the rings were, and did not wonder that their growth had split the bark.

By the brook and in the woods were tall, graceful, dry flowers, of all shades of brown, that looked so pretty against the dark trunks of the trees.

It is very pleasant to discover for myself the curious things I read about in your department. I find that our walks are much more interesting since I have begun to keep my eyes open.

Sincerely yours,

MABEL M. JOHNS.

The outer bark is dead, and is thus merely a protecting overcoat. A ring of wood is formed each year under the bark, and there is also a similar new growth in the bark. The part next to the wood grows woody. Botanists call





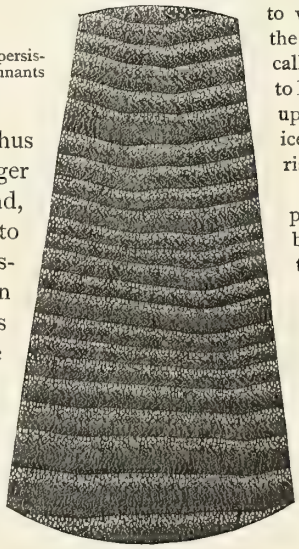
The little streams in the wood road and down the banks, after a severe rain-storm, often form "river systems" in miniature.



ASTERS, GOLDENROD, AND WILD CARROT.

The stems are dry and the seeds fluffy and persistent. Thus we frequently find the beautiful remnants of last year's flora, even into the early spring.

this inner bark the "liber." Thus the cylinder of wood grows larger and the tube of bark must expand, thus causing the tissues of bark to be under constant tension. Professor Bailey tells us that "it has been ascertained that the pressure is as much as fifty pounds to a square inch." It is interesting to note the various forms in which the bark breaks, tears, splits, or peels off. No one would think of cutting initials in splitting, tearing, thick, dead bark like that on an old chestnut-tree. It is the smooth bark, where there is almost no outer dead layer, like the beech, that makes it difficult for the boys to keep their jack-knives in their pockets.



Photographed directly from the end view of a piece of chestnut wood to show a section of the annual rings.

### EARLY SPRING OBSERVATIONS IN A WALK BY THE RIVER.

MIDDLETOWN, CONN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: It rained very hard one day last spring, so we had no school. In the morning I went down to the river to watch the boats break the ice. One of the boats broke her propeller near a place called "Blow Hole," and had to be taken to New London for repairs. I walked away up-river to the "Crook," just to watch the ice rushing down-stream. The river kept rising all the morning.

As I was walking along I heard a tapping, and looking up, I saw a white-breasted nuthatch. He was running down the trunk of an old oak. I never saw anything except a fly that can do the things he can. I like to watch him better than any other woodpecker.

A little farther on up the "Little River" I saw what seemed to be a bunch of hay, and just then I saw a muskrat swim off up-stream. I found by poking around that there were signs of rats near the straw, and I worked away till I got the top off, and there were three little muskrats. Their eyes were not open. I put the straw back as carefully as I could, and left them alone.



"Hello, hello, you down there! I 'm the nuthatch. Who are you?"

I got very wet, but I enjoyed the morning very much.

On my way home I found some Christmas ferns, as green as in the summer. And when I went to pick them I found the new fronds all ready to uncurl. They looked very warm and nice, with a fuzzy blanket of whitish brown over them.

So good-by, ST. NICHOLAS. It will soon be time for the next number. And I shall be glad. I like the Nature and Science part so much.

One of your readers,

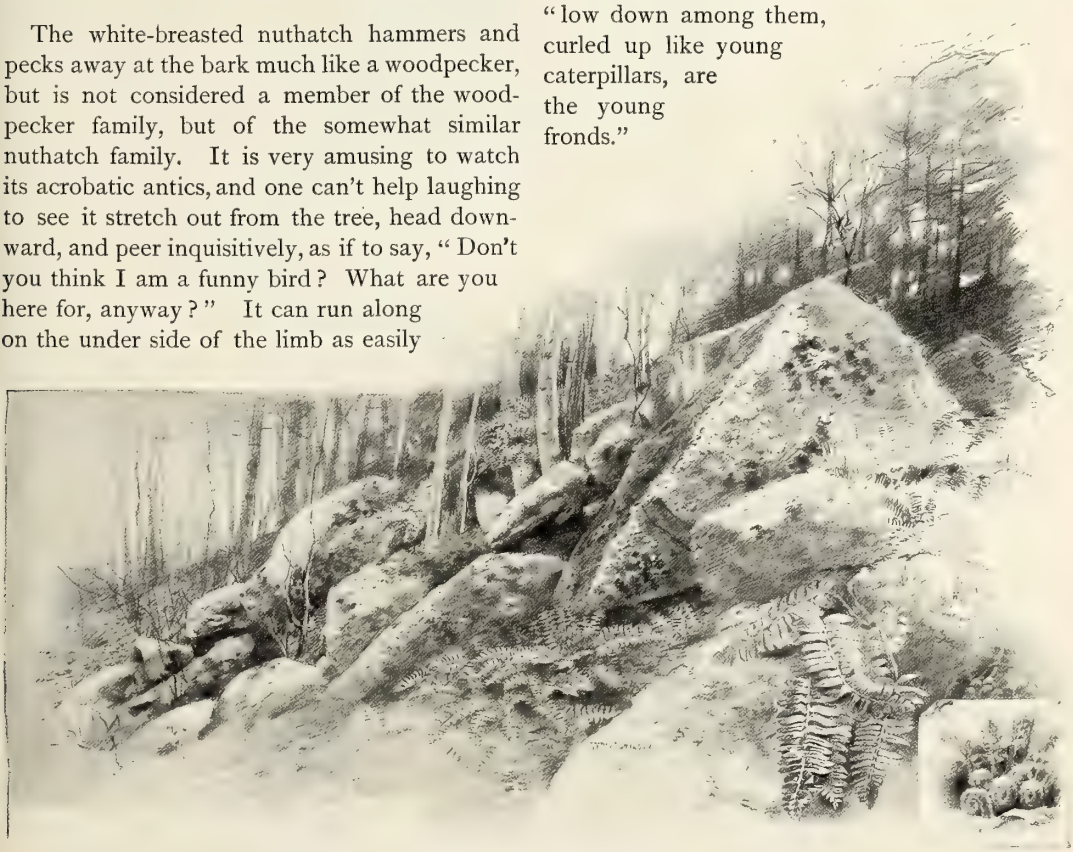
ASA STOWE (age 14).

The white-breasted nuthatch hammers and pecks away at the bark much like a woodpecker, but is not considered a member of the woodpecker family, but of the somewhat similar nuthatch family. It is very amusing to watch its acrobatic antics, and one can't help laughing to see it stretch out from the tree, head downward, and peer inquisitively, as if to say, "Don't you think I am a funny bird? What are you here for, anyway?" It can run along on the under side of the limb as easily as on the upper side, and down the tree as well as up. Indeed, it seems even to prefer the under-side and head-downward methods of searching for insects in the bark.

> The woodpecker well may despair of this feat—
> Only the fly with you can compete.
> So much is clear; but I fain would know
> How you can so recklessly, fearlessly, go,
> Head upward, head downward, is it all one to you?
> Zenith and nadir the same in your view?

Audubon and some later ornithologists tell us that the nuthatch sleeps head downward. It surely spends much of the day in that position or hanging to the under side of a branch, like a fly to the ceiling.

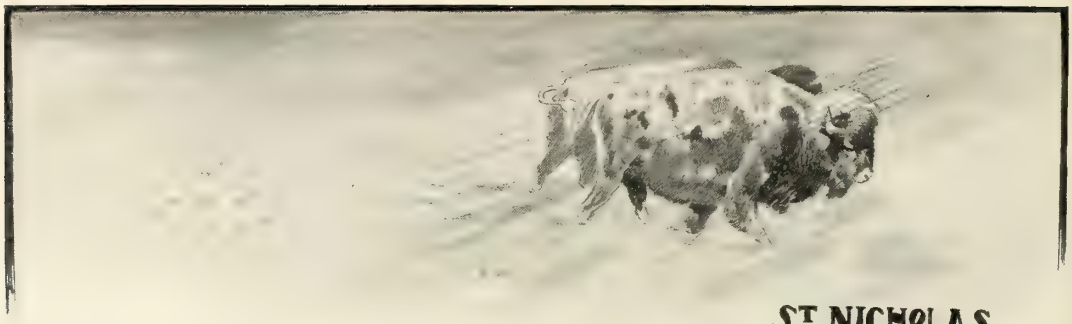
Our young folks, in their visits to the woods in early spring, will please notice that the last year's fronds of the Christmas fern are still fresh and green, and that "low down among them, curled up like young caterpillars, are the young fronds."



THE CHRISTMAS FERNS IN THE WOODS IN EARLY SPRING.

In the summer the fronds are nearly erect; in the winter they "hug" closely to the ground, forming green rosettes that are all the more beautiful from their sharp contrast with the bare trees and shrubs, and the brown dead leaves covering the ground.

THE YOUNG FRONDS.



# ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE.

"HEADING FOR MARCH." BY RHEINHOLD PALENSKI, AGE 17. (WINNER OF FORMER PRIZES.)

## HOPE.

BY AGNES CHURCHILL LACY (AGE 14).
(*Gold Badge.*)

ALAS! the low-hung wintry clouds
Have dimmed the fair blue skies.
"Nay, wait a day; the sun's bright ray
Shall break those chains of misty gray;
Grieve not," bright Hope replies.

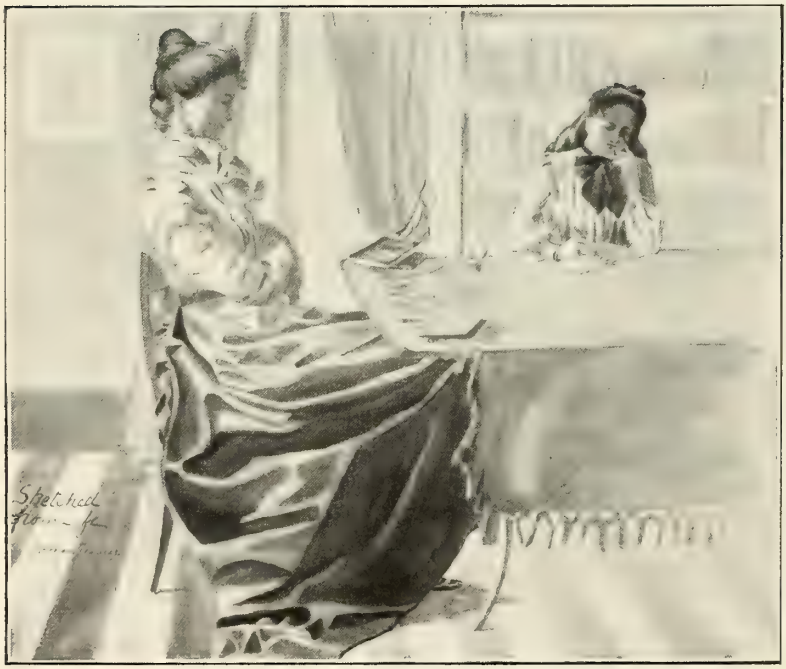
Alas! the flowers are faded, dead;
The fairest ever die.
"Not so, dear one; they only sleep.
Their beauty, fragrance, still they keep,
Snow-covered as they lie."

Alas! the birds that sweetly sang
Have left each ice-bound tree.
"But now 'mongst tropic boughs they sing,
And soon the silver-footed spring
Will bring them back to thee."

MARCH is the doorway to spring; yet winter lingers long on the threshold, and makes a great bluster about going. Sometimes when we think he has gone altogether he suddenly runs back, sticks his head in, and says, "Booh-h!" just as mischievous boys do when they want to frighten us. Only we have grown so used to the open door of March, and the way winter tries to scare us by running in and out, that we only laugh and remember that April is on the way, and we must not deny the old fellow a few childish pranks before he says good-by.

There are a great many good contributions this month —good drawings, good poems, good stories. It is a great pleasure to the League editor to note the rapid strides made by some of the members, and the slower but no less sure progress of others. In no other organization or school are so many talented, earnest children as in the St. Nicholas League—so many faithful, industrious workers. And they are unselfish, too. It is the rarest thing that there is a word of complaint even from those who have striven longest and with no result. Almost without exception, our members realize that they are young, with their lives before them; that the greatest reward of their effort is in the effort itself and the improvement and growth which each sincere endeavor brings. They have faith, too, that if their talent is worthy they will, with perseverance, succeed in time. And they are right: every contribution that is properly prepared and submitted is carefully considered, and no really good work is denied a place on the roll of honor, even when it does not quite win a place on the list of prize-winners.

There are many things to be considered in making the prize selections and those for publication. A number of good stories were put aside this time because they were not



"FROM LIFE." BY YVONNE JEQUIER, AGE 16. (CASH PRIZE.)

"My Narrow Escape," but the narrow escape of some other person. Others were excluded because they were too long, or on both sides of the paper, or were not properly indorsed, or failed to bear the author's age; and some good stories dealt directly with Christmas or Fourth of July, and these would not do for March at all. As for poems, there were oversights in these too, and one very pretty stanza went all awry at the end by trying to rhyme "leaves" with "wreaths," which won't do at all unless you pronounce it "reaves," and only very little folks would do that.

The new competition for chapters has already attracted much attention, and bids fair to be one of the most important League features yet undertaken. It closes March 31, and there is still a month in which to organize a chapter and get up a "prize entertainment," and those who have been procrastinating will find that a great deal may be done in a month if they will begin immediately and move swiftly during the coming weeks. For the benefit of those who did not see the February number, this Chapter Prize Offer is repeated in full on the last League page.



"FROM LIFE." BY PERCY JAMIESON, AGE 17. (GOLD BADGE.)

## PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION No. 27.

In making the awards, contributors' ages are considered.

Verse. Gold badges, Agnes Churchill Lacy (age 14), 924 N. 24th St., St. Joseph, Mo., and Teresa Cohen (age 9), 1709 Linden Ave., Baltimore, Md.

Silver badges, Theodora Maud North (age 11), Edgerton, Wis., and Harold R. Norris (age 9), Ivoryton, Conn.

Prose. Gold badges, Helen L. Collins (age 17), 320 Classon Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., and Katharine L. Whitin (age 14), Whitinsville, Mass.

Silver badges, Mary M. B. Arbuckle (age 16), Cranch St., Quincy, Mass., Madeleine Fuller McDowell (age 8), care of H. B. McDowell, Lawrence Park, Bronxville, N. Y., and Ernest H. Wood (age 14), 5601 Madison Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Drawing. Cash prize, Yvonne Jequier (age 16), Faubourg du Crêt 5, Neuchâtel, Switzerland.

Gold badges, Hazel May Matthews (age 12), 260 Canfield Ave. West, Detroit, Mich., and Percy Jamieson (age 17), Morgan Park, Ill.

Silver badges, Arthur D. Fuller (age 12), 80 Court St., Exeter, N. H., and William J. Henderson (age 16), 74 Drew Ave., Woodhaven, N. Y.

Photography. Gold badge, Irene F. Wetmore (age 14), 555 W. 159th St., New York City.

Silver badges, Fannie H. Bickford (age 15), White Hills, Shelton, Connecticut, and Catherine E. Condon (age 9), Everett, Massachusetts.

Wild-animal and Bird Photography. First prize, "Adirondack Deer," by John Schiess (age 14), 20 Ellery St., Brooklyn, N. Y. Second prize, "Wild Ducks," by Clarence Hauthaway (age 15), 1043 Beacon St., Brookline, Mass. Third prize, "Wild Duck," by Dean M. Kennedy (age 14), Madison, S. D.

Puzzle-making. Gold badge, Sara Lawrence Kellogg (age 15), Ridley Park, Pa.

Silver badges, Richard Ellis (age 11), 8 Audubon Place, New Orleans, La., and Kendall Morse (age 12), 49 Spring St., Carbondale, Pa.

Puzzle-answers. Gold badges, John W. Fisher, Jr. (age 15), 624 Pk. Pl., Brooklyn, N. Y., and Ernest Gregory (age 10), 8 Spring St., Marblehead, Mass.

Silver badges, Fred H. Lahee (age 17), 152 Harvard St., Brookline, Mass., and Daisy Germain Deutsch (age 13), 231 E. 122d St., New York City.

## HOPES FULFILLED.

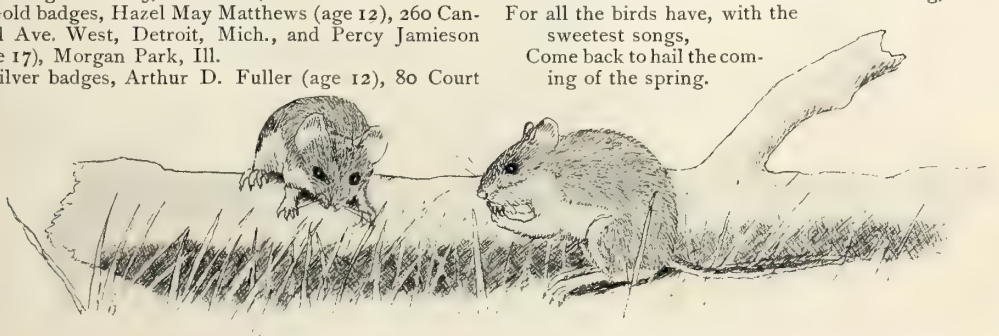
BY TERESA COHEN (AGE 9).

(*Gold Badge.*)

The trees once more are clothed in leaves and buds,
The snow has melted from the meadow drear;
The sparrow on the branches to his mate
Chirps forth his hope that spring will soon be here.

The ice chains of the glistening brook are gone,
The earth again is clothed in grass so green;
Above the verdure, sparkling with the dew,
Bright butterflies and humming bees are seen.

Now shine like stars amid the grass the flowers;
The woods with sweetest melodies now ring,
For all the birds have, with the sweetest songs,
Come back to hail the coming of the spring.



"FROM LIFE." BY ARTHUR D. FULLER, AGE 12. (SILVER BADGE.)



"A CHILLY DAY." BY IRENE F. WETMORE, AGE 14. (GOLD BADGE.)

## MY NARROW ESCAPE.

BY HELEN L. COLLINS (AGE 17).

(*Gold Badge.*)

"OH, dear," I sighed, turning over the pages of the ST. NICHOLAS, and gazing sadly at the prize competition for December, "what horrid luck I always have! Nothing ever happens to me. As for a 'narrow escape'—" and I shook my head dismally.

Then I thought and thought, and ran over, mentally, every phase of my life from babyhood up. There were plenty of events and adventures, but no "narrow escape."

In this meditative mood my eyes wandered upward, resting on a long disfiguring crack which ran the length of the ceiling. A looker-on would have thought I was drawing inspiration from that source.

Just then a gust of wind swept around the corner of the house, slamming unfastened blinds together, and sending the soot down the chimney.

My thoughts were far from "human ken," and but for a slight movement along the crack I might not be alive to tell this tale.

"Mercy!" I exclaimed, coming quickly back to things material. "Has n't the landlord done that job yet? I say, mama,"—she was in the next room,—"I do believe the ceiling will fall before the day is over. I 'm going to get out."

Thereupon I shoved ST. NICHOLAS under an arm, and made a "bee-line" for the door.

Barely had I crossed the threshold when, bang! boom! down crashed a yard or more of plastering amid a choking dust which would equal a sand-storm of the Great Sahara.

Mother ran out into the hall, giving little gasps of fright. She no doubt expected to find me buried beneath a mass of lath and mortar.

But I met her with a reassuring smile and triumphant wave of the magazine.

"Oh, mama," I ejaculated after a moment of meditation, "would n't you call that a 'narrow escape'?"

## WHAT I HOPE.

BY HAROLD R. NORRIS (AGE 9).

(*Silver Badge.*)

I HOPE the birds will come this spring,
And sing their very best;
I hope the grass and straw they bring
Will build a pretty nest.

I hope the flowers will be as sweet
As ever they can be;
I hope that every bud will bloom
Upon the cherry-tree.

I hope that school will soon be done,
And our vacation here;
I hope that this springtime will be
The best time of the year.

## MY NARROW ESCAPE.

BY KATHARINE L. WHITIN (AGE 14).

(*Gold Badge.*)

THIS summer we were in Paris during the French national holiday, the 14th of July.

In the lower part of the city and in the Latin Quarter the peasants dance in the streets and squares, and as we thought that it would be great fun to see the dancing, we drove down there after dinner.



"A CHILLY DAY." BY FANNIE H. BICKFORD, AGE 15. (SILVER BADGE.)



"ADIRONDACK DEER." BY JOHN SCHIESS, AGE 14. (FIRST PRIZE, "WILD-ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPH.")

All the public buildings were illuminated, and after driving around for a while we found ourselves in a large square in which many narrow streets terminated. In the square were merry-go-rounds, and people dancing.

After watching the people for a while we started for the Latin Quarter. After trying about eight dirty little streets, and being turned back by the people continually, we finally found ourselves in such a narrow alley that it was impossible to turn around and almost impossible to go ahead, as a mob blocked the way.

During this time we were called "Big Vegetables" and other complimentary names, for the peasants thought that we were French aristocrats, as we were in a private carriage, and as the peasants hate the aristocracy, they thought that we had no right in their part of the city.

On asking our coachman if he could get us through the mob, he said that he would try, and jumping down from his box, he started to lead the horses through the crowd. Immediately some men jumped on the back of the carriage and commenced to shake it so hard that we thought it would tip over, while the mob shouted to us to go back. At last we got through the crowd of people, but almost instantly we ran into another mob, which bade fair to be much worse than the former.

Just as we were about to break through it, somebody told my cousin to take his hat off. He took it off and, standing upon the seat, shouted, "Vive la Republique!" Then the leader shouted, "Passez, passez!" and the people drew back, letting us pass.

After that we used the same method in getting through crowds, and even knocked tables over without a murmur from any one.

I was very glad to have had this experience, as it showed the excitable nature of the French people, and it is highly probable that we would have been seriously injured if my cousin had not taken his hat off and shouted for the republic.



"WILD DUCK." BY DEAN M. KENNEDY, AGE 14. (THIRD PRIZE, "WILD-ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPH.")

## THE HOPES OF THE WIND FAIRIES.

BY THEODORA MAUD NORTH (AGE 11).

(*Silver Badge.*)

THE good little fairies that dwell in the wind,
What are they hoping to-day?
I think they are hoping the rain-clouds to send
To the farmer along their broad way.

Over the country they frolicking go
To the ocean with even sweep.
They steady the waves that are dashing so high,
And they smooth them and rock them to sleep.

'T is the bad little fairies that dwell in the wind
That roll them and make them dash high;
And the good little fairies a cooling breeze send,
And to lull them they try and they try.

The bad little fairies that dwell in the wind,
What are *they* hoping to-day?
Perhaps they are hoping a cyclone to send
To blow all the houses away.



"WILD DUCKS." BY CLARENCE L. HAUTHAWAY, AGE 15. (SECOND PRIZE, "WILD-ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPH.")

## MY NARROW ESCAPE.

BY MARY M. B. ARBUCKLE (AGE 16).

(*Silver Badge.*)

ALTHOUGH now over two years since the calamity, the loss of the passenger-boat the "Portland" is undoubtedly still fresh in many minds; but for the benefit of those who may not have such a good cause to remember the wreck as I, it will be interesting to know that the above-named was one of the passenger-boats which ply between Portland, Maine, and Boston.

Mama had promised me that in the autumn I might spend a few weeks with one of the dearest friends in the world, then living

in Portland. The journey on the boat occupies but one night; still I lacked confidence enough to start alone, and I was waiting and hoping to make the trip under the protecting care of an older person; and as Lucy had urged me in the strongest terms to come, and the autumn was fast merging into winter and still no escort appeared, it was finally decided that I was to go alone.

Upstairs in my own little den I was packing my trunk, thinking of dear Lue, and picturing her delight in the little gifts I was bringing her. At seven o'clock that evening I would start. I was roused from a happy reverie by mama's voice calling to me.



"A CHILLY DAY." BY CATHERINE E. CONDON, AGE 9. (SILVER BADGE.)

Never thinking anything was amiss, I tripped down the stairs. There was mother with an open letter in her hand, anxiety and concern written in every lineament of her countenance.

"Mary," she said gently, "I 'm afraid you must postpone your visit, as Aunt Ellen is quite ill and wishes me to come to her at once. I fear her illness is serious, dear," she added, quickly noting the keen disappointment in my face, "and I think I had better go. You will have to be the little housekeeper during my absence."

Mother was sympathetic and kind, but words cannot describe my disappointment after all the preparations. Imagine my mingled horror and thankfulness when we learned next day that the Portland and all its passengers had been lost that very night!

## MY NARROW ESCAPE.

BY ERNEST H. WOOD (AGE 14).



Illustrated by the Author.

(*Silver Badge.*

It was last fall, on the Grand Trunk Railway, that I had my first "narrow escape." I was coming from my Eastern home in Maine to live in Chicago, and had chosen the Grand Trunk as the means of transportation.

The train left Portland, Maine, in the evening, and arrived in Montreal, Canada, the next morning. We left there on a fast train about 9 A.M. I was with my aunt, her mother, and two cousins, and we were all very merry in anticipation of a joyful journey.

About eighteen miles from Montreal the track describes a sharp curve, and as we rounded it, the engineer saw before him two freight-cars and a caboose. It was a time for hasty action, and he set his brakes, did all he could to stop the train, and jumped. We in the cars were blissfully ignorant of our danger, and all we knew of it was the gripping of brakes, and then the crash. No one was injured in our Pullman except the porter, who received a hard blow on the head from violent contact with a mirror.

Some one investigated, and announced that the engine had left the track. I immediately left the train with my camera, and went forward to view the ruin. I found that the engine had plowed its way through the caboose, reducing it to kindling-wood, and overturning and smashing the two freight-cars. These had been completely torn from the trucks, and granite gravestones, with which they were filled, were scattered about, grim suggestions of what might have happened had the accident been more serious. The two passenger-cars in the rear of our engine had left the track.

Wrecking-crews soon arrived, and built a track around the wrecked engine, which we passed about three and one half hours after the time of the accident.

It seems the cars had broken loose from the rear of a freight, and the rear brakeman had been sent back to flag our train, but had neglected his duty. When our engineer spied the cars, we were going about fifty miles an hour, and had he not acted promptly, there is no telling how great a catastrophe might have occurred.

A collection was taken and presented to him as a testimonial of our thanks for his bravery.

## THE HOPES OF TEDDY.

BY ROSCOE ADAMS (AGE 13).

"I HOPE," said Master Teddy,
"That when I am a man
I 'll sail across the great wide sea,
And visit queer Japan.

"I 'll take a kodak with me,
And if I get a chance
I 'll take some pictures of the scenes
That I shall see in France.

"I 'll go and visit Egypt,
For mama says she thinks
I 'd like to see the Pyramids,
And that great stone face, the Sphinx.

"I 'll take along my overcoat,
Felt boots, and sealskin cap,
For I 'm going up to the frigid zone,
Where you 'd freeze without a wrap.

"I 'll take my mama with me,
And every place we stay
Will be the very nicest,
And not a cheap café.

"'T is true I 'm only hoping;
But Grandma Preston said
She knew the day when people
Made Hope their daily bread."

## A NARROW ESCAPE.

BY MADELEINE FULLER McDOWELL (AGE 8).

(*Silver Badge.*)

I WAS spending the summer with my mother and my four-year-old brother that this terrible event happened that I am going to relate. Everybody knows the awful thunder-storms that occur in those wild hills in the Catskills.

It was one of these that struck our little house on the lonely mountain-side. At that time I was only six years old.

I was sitting in the little sitting-room, where my nurse was reading to me. My mother was resting in her room, and told us not to disturb her. My little brother was so young that he forgot her request, and ran upstairs to her room. Of course this woke her up, and knowing that it was impossible to sleep, she sat up and started to play with him. Just then a flash of lightning came.

My nurse and I were startled by the flash, and we found ourselves covered with plaster. My nurse dropped the book, and catching me in her arms, rushed to the door.

It *was* a picture—my mother coming downstairs with my brother, in a white dressing-gown, and a face as white as snow. My nurse and I stood at the door, covered with plaster. My mother said, "Do not cry, dear; it is all over."

I replied, "I am only crying because I am glad that we have escaped."

From the other door came a woman and her husband and her children. We often look back and laugh at the droll picture we must have made, all looking so frightened and white.

All but two rooms were seriously damaged, and many bricks and shingles fell from the roof.

Upstairs we found that my mother's room was filled with smoke, and that the plaster was torn off the sides of the room.

We also found that a hole as big as your head had been made by the lightning in the *headboard of her bed*, and the damage elsewhere was serious.

Her watch was thrown across the room, and her bead-chain burned to a cinder. If my brother had not waked his mother up she would not have sat up in bed, and would have been killed. Do you not think it *was* a narrow escape?

## THE GOLDFISH'S HOPE.

BY MARGUERITE M. HILLERY (AGE 14).

(*Winner of former prizes.*)

SAID a sparkling goldfish to a trout,
As they swam in the water blue,
"I often wish that my golden scales
Were of quite a different hue.

"I used to wonder, when I was young,
Why fishes were not alike:
Why the shad and the whale were not the same,
And the salmon and smelt and pike.

"But now I am glad we are as we are;
For if we were all the same
I would not aspire to a different form
Or a vastly different name.

"But still I have hopes that I may grow
To a whale, as the years roll by;
I do not know how they act or live,
But certainly I could try."



"A CHILLY NIGHT." BY WENDELL R. MORGAN, AGE 17.

"My friend," said the trout, with a solemn air,
"Just listen to what I say.
You 'd better become a good goldfish
Than a very poor whale some day."

## MY NARROW ESCAPE.

BY SARAH DAVIS (AGE 13).

ONE Sunday in May my cousin and I started after dogwood. We were accustomed to go on tramps of this kind.

The place where we went after our flowers was owned by an old man who was very choice of his "botany-trees," as he called the dogwood-trees.

He would let nobody take any dogwood if he could help it, and, to impress people with this idea, he often appeared with his gun and made threats of a serious nature.

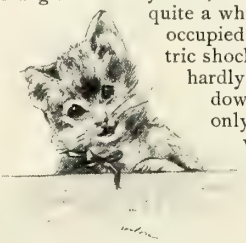
On this particular day we tied our horse to a fence at



"A CHILLY DAY." BY NATALIE BIRD KIMBER, AGE 17.

a little distance from his house, so that he could not see our horse and untie him.

We reached the place where the dogwood grows without being seen; and Marguerite, my cousin, had climbed the tree, and was getting down quite a bit of dogwood. This lay on the ground, and very soon an old cow saw it, and thought that she would like to taste some; so she came up and began eating the blossoms, while I began throwing sticks at her. Unfortunately for us, she had a bell on, and as she ran away this began to jingle. Soon we heard the barking of a dog, and the old farmer telling us to get out of his botany-trees.



"FROM LIFE." BY LOULOU SLOÈT VAN OLDRUITENBORGH, AGE 15.

We were now thoroughly frightened, and picked up our dogwood and ran behind some pine-trees which had lately been cut down. From here we had a good view of the old farmer, who had started back to his house.

Now that he had his back turned we thought it was time to make our departure, for we were afraid he might get his gun. We picked up our dogwood and started to run.

We had gone but a little distance when we came to a stream which ran through the place. This was filled with tree-trunks, logs, and boards. We crossed over on these, and made our escape without getting our feet wet, and soon reached our horse. We found that we had all our dogwood, and we were not much the worse for our sudden departure.

We still think we had quite a narrow escape; but often enjoy a good laugh when we think how excited the good old man became at the prospect of injury to his botany-trees.

## THE BEST HOPE.

BY MABEL STARK (AGE 14).

'T WAS the night before St. Patrick's day.
They sat by the fireside, cheery and gay.
"Now," said papa, "you children may
All have a wish for St. Patrick's day."
"I wish," said Alice, "a book like Kate's."
"I wish," said John, "for a pair of skates."
"I hope," said Hal, "for a brand-new sled."
"I want a top," said little Ned.
"Now all have wished but little May.
What does *she* want for St. Patrick's day?"
Then up spoke May, in a voice so clear:
"I hope for ST. NICK for a whole long year!"

St. Patrick's day dawned clear and bright;
All had their wishes before 't was night.
But mama and papa and all the rest
Soon agreed that May's hope was best.

## MY NARROW ESCAPE.

BY GRACE L. HOLLAMAN (AGE 13).

As so many children will write about being burned and falling and cutting themselves, I chose an odd kind of experience that happened to myself three years ago. It is known in the household as "The Time I got Stuck in the Elevator." One day I persuaded my aunt to take me to a certain large building. We were walking on the fourth floor, and coming to the stairs, we decided to go down to the second floor. Just then we saw the elevator descending to the fourth floor. We instantly stepped in the elevator, which was like any ordinary one. It started down to the third floor and stopped there, a lady getting off. When it was half-way between the second and third floors it stopped, and all the elevator-boy's efforts to move it were useless. Here was a dilemma! There were five people in the elevator besides the elevator-boy—an old lady, two school-boys, my aunt, and myself. We had been standing up for quite a while, and were very tired, the only seat being occupied by the old lady. Finally we had an electric shock which threw us all off our feet. We had hardly recovered when suddenly the elevator shot down through the shaft to the same position, only between the first and second floors. Now we were frightened in earnest. The boys, who had before this regarded the whole thing as a joke, now became serious; the old lady fainted; and the elevator-boy stood half dazed, never hearing the orders they shouted to him. I did not realize the danger of the position, but my aunt was very nervous.

Soon a man came up on a ladder and spoke through the wires of the elevator to us. He said: "I am going to take the side of the elevator down, and you can come out on the ladder. You can all help me by being very quiet."



"FROM LIFE." BY WILLIAM BERGEN, AGE 10.

Soon the side was taken down, and we climbed down amid a crowd of people. The men started to repair the machinery, but they no sooner touched it than the elevator fell with a loud crash to the bottom of the shaft. The people shuddered as they thought of what would have happened if we had not been rescued so promptly. I did not realize how near to death I had been that day.

## BESSIE'S HOPES.

BY MARGARET STEVENS (AGE 10).

Bessie hoped to win a prize,—
A gold badge or some money,—
And so she wrote a little poem
About her rabbit Bunny.

Well, when the next St. Nicholas came,
With pleasure she did look
Slowly and with carefulness
O'er the pages of that book.

Then, turning over to the League,
The prize-list she did spy;
But pretty soon she found that she
Had raised her hopes too high.

But every month this little girl
A victory had gained,
And finally she found that she
A gold badge had obtained.

## MY NARROW ESCAPE.

BY ADELE J. CONNELLY (AGE 15).

The deepening twilight of a cold winter evening saw a young girl reading that most interesting of magazines—St. Nicholas. She was bent eagerly over the pages of the League department. When she had finished her first thought was, "Now I must look for the next prose subject in the prize competition," and she read: "Prose. Story, article, or play of not more than four hundred words. It may be illustrated, if desired, with not more than two drawings. Subject, 'My Narrow Escape.' May be humorous or serious."



"FROM LIFE." BY HAZEL MAY MATTHEWS, AGE 12. (GOLD BADGE.)

In reading this paragraph over quickly she had left out the most important part: "And must be a *true* story."

"That subject just fits in with a story I was thinking up last evening," she thought; and then she proceeded to write a fine little story. "I hope that this story will win a prize, for I certainly *have* tried hard," she said to herself.

"Does it say to contain four hundred or four hundred and fifty words, I wonder?" And so saying, she took out St. Nicholas again, and read over the same words she had read before, but this time she did not omit anything.

"Why—why—horrors!" was her rather incoherent exclamation. "It says, 'and must be a *true* story.' What shall I do? Write another story, I suppose."

After a moment or two of thinking she exclaimed: "And I 'll write about this very narrow escape I 've had from sending an *un*true story to St. Nicholas!"

## HOPE.

BY NEILL COMPTON WILSON (AGE 12).

Little filmy tints of white dot the perfect azure sky,
And the coming spring advances as the winter's close is nigh.
Here and there is snow in patches, but the coming spring is near,
And the flowers, unmolested, change this wintry atmosphere.
For months the skies were cheerless, but the winter's life is through,
And the scant snow is reflected in a firmament of blue.
Fling your sorrows to the breezes; why be sad and not be gay?
For the morrow brings spring nearer to us than it is to-day.



"FROM LIFE." BY WILLIAM J. HENDERSON, AGE 16. (SILVER BADGE.)

## A NARROW ESCAPE.

BY DAVID MA GREGOR CHENEY (AGE 17).

The steel rails glimmered away into the hot sunlight until they seemed to meet. The ashes and pebbles between the sleepers glowed and glittered in the fierce noon.

Down where the dusty turnpike crossed the tracks, two small boys played together, heaping the dust into piles, or digging into its depths. They were the only ones among the few about who did not appear affected by the heat.

Suddenly a shrill whistle smote the ear. A man came out of his little roundhouse with a yellow flag, and commenced waving it to and fro, and an increasing roar told of a coming train.

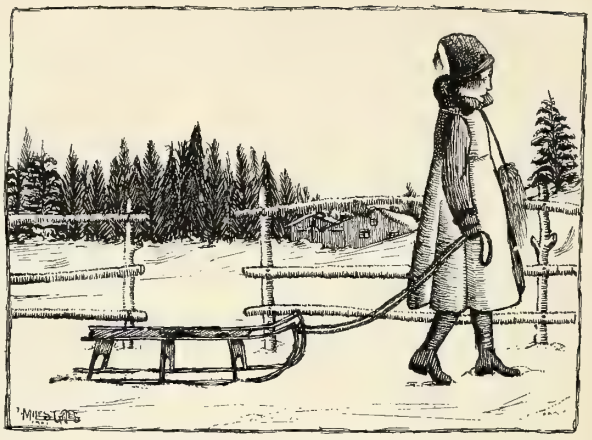
The engine swung into sight in the distance in a cloud of dark smoke. The little boys left off their play and watched the coming train with interest. They were evidently disputing about something. As the train drew nearer, it slackened speed considerably. Suddenly one little fellow darted out across the track, and reaching the other side in safety, shouted lustily at his companion:

"Stumped! Stumped!"

Although the train was dangerously near, our other small friend was undaunted. He made a wild dash for the crossing.

The great engine swung up just as the boy made his dash, and the cow-catcher, picking him up, hurled him high into the air and caught him again! There he lay unconscious, while the train dashed on. The engineer stopped his iron horse, and leaping out, ran to the cow-catcher. The small urchin had recovered his senses, and was in the act of clambering down.

Although terribly shaken up and crying from fright and bruises, he was not injured badly in any way. For some time he was the hero of his small companions.



"FROM LIFE." BY MILES S. GATES, AGE 12.

## HOPE.

BY MATTIE ANDERSON (AGE 14).

HOPE is an angel good and kind
Who comes to help souls in despair.
Softly around her shoulders falls
A streaming mass of golden hair.

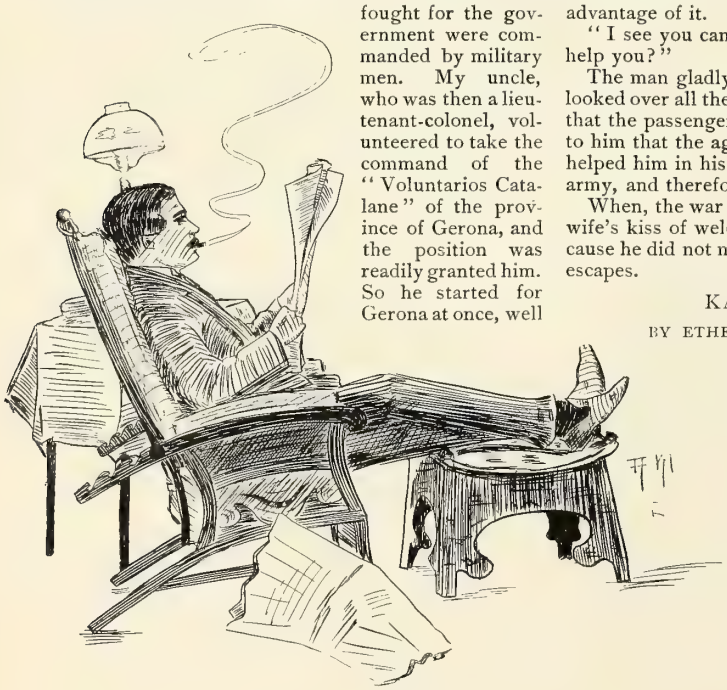
And in her lovely eyes of blue
There is a look of joy and peace,
And on her head a single star;
Oh, may her power never cease!

"Take heart," she says, "and sigh no more;
Your sorrows may be at an end,
And all may turn out to be well;
So waste no time in fretting, friend."

## A NARROW ESCAPE.

BY ZENOBIA CAMPRUBI AYMAR (AGE 14).

DURING the second Carlist war the volunteers who fought for the government were commanded by military men. My uncle, who was then a lieutenant-colonel, volunteered to take the command of the "Voluntarios Catalane" of the province of Gerona, and the position was readily granted him. So he started for Gerona at once, well knowing the risk he ran; for the Carlists had no mercy on volunteers, much less on their commanders, and he knew that he would be killed if they captured him. He arrived safely at Gerona, however, and set about discharging his duty.



"FROM LIFE." BY ALLISON MORE, AGE 13.

Some time after this my uncle made his mother and wife a flying visit. On his way back to Gerona, the train on board which he was a passenger came to a sudden stop where there was no station, and Uncle Felix, leaning anxiously out of the window, saw a group of men gathered about the first passenger-car. By their *boinas* (round caps worn by the Basques) he knew them to be Carlists. One of the men entered the car in which my uncle sat, and proceeded to read the passengers' *cedulas* (a kind of passport), which he did with much difficulty. Uncle Felix was quick to see his opportunity and take advantage of it.

"I see you cannot read well," he said. "Can I not help you?"

The man gladly accepted, and when together they had looked over all the cedulas, the Carlist employee reported that the passengers were all right, for it never occurred to him that the agreeable young man who had so kindly helped him in his work could be an officer in the hostile army, and therefore did not ask him for his cedula.

When, the war over, Uncle Felix got home again, his wife's kiss of welcome seemed all the sweeter just because he did not miss it through the narrowest of narrow escapes.

## KAUILANI'S HOPES.

BY ETHELINDA SCHAEFER (AGE 15).

(See Letter.)

LIKE lily bent by heavy rains,
Resigned, she bore her fate;
A queen of patient sufferers,
Though not a queen in state.

She faded as a blossom fades
When scorched by midday sun;
The last of our Hawaiian queens—
And mourned by every one!

She lies, bedewed with many tears,
The maid of Ainahou.
And proudly floats the Stars and Stripes
From castle turret now.

## THE ROLL OF HONOR.

A LIST of those whose work has been found worthy of honorable mention and encouragement.

### VERSE.

Meta Walther
James J. Macumber
Eleanor Clifton
John Hall, Jr.
Walter S. Underwood
Catherine Lee Carter
Doris Francklyn
Adele Gutman
Katherine Bastedo
Eleanor Holmes Hinckley
Ward Greene
Adah A. Bamberger
Kathleen Martha Robinson
K. P. Warner
Walter Harvey
Edwina L. Pope
Louis F. May
Joseph O'Conner
M. Letitia Stockett
Hilda Rose Carson
Florence M. Bain
Bessie B. Humphrey
Mary C. Metherell
Henry W. Gustin
Anna Campbell
H. A. Miller, Jr.
Muriel Seeley
Marguerite Stuart
Hazel Hyman
Nannette F. Hamburger
Louise Sharp
Edna F. Seligman
Helen M. Collins
Seelee Mildred Hood
Archie McMackin
Gladys Dedman
Edward H. Gilbert, Jr.
Ralph Blackledge
Elinor Furber
Robert Shoemaker
Marcia Louise Webber
Edith Lewis Lauer

James R Maury, Jr.
Lydia E. Bucknell
William A. Kemper
Isabel Underwood
Camille DuBose
Pauline Coppée Duncan
Florence A. Curtis
Fred K. Taylor
Alec H. Woolen
Mollie B. Henderson
Edwin Whitmarsh
Charles Henry Brady
Louise Richards
Jesse W. Lilienthal
Martha E. Sutherland
Eileen McCurrie
Nellie M. Fleming
C. Arthur Stewart
Margaret Ernest Whitney
Fern L. Patten
Mary P. Parsons
J. Walter Maxwell
Florence Gordon
E. Charles Comerford
Henry Sokoliansky
Laura Dow
Bessie Schonwasser
Caryl Greene
Alex Pound
May S. Lilienthal
Philip S. Suter
Margaret Taylor
Mary R. Adam
Irene N. Mack
George C. Wright
Eaton Edwards
Lois Jordan Bell
Dorothy Miner
Dorothy E. Weber
Katherine Harlow
John Hancock Arnett
Arthur J. Mix
Charles Coffin
Catherine D. Brown
Maude L. King
Lillian A. Parker
Adeline Kraus

### PROSE.

Katherine Burrell
Miriam Kramer
Helen E. Seip
Irene Hogey
Harlow B. Raymond
Ruth Kendall
Gladys Bullough
Mildred Carter
Hayesel Huston
Beatrice Levi
Douglas H. D. Wooderson
Edward B. Hine
Allan Bacon, Jr.
Ruth M. Peters
Kathleen M. Moore
Willard H. Eaton
Mabel B. Clark
Virginia Thomas
Louis D. Edwards
Marjory Anne Harrison
Ethel Rispin
Margarethe Frankel
J. Norris Hering
Michael Heidelberger
Nannette Huston
Walter E. Dancink
Louise Reid Bruce
Myra B. Helmer
Mary Davis
Gordon Burton Smith
John Carl Eckhardt
Ruby M. Sterne
Genevieve Bosson
Mabel T. Watson
Fred A. Coates
Edna Weaver
Anne Louise Wright
Laura Elizabeth Hadley
Catherine M. Neale
Ernestine McKie
John Amos King

Lillian A. Parker
Adeline Kraus
Mary K. Turner
Ethelyn Russell
Charlotte Morrison
Abby P. Morrison
Thomas A. Cox, Jr.
Lester F. Babcock
Kathleen Burnett
Allen W. Murdock
Alice Washburn
Victor B. Smith
Marjorie Maynard
Dorothy Matthews
Edna Heller
Ina Thorne
Sarah Prince Thomas
Elsie Houghton
Anna Dorothea Turnbull
Lynn Webster Meekins
Eleanor Wilson
John Herschel North
George Wharton Pepper, Jr.
Frances Leone Robinson
Betsy W. Dickson
Mildred R. Cram
Robert W. Hammatt
Marguerite Hope Ford
F. Albert Aplin, Jr.

### DRAWINGS.

Charles R. Bragden
Marcus H. Doll
W. C. Wimsatt
Pauline Bancroft
Helena L. Camp
Elizabeth A. Gest
Elizabeth Chapin
W. B. Huntly
Tina Gray
L. Simmonds
Louise Hyman

Leopold Cayard
Herbert Walker
Hazel Matthews
Margaret Reed
Isadore Liebermann
Calvin Favorite
Raydia Squires
Joshua Brady
Charlotte Morton
Mabel Miller Johns
George H. Henderson
Fred H. Miner
Roland S. Child
Edward C. Trego
Helen A. Fleck
Ruth Sheriff
Helen K. Stockton
Walter E. Werner
Harry Barnes
Isadore Douglas
D. M. Dexter
Francis W. Losere
Helen Ruff
Mary Hazeltine Fewsmith

Virginia Lyman
Olive Dikeman
William G. Schaefer
Bessie Barnes
Harriet Park
Irma J. Diescher
Sarah C. McDavitt
Henry Poor
Beth Howard
Beatrice Spencer
Paul Slusser
Sally W. Palmer
Melton R. Owen
Edith G. Daggett
Manuela von Herigoyen
Marion K. Cobb
Kathleen Veitch
Helen B. Sharp
Isabel Hinton
Richard Myers
Charles Houlton
Clarkson Penn Miller
James H. Daugherty
Harry McNeight



"FROM LIFE." BY BEVERLY LAMBE, AGE 13.

Ross Gordon Montgomery
Martha Washburn
Elva Woodson
Rhoda E. Gunnison
Margaret Winthrop Peck
Mildred Eastey
Felix Nicola Gayton
Hilda Warren
Violet M. Packenham
Alice Riggs Colgate
Marjorie W. Faunce
Réné Piperoux
Roberta Colgate
Winifred B. Warren
Elizabeth Otis
Carol H. Bradley
Floyd Lumber
Lucile Mellen
Dorothy Winslow
Joseph Kramer
Edward H. Croll
Will M. Laughlin
Jacob Salzman
Ralph E. Dyar
Ethel De Ronde
Katherine E. Foote
Irving A. Nees
Virginia B. Watson
Alice L. Searle
W. Gilbert Sherman

Elizabeth Fuller
Margeret Jane Russell
Ethel Brand
Helen Murphy
Herbert R. Wallach
Dorothy Russell Lewis
Delmar G. Cooke
Mildred G. Phillips
Katherine Forbes Liddell,
Rudolph Weber
Bertha Burrill
Allene Gates
Margaret A. Dobson
Julia Kurtz
Delia F. Dana
Rayner Straus
Jack Thompson
Bertha G. Stone

Sarah H. Atherton
Margaret McKeon
Esther Dunwoody
Jean Challis MacDuffie
Virginia Witmer
Willie J. Reagan
Susan H. Hinkley
Cyrus McCormick
Dorothy Douglas
Irving Cavins, Jr.
Alice Ferguson Lee
Laurence E. Travers
Curtis Browne
Charles Pengra
J. E. Fisher, Jr.
Elizabeth Cooper
Elizabeth White
Willis Ware
Grace R. Jones
Henry Emerson Tuttle
Mildred Newcomb Wilson
Arthur C. Hoppin
Jean M. Batchelor
Ava Meroe Quigley

### PHOTOGRAPHS.

Harold V. Smith
Henrietta Jacob
Agnes H. Musser
Ellen Dunwoody
Alice Bushnell
Samuel A. Eliot
Louis F. Doring
Fred Swigert
Maxwell F. Lawton
Philip S. Ordway
Marion Faulkner
Roger F. Gardiner
Susie H. Wilkes
Judith Wilkes
James M. Shaw
Florence Mildred Caldwell
Sherman Charles
Helen Irving Phillips
Romaine Hoit
Cyril Brayn Andrews
Jerome Davis
Clyde Maynard
Charles W. Saxe
Anna B. McFadon
Edith Emerson
Ben Butler
Rosamond Sergeant
Isabel H. Noble
Martin Smith
Arthur Barrett
J. Chester Bradley
T. K. Whipple
Katherine Ordway
Eugene White, Jr.

### PUZZLES.

Ethel Carleton Williams
Marion H. Tuthill
Maurice Elliott
Marion W. Pond
Elsie Fisher Steinheime
William Ellis Keysor
Edith Guggenhime
Herbert Schroeder
Rowland H. Rosekelly
Gretchen Franke
Edmund Schroeder
Helen Frith
Josephine Godillot
Edward T. Hills
William Sturgeon
Irla Zimmerman

### CHAPTERS.

THE new competition, for chapters only, has awakened a lively interest in chapter organization. This is a good result, for in the formation of chapters and in working together members will find the greater benefits of the League.

Chapter 38 reports reorganization and new officers. Meetings twice a month at members' houses. Dues, ten cents. "We read or show our contributions for the next competition."

Chapter 128 reports new members, and calls for twelve new badges. "We hope to do great things this year, and also to get mention in the League."

No. 263 gave a fine Hallowe'en party, beginning at 7:30 and lasting until 12:20 — "A most delightful evening."

No. 345 calls for five new badges.

No. 349 reports four new members.

No. 368 calls for twenty new badges. "At first our way was cloudy; now it is all blue sky."

No. 370 reports prosperity. This chapter publishes a monthly magazine called "The Oriole's Feather." "We think the League more fun than enough."

No. 400 calls for eight new badges. "Our chapter is increasing very rapidly."

## NEW CHAPTERS.

No. 405. "Rhododendron Club." Lucy Cook, President; Mary Atkinson, Secretary; five members. Address, 504 N. D St., Tacoma, Wash. Motto: "Diligence is the mother of Good Luck." Meetings twice a month; visitors cordially invited. No. 405 has excellent rules.

No. 406. Edith Dutton, President; Robert Crosby, Secretary; thirteen members. Address, East Dummerston, Vt.

No. 407. "School Helpers." Lillian Parker, President; Ethelyn Russell, Secretary; twenty-five members. Address, Harvard, Mass.

No. 408. John Hall, President; Charles Glasgow, Secretary; three members. Address, 4058 Morgan St., St. Louis, Mo.

No. 409. "D. S. A." Justin Smith, President; Beatrice Doolittle, Secretary; fourteen members. Address, Detroit School of Art, 271 Woodward Ave., Detroit, Mich.

No. 410. "Asquam Chapter." Addison Blake, President; Roger Hoar, Secretary; eight members. Address, Asquam Farm, Holderness, N. H. "We are all boarding on a farm together. Our president has already won a gold badge."

No. 411. "F. W. J." Selma Matson, Secretary; six members. Address, 113 S. Carroll St., Madison, Wis. Chapter name a secret. Colors, light blue and white. Dues, one cent a week.

No. 412. "Willamette." Kenneth McAlpin, President; Jimmy Bain, Secretary; six members. Address, 241 6th St., Portland, Ore.

No. 413. Philip Crovat, President; Harold Dowling, Secretary; four members. Address, 114 W. 48th St., New York City. "We meet every two weeks and read ST. NICHOLAS."

No. 414. "St. Nicholas League Club." Alice Moore, President; Lydia Niblack, Secretary; seven members. Address, Kimber Hall, Kenosha, Wis.

No. 415. "Happy-go-lucky." Marguerite Aspinwall, President; Margaret Rickey, Secretary; six members. Address, 354 W. 21st St., New York City.

No. 416. John Muti, President; Sara C. Van de Carr, Secretary; thirty-two members. Address, care of Loring Reading Room, North Plymouth, Mass.

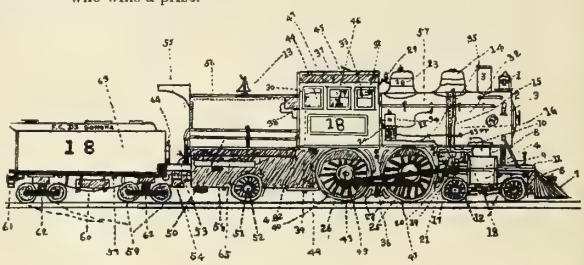


"FROM LIFE." BY ALLEN G. MILLER, AGE 16.

## LEAGUE NOTES AND LETTERS.

A LITTLE girl asks if Howard Pyle has offered a scholarship as a League prize. He has not done that, but he keeps very close watch of the League, and is likely at any time to offer, through the League editor, a scholarship to any member whose work seems promising. In fact, he has intimated that he intends to do this very thing. His class is filled for this year, but next year is not far away.

Another little girl says that when she reads her own stories over, and compares them with those we use, she feels quite discouraged. That is a good sign, but she must n't feel so discouraged that she does n't send the stories. It is usually the one who feels like that who wins a prize.




"FROM LIFE." BY KARL BECKWITH SMITH, AGE 11.

Karl Beckwith Smith (age 11) sends a picture of an engine, with all the parts numbered, and a list with the name of each part. It is a remarkable piece of mechanical drawing for a little boy, and shows careful knowledge. We use the picture, but have not room for the list of parts.

The little story, "Jack's Journey," in December, proved to be an adaptation of another story, as reported by various members. The silver badge awarded was not sent. The editor has repeated over and over the folly of not being "original," and has begged that members will not be tempted to risk copying. Detection is sure, for every one of our forty thousand members is watching everything we use. It is easy enough to deceive the editor, but it is impossible to deceive the forty thousand bright readers of the League.

Margaret Bradshaw, 151 North Professor St., Oberlin, Ohio, would like other Oberlin readers to help her form a chapter in that city.

Miles S. Gates wants to know if sketching from life may mean also from still life. Yes; in art, the term "from life" is generally used to mean from any form of nature, or even from any object — that is to say, *not* from any other picture.

The following letter accompanied the tender little poem on Princess Kauilani, by Ethelinda Schaefer, of Honolulu. The letter is as interesting as the poem is sympathetic and beautiful.

HONOLULU, HAWAIIAN ISLANDS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: It is three years now — indeed, almost four — since Princess Kauilani died. I knew her personally, as she lived with her father at no great distance from our summer home at Waikiki, the bathing-resort of Honolulu. A bright, attractive girl she was, and many were the friends she made. Disappointment at the unexpected fall of the hopes she had been reared to expect might be said to have broken her heart. Ainahou (i-na-how) is still there, and we often visit it, wandering for hours under groves of cocoa-palms, banyans, and other tropical trees. A beautiful place it is, the home of her father for years past; but its most lovely feature is gone, and oh, how we all miss it! For where is Kauilani, the charming hostess of Ainahou? ETHELINDA SCHAEFER.

33 RUE D'ARCHES, LIÈGE, BELGIUM.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Really, I love you, and especially the League. How nice and interesting it is! I am always so impatient to get you every month! I wish I will always keep you in this house. I am fifteen years old, and am a League member. Excuse my faults; I say, I am Belgian. I would like to get a girl friend to correspond with me, but a true, nice one, to write very long letters, and about many things. I don't mind where she lives, and would prefer some one over fifteen years old. I will write about collections, music, painting, poetry, or what else art — I do love them all; speak about sport, for winter and summer; about Belgium, if it interests the correspondent. Dora Call was a correspondent of me, and was joining my little magazine, but suddenly she did not answer to my letters, nor send anything for the magazine since three months. I would like to know what became of her. If she still reads the League, she will see this, and I hope she will write soon and accept the love from an ancient friend. Now, good-by, dear ST. NICHOLAS.

From a Belgian reader and member,

LOULOU SLOÈT VAN OLDRUITENBORGH.




"FROM LIFE." BY ROGER K. LANE, AGE 10.

Other appreciative and interesting letters have been received from Nellie Jounson Lefford, Walker Mallam Ellis, Philip Avery Swords, Anna L. James, Willie Dermon, Doris Francklyn, Abby P. Morrison, Jessie H. Angell, Isadore Douglas, Percy M. Bouton, Katherine H. Watson, M. W. Johnston, Mary B. Hazard, Mrs. J. F. Wall, Ora M. Sterry, Claudia Stella Blount, Hester Beaumont, Adele J. Connelly, Lalite Willcox, and with picture, stories, etc., that were not suitable for publication, Rebecca J. Chaney, Nelson F. Newman, Howard Robinson, Walter Squires, Mary E. Mott, and Jean France.

# COMPETITIONS.

## THE NEW COMPETITION CLOSES MARCH 31.

PRIZES FOR THE BEST CHAPTER ENTERTAINMENTS.

To encourage chapter formation and further to promote the aims and purpose of the St. Nicholas League the following prize offers are made to chapters already formed, and to those that may form in time to take part in the competition.

To the chapter that in February or March* of the present year shall give the most successful public entertainment, and devote the net proceeds to the best use, fifty dollars' worth of books, to be selected from The Century Co.'s latest published catalogue, which will be sent free on application.

To the chapter ranking second, as above, twenty-five dollars' worth of Century publications.

To the chapter ranking third, fifteen dollars' worth.

To the chapter ranking fourth, ten dollars' worth.

RULES FOR THIS COMPETITION.

1. The entertainment may be of any sort, provided that a majority of the features are selected from the ST. NICHOLAS magazine.

2. "The most successful entertainment" shall be understood to mean the entertainment realizing the largest net proceeds after legitimate expenses have been deducted.

3. The "best use" shall be understood to mean that most in accordance with the St. Nicholas League aims and purpose, and it may be educational, charitable, patriotic, or humane, or for the best advancement of the League itself as represented by the chapter giving the entertainment. It is not necessary that the sum realized be all devoted to one purpose. The matter is left entirely in the hands of each chapter, and a full report must be made to the League editor by the chapter president and secretary, and indorsed as correct by those to whom the money has been paid.

4. In all public announcements of the entertainment, and upon the printed programme, the chapter number and the name of the League must appear, as per following example:

Given by the St. Nicholas League,
Chapter No. ——,
Of (Town), (State).

If the chapter has a name, the name should also appear.

5. Whenever practicable, it shall be allowable for chapters to obtain free use of hall, accessories, costumes, and any other form of contribution possible, in order to swell their net proceeds — in fact, to make any honest effort to reduce the expenses of giving the entertainment.

6. Where a dramatic entertainment is to be given the St. Nicholas League will, *upon application signed by chapter president and secretary, send, postpaid,* "The Book of St. Nicholas Plays," from which any play may be selected, said book to remain the property of the League for use in future entertainments, and must be returned care of The Century Co. when the entertainment is over.

7. The report of each entertainment, with a copy of its programme, must be received by the League editor on or before March 31. The awards will be announced in the League department for June.

REMARKS.

This competition ought to result in a great deal of good for everybody. Whether the entertainment be dramatic, musical, recitative, a fair, or a combination of all, it cannot fail to result in much wholesome interest and pleasure, while the fund obtained, whether small or large, whether it obtains a prize or not, will be of benefit to whatever good purpose it be applied.

Do not let the fact that you live in a small town, or even in the country, discourage you in the undertaking. Many of the most successful and profitable chapter entertainments given heretofore have been those given in small villages. Wherever there is a school there is a place for a chapter and a chapter entertainment. Badges and instruction leaflets will be sent upon request to all desiring to join the League and to organize chapters. It is not necessary to be a subscriber, but only a reader of the magazine, to belong to the League.

NOTICE TO SECRETARIES.

As a matter of convenience, the secretary of each chapter should be authorized to receive subscriptions from any one desiring to subscribe for ST. NICHOLAS, and the publishers have agreed to allow a liberal commission on each *new* subscription so received, the amount to be placed to the chapter's credit and remitted to the said chapter when it shall aggregate $5.00. Chapters may accumulate a good fund in this way, and while an entertainment is in progress a number of subscriptions should easily be obtained.

* By an error, this line in the February issue was made to read "March and April."

## REGULAR PRIZE COMPETITION No. 30.

THE St. Nicholas League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle-answers.

A SPECIAL CASH PRIZE. To any League member who has won a gold badge for any of the above-named achievements, and shall again win first place, *a cash prize of five dollars* will be awarded, *instead of another gold badge.*

*Competition No. 30* will close February 20 (for foreign members February 25). The awards will be announced and prize contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for June.

VERSE. To contain not more than twenty-four lines, and may be illustrated, if desired, with not more than two drawings or photographs by the author. Subject, "In June-time."

PROSE. Story, article, or play of not more than four hundred words. It may be illustrated, if desired, with not more than two drawings by the author. Subject, "When Fields are Green." May be humorous or serious.

PHOTOGRAPH. Any size, mounted or unmounted, but no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "Windy Days."

DRAWING. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash (not color). Subject, "June Days."

PUZZLE. Any sort, the answer to contain some word or words relating to the season.

PUZZLE-ANSWERS. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS.

WILD-ANIMAL OR BIRD PHOTOGRAPH. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of a gun. For the best photograph of a wild animal or bird, taken *in its natural home: First Prize,* five dollars and League gold badge. *Second Prize,* three dollars and League gold badge. *Third Prize,* League gold badge.

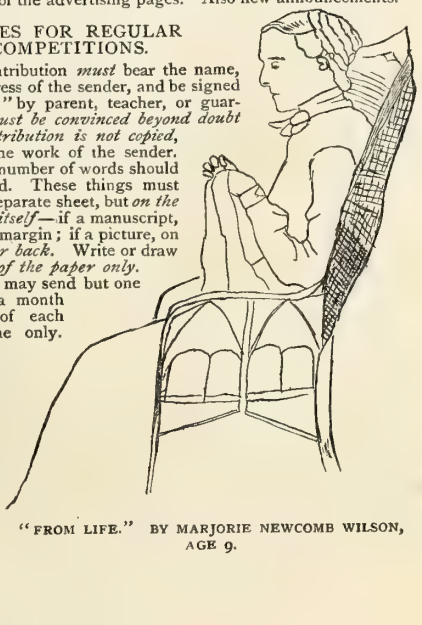
## ADVERTISING COMPETITION No. 10.

A REPORT of this competition with a list of prize-winners will be found on one of the advertising pages. Also new announcements.

### RULES FOR REGULAR COMPETITIONS.

EVERY contribution *must* bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be signed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, *who must be convinced beyond doubt that the contribution is not copied,* but wholly the work of the sender. If prose, the number of words should also be added. These things must not be on a separate sheet, but *on the contribution itself*—if a manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, on the *margin or back.* Write or draw on *one side of the paper only.* A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only. Members are not obliged to contribute every month. Address all communications:

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE,
Union Sq., New York.



"FROM LIFE." BY MARJORIE NEWCOMB WILSON, AGE 9.

# BOOKS AND READING.

**MAKING WORDS INTO PICTURES.**

We have so many books to read nowadays that we are likely to spend too much time in learning what to read, and to neglect a matter quite as important — learning how to read. Not long ago Miss Elizabeth Armstrong, of Kentucky, wrote to an educational journal pointing out a means of greatly increasing children's pleasure in reading. She told how a class of children spent a year reading "Evangeline," and "did not seem to care for it." Upon questioning the teacher, she learned that the boys and girls "simply read; there was not a word of explanation; not a sign of questioning to develop the author's thought; not a reference to the beautiful word-pictures with which the poem was filled."

So read, "Evangeline" was dull; and no wonder!

Do our boys and girls know how to read? Can they use their mind-pictures to illustrate stories as they are read? Do they read slowly enough to give time for the mental images to play their parts?

Read Tennyson's "Day Dream," where he tells in his perfect verse the story of "The Sleeping Beauty" — that most beautiful fairy-tale in the world. When you come to the stanza describing the magic kiss that awakened the Princess from her hundred years of sleep, see whether you can make in your mind the picture of the scene as vivid as if it were being acted before you. Or, when the Prince is coming to the palace, try whether you can *see* him:

> He travels far from other skies;
> His mantle glitters on the rocks —
> A fairy Prince, with joyful eyes,
> And lighter-footed than the fox.

If you learn to make the words of poems and of stories into pictures you will find that the best writers help you to make the best pictures, and that poorer writers bother you by leaving out what you need to know or by telling you many things of no importance. Often you can build from a few words a complete scene; or, again, you will find in a multitude of words no power of image-making. Do not be satisfied until you have learned to put into your mind-picture all that belongs there.

**OLD FAVORITES FORGOTTEN.**

The principal of a training-school for teachers is reported as saying that:

> It is amazing how incomplete, rudimentary, I might say, is the knowledge of many, yes, the great majority, of our high-school graduates of the great writers of the English language. They know little or nothing of them save their names.
>
> Shakspere, for instance, suggests to many I have met nothing but a name. They have heard about "Hamlet" or "Macbeth" or the "Midsummer Night's Dream." They have never read them. And it is the same with other authors.
>
> I am afraid our young people do not read as much as their fathers and mothers did, or else that their reading is not so good. Our old friends of boyhood are almost unknown in this generation. Robinson Crusoe, Sinbad the Sailor, Ali Baba, and all that group, which were part of the lives of the boys and girls of a generation or so ago, are now all but forgotten — mere names again.

We should be surprised if this statement were true of our own readers. Is "Robinson Crusoe," for instance, to be read no longer?

**BOOKS *FOR* CHILDREN AND BOOKS *ABOUT* CHILDREN.**

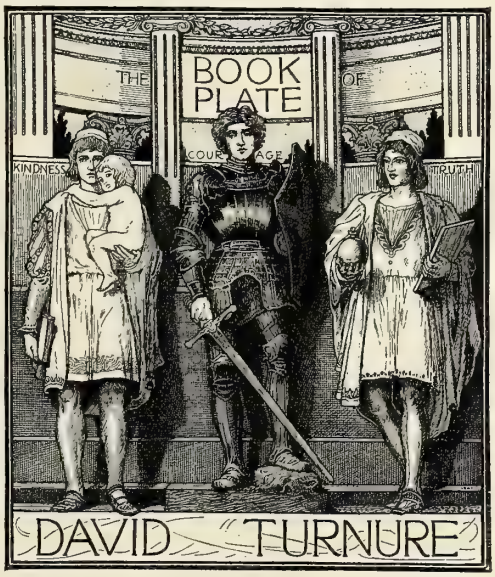
We regret that we do not know the author of the very excellent quotation that follows. We elders are so likely to forget just the lesson that is here taught — that the dwellers in the young world are full of interest in the grown-up world rather than in the scenes familiar to "childhood's happy hour."

> When the wise man, with senseless civility, made first a big hole for the cat and then a small one for the kitten, the action of one of the parties concerned may be guessed with tolerable accuracy. It is morally certain that the kitten snuffed round the smaller hole and continued to follow her parent through the larger. It is not otherwise with the volumes of poetry for children which parents buy and children don't read. Because a lamb and a bird and a flower are small and young and innocent, it does not follow that a child — already a little impatient of the same qualities in himself — should find them interesting. On the contrary, he is sure to be absorbed in battles, ships, and sieges, or in railways and engines; and he leaves to his mother — who can never have enough of young things — the lamb with "its innocent call" and the "Sweet Joy but two days old," and

whatever else is young and soft and inarticulate. In the meantime he himself keeps the bridge with Horatius, or — good Englishman and recently breeched — he leads "the Highland host through wild Lochaber's snows," or, if works of the right kind grow on the nursery shelves, he learns the easy galloping verses of "Bonnie Dundee," and takes the "Border Minstrelsy" to bed with him.

In reading we are best pleased when "taken out of ourselves," to the land of fancy and glamour.

**A BOY'S BOOK-PLATE.** A RECENT number of the "Book Buyer" contained this picture of an exquisite book-plate designed by Louis Rhead for a little boy. The father, Mr. Arthur Turnure, in writing to the artist, says: "I love books and I think children should be taught to love them; should discriminate between worthy and worthless volumes and learn to take care of books that they like; should get the idea of book-possession, of having certain books that belong to them and to them only; books that are lights on their character, fancies, predilections, all which bendings of the twig might well be influenced by sentiments clustering around book-plates."




We thank Mr. Turnure and the editor of the "Book Buyer" for kindly letting us use the plate.

The design shows three figures beautifully drawn by the artist as types of Courage, Truth, and Kindness, truly the best of company for days of babyhood, youth, and maturity!

**THAT IMAGINARY FOOTBALL TEAM.** Two members of the "giant" team were Mars and Ares, and several correspondents have written making the objection that these are names of the same character. It is true that in later days Mars and Ares were confused, but at first they were different — one being Latin, the other Greek. Smith's Dictionary of Roman Antiquities makes this plain. Still, perhaps it was not strictly correct to include both upon the team, and there are plenty more from which to choose. A thirteen-year-old boy sends a team made up of Jupiter, Ponce de Leon, Horatius, Cheiron the Centaur (an excellent runner!), Herminius, Columbus, Ulysses, Eric the Red, Remus, Romulus, William the Conqueror. For umpire he gives Henry VIII., "because he liked to disagree with everybody!" for referee the Man in the Moon, "because he is fabulous," and for head coach Nero, "because he was a tyrant." A younger boy makes up a team including such queer selections as Socrates, Daniel Webster, Bismarck, Bill Nye, Artemus Ward, and so on. Evidently this team is expected to win by "head work."

Now let us try something new. Suppose you were to give a birthday dinner to ten characters selected from favorite books, whom would you invite? Let us have five boys and five girls, or five men and five women — as you prefer; that is, five male characters and five female.

To each of the three readers under sixteen who write the best letters of three hundred words or less (age being considered) giving a list of ten such characters, with the reasons why they would be welcome guests, a year's subscription to ST. NICHOLAS will be awarded.

Address, "Books and Reading Department." Letters must be indorsed as original, and be received before March 15, 1902.

**"THE NUTCRACKER OF NUREMBERG."** IN reply to the question about the "Nutcracker" story by Dumas, a ten-year-old Baltimore girl writes that her mother once owned a "Picture Story Book" containing "Dame Mitchell and Her Cat," "Prince Hempseed," and "The Nutcracker of Nuremberg." It was published by Routledge, London, but may be out of print. The story in French is still published, and is named in the catalogue of Hetzel & Cie., Paris. The English version might well be republished.

# THE LETTER-BOX.

"GLOAN LODGE," YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I was surprised by a letter, from Master W. F. Stead, which appeared in your September Letter-box.

I was in Stratford-upon-Avon about two months ago, and while there visited Shakspere's house.

It is *not* the one he lived in, but the one he was *born* in and the home of his father and mother.

The house in which Shakspere and his wife Anne lived was, some time after his death, bought by a gentleman who was far from public-spirited. He was evidently annoyed by the large amount of people who came to look at his (?) house, so caused it to be pulled down, and a large tree which stood in the garden to be cut up.

People visiting Stratford at the present time see the house in which Shakspere was born, also the garden and basement plan of the house in which he lived.

Hoping to see this letter published in the Letter-box,

I remain, very sincerely,

MARY LOUISE LOGAN (age 13).

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BETHLEHEM, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In the September number of the magazine I saw a letter asking whether Shakspere's house has really been torn down or not, and on looking it up I find that this probably refers to the "New Place" which Shakspere bought. The house that is now shown to visitors is his birthplace. In Sidney Lee's "Life of William Shakspere," on page 283, a full account of Shakspere's survivors and descendants is given, which ends by saying: "On the death of his [Sir John Clopton's] son Hugh, in 1752, it was bought by the Rev. Francis Gastrell, who demolished the new building in 1759." Abel Haywood's "Guide to Stratford-on-Avon" makes the same statement. On page 194 of Sidney Lee's "Life" we find that Shakspere "is traditionally said to have interested himself in the garden, and to have planted with his own hands a mulberry-tree, which was long a prominent feature of it. When this was cut down in 1758, numerous relics were made from it, and were treated with an almost superstitious veneration." A foot-note adds: "The tradition that Shakspere planted the mulberry-tree was not put on record until it was cut down in 1758. In 1760 mention is made of it in a letter of thanks in the corporation's archives, from the steward of the Court of Record to the corporation of Stratford, for presenting him with a standish made from the wood. But, according to the testimony of old inhabitants confided to Malone, the legend had been orally current in Stratford since Shakspere's lifetime. The tree was perhaps planted in 1609, when a Frenchman named Vernon distributed a number of young mulberry-trees through the midland counties by order of James I., who desired to encourage the culture of silkworms."

I hope that these quotations will help to explain the subject. I remain, your devoted reader,

BESSIE THAYER.

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"CEDARCROFT," SUFFERN, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: As I am very much interested in the letter concerning Shakspere's house in the September ST. NICHOLAS, I looked it up, and I think that this is the explanation. The house in Henley Street, Stratford-upon-Avon, which is universally known as the house in which Shakspere was born and brought up, belonged to his father, John Shakspere. Also, the following sentence is quoted from a short sketch of the poet's life prefacing Rolfe's edition of the "Merchant of Venice." "It was probably about the year 1612 that he settled down in Stratford, on an estate purchased some years previous." The Encyclopædia Britannica says that this estate, called "New Place," was bought in 1597, and greatly added to later. It also states that it was one of the largest and finest houses in Stratford. Then, the house in Henley Street was merely Shakspere's birthplace, and the house and mulberry-tree which were demolished were his own. My cousin was at Stratford-upon-Avon this summer, and saw in a garden a mulberry-tree which came from the original.

Your devoted reader,

MARGARET FELLOWS.

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BOGOTÁ, REPUBLIC OF COLOMBIA, S. A.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little girl twelve years old and have taken you seven years. I love to read you, and I don't know what to do without you. I wrote a letter to you some time ago, and it was printed. We expect to go to the United States next year. We went there seven years ago; but as I was only five years old, of course I can remember nothing about it.

I liked "The Kid," "Chuggins," and "The Missing Page" among the short stories very much, and "A Boy of a Thousand Years Ago," "Barnaby Lee," and "Trinity Bells" among the serials.

I was born in Barranquilla; but as papa and mama are Americans, I am proud of being a little American girl.

About a month ago we went to Las Angustias, a farm about six hours from Bogotá. The owner, for political reasons, is prohibited from leaving the city, and Dr. Harris, who is an American, rented the place. When we went, we passed the Tequendama Falls, and had a magnificent view. They are about four hundred and seventy-five feet high. We stayed at Las Angustias two months, and had a very good time. We rode on horseback, went to the cane-mills, went to the coffee-house, and bathed in the river. I am so sorry for the poor children, and for the women especially, for they work so hard, the men expecting to be maintained by them. The women and girls wear blue cotton skirts, white cotton waists, and black shawls or *mantillas* over their heads, and, for holiday, coarse brass ornaments. They are very ragged and dirty, soap is unknown to them, and they are very much burned by the sun, although they usually wear large hats called *jipijapas*.

The other day we went to see a small falls about two miles from here. We had breakfast up there. The falls carried little water, but are very pretty. We had a splendid time. The falls are called *La Cascada de las Ninfas* — that is, the "Nymph's Cascade."

I wanted to write to you before, but it was very hard because of the Revolution. I hope that you will excuse this long letter and print it.

I remain, your interested reader,

ELISA CANDOR.




## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER.

PATCHWORK. 1. Can-non, bri-dle, candle. 2. In-un-date, man-i-fold, unfold. 3. Sup-per, de-ceive, perceive. 4. I-dol-ater, con-tem-plate, item. 5. Dol-phin, col-lar, dollar. 6. Initials, Cupid.

EASY DIAGONAL. Diagonal, Cupid. Cross-words: 1. Cabin. 2. Ruler. 3. Caper. 4. Again. 5. Blind.

NOVEL ZIGZAG. All the world loves a lover. Cross-words: 1. Ambler. 2. Slaves. 3. Velvet. 4. Clothe. 5. Sloths. 6. Assaye. 7. Oshawa. 8. Cheops. 9. Served. 10. Albion. 11. Daniel.

BEHEADINGS. Greetings from St. Valentine. 1. G-lance. 2. R-are. 3. E-merge. 4. E-mend. 5. T-hither. 6. I-deal. 7. N-ape. 8. G-loss. 9. S-pine. 10. F-lash. 11. R-elapse. 12. O-live. 13. M-ere. 14. S-corn. 15. T-rain. 16. V-indicate. 17. A-loft. 18. L-eaves. 19. E-astern. 20. N-aught. 21. T-rust. 22. I-rate. 23. N-arrow. 24. E-motion.

DIAGONAL. Valentine. Cross-words: 1. Vancouver. 2. Palestine. 3. Killarney. 4. Liverpool. 5. Lexington. 6. Argentina. 7. Haverhill. 8. Corsicana. 9. Belvidere.

CONCEALED CENTRAL ACROSTIC. February. 1. oFEr. 2. arENa. 3. taBOr. 4. caRet. 5. hOUrs. 6. stAnd. 7. eaRth. 8. ArYan.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, Cupid; finals, Heart. Cross-words: 1. Crash. 2. Unite. 3. Polka. 4. Inner. 5. Dealt.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS Riddle-box, care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE DECEMBER NUMBER were received, before December 15th, from Joe Carlada — Eleanor R. McClees — H. G. G. — Grace C. Norton — Nettie Lawrence — Helen O. Harris — Eleanor Nagle — Sara L. Kellogg — Fred H. Lahee — Mabel, George, and Henri — Daisy Germain Deutsch — Allil and Adi — M. Wilkie Gilholm — Agnes Cole — Ernest Gregory — Olive R. T. Griffin — Louise M. Haynes — Edith Lewis Lauer — John W. Fisher, Jr. — Edythe R. Carr — Agnes Rutherford — Kathrine Forbes Liddell — Clare, Esther, Roswell, and Constance — Helen Souther — Gladys Hilliard.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE DECEMBER NUMBER were received, before December 15th, from Ross M. Craig, 8 — Florence and Edna, 8 — Katharine Thaxter, 8 — K. W. Henry, 6 — Deane F. Ruggles, 8 — John McKay Blaikie, 6 — Carmelita McCahill, 8 — Florence L. Hodge, 1 — Howard B. Rumsey, 1.

### NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of forty letters and form a familiar quotation.

My 5-20-37-27 is a cavity. My 8-30-10-15 a kind of deer. My 28-34-14-23 is an external covering. My 18-2-11-3 is the home of a wild animal. My 6-26-7-32 is composed. My 4-38-19-12 is a Biblical character. My 25-22-39-35 is sport. My 40-17-33-31 is anything which allures. My 13-29-24-16 is a metallic vein. My 21-36-1-9 is appellation.

GEORGE F. PARSONS, JR. (League Member).

### DOUBLE ZIGZAG.

1 . . . . 6
. 2 . . 7 .
. . 3 8 . .
. 4 . . 9 .
5 . . . . 10

CROSS-WORDS: 1. The medulla. 2. A feminine nickname. 3. A musical instrument. 4. Reproves harshly. 5. Fences made of bushes.

From 1 to 5 and from 6 to 10 are words often heard nowadays. D. F. RUGGLES (League Member).

### A BEHEADED ZIGZAG.

(*Gold Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

1. BEHEAD decease, and leave part of a bridle. 2. Behead candid, and leave an inclosure. 3. Behead a flat-bottomed boat, and leave a domestic animal. 4. Behead an insect, and leave a masculine nickname. 5. Behead a measure of weight, and leave to drive with violence. 6. Behead a molding, and leave a term used in driving oxen. 7. Behead to gossip, and leave a covering for the head. 8. Behead a sunk fence, and leave an exclamation. 9. Behead a certain king, and leave part of the head. 10. Behead tart, and leave a Spanish epic. 11. Behead attired, and leave a boy. 12. Behead a place of delight, and leave a cavern. 13. Behead to search narrowly, and leave to examine secretly. 14. Behead a blemish, and leave fortune. 15. Behead to take off, and leave not on. 16. Behead a young animal, and leave a prefix meaning "about." 17. Behead a slender rod, and leave a conjunction. 18. Behead a very small opening, and leave metal in a crude state. 19. Behead a heroic poem, and leave a Turkish measure of length. 20. Behead whitish gray, and leave bashful.

When the words have been beheaded, write them one below another; and the zigzag, beginning at the upper left-hand letter and ending with the lower middle letter, will spell a Shaksperian quotation.

SARA LAWRENCE KELLOGG.

### A CHIMNEY PUZZLE.

(*Silver Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

. . . . 1 . . . .
. . . . * . . . .
. . . * . . . .
. . . * . . . .
. . . * . . . .
. . . * . . . .
. . . * . . . .
. . . * . . . .
. . . * . . . .
. . . * . . . .
. . . * . . . .
. . . 13 . . .

CROSS-WORDS: 1. An annual holiday. 2. Punished. 3. A criminal. 4. A cure-all. 5. A poem set to music. 6. A companion. 7. An unbeliever. 8. To go before. 9. A laborer's tool. 10. Corpulence. 11. Thickened. 12. Treachery. 13. Actors. From 1 to 13, a March holiday. KENDALL MORSE.

### CHANGED INITIALS.

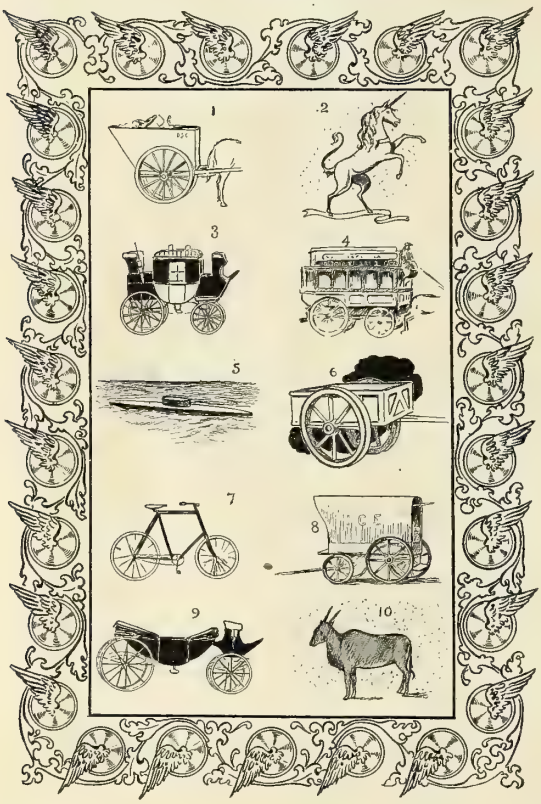
EXAMPLE: Change an overseer to quicker. Answer, m-aster, f-aster.

1. Change a repetition of the same letter at the beginning of words to uneducated. 2. Change an ecclesiastical head-covering to saltpeter. 3. Change accomplished to unnatural. 4. Change a beautiful yellow substance to a pigment. 5. Change a kind of fur to the end of a building. 6. Change a kind of fur to complete. 7. Change useful animals to a child's plaything. 8. Change motive to degraded. 9. Change part of a unit to the act of drawing. 10. Change stately poems to certain days in the Roman calendar. 11. Change seized to made of oak. 12. Change turning like a wheel to an officer who attests writings.

When the changes have been rightly made, and the words written one below another, the initial letters will spell an event which takes place in March.

BASIL AUBREY BAILEY
(Winner of a Gold Badge).

### ILLUSTRATED PRIMAL ACROSTIC.




WHEN the ten objects in the above illustration have been rightly guessed, and the names placed one below another in the order given, the initial letters will spell the name of a very common object in many large cities.

### BEHEADINGS AND CURTAILINGS.

EXAMPLE: Behead and curtail dreary, and leave a machine for weaving. Answer, g-loom-y.

1. Behead and curtail entertained, and leave to ponder. 2. Behead and curtail a feminine name, and leave a preposition. 3. Behead and curtail hauled, and leave uncooked. 4. Behead and curtail a Jewish title of respect, and leave yarn for the warp. 5. Behead and curtail to instruct, and leave a coin mentioned in one of Shakspere's plays. 6. Behead and curtail to turn round rapidly, and leave an old form of an English pronoun. 7. Behead and curtail the mouth, and leave a common article. 8. Behead and curtail sharp, and leave a gash. 9. Behead and curtail a small particle of bread, and leave an intoxicating liquor. 10. Behead and curtail a salute with the lips, and leave a verb. 11. Behead and curtail fragrant, and leave tiny. 12. Behead and curtail to suppose, and leave a brooch. 13. Behead and curtail at no time, and leave the evening before a holiday.

The beheaded letters spell the name of a President who was born in March; the curtailed letters spell a statesman who was famous during his administration.

A. ZANE PYLES
(Winner of a Gold Badge).

### TWO CHARADES.

I. MY *second* spoiled my flower-*first;*
The angry gardener with a burst
Of sudden rage the mischief spied;
"It looks just like my *whole*," he cried.

II. 'T was in my *first* the weary traveler found,
Within my *second*, shelter from my *third*.
When winds were stilled, there came a charming sound;
The music of my *whole* with joy he heard.

EDWARD B. HILL.

### CENTRAL ACROSTIC.

(*Silver Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the central letters will spell something which is thought to be very disagreeable.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A wanderer. 2. To traffic. 3. To delay. 4. A recess. 5. An anesthetic. 6. A name given to five or more letters of the alphabet. 7. A coarse woolen cloth. 8. A musical instrument. 9. Ancient. 10. Melody. RICHARD ELLIS.

### CONCEALED CENTRAL ACROSTIC.

WE are not seen, but felt and heard,
Although we utter not a word.

CROSS-WORDS:

1. Should the gray squirrels come to me
And ask to rent the chestnut-tree,
2. And seem to be astonished when
I doffed my hat to the brindled hen,
3. I fear that I should have to say
The sparrows have the right of way.
4. I always keep a cereal round
And scatter often on the ground,
5. To feed the sparrows here and there,
My little brothers of the air.
6. And if the squirrels should begin
To stock a spiral wayside inn,
7. Which might adjoin the sparrows' eaves
Why, presto! every tenant leaves.
8. I fancy nice young squirrels much,
But yet I shall not let them touch
9. The spacious yard or airy dome
Of the sparrows' pretty country home.
10. And should they hop a step too near
They 'll find the rent is high, I fear.

ANNA M. PRATT.

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK.

"How use doth breed a habit"



USE

Pears' Soap

IT'S A GOOD HABIT

*All rights secured.*

# ST. NICHOLAS STAMP PAGE.

STAMPS bearing the head of King Edward VII., in different positions, are appearing very rapidly. The first issued was the one-pound stamp of Victoria. The portrait of the King appeared upon this, with a three-quarter view of the face, and the appearance was similar to that of the well known two-cent of Newfoundland upon which he appeared as Prince of Wales. The work upon these stamps is not of a character which is likely to please either the English themselves or the stamp-collecting public. The engraving appears rough and rather poor, and the colors are not pleasing. It is very likely that a change will be made within a short time, as the getting out of a large number of different stamps by any engraving company is very apt to lead to unsatisfactory issues, soon superseded by those which are more attractive. The probability of change makes it advisable for collectors to get hold of these King Edward stamps as soon as possible, for there is no time when British colonial stamps can be bought more cheaply, in unused condition, than when they are first issued. There may also be changes in the shades or minor differences in the engraving which will make the first stamps issued particularly valuable.



EDWARD VII. STAMP.

Labuan and North Borneo have recently added two new values to their sets. These are a ten- and a sixteen-cent, the former having upon it the picture of a native bear, and the second showing the progress of civilization in the island by exhibiting a railroad train passing at full speed along the border of a river. These stamps, as first issued, did not bear the surcharge "British Protectorate" which has recently appeared upon the stamps of North Borneo. It is likely, however, that the issue, for North Borneo at least, will soon come with this surcharge. This marks the first stage in the change from government by a chartered company to a crown colony. Therefore it will probably be only a short time before North Borneo will have stamps of a type corresponding with those for the other colonies of the empire. There has been a great deal of canceling to order in the stamps of this country, and therefore the issues have fallen into disrepute to some extent. They are, however, stamps of very attractive design, illustrating the conditions of life in the country very fully, and engraved and printed by one of the foremost firms. Therefore the stamps in unused condition are likely to secure general recognition and to be as popular as those of any crown colony.

It is said that all the stamps of the German Empire now in use will be changed slightly on account of the admission of Würtemberg to the German Empire. The stamps of Würtemberg will be discontinued, and it will take its place with those countries "completed" as to their stamp issues, which are so numerous among the German states. The change that occurs in the stamp is said to be confined to a minor variation of the design, but all collectors will desire to secure both sets since they reveal a change of importance in the empire.

The agitation which is now taking place in relation to the canal across the isthmus is likely to attract attention to the issues for Panama, Nicaragua, and other Central American states. The so-called Seebeck contract, whereby stamps were furnished to Central American countries at a low price, on condition that the issues were discontinued at the end of each year, and that all remainders were turned over to the engravers, has now come to an end, so that one may feel more assurance in the collection of these stamps. There are, however, a very great number of varieties among the surcharges which have been put forth by the countries themselves. These make their collecting somewhat difficult, but at the same time add to its interest. The natural result of the building of the canal, the purchase of the Danish West Indies, the possession of Porto Rico, and our protectorate over Cuba, will be the attraction toward the United States of other countries such as Haiti, the Dominican Republic, and possibly those countries of Central America immediately connected with the development of our interests along the canal. This will result in actual union or commercial reciprocity. The collecting of the stamps of these countries will receive a great impetus, and collectors are wise to gather them before special attention is given to them by those collectors whose wealth will make the prices advance very rapidly.

### ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS.

IT is very necessary, in buying surcharged stamps, to secure them from reliable dealers. When the surcharge is merely a type that is in ordinary use, it is a very easy thing to counterfeit, and this is sometimes done by those who desire to deceive collectors.

The prices of unused current stamps are lower in the latest catalogue, not because they are worth any less, but because dealers are willing to sell them at a lower percentage of profit. When they go out of use, such stamps are almost always advanced in price.

The words, "Seid Einig, Einig, Einig," on the stamps of Germany of the current issue are taken from Schiller's "William Tell," and their significance is, "Be peaceful, peaceful, peaceful." The letters "C. E. F." on stamps of India stand for "China Expeditionary Force." They were intended for use by the English army at the time of the occupation of Peking.

## YOUNG COLLECTORS,

as well as older ones, are now seeking stamps in the finest condition. Send for our list of 50-cent packets containing unused only. We have just made a new line of **Approval Sheets** for young collectors, containing the largest variety ever offered in a series, at the lowest prices. Send for a selection.

**Acme** imported peelable hinge, the best, 20c. per 1,000.

**Scott Stamp & Coin Co.,** 18 East 23d Street, New York, N. Y.

---




**Popular Stamp Album** illustrated, spaces for 6000 stamps, cloth and gold, 75c.; No. 2, to hold 3000 stamps, 50c.; No. 1, board covers, 25c.; 200 different foreign stamps, 15c.; 15 Mexican, 10c.; 15 Cuban, 10c.; 12 Porto Rico, 10c.; 1000 mixed foreign, 15c.; 100 different Central American stamps, $1.00; 25 stamps, showing different animals and birds, $1.00; 800 different foreign stamps, $2.50. (These are guaranteed to amount by Scott's catalogue *six times* our price.) We have over 5000 varieties in stock to sell at ½ of Scott's catalogue prices. Information about our approval system, a copy of our weekly stamp journal, our booklet "*About Stamps*," and our price-list sent *free*.

**MEKEEL STAMP CO. (Dept. N), St. Louis, Mo.**

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**152 different** foreign stamps, Servia, Egypt, and many other countries, 10c. 12 Brazil, 10c.; 10 Bulgaria, 10c.; 10 Chile, 10c.; 9 Jamaica, 10c.; 10 Cuba, 10c.; 4 Hawaii, 10c.; 10 Nicaragua, 10c.; 5 Hayti, 10c.; 4 Siam, 10c.; 3 Fiji, 10c.; 10 Salvador, 10c. Fine alphabetical approval sheets, 50% com. Price-list free.

**NEW ENGLAND STAMP CO., 27 Bromfield St., Boston, Mass.**

---

**$7 FOR ONLY 4 CENTS.** $1 green, $1 gray, $1 olive, $2 gray and $2 olive, U. S. Documentaries, the entire lot for 4 cents, postage extra. New list free.

**KOLONA STAMP CO., DEPT. N, DAYTON, OHIO**

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**109** var. very fine India, Egypt, hinges, etc., and Chinese coin, only 10c. Finest sheets 50%. Catalog free. 4 var. Soudan, 15c. **SAMUEL P. HUGHES, Omaha, Neb.**

---

STAMP MENAGERIE—"The birds and the beasts are there." 10 diff. animal stamps 10c. 20 diff. 40c. 20 Paris Exp. stamps 10c. Postage 2c. Lists free. **Toledo Stamp Co., Toledo, O.**

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**BIG DIME BUDGET** 50 Var. Foreign, many unused, Cuba, Turkey, Tunis, etc., 1 set Japan, 10 var., 20 var. U. S., a pocket album, hinges and price-list, all for 10c.

**W. W. MacLaren, Box 133, Cleveland, O.**

---

**STAMPS.** 103, no two alike and GENUINE, Mauritius, Natal, Cape of G. H., Cuba, Costa Rica, Honduras, Mexico, etc., and an ALBUM, for **10c.** only—a splendid bargain. New list free! Agents wanted, 50% com. **L. B. DOVER & CO., St. Louis, Mo.**

---

**PREMIUM GIFTS** In rare stamps (besides 50 per cent. com.) to **all** who sell 25c. or more from our approval sheets. Collections bought. Highest price paid for used Buffalo stamps.

**Northwestern Stamp Co., Freeport, Ill.**

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**STAMPS** in album and cata. *free*. Agts. 50%. 105 In.-China, a U.S. worth 25c., W. I., etc., 5c. BULLARD, STA. A, Boston, Mass.

---

**JAPAN,** big wedding stamp FREE to all who apply for sheets at 50% com. **W. T. McKAY, 673 Broad St., Newark, N.J.**

---

**25** large U.S. cents, different dates, $1.00; postage, 14c. 5 foreign coins, 20c. U. S. and foreign stamps at 50% disc. R. M. LANGZETTEL, 92 Crown St., New Haven, Conn.

---

**400** different stamps, a grand collection worth $5, price 80c. 1000 mixed foreign stamps for 25c. 40 diff. U. S., 10c.

**Omaha Stamp & Coin Co., Omaha, Neb.**

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**Crete** 1900, 1 lepta, free to those who apply for approval sheets, 50% dis. Price list free. **GEO. M. FISK, 2015 Vermont Ave., Toledo, O.**

---

**500** Foreign stamps, **10c. 104**—all different—from Malta, Bulgaria, India, etc. Album, **10c. 15** different unused, **10c. 40** different U.S., **10c. 9** different Cuba, **10c.** 24-page list **free.** Agents wanted. 50% commission. **D. CROWELL STAMP CO., 143 Euclid Ave., Cleveland, O.**

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**500** STAMPS finely mixed, only 10c. 50 all diff., 5c. 100 diff. Corea, Mexico, etc., 10c. 1000 hinges (union), 10c. 40 diff. U.S. and Canada, 10c. Agts. wanted, 50%. LIST FREE. *Old stamps bought.* **Union Stamp Co., Dept. C, St. Louis, Mo.**

---

*"A perpetual feast of nectared sweets."*
*—Milton.*

## NABISCO

*Sugar Wafers*

*A never-ending feast of flavors as delicate as the flowers' fragrance, as delicious as the sun-kissed fruit*

*Made in many flavors. Each flavor sealed in a separate tin.*

National Biscuit Company.

---

**STAMPS** on approval. 50% com. References. 200 var. Foreign, 16c. **The Western Stamp Co., box 961, Denver, Colo.**

---

**STAMPS** 400 genuine fine assorted, including **rare** Philippine Islands, Queensland, Victoria, Mexico, Japan, etc., nice stamp album and 68-page catalogue, only **10c. Agents wanted—50 per cent.** We buy old stamps; list 2c.

**G. HUSSMAN STAMP CO., St. Louis, Mo.**

---

**60%** commission from our sheets. Agents wanted. **PHILATELIC EXCHANGE, Box 72, Cincinnati, O.**

---

**BEAUTIFUL SHELLS FROM THE GULF OF MEXICO**

One quart of these ranging from the size of a nickel to a silver dollar, beautiful shades, tints and colors, for decorative use, very artistic and handsome for Cabinet. Postage prepaid to any part of the U. S. on receipt of one dollar. Address,

**CHARLOTTA MATTHEWS, Sanibel, Lee Co., Florida.**



# Machine Type-Setters.

## Said to be Hard on Operators.

The work of a typesetter in a modern printing office is very exacting, particularly if he runs a linotype or typesetting machine. It requires the closest attention and rapid and sympathetic action of both brain and hand. This machine works much like a typewriter. Such workers fed on ordinary food give up because of nervous prostration, some in a short time, and some are able to stand it longer.

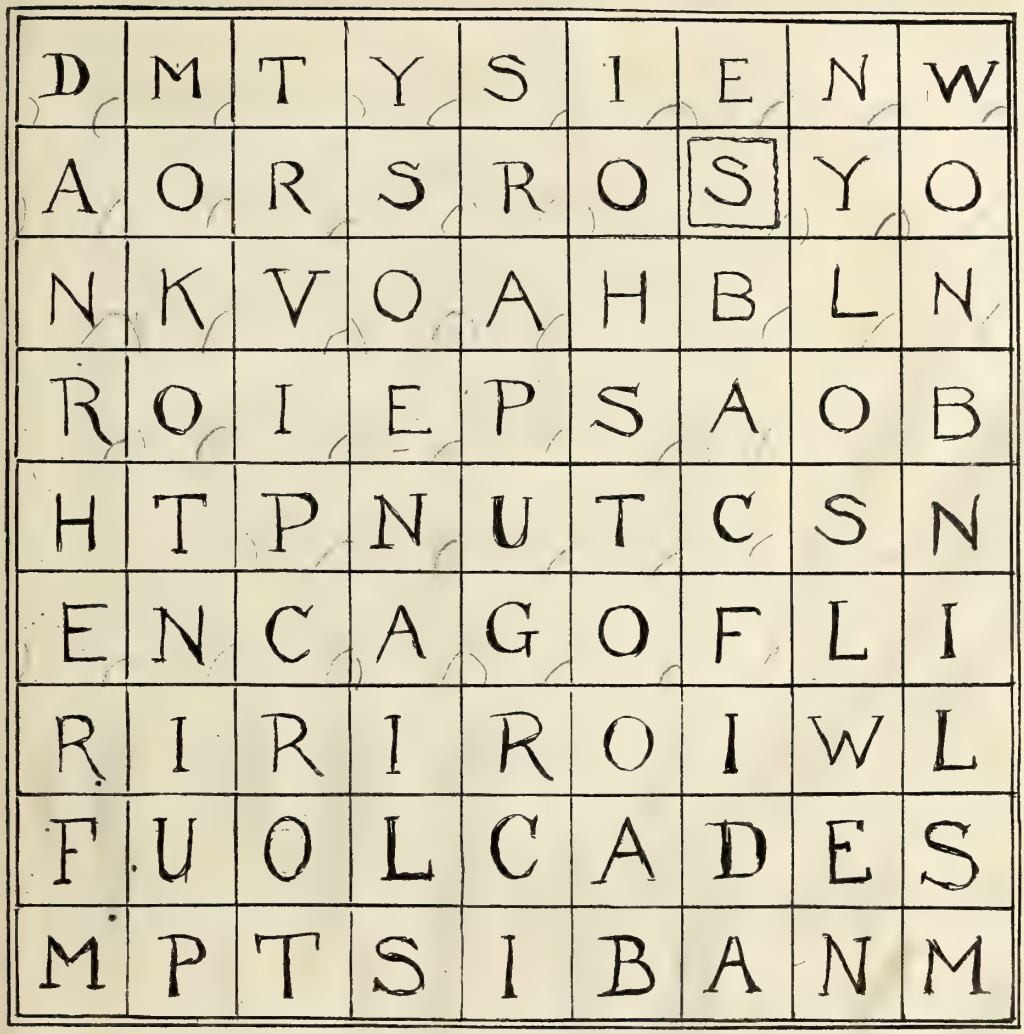
One of these workers says: "I have been at the linotype three years. It has made a great change in my once robust health. About three months ago, after long expecting it, I completely collapsed, from indigestion and extreme nervousness. The daily physic I had not dared to omit for years, now and then, refused relief and a physician was consulted.

"'Change of occupation and diet,' read the prescription, 'advise eating Grape-Nuts food twice daily.' I had often set up the advertisements of the Postum Cereal Co., but somehow printers are apt to think advertisements are not intended for them to make use of. I could not well change my occupation, but did change the diet.

"Since then have used Grape-Nuts, both at breakfast and supper, daily. The results are truly remarkable. The first perceptible change was in the matter of digestion. It has been six weeks since I have had to swallow an aperient of any kind. At the beginning of my experiment with Grape-Nuts I weighed 124 pounds; last evening I tipped the beam at 157½.

"My nerves, which were completely shattered three months ago, are now strong and steady, and I do not tire easily, though I go to bed an hour later on an average than formerly, and have increased my capacity at the machine fully two columns of type a day. I am convinced that Grape-Nuts food is the food for persons of sedentary occupation, especially for those who work with brain in lieu of brawn." CHAS. H. ECKHARD, 177 N. Chambers St., Galesburg, Ill.

## ADVERTISING COMPETITION No. 11.




A KING'S-MOVE PUZZLE.

*(Directions.)*

Start from any square; move one square at a time from letter to letter, spelling out something advertised in this number of ST. NICHOLAS. There are at least eleven advertised articles mentioned in the above puzzle. There may be more. In one instance, the S inclosed in a double line, this letter may be used *twice* at one move; otherwise each letter is used only as you move into its square each time.

The answers must be received by March 25, under the usual conditions in League Competitions.

For the best 100 lists of answers received, $1.00 each will be awarded, age of competitor and neatness of the list being considered.

It will be found, on trial, that this is a puzzle not too difficult for the youngest child, and yet one that will repay the efforts of older puzzlers.

It will be noticed that every letter in the diagram is used at least once.

In sending in your answers, make a *list of the articles* you find, putting them in *alphabetical order.*

---

Answers and prizes to Competition No. 10 will be printed in the April number.

A booklet showing some sixty odd reproductions of the sketches submitted in the first six advertising competitions has been printed, and will be sent to any of the competitors in the work of the St. Nicholas League upon receipt of a two-cent stamp.

Address ADVERTISING COMPETITIONS,
ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE,
33 East 17th Street, New York.

*It works like a Kodak.*



**The Eastman Kodak Company's New**

# No. 2 Brownie Camera

Loads in daylight with six exposure film cartridges, has a fine meniscus lens with the Eastman Rotary shutter and set of three stops. It has two view finders, one for vertical and one for horizontal pictures, is well made in every particular, is covered with a fine quality of imitation leather, has nickeled fittings and

## MAKES PICTURES 2¼ x 3¼ INCHES.

Any schoolboy or girl can make good pictures with a Brownie Camera.

**THE PRICE.**

| | |
|---|---|
| No. 2 Brownie Camera, | $2.00 |
| Transparent Film Cartridge, 6 exposures, 2¼ x 3¼, | .20 |

**Brownies, $1.00 and $2.00.**
**Kodaks, $5.00 to $75.00.**
**Catalogue free at the dealers or by mail.**

**EASTMAN KODAK CO.**
**Rochester, N. Y.**

*$4,000 in prizes for the best pictures made with the Kodak and Brownie Cameras.*



# GEYSERS, CAÑONS and WILD ANIMALS

are found in combination only in

## Yellowstone Park

To see them, go there between June 1st and Sept. 15th.

**Wonderland 1902**
*– just out – describes the Park and animals.*

*Send Six Cents for it.*

New Rates and Arrangements for 1902

CHAS S FEE
GENL PASS AGENT, ST PAUL, MINN

NORTHERN PACIFIC
YELLOWSTONE PARK LINE



# LA BELLE CHOCOLATIÈRE
## AND THE CHILDREN



**Since 1780,** one hundred and twenty-one years ago, **Walter Baker & Co.** have been making pure, high-grade Cocoa and Chocolate in Dorchester, Massachusetts. Do you realize how long ago that is? The business is older than the United States, older than "Old Glory," older than steel pens, lead pencils, matches, sewing machines, kerosene, steamboats, railroads, the electric telegraph.

Whenever you see the graceful "Chocolate Girl," remember that she is the representative of a business that began before any man now on earth was alive, and has through four generations stood for success.

How many of you know her history? It was a charming bit of romance, for the Beautiful Chocolate Girl of Vienna, painted by Liotard, was a real character, and ended her life as one of the nobility.

Walter Baker & Co. have prepared a booklet giving an account of this little heroine, and showing specimens of the advertising designs prepared by children, members of the St. Nicholas League.

This booklet, "La Belle Chocolatière and the Children," will be sent to all who ask for it and send a two-cent stamp. Address

***WALTER BAKER & CO., Ltd., Dorchester, Massachusetts.***

# CLUB WOMEN CALIFORNIA

**$50.**
ROUND TRIP
FROM
CHICAGO



**The National Convention, Federation of Women's Clubs, meets at Los Angeles, May 1 to 8, 1902.**

Round-trip tickets to Los Angeles and San Francisco from Chicago, $50.00; St. Louis, $47.50; Kansas City, $45.00; Denver, $40.00. On sale April 22 to 27, inclusive; return limit June 25. Open to everybody. Choice of routes returning. May is a delightful month in California—a season of blooming flowers, ripening fruits, singing birds, and soft, enchanting airs.

The journey thither, through New Mexico and Arizona, is a memorable one. En route see Grand Canyon of Arizona, world's greatest scenic wonder.

Tourists going earlier to escape inclement weather in East may buy tickets good nine months.

**Special accommodation for club women and their friends on the California Limited, best train for best travelers, daily, Chicago to Los Angeles, San Diego and San Francisco.**

Apply to Agents, The Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railway System, for descriptive books—"A Book for Club Women," "To California and Back," "Golf in California," "A Climatic Miracle," sent for ten cents postage.

NEW YORK, 377 Broadway; BOSTON, 332 Washington St.; MONTREAL, QUE., 138 St. James St.; PHILADELPHIA, 711 Chestnut St.; DETROIT, 151 Griswold St.; CLEVELAND, Williamson Bldg.; CINCINNATI, 417 Walnut St.; PITTSBURG, 402 Park Bldg.; ST. LOUIS, 108 N. Fourth St.; CHICAGO, 109 Adams St.; PEORIA, 103 South Adams St.; KANSAS CITY, 10th & Main Sts.; DES MOINES, 308 Equitable Bldg.; MINNEAPOLIS, 503 Guaranty Bldg.; DENVER, 1700 Lawrence St.; SALT LAKE CITY, 411 Dooly Blk.; LOS ANGELES, 200 Spring St.; SAN FRANCISCO, 641 Market St.; SANTA BARBARA, 635½ State St.; GALVESTON, 224 Tremont St.; DALLAS, 246 Main St.; SAN ANTONIO, 101 E. Commerce St.; ATLANTA, 14 N. Pryor St.

# SANTA FE




# Cannon's Toy Blocks

will build **BIG** Freight, Stock, Coal, or Flat Cars; Station, Merry-Go-Round, and lots of other things. Highly endorsed by leading kindergarten authorities as an ideal toy.

**Indestructible—Helpful—Amusing**

Not a cheap affair, but **BIG** solid value. Freight car 9½ in. long, 4 in. wide, 5 in. high. Other sets ready. New things preparing. Send for illustrated circular.

**CANNON TOY COMPANY**
**Lock Box 751, Casco, Wis.**

# CARMEL SOAP




**AN ABSOLUTELY PURE OLIVE OIL SOAP**
FOR
**Nursery, Toilet and Bath.**

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS & GROCERS, IMPORTED BY
A. KLIPSTEIN & CO.,
122 PEARL ST., NEW YORK.

# Use Dixon's American Graphite Pencils

Their tough, smooth leads don't break or scratch when in use. Made in all styles, covering the whole field of pencil use.

**THEIR GRADES NEVER VARY**

Ask for them at your dealer's. If not obtainable, mention ST. NICHOLAS, and send 16 cents for samples worth double.

**JOSEPH DIXON CRUCIBLE CO., Jersey City, N. J.**

# The Century Cook Book.

More than a Thousand Receipts.
600 pages, 150 Illustrations.
Price only $2.00.

**THE CENTURY CO., NEW YORK.**

TWO MARVELOUS IMPROVEMENTS make the EDISON

# PHONOGRAPH

Perfect.

NONE GENUINE WITHOUT THIS TRADE MARK.
Thomas A Edison



**The New Molded Record "Hard Wax," and the New Reproducers**

duplicate the human voice in volume and clearness. Absolutely free from scratching—perfectly smooth and natural.

*A new result from your old phonograph.*

New Reproducers on all new phonographs. Nine styles from $10.00 to $100.00. The new Records, 50 cents, $5.00 per dozen.

*Full particulars at all dealers.*

**NATIONAL PHONOGRAPH CO.**
New York Office, 135 Fifth Ave.
Chicago Office, 144 Wabash Ave.

Foreign Dept.
15 Cedar Street
New York

# FERRY'S SEEDS

Ferry's Seeds make good crops, good crops make more customers—so each year the crops and customers have grown greater. That's the secret of the Ferry fame. More Ferry's Seeds sold and sown than any other kind. Sold by all dealers.

*1902 Seed Annual FREE.*

**D. M. FERRY & CO.**
**Detroit, Mich.**



# The American Boy

**Biggest, Brightest, Best Boys' Paper in the World.**

Hezekiah Butterworth says, It enters into their life

**Trial: 3 months for 10c**
**Regular: $1.00 a year**

Boys are enthusiastic over it. Clean, inspiring stories. Information, encouragement, advice. Games, Sports, Animals, Stamps, Printing, Photography, Debating, Science, Puzzles. How to make boats, traps, etc. How to make and save money. How to succeed. Meets universal approval. The only successful attempt ever made to lead a boy in right directions, and at the same time chain his interest. One hundred pictures each month. See it and be surprised at the feast of good things for that boy.

**Address SPRAGUE PUBLISHING COMPANY**
**266 Majestic Building, Detroit, Michigan**

# How Snow-White made Bonbons



Copyright by The Walter M. Lowney Co., 1902.

If you would know how to make delicious Chocolate Bonbons, such as those Snow-White made for the Seven Dwarfs, send for a package of

## LOWNEY'S Medallion Chocolate

Never since the days when Snow-White was the housekeeper for the Seven Dwarfs has anybody made anything like it.

The ONLY chocolate suitable for coating home-made candies, and ALSO the most delicious of eating chocolates — just as it comes from the package. A cake (½ lb.) and a 16-page book containing receipts for making chocolate-dipped bonbons at home, sent for *35 cents*. Receipt book alone sent for 4 cents in stamps.

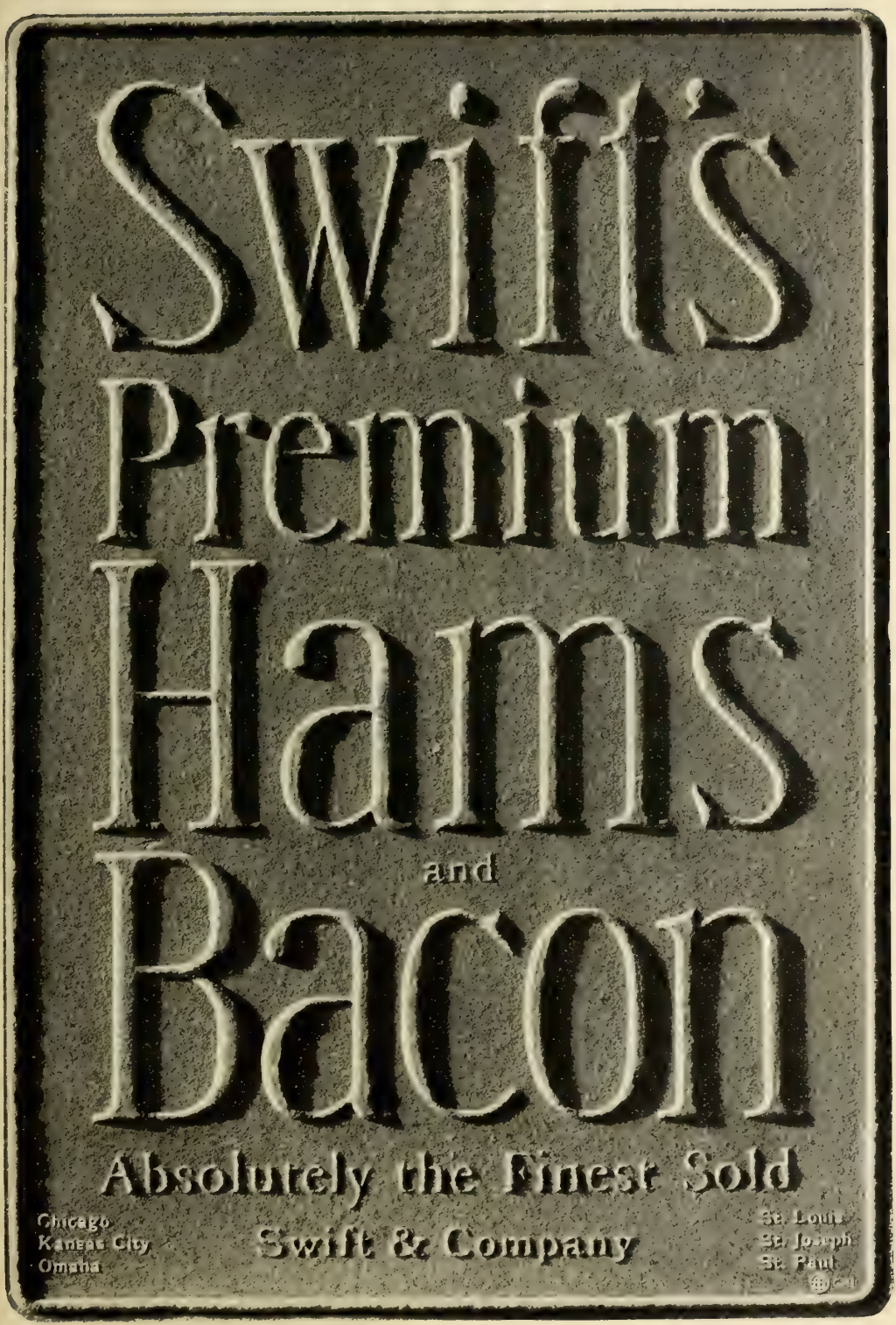
THE WALTER M. LOWNEY CO.,
DEPT. Z, BOSTON, MASS.



COPYRIGHT 1902 BY THE PROCTER & GAMBLE CO. CINCINNATI

OUR young Americans have early and frequent lessons in that cleanliness which is indeed next to godliness. Small wonder it is, then, that when the elephant is under discussion at school, there is usually some youngster with traces of a shining morning face, to advance the view that its principal utility is as a source of supply for Ivory Soap. The Ivory Soap habit thrust upon the lad during early youth becomes fixed, and thro' life he luxuriates in a good bath with a good soap.

A WORD OF WARNING.—There are many white soaps, each represented to be just as good as the Ivory; they are not, but like all imitations they lack the peculiar and remarkable qualities of the genuine. Ask for Ivory Soap and insist upon getting it.


Swift's
Premium
Hams
and
Bacon
Absolutely the Finest Sold
Chicago
Kansas City
Omaha
Swift & Company
St. Louis
St. Joseph
St. Paul

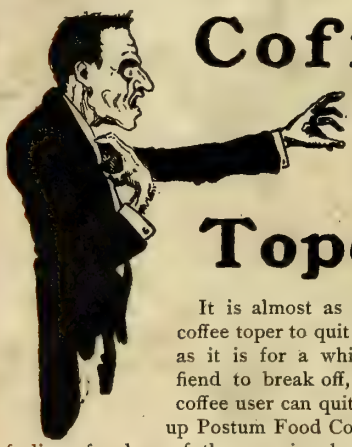
# Royal




# BAKING POWDER

**Absolutely Pure.**

---



# Coffee Topers.

It is almost as hard for an old coffee toper to quit the use of coffee as it is for a whiskey or tobacco fiend to break off, except that the coffee user can quit coffee and take up Postum Food Coffee without any feeling of a loss of the morning beverage, for when Postum is well boiled and served with cream, it is really better in point of flavor than most of the coffee served nowadays, and to the taste of the connoisseur it has the flavor of fine Java.

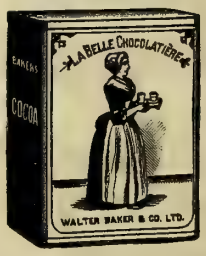
A great transformation takes place in the body within ten days or two weeks after coffee is left off and Postum Food Coffee used, for the reason that the poison to the nerves has been discontinued and in its place is taken a liquid that contains the most powerful elements of nourishment.

It is easy to make this test and prove these statements by changing from coffee to Postum Food Coffee.

---

## DELICIOUS DRINKS and DAINTY DISHES are made from

# BAKER'S BREAKFAST COCOA




**ABSOLUTELY PURE**

**Unequaled for smoothness, delicacy, and flavor**

Our Choice Recipe Book will tell you how to make Fudge, and a great variety of dainty dishes, from our Cocoa and Chocolate. Sent FREE to any address

**WALTER BAKER & CO. Limited**

ESTABLISHED 1780 **DORCHESTER, MASS.**

---

# WEBER PIANOS

## 1852--1902

**The history of the Weber Piano vividly illustrates the value of persistence and fidelity to an idea. As a musician, Albert Weber, senior, recognized early in his career that the development of the piano had hitherto been almost wholly in the direction of mechanism. To improve the tone and give to it the sympathetic quality found in the violin became the central motive of his life. The result more than justified his conception, and the *Weber Pianoforte today stands as the embodiment of the musicians' idea of tone.***

**WEBER WAREROOMS**

108 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK
266 WABASH AVE., CHICAGO

THE DE VINNE PRESS.

"The Boys of the Rincon Ranch"

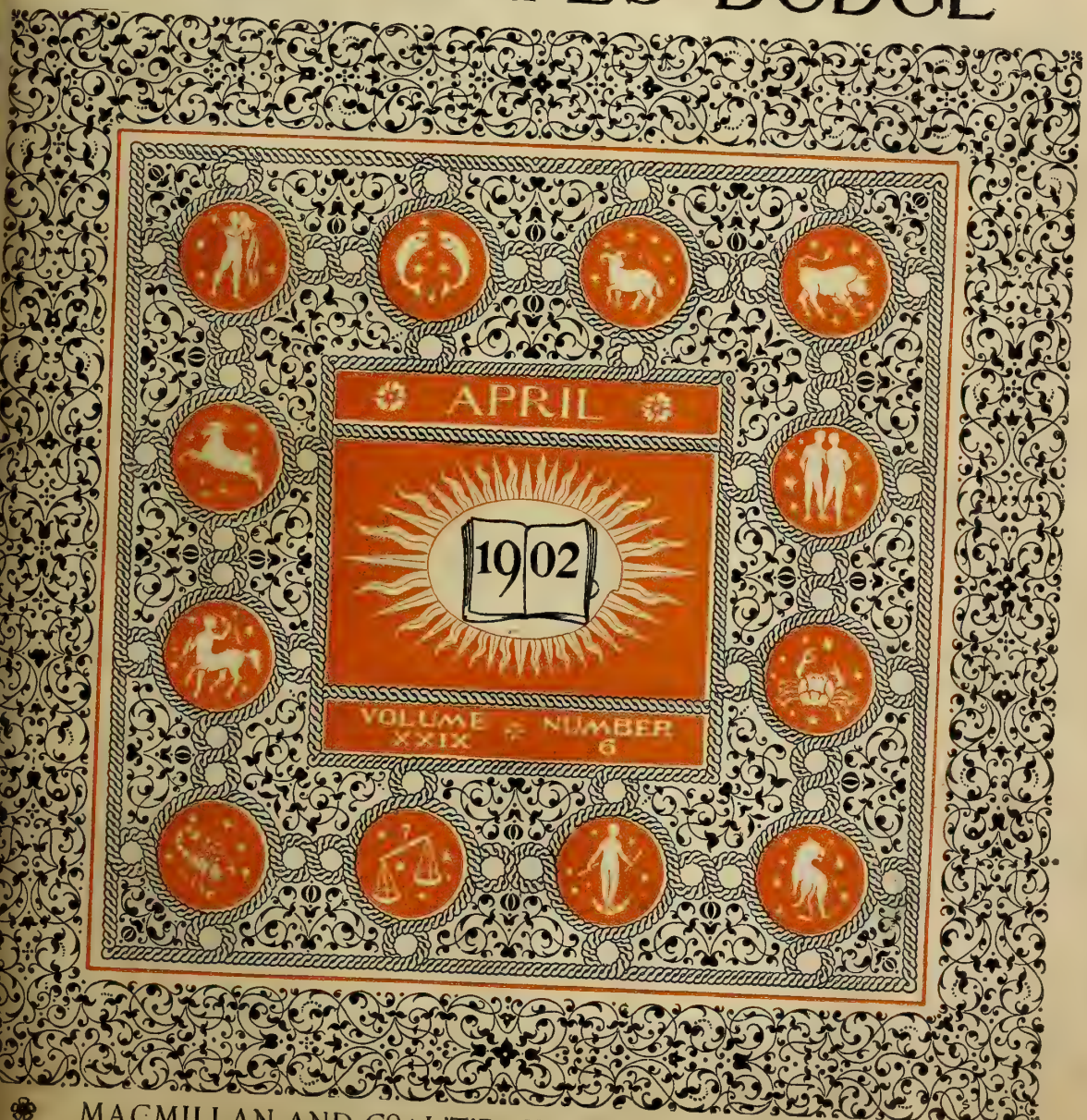
A LONG STORY, COMPLETE

# ST NICHOLAS

## FOR-YOUNG-FOLKS

CONDUCTED BY

MARY-MAPES-DODGE




MACMILLAN AND Co · L'T'D, ST. MARTIN'S St · LONDON

THE-CENTURY-CO-UNION-SQUARE-NEW-YORK

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY THE CENTURY CO. ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE AT NEW YORK AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL MATTER

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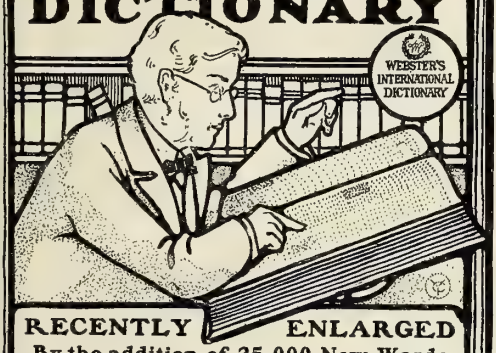
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# ST. NICHOLAS.

VOL. XXIX. APRIL, 1902. No. 6.

## By Virtue of Phebe's Wit.

By Alice Balch Abbot

"PHEBE, what are you doing? You will ruin your eyes!" And Flora Winston, hastily crossing the library to the window-seat where her younger sister was bending almost double over paper and pencil, seized the shade and sent it with a snap to its utmost height, thereby letting in the last of the sunset glow.

"You were reading, too," said Phebe, uncertainly.

"Yes; but I stopped long ago," Flora answered. "Where are your wits? It is too dark to read now without a light."

Phebe straightened up. "I know it is too dark, but I did want to finish this puzzle. I am trying to think of a word of five letters that 'relates to fun' and begins with *c*. 'Comic'—that 's it. There!" closing the magazine in her lap and laying down her pencil. "Now I have them all for this month."

"And that March number has been in the house only two days, and you never send in the answers! How any one can be willing to work her wits at such a rate, when it is n't necessary, is more than I can imagine."

"But it is just that—the working my wits, I mean—that I enjoy, and it is such a beautiful satisfaction when I find the answers."

"I fail to see the fun in it, and I always shall think it a pity that you cannot put your extra wit-energy into something more important than riddles."

"Well, I know one puzzle that I would give anything to find the answer for, and that 's—this"; and Phebe's tone and action, as she tossed her long braid over her shoulder, were strongly suggestive of exasperation.

As far as length and weight were concerned, the braid in question was as fine a specimen as any thirteen-year-old girl could desire; but, alas! the color was red, a real mahogany red, of such depth of hue as left not the slightest hope of even an auburn future.

Flora smiled, but her tone was quite sympathetic as she asked:

"Who brought up the subject this time?"

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"Some friend of Aunt Esther's. They met me coming from school, and I suppose she must know our family, for aunty had hardly spoken the words, 'George's and Mary's second daughter,' when the lady asked, 'But where does she get her red hair?' That is the thirty-first time since I began to keep count"; and Phebe gave a deep sigh. It was one of her greatest trials, this possessing the only distinctly red hair which had ever been known in a large family connection.

"Lighthouse, oh, Lighthouse!"

The loud call came ringing through the hall, and was followed the next instant by the girls' fifteen-year-old brother Percy.

"You there, Lighthouse?" he called again from outside the door.

"Yes," Phebe replied.

"Seen anything of my blue cap?" was Percy's despairing inquiry.

"No; when did you have it last?" Phebe inquired.

"Tuesday afternoon."

"And that evening you went over for Dick and took him up to the garret to study constellations from the skylight. Perhaps you left it there."

A stampede up and down two flights of stairs followed, punctuated by the slamming of the garret door and a thud on the hall floor as Percy vaulted a newel-post and reappeared, cap in hand.

"The scheme worked, Lighthouse. I am much obliged. I have always thought the brilliancy of the outside of your head was meant as a sign of the brightness within."

"There, Phebe," laughed Flora; "your riddle is answered for you now."

"What riddle?" asked Percy.

"She was wondering why her hair is red."

"Pooh! that was easy enough. The thing that troubles me is how we are ever going to supply sufficient fuel for the combustion inside, so as to keep the outside alight. I really must give so important a subject my most serious consideration."

Two days later the wits in question were at work on a puzzle of far greater importance than any which had hitherto engaged their energy, and all unwittingly brother Percy had set the terms.

Coming in quite late one afternoon, Phebe saw her father and brother standing by the library table.

Mr. Winston, who held an open book in his hand, was speaking as Phebe entered:




FLORA WINSTON IN THE LIBRARY.

"Then you did eat some gingerbread when you came in from school?" "Yes, sir."

"But you think you had washed your hands before you touched this book."

"I don't think it; I know it."

"Then all I can say is that it must have been a very poor apology for a washing, for, unless I am greatly mistaken, those marks were made by fingers that had been holding gingerbread."

At this point Mr. Winston caught sight of his daughter.

"Phebe, have you touched this book to-day?"

"Only to close it and lay it on the table when I came home an hour ago."

"Where was it?"

"On the sofa," Phebe spoke reluctantly.

Mr. Winston turned to his son.

"I thought we agreed that these books when not in use must be placed either upon the shelf or the table."

"I left it on the table when I went out"; and Percy's lips went together with a snap, as if he had decided to say nothing more.

"Well, there is certainly something very strange about the affair," said Mr. Winston. "No one but you and Phebe has been in the front of the house this afternoon, and yet you insist that you laid the book on the table, and she found it on the sofa."

"Father, you don't mean that you doubt my word!" There was an ominous quiver in Percy's voice.

"Why, no, Percy. I should hardly put it so strongly as that. But you know it is quite possible for a person to have so strong an intention of doing a thing that he may be persuaded that it has been done."

As he spoke Mr. Winston laid the book down and left the room. For one instant Percy stood perfectly still, then followed his father's example, and Phebe was left alone.

Seizing the copy of "Quentin Durward," she turned the leaves quickly till she came to an illustration of the encounter between Quentin and the Duke of Orléans. Sure enough, there on the margin were two brownish-yellow spots, plainly finger-marks. But Phebe's sharp eyes spied something else—a tiny crumb wedged between the leaves, close up to the binding.

To set it free with the aid of a pin was the work of one instant, to place it between her lips that of another, and then a look of bewildered surprise spread over her face.

That evening, before going to bed, she wrote the following notes for future use:

Who touched "Quentin Durward" Wed. afternoon between 4 and 4:30? Mother and Flora were away after 12. Percy came in at 3, went out, leaving Q. D. on the table. I came home at 4:30 and found it on the sofa. Crumb of chocolate between the leaves. Percy says he had no chocolate this P.M. Jane says no one came to the front door between 2 and 6 P.M.

A day or two passed. Percy went about with the soberest face, restricting his conversation to monosyllables, and "Quentin Durward" remained untouched upon the shelf.

Then came a rainy morning, and a new link was added to Phebe's chain of evidence.

"I wonder," said Mrs. Winston, about to start for market, "why Cousin Kate does not return my umbrella. She borrowed it last Sunday."

"Why, she has, mother!" exclaimed Phebe. "At least, I am almost sure that it was yours that I used when I went out Wednesday afternoon."

"Where did you find it?"

"In the umbrella-stand; and I put it away in your closet. I 'll see if it is there now." And Phebe ran upstairs, returning in a moment with the umbrella.

"Thank you, dear. Cousin Kate must have returned it that afternoon, for I remember that it was not in the stand when Flora and I went out. Probably Jane forgot to mention it." And Mrs. Winston departed, leaving behind her a greatly excited little daughter.

That afternoon, much to her mother's surprise, Phebe, who was usually not too ready to perform social duties, announced her intention of calling upon her cousin Kate.

Mrs. Smith was very glad to see her little cousin, but after the usual questions had been answered concerning the health of the visitor's family, and how she liked her teachers, and what she was studying, Phebe felt that the situation was becoming serious. How was the conversation to be brought to bear upon umbrellas?

To gain a few minutes' time she inquired for Ted, her cousin's four-year-old son. Mrs. Smith laughed.

"He just told me that he thought he had better walk around the block for exercise.

Since he has been promoted to trousers, he seizes every possible chance to parade his new suit. By the way, he was greatly disappointed at not seeing any of you when I sent him to return your mother's umbrella last Wednesday. She found it, did she not? Ted said that he could not ring the bell, but the door was unfastened, so he went in and put it in the stand."

"Oh, yes; it was there, thank you," said Phebe, with a slight gasp.

Her thoughts were already at work on a scheme for making a sure explanation out of a probable one.

Apparently fortune was in her favor, for as she was taking her leave Mrs. Smith said:

"Will you tell your mother that if she will have that pattern ready to-morrow I will send Teddy up for it about four o'clock?"

The next afternoon, when the proud young errand-doer arrived at the Winston house, strange to relate, he found his cousins Phebe and Percy seated in the library, with apparently nothing to do but to admire his new suit.

When the last pocket had been duly exhibited, Phebe, lifting a book from her lap, said:

"Look, Ted, at this picture of men fighting on horseback."

Her little cousin walked to her side, gave one glance at the open page, then remarked, with his most superior small-boy air: "Ted saw *that* picture long times ago."

Phebe flashed a meaning glance at Percy, then, taking something from her pocket, held it out, asking:

"Did he ever see this before?"

Teddy grinned, took the little cake of chocolate, and having carefully removed the tin-foil covering, popped the bonbon into his mouth. Then, rolling the covering between his chubby palms, he went over to a table on which stood the carved figure of a Swiss peasant boy carrying a basket. Into this Ted dropped the tin-foil ball, saying with an air of satisfaction:

"Now, Cousin Phebe, he has two marbles to play with."

"Quentin Durward" was not returned to the table this time, but dropped most unceremoniously upon the sofa as Phebe sprang across the room, asking:

"Where did he get the other one?"

"Oh, me gived it to him 'leventeen days ago, when me brought back the 'brella."

Perhaps it was as well that the return of Jane with the pattern for Teddy's mother obliged Phebe to compose herself until her little cousin had been safely escorted out of the door. But that hospitable duty being accomplished, there followed the wildest reel up and down the hall until one ecstatic caper brought a flying braid within Percy's reach, and the celebration came to a sudden end.

"There, Lighthouse; I suppose you find it all clear enough, but what I want to know is where the gingerbread comes in."

"It was n't gingerbread; it was chocolate." And Phebe proceeded to give an account of her various discoveries, ending with: "It did seem rather like setting a trap for poor Teddy, but it would have been worse to suspect him without being sure. I don't blame him, for the front door ought to have been fastened. But did n't it all work beautifully? When I gave him the chocolate I thought he might say something, but I never dreamed of anything so lovely as those tin-foil marbles. *Do* you suppose father will think it is proved enough?"

"I don't see how he can help it; but what I want to know is how I am to pay up for all this exertion on my behalf."

"Oh, just give me some more puzzles to work out. Acrostics and enigmas will seem far too tame after this."

"So I am to get into pickles to keep your noddle busy? No, I thank you, ma'am; but I 'll promise to give you a rousing recommendation for other people's."

And, because Percy kept his word, there came about the solution of the second of what passed into family history as Phebe's great triumphs in solving riddles.

If any one had told Gordon Lewis that the possibility of his long-desired trip to Europe with his father would be dependent upon the services of his friend Winston's young sister, he probably would have been only less surprised than would that little sister herself.

Of all Percy's friends, Gordon Lewis held the highest place in Phebe's regard, having won the position in the following strange way:

One day Percy had surprised her by asking:

"Say, Phib, you don't mind my calling you 'Lighthouse,' do you?"

"Not here at home," had been her answer,



"PHEBE HELD IT OUT, ASKING, 'DID TED EVER SEE THIS BEFORE?'"

"but I do rather hate it when you are on the street with the other boys."

"All right; I 'll remember. Gordon called me down for it, and when I told him you had never objected, he said he did n't believe I had ever given you the chance."

Percy's friend had never known how grateful Percy's little sister had been for that service, and now came the chance to repay it, if only her "puzzling powers" should prove equal to the demand.

One afternoon she had just seated herself at her desk for an hour's study before dinner, when Percy came quietly into the room, and having closed the door and turned the key, settled himself in the corner of the couch, saying imperiously:

"Stop studying, Lighthouse. I want all your wits for something more important, and you had better take notes, for it 's considerable of a puzzle. You remember that three nights ago Gordon came over to see father on business. Well, I know now what the business was, and a mighty poor job it is, to my mind.

"He 's in a mix-up with his father decidedly like the one you pulled me out of two months ago. When he told me about it, I turned to and asked if I could hand it over to you. He seemed unwilling at first, but I told him about the gingerbread-chocolate affair, and then he gave in. Here is the puzzle.

"Mr. Lewis went out to Chicago the first of the month, and Gordon drove him to the station. His father gave him two letters to post —one to a firm in France, and the other to father about some church business. He told Gordon to be sure to mail them on his way home, so the foreign one would reach New York that night and so be in time for the next day's steamer. A few days ago he came down on Gordon because the French letter missed the steamer and an important order was delayed. That was bad enough, but the worst is that it may cost Gordon his trip to Europe.

"You see, he is rather a forgetful sort of a

chap, and twice last winter he did n't mail letters which had been trusted to him. The second time Mr. Lewis told him that if it happened again he might consider himself excused from going with him this summer. It seems pretty severe, but Gordon says forgetfulness is a failing with which his father has no patience.

"He—Gordon—is certain that he mailed the letters in time. He came over to ask if father had kept his, so he might see the postmark."

"And had he?" asked Phebe.

"That 's the mean part. He has the note but not the envelope. He thinks he must have used it for a memorandum."

"What day did Mr. Lewis go away?"

"The third."

"What train?"

"Five-ten. What difference would that make?"

"Last mail-collection is at five-thirty. There! I must n't think any more about it now, or my lessons will never be learned."

"All right"; and Percy rose from the couch and departed, saying to himself:

"If that envelope is in existence, I believe the Lighthouse will guide it into port!"

The next day Phebe burst into the tool-room and laid a book on the bench beside her brother.

"Is that Mr. Lewis's writing?" she asked, pointing to the open fly-leaf.

Percy glanced at the inscription: "For Gordon Lewis, from his father."

"Yes; but what— Phebe, you have n't found that envelope!"

"I don't know; it 's only a piece."

"Is the postmark on it?"

"No."

"Then of course it 's of no use."

"Maybe, and maybe not; but look." And Phebe laid a small piece of paper beneath the inscription in the book.

There was one breathless moment of comparison, then Phebe gave a sigh of relief.

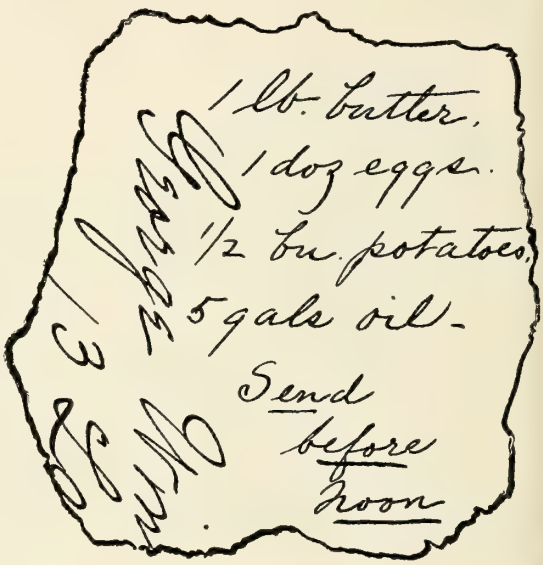
"It *is* the same writing, Percy; the G's and L's are exactly alike."

Percy took up the mysterious bit and turned it over. On that side, in his father's handwriting, were the words:

Vol. II. "Henry Clay." American Statesmen Series.

"Where did the thing come from?" he asked.

"Do you remember when mother had that cold, three weeks ago, and could n't go out for five days? Well, she wrote out the lists for me




to leave at the grocer's on my way to school, and I kept them so father could compare them with the bill, and, don't you see—"

Whereupon Phebe began an intricate explanation which Percy soon cut short by saying:

"I guess that example will have to be proved on paper; it 's too much for my brain to carry."

The result of this remark was the following document, which two evenings later was presented by Percy for his friend's inspection:

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

I, Phebe Lisle Winston, spinster, am going to prove that if this [here the precious bit of paper was pinned to the sheet] is a part of the envelope of a letter sent by Mr. John Lewis to Mr. George Winston on May 3, then that letter was mailed before 5:30 P.M. on that day. That "if," I know, is a pretty big one, but Mr. Lewis would n't be likely to write many notes to father, as he lives just across the street; and as the envelope of that particular note is gone, and this piece of the envelope of such a note was used by father within a quarter of an hour after a note mailed at 5:30 the night before should have been delivered, it does seem as if it must be that one. The writing (not the address) was done on May 4, as the list is the one for that day at the grocer's—he looked in the ledger for me; and the Henry Clay book was taken out that day—the librarian hunted it up. Father wrote the name of the book before 8:20, because

I heard him tell Mr. Carter last week that he had not missed the 8:30 train for two months. So if this is a piece of that envelope, it must have been posted before 5:30 the night before (letters mailed after that are not delivered till 10 A.M.), and if a letter to France, sent at the same time, did not reach New York that night, it must have been the post-office's fault and not the fault of the person who mailed it.

Respectfully submitted,
PHEBE LISLE WINSTON.

As Gordon finished reading, he gave one short gasp of astonishment, then started for the door, saying to Percy:

"Come into the library and show it to father."

Four minutes later Mr. Lewis laid Phebe's document on his desk, and held out his hand to his son.

"She 's won your case, my boy, and you cannot be more pleased than I." Then, turning to Percy, "Tell your sister that I can cancel the 'if' she mentions. This is undoubtedly part of the lost envelope, for it is some of my wife's stationery, which I distinctly remember using in the hurry of getting away that afternoon. And now you must tell us the little lady's fee for this piece of evidence."

Percy laughed. "I rather think Phebe looks upon it as the payment of a debt she has owed Gordon for some time."

"Me!" exclaimed his friend. "I have never said ten words to her in my life."

"Maybe not; but you have said them for her. Remember your setting me straight on the Lighthouse question?"

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Gordon.

"Suppose I be allowed to judge," suggested Mr. Lewis.

So Percy, feeling that Phebe's ideas of debit and credit must be upheld even at the expense of his own reputation, told the story.

Mr. Lewis seemed highly amused.

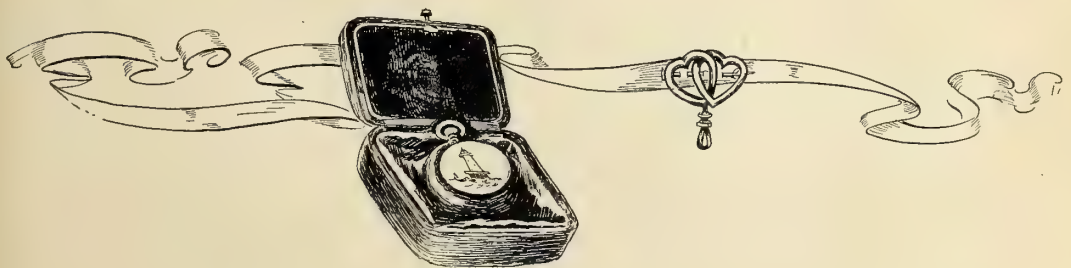
"And she thinks that service balances a recovered trip to Europe! Well, we will let the matter rest for the present. You will please give her our heartiest thanks; but I have a strong presentiment that Gordon and I may discover something on the other side that will strike us as being able to make the scales more even."

Three months afterward, on the very evening of his return from Europe, Gordon Lewis came over to the Winston home, again "on business." But the affair, this time, seemed to be contained in a little leather case which he placed in Phebe's hands.

And when the lid was opened, there on its white satin cushion, in the midst of coil upon coil of slender gold chain, lay as charming a little watch as ever came from the skilled hands of the Geneva workmen.

"Europe was worth many times that," said Gordon, an instant later, answering a protesting look which began to shadow the perfect pleasure expressed in Phebe's face. "Father wished me to explain," he went on, lifting the watch from its case, "that the inscription was entirely his doing, and knowing your strict ideas of obligation, he did not dare to have it anything else."

Phebe gave one intent look at the gold disk that made the center of the blue-enameled cover, and then broke into a merry laugh of delighted surprise and pleasure. For instead of the decorous "P. L. W." which might have been there, the space was occupied by the tiniest, daintiest engraving of a—lighthouse.



# ONE OF "THE FINEST."

By Theodosia Pickering Garrison.



"The nicest man I ever saw,"
Said little Nan to me,
"Is the one who stands outside our school
When we 're let out at three.

"He 's dressed just as the soldiers are;
He wears gold buttons, too;
And he stands up so proud and straight,
The way the soldiers do.

"He always says, 'Come, little kids,
I 'll take you 'cross street'; and
I guess 'cause I 'm the littlest girl
He always holds my hand.

"And all the cars and horses stop—
He 's so big they don't dare
To say 'Get up' and drive 'em on,
Because he 's standing there.

"He makes believe to chase the boys,
And shakes his fist, and then
He laughs and laughs, and they all come
A-scampering back again.

"Sometimes he pats me on the head
And says, 'Ho! little girl,
You going to wait till Christmas comes
To cut me off that curl?'

"And one time when it rained, the street
Was muddy, and I cried;
He picked me up and carried me
Right to the other side.

"The nicest man I ever saw,"
Said little Nan to me,
"Is the one who stands outside our school
When we 're let out at three."

# AN APRIL FOOL.

By Abby F. C. Bates.

When Uncle Robert got his mail
That First-of-April morning
(Now, absent-minded people all,
Just read and take a warning),

Among the business bills and slips,
And cards of invitation,
And friendly notes, he found, at last,
One queer communication.

It took but little time to read—
A moment but to con it:
The two words "April Fool!" were all
That could be found upon it.

Then Uncle Robert laughed and said:
"I 've heard of funny blunders
In superscription and address,
And many puzzling wonders,

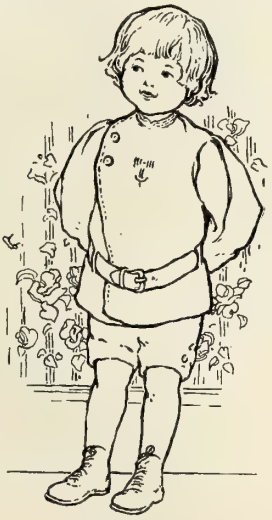
"And seen epistles left unsigned.
*This* goes them all one better:
For here 's a man who signed his name
And forgot to write the letter!"

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# "GUESS!"

By Montrose J. Moses.

He stands against the wall and says,
Shaking his head in odd little ways:
"Guess what I 've got behind my back?"
And then he laughs—my youngster Jack.
"A doll?"
"No."
"A ball?"
"No."
"A gun?"
"No."
"A bun?"
"No."
"A cat?"
"No."
"A hat?"
"No."
"A slate?"
"No."
"A skate?"
"No."



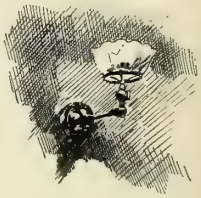
"Well, I 'll confess,
I can't guess!"
And then he jumps and laughs with glee,
And thinks it a fine joke—does he;
With outstretched arms, this wee boy stands,
And says: "I only had my hands!"

# The Evolution of Light

By Jean Mathers.







When grandma was a little girl,
And was sent up to bed,
She carried then a "tallow dip,"
Held high above her head.

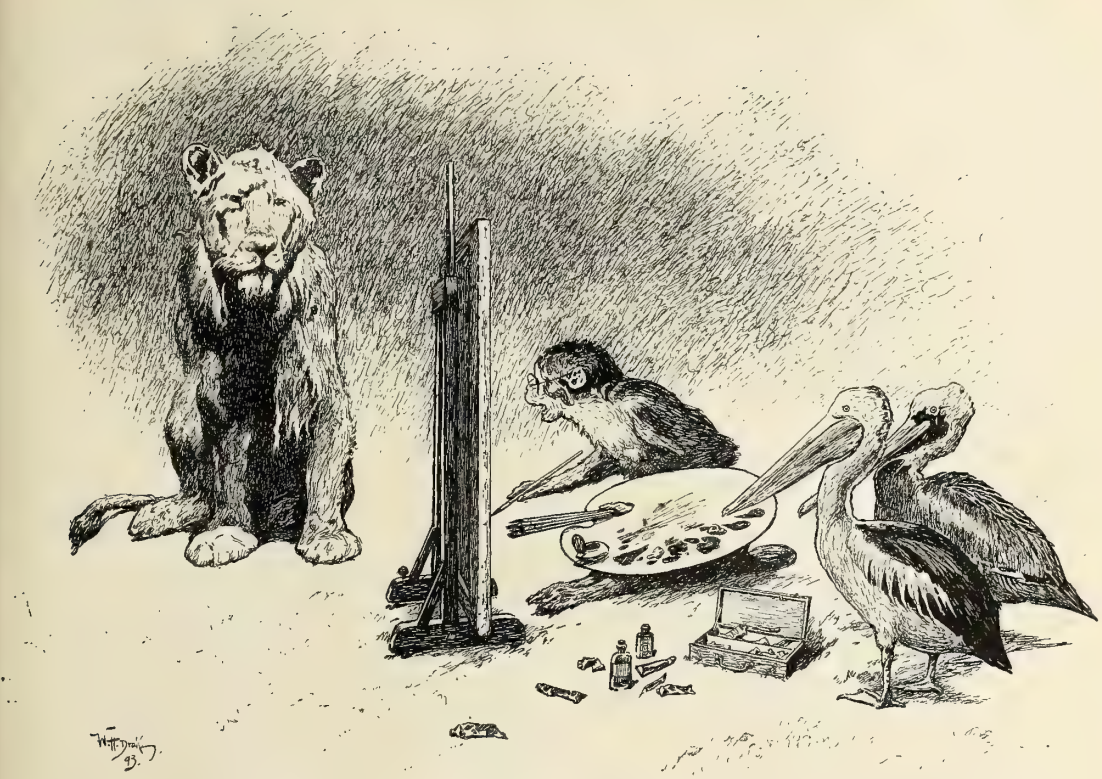
When mama used to go up-stairs,
After she 'd said "Good night,"
*Her* mother always held a lamp
So she could have its light.



As soon as sister's bedtime came,
When she was a little lass,
If she found the room too dark,
Mama would light the gas.

Now, when the sandman comes for me,
I like to have it bright;
So I reach up and turn the key
Of my electric light.

And maybe my dear dolly,
If she lives out her days,
Will see right through the darkness
With the magical X-rays!



A COURT PAINTER.

# THE PROFESSOR'S MYSTERIOUS RECITAL.

By Tudor Jenks.

It was a very hot day. Even on the piazzas, under the broad roof and awnings, there was hardly air enough to move the leaves of the honeysuckle-vines. Out in the pasture, the cattle gathered in the shadows and did not move except to lash lazily at the flies.

The children had come in from the lawn, and were sitting still. Their mother and father were in the city, and the only grown person at home was their visitor, an old friend of the family, a professor, who had come to stay over Sunday. He had been reading, but had now put down his book, and sat listening to the children's talk.

At length one of the little girls looked up and caught the Professor's kind glance. He smiled at her, and she had a happy thought.

"Professor, won't you tell us a story?" she asked.

"Oh, yes—do!" said another little girl; and then one of the brothers drew his chair closer, and the other brother put down his book to listen.

"Why, Daisy," the Professor said, a little uneasily, "I never told a story in my life. I hardly imagine I am capable of the feat."

"Please do," said the second little girl, whose name was Violet.

"Do; that 's a good fellow," said Hal.

"If you insist, I 'll try to accommodate my-

self to circumstances," the Professor said, after a moment. "But I am more accustomed to delivering lectures than to the narration of fiction. What shall I tell you about?"

"Oh, anything," said Stephen. "But make it lively."

"Did you ever hear the story of Havelock the Dane?" asked the Professor, looking severely at his young audience.

"No," came a chorus; "tell us that."

"Very well," said the Professor, "I 'll tell you about him."

The children settled themselves very comfortably, and the Professor began:

"In a remote period of antiquity, when much of our history partook of the nature of fabulous tradition, the reigning sovereign of Denmark died, leaving an only son. As the royal consort had previously died also, this son was an orphan, and his bringing-up devolved upon —"

"What does *devolved upon* mean?" asked Daisy, when a pause came.

"Devolved upon means fell to — that is, became the duty of," answered the Professor.

"Oh," said Daisy. "Go on, please."

"His bringing-up fell upon certain high officials of the court. The boy's name was Havelock, and the officials at length came to regard the little prince as an obstacle in the way of their own ambition. So they resolved to sacrifice the lad to their own advancement."

"They were going to kill him?" asked Hal.

"Not just that. Though far inferior to more modern peoples, they yet seem to have recognized the sanctity of human life, and consequently determined to rid themselves of him. Constructing, therefore, a rude raft, they set the orphan prince adrift, confiding him to the uncertain mercy of the winds and waves."

"They put him on a raft, and then let the raft go, did n't they?" Stephen said.

"Precisely," answered the Professor. "But the elements proved less unfeeling than his human guardians. Havelock upon his clumsy vessel accomplished a voyage that is hardly credible, for he is reported finally to have been stranded upon the coast of Lincolnshire —an eastern county of England. Here the helpless infant was fortunately discovered by a fisherman whom tradition accords the name of Grim; and Grim not only succored the foundling, but carefully tended his youthful years until the young man bade fair to do credit to his foster-parent."

"To his what?" asked Hal.

"Foster-parent. One who stands *in loco parentis* is so called—that is," the Professor explained, "one acting as a father to a child, though not a father really—or a mother, either —is known as a foster father or mother. Foster, you know, is to cherish or care for; and a foster-parent is one who —"

"Please go on, Professor," said Violet; "I see what you mean. It is one who takes care of a child like a parent."

"Yes," the Professor agreed. "Such was this benevolent Grim to Havelock, the waif whom chance or an overruling Providence had intrusted to his charge. Now, when the young Dane, dispossessed of his patrimony, and an exile in a foreign land, was, in spite of his humble station, grown to be a man in years and bearing, it happened that political events in England had caused a beautiful princess also to be left sole heiress to an extended dominion."

"Oh, I 'm glad there 's a princess!" said Daisy, clapping her hands. "I believe it 's going to be a fairy story, after all."

"Not just that," said the Professor, smiling indulgently; "but, at all events, a story that is not without its romantic features—though probably fabulous to some extent."

"Please go on about the princess," said Violet. "Was she beautiful?"

"Doubtless she was so reported, as the narrative was woven into a troubadour's ballad," said the Professor. "We are at liberty to assume that she was a paragon of personal attractions."

"Does that mean handsome?" asked Stephen.

"Yes," said the Professor. "Where was I? Oh, I remember. Being thus in a situation very similar to that occupied by Havelock before his expatriation—"

"What is expa—?" Daisy began.

"It means before he was sent out on the

raft," said Hal. "Don't interrupt, please. Go on, Professor."

"She, too, was in the way of some powerful aristocrats who desired to usurp the throne. And in order to guard against her ever becoming the wife of some one willing and able to espouse her cause, these nobles came to the conclusion that they would wed her to some occupant of a humble station."

"And did they?" asked Stephen.

"Yes," the Professor went on. "And by a remarkable combination of events it came about that the supposed humble groom selected was none other than Havelock, the reputed son of Grim, the fisherman."

"And what did they do?" asked Violet.

"They married the princess to Havelock, making merry over the nuptials of the wronged heiress and him they regarded as the fisher-lad of Lincolnshire. But it happened that Grim had preserved some of the garments in which the boy Havelock was dressed at the time he was despatched from the Danish coast. And these furnished a clue to the young seafarer's nationality. This clue gave a starting-point for Havelock's inquiring spirit, and by patient analysis and persistent inquiry the young Danish prince at length succeeded in establishing his identity."

"What was that?" asked Stephen.

"He found out who he was—he found out he was a Danish prince and the missing heir to the throne. Appealing to some of the adherents to his dynasty, Havelock established his claim to sovereignty, and after some controversy attained supremacy."

"Did he get to be king?" Hal inquired.

"Yes; and being then King of Denmark, he found himself in a position successfully to enforce the claim of the princess to her own usurped dominions."

"So she got back her throne, too?" asked Hal.

"Yes; and so Havelock the Dane came to be king not only of what was his inheritance, but also of the realm in Albion over which his wife's title brought him sovereignty."

"Is that all?" asked Violet, as the Professor paused.

"Yes," answered the Professor; "but the legend, if authentic, certainly furnishes a noteworthy example of poetic justice."

"Yes, sir," said Stephen. "And we are very much obliged to you."

"Quite welcome, I 'm sure," said the Professor, picking up his book and going indoors.

"Wake up, Daisy!" said Hal, shaking his sister gently by the shoulder. "It is n't polite to go to sleep like that."

"Is the—story — over?" asked Daisy, rubbing her eyes.

"Yes," said Violet.

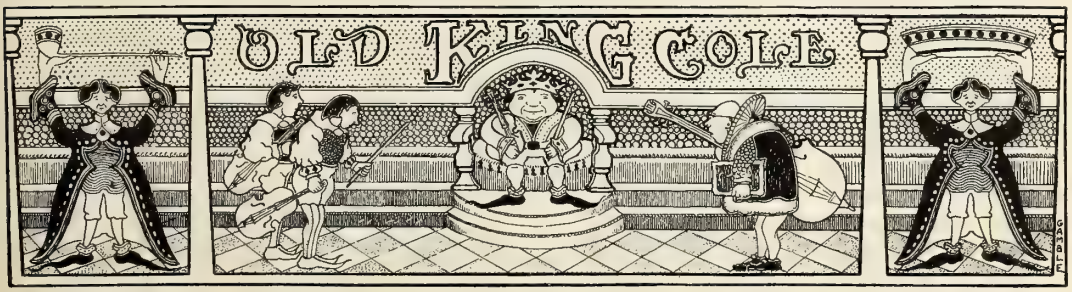
"What was it about? — the last part of it?" Daisy asked drowsily.

"I don't know quite," said Hal. "I feel sure Havelock married the princess, anyway. But it was n't a fairy story."

"What kind of a story was it?" Violet asked.

"A kind of a dictionary story, I guess," said Stephen. "It must be nice to go to college and learn what big words mean. The Professor must— why, I 'm in the Fifth Reader, and I could n't tell what he was talking about."

"Nor I, either," said Hal. "But I 'm going to read that story when I 'm grown up and have been through college!"



# THE BOYS OF THE RINCON RANCH.

By H. S. Canfield.

*This is the sixth of the "long-stories-complete-in-one-number" to appear in the present volume of* St. Nicholas. *It is a genuine story of adventure—of real, not "dime-novel," adventure. Ralph and Donald, two New York boys who know more of printers' ink than of outdoor life, visit their cousin Harry, whose home is on a Texas ranch. The readers of* St. Nicholas *will find the breezy, wholesome tone of the story most refreshing. And so—"westward ho!"*

## Chapter I.

### THE DEPARTURE FROM THE CITY.

Mrs. Henrietta Lucy Cruger, wife of a wealthy and prominent banker of New York City, called to her two sons, Ralph and Donald:

"Boys, come here! I have news for you."

Ralph, sixteen years old, slender, long-legged, pale, and narrow of chest, was doubled in a big chair in the adjacent library, deep in the second volume of Carlyle's "History of the French Revolution." He did not understand one half of it, nor appreciate the other half, but it was his fashion to pretend a tremendous interest. A boy only fourteen years old, who attended the same fashionable school, had read the book, and talked much about it. So he answered not at all to his mother's call. Donald, aged thirteen, like his brother in build and face, was curled in another chair. His nose was within three inches of a thin volume bought in a second-hand book-store downtown. When not reading it in safety, he kept it hidden in the bosom of his shirt. It was called "Sea Wolf; or, The Black Avenger of the Spanish Main." Only eight persons were killed in the first chapter, but it got better as it went on. Just then the "Avenger" had captured Panama with a boat-load of assistants, defeating two thousand Spanish soldiers, and was cavorting through the main street with a pistol in each hand and a cutlas between his teeth, picking off dukes and captains of the guard. In justice to Donald it must be said that he did not hear his mother. He would not have heard a salvo of artillery.

She called again:

"Ralph! Donald! Come here!"

There was more positiveness in her voice. She was a woman of firmness, and governed her big boys as well as she could. Necessarily she was shut out from much of their sport, and was compelled to depend upon their assertions for knowledge of how they spent their spare time. This was not doing them any good. Their father, a big, good-natured, busy man, saw them only in the evening hour, and not always then. His theory was that "boys will be boys," and, properly fed and clothed, will come out all right in the end. This was not doing them any good, either. The added sharpness in the tone pierced through the Carlyle mists, and Ralph rose with a sigh of relief, though he would have denied that it was anything of the kind. He walked across the room and yanked his smaller brother from the chair.

"Wake up, kid!" he said. "The mother 's calling. The 'Black Avenger' is a dead one, anyhow. Why'n't you read 'Treasure Island'? Old John Silver was a daisy."

Donald glanced resentfully at him, but rammed the "Sea Wolf" under the chair-cushion in silence. A moment later they stood before Mrs. Cruger in a small room she had fitted up as her own sitting-room, so that she might be near to her husband in the evening. A pleasant, grave-faced lady, with a decided chin and gentle brown eyes. She smiled at the boys, and beckoned them to her. They went promptly enough, for, albeit spoiled somewhat, they loved their mother very truly. She put an arm about each, and said:

"You 've heard me speak often of your aunt Mary Downing, boys?"

Ralph nodded in silence. Donald said:

"She lives in Texas near the Rio Grande.

The Rio Grande rises in southwestern Colorado and flows in a generally southerly direction through New Mexico, emptying into the Gulf of Mexico. It forms much of the boundary line between the republics of Mexico and the United States of America. It—"

Ralph said: "Oh, shut up!"

Mrs. Cruger smiled, and continued:

"You know, then, that Dr. John Downing, your uncle by marriage, who was a Philadelphia physician in excellent practice, went to the Lower Rio Grande country in 1880, taking with him my sister Mary (his wife), their son Harry, then six years old, and all of his capital. He did this because of bad health resulting from overwork. He wanted pure air, quiet, and a complete change of occupation. He bought twenty thousand acres of wild land in Dimmit County, built a home, and began raising cattle and sheep. He died five years ago. The venture proved to be a success, I think. Your aunt manages the ranch, assisted by Harry, of whom she is very proud. He is just your age, Ralph."




"CARLYLE'S 'FRENCH REVOLUTION,' AND 'THE BLACK AVENGER OF THE SPANISH MAIN.'"

"Her letters are full of him," said Ralph.

"Very true. Well, she has written to me, and

asks that I send you two to spend a winter on the ranch. It is now the end of September, and the most delightful season of the year is beginning in that section. She is anxious to have you come. Would you like to go?"

Ralph did not answer. He was thinking of half-formed plans for the coming winter—theaters, lectures, dances for youngsters in their teens, automobile rides in the snow, ice-polo, of many things. He coughed slightly behind his hand, and his mother marked the cough. A shade of anxiety came to her face. Donald asked:

"Are there Spanish down there?"

"There are many Spanish-descended Mexicans," Mrs. Cruger replied.

"'Don Antonio Palacios de Garcia, governor of Panama, a grandee of haughty mien,'" Donald went on incautiously, "'defended the town with all the skill and valor of a tried veteran, but his stern bravery availed naught against the magnificent daring of the black-browed—'"

Then he stopped in confusion, the blood mounting to his pale face. His mother looked at him wonderingly. Ralph snickered. She forbore to press an inquiry, however, because the business in hand was important.

"You ought to go," she remarked musingly, speaking half to herself. "I really think that you ought to go. You are neither of you so strong as I could wish—though you are stout boys," she added quickly, to reassure herself; "yes, you are quite stout. Still, the climate and the open air would make you stronger, and I—I think that I shall send you."

There was much pain in her brown eyes, and her arm tightened about Donald, but, boylike, they did not see the pain, nor had they any understanding of what the decision cost her.

They began a protest, but she interrupted them with:

"There, there! I have talked over the matter with your father. He agrees with me. It is best."

These were bright boys, with naturally keen wits sharpened by education and city life, and they said no more. They had come to know that "It is best" from their mother's lips meant the argument was closed. She told them that they would start in a week, and that she would attend to purchasing proper outfits. They returned to the library, but, to save his life, Ralph could not become interested in the bloodthirstiness of M. Marat, and for Donald the fangs of the "Sea Wolf" had lost their point and shine. Gore dripped from the jaws of this ravager, and the howls of his fearful companions rang over burning Panama, but it was all flat and stale.

The intervening days passed quickly. There were some tears and sobbings from Donald, but the parents were inexorable. More than once Ralph felt a lump in his throat, but he choked it back. Should a youth able to grapple with Carlyle boohoo like an infant?

The boys surveyed their rough clothing with a mixture of interest and contempt. They were pleased, however, with a small rifle and a shotgun, and with a handsome camera, too. Two huge trunks accompanied them to the train. When their mother had seen them comfortably placed on a sleeper which would go through to St. Louis, she kissed them often, and told them that they must write to her every few days, which they promised promptly, having no foreknowledge that they would do nothing of the kind.

They reached the Mississippi on schedule time, raced across the State of Missouri, cut a corner off Kansas, and plunged downward through the wilderness of Indian Territory. They were interested, of course, in the copper-colored people with black eyes who came to the little stations in the Territory to see the train go by, and for the first time encountered slain wild turkeys as an article of daily barter. When they entered Texas they began to inquire of fellow-passengers the distance to San Antonio. They were astounded when told that it was some hundreds of miles. Also they were disappointed, because they were getting tired. A boy, however, will stand an unlimited amount of riding so long as he has new things to look at, and they were fairly fresh when they reached the quaint half-Mexican city of the Alamo, where they stayed three hours, and Donald made himself ill with tamales and *chile-con-carne*, which burnt the roof of his mouth dreadfully, and made him wish that he was back with his mother.

Their destination was Cotulla, a little railway

town in La Salle County, eighty miles south of San Antonio. They arrived at five o'clock in the afternoon of a cloudless October day. As they stepped upon the wooden platform of the station and saw their trunks tossed from the baggage-car, they were surprised by the lightness and dryness of the atmosphere, in which there was not even a suggestion of cold. It seemed to both Ralph and Donald that their chests expanded an extra inch as this air found its way into their lungs. It had an exciting effect, too, and sent the blood faster through their veins. Green things were all about them. Even the grass had the hue which adorns Central Park in the spring. They knew that they ought to feel lonely, but they did not. Instead they were happy, and smiled at each other, though they had quarreled now and then on the way down. They had sent frequent postal-cards homeward, and thought that their duties as correspondents had been discharged.

They were gazing at the fast-vanishing train when a round, pleasant voice, with a boyish ring to it, greeted them:

"You are my cousins, are n't you? I 'm Harry Downing."

They turned, and faced a youth taller than Ralph and much heavier. His shoulders were square, his arms long, his chest deep and arched —evidently a powerful boy for his years. There was something in his frank face which reminded them of their mother. Perhaps it was the eyes, which were brown like hers, or it may have been the resolute chin. The almost womanish softness of the eyes was redeemed in part by heavy black eyebrows. His hair, too, was black, and curled massively over his brow. The wind lifting these short curls showed a white space upon the upper part of his forehead to which the sun had not reached. The remainder of his face was burnt to a nut-brown, and through the darkened skin the clear flush of health glowed redly. There was an air of independence and self-reliance about him, of positiveness even, and no trace at all of embarrassment. He was clad in a light woolen coat of brown, a gray flannel shirt, and brown trousers stuffed into riding-boots whose heels were spurred. On his head, tilted aback, was a wide dark hat of felt,—a sombrero,—and about his waist a broad leather belt with loops upon it, made for the holding of rifle and pistol cartridges. He smiled as he spoke, showing white, even teeth. It was inexpressibly debonair and engaging, this smile.

Ralph, as became the owner of an automobile and a student of Carlyle, was slightly formal. He had dim thoughts of reaching into a vest-pocket for a card. The eyes of brown, so like mother's, caught Donald, and he stepped forward impulsively, both hands extended.

"Yes," he said, "we 're the Cruger boys. You 're Cousin Harry. How do you do!"

Harry shook hands vigorously, clapped the reluctant Ralph on the shoulder, and said, with a slight drawl:

"Well, now, I 'm mighty glad to see you, and madre will be glad, too."

"Who 's that?" asked Ralph.

"Madre," Harry answered in a surprised tone. "My mother, you know."

"Oh," said Ralph, "I tumble. That's Spanish." Before Donald's eyes floated a vision of the "Black Avenger" careering through Panama. He liked this cousin, and was beginning to like this country. "We will stop here to-night?" his brother asked.

"Oh, no," was the reply. "The sun 's an hour high yet. The wagon and team are here. We 'll make Espia Creek by dark, and camp there."

Two Mexicans were called, and the trunks lifted into a stout farm-wagon drawn by under-sized horses. The Crugers climbed into a spare seat. Harry took the reins, and, by way of a level road, they entered a dense growth of mesquit which grew to the edge of the town. On either side strange birds were calling. The rich scent of late-blossoming catclaw made the air odorous. Yellow blooms of the *huisache* hung over the narrow road. A bevy of slate-colored quails whirred up in mimic thunder from the undergrowth. Huge cacti, ten, twenty feet high, reared ungainly forms. The land was rolling, gentle hills and shallow vales, and swathed completely in its robe of green. Two miles from Cotulla they struck a small prairie, still starred with blossoms. Trotting slowly for a half-hour, they paused upon the summit of a low hill. Below them stretched a declivity of

easy grade. At its bottom, a quarter of a mile away, was a line of cottonwood, oak, hickory, and pecan trees.

"That," said Harry, pointing, "is Espia Creek."

The sun poised for an instant upon the western horizon, sending long red shafts across the close-packed tops of the mesquit, and dived as a swimmer to his plunge. Then the dark fell. Not five minutes of twilight intervened. This brought to the brothers a sense of strangeness.

On the banks of a clear stream, camp was pitched. Preparations were simple. Harry unhitched the horses, and staked them out with long ropes, so that they might graze through the night He built a fire of the loose wood lying about, threw three pairs of blankets on the dry ground, went to the creek and returned with a bucket of water, set a pot of coffee to boil on the coals, from the rear of the wagon extracted tin plates, cups, and knives and forks, sliced some bread, and peeped into the pot. Then



IN TEXAS. "ON THE BANKS OF A CLEAR STREAM, CAMP WAS PITCHED."

he unrolled a clean white cloth, and displayed the plump bodies of six quails that he had killed on his way into town. They were deftly broiled on the coals, and the Crugers were invited to fall to. The coffee was good, the home-made bread was excellent, the quails were delicious. Everything was sauced with hunger.

Wrapped in their blankets, the boys watched for a little while the hosts of brilliant stars studding a sky of blue-black. Then they slept more soundly than they had ever slept amid the muffled roar of city streets.

## Chapter II.

### An Early Morning Battle in the Chaparral.

It was fifty miles from the railway to the ranch, over a road that was often not more than half a road; but the horses, of mixed mustang and American blood, grass-fed, enduring and lusty, made nothing of it. They seemed as strong at the end of the trip as at its beginning. Halting upon an eminence, late on the afternoon of the second day, Harry directed the boys' attention to a house of snowy whiteness, which nestled in a grove of live-oaks some five miles distant, although it seemed not more than two. It made a pretty picture, contrasting its whiteness with the deep green of the trees surrounding it.

"There," he said, with both love and pride, "is home."

"Has the place a name?" asked Ralph.

"It is called Rincon Ranch, and our brand is the 'Circle R'—a capital R, you know, with a ring around it."

During the drive the brothers had learned not only to like their cousin, but to regard him with a certain respect. He seemed such a capable fellow, and, though to the full as boyish as they, had much self-poise. His views of life were larger. He seemed already to have assumed responsibilities which are part of man's estate. He talked gravely about the prices of cattle; the amount of wool a well-graded sheep should yield; the condition of the Boston market; the comparative merits of Holstein, Hereford, Devonshire, and polled Angus breeds; the necessity at once of wise economy and of large liberality in conducting a business of importance. They were disposed to look upon him as one much older than they until he displayed an almost childish curiosity about their city lives, the cut of their clothing, their sports, ambitions, and the notions that come to every boy. He was also eager to inspect their weapons, and manifested the liveliest interest in the camera, the only one he had ever seen. When told that even Donald, at thirteen, was able to make a fairly satisfactory photograph of persons or things, he was immersed in thought for a while, and then said resignedly: "That comes from living where you have advantages." Master Ralph took occasion soon to state, in an offhand manner, that Thomas Carlyle was a great writer, and his "History of the French Revolution" an enthralling work, whereupon their positions were reversed, and Harry surveyed him as one far above ordinary planes.

On this ride the young rancher showed not only that he was a good driver, but that he had eyes for everything above them or beneath them or on each side of them. Plainly the life of the prairie and chaparral was an open page to him. He told them the name of each strange plant and flower. They added the titles of dozens of birds to their vocabularies. A long-legged mixture of flier and fowl appearing suddenly upon one side of the roadway, and darting along it with tremendous speed, the Crugers asked simultaneously for its name.

"That," he said, "is a paisano, which is Spanish for peasant. 'El paisano' the Mexicans call that fellow. Americans know him also as a 'road-runner' or 'chaparral-cock.' He is swifter than a quail on foot, but not so fast as a wild turkey."

"Are they good to eat?" was the next natural inquiry.

"They are not good for anything," Harry answered, "except to kill snakes. They are high-born chieftains at that work."

He also introduced his cousins to a dozen differing varieties of hawks, from the small sparrow-hawk with blue in its wings, to a huge black prowler almost as large as an eagle and quite as savage. It often bore off young lambs, he told them. Reaching under the wagon-seat, he drew out a Winchester carbine, dropped the

reins, threw it to his shoulder, and, with no apparent aim, fired. The great bird was more than a hundred yards high, and the usual strong wind of western Texas was blowing, but a single large feather, almost ebon in color, was ripped from a wing and floated downward to the road. Not waiting for the team to check, Donald sprang out and rolled in the sand. He was up in a moment, however, and stuck the feather in his hat, clambering into the wagon, dusty and flushed, but happy.

Ralph looked on a little enviously. He began to think that being a learned and superior person had its disadvantages.

"Did you expect to kill that hawk?" he asked incredulously of Harry, who had made no apology for the miss, but continued serenely driving.

"Why, sure!" was the response. "I 've done it often; but I often miss easier shots."

The boys were specially attracted by the numerous forms of cacti, because in the conservatory at home they had been taught to regard these plants as costly and curious. Harry estimated them only as part of the general landscape, and of little use or beauty, saving only the broad-leaved prickly-pear, which, he said, contained much moisture, and was fed to the cattle in time of drought, the sharp thorns being first burned off in an open fire. He showed them the red pear-apples, half as large as an orange and elliptical in form, which grow on the ends of these leaves, and told them that when first eaten they were apt to cause fever, but once the fever had passed the person eating them wanted more. He showed them, too, the finger cactus, standing straight and slender, not larger round than a fair-sized walking-stick; the snake cactus, which ran along the ground like a vine; the rock cactus, growing in limestone crevices; the Spanish dagger, most cruel of plants; the petalla cactus, bearing a small round fruit in its center of a deliciousness past words; and the "niggerhead" cactus, round, woolly, and clumplike. Massed in with these were ratama, huisache, wild sage, catclaw, mimosa, and pepper, making in many places a thicket impenetrable to anything larger than a rat. Every vegetable thing, except the pepper, bore thorns. Harry said:

"The thorns are put upon all these things by nature, or, as madre says, by Providence. But for the thorns the plants would long ago have been destroyed by wild animals for the moisture they hold. Wetness is worth money in this climate. The pepper-bushes don't have thorns, because they don't need them. They are hotter than fire. I get that—and a good deal else—from madre. She says the thorns are God's armor for the green things."

They found the ranch-house to be a low, rambling structure built of adobe, or slabs of sun-dried earth, each slab two feet long, a foot wide, and a foot thick. It was whitewashed heavily upon the outside, and its roof was made of a water-plant called tule. This roof was eighteen inches thick and impervious to rain. The house covered a quarter of an acre, exclusive of the long veranda, or "gallery," which, roofed also with tule, ran all the way around it. Standing in the door, shading her eyes with her hand from the bright sunlight which poured over the wide land, was a woman of middle age, her dark hair streaked with gray here and there; but her face was unwrinkled, and it showed ruddily under the bronze, as did her son's. The face was beaming now, and as she started rapidly toward them when they came to a halt, the visitors could almost have thought that their own mother was coming to meet them. She did not pause to greet them in words, but took each of them into her arms and kissed them tenderly. Then she said:

"My dear boys! My dear, dear boys!"

Harry stood by, smiling. As she turned to him, he put his arm about her with a swift little squeeze. The Crugers marked, during their stay, that their cousin's attitude toward her was always one of love and deference, almost of reverence, yet had in it a half-playful protecting quality, as if she were at once mother and sister. Mrs. Downing, like their own mother, was not tall, but was active and gentle, with much the same hair and eyes. Something her son had whispered to her pleased her evidently, for she put a hand upon the shoulder of each of the brothers and marched them toward the house, looking first into one face and then into the other, and saying:

"You are like your father, and yet like Lucy, too. Our winds will put color into your

cheeks. You will be happy here. Oh, I know you will be happy here!"

Two Mexicans, dark-faced, heavily built, and walking with the wide, straddling gait of the cow-hand, came from behind the house, lifted the trunks from the wagon, and followed them. Two more Mexicans unhitched the horses and led them to a near-by pasture fenced in with barbed wire. Two more took hold of the wagon-tongue and ran the vehicle into an outhouse. Four more, appearing apparently from nowhere, looked on appreciatively, their white teeth showing under black mustachios. A fat Mexican woman of forty and three plump Mexican girls laughed softly as they entered, and, coming forward, bowed respectfully. These were the cook and her handmaidens. Behind them a shock-headed Mexican boy of ten years stared with round eyes of jet, and neither smiled nor spoke. When Harry came in, however, directing the men with the trunks, he grinned stolidly and retired into the darkness of the kitchen.

The boys were taken to a large room, whose walls also were whitewashed, and spotless. It contained two narrow cots of rawhide, three chairs with rawhide bottoms, a plain square center-table upon which were books and a lamp, two chests of drawers, a half-length mirror of fine beveled glass, two small wash-stands holding each a tin pitcher and basin, soap and rough towels, combs and brushes; and on the floor, which was uncarpeted, were two hammocks, ready for slinging. At the far end of the room was a huge open fireplace, half filled with gnarled mesquit logs. By each cot was a strip of matting. Few but good pictures were on the walls. Two narrow windows, whose casings swung in solidly on hinges, looked out upon a side yard only four feet below them. The books were of history and travel. Peeping slyly at their titles, Donald was inclined to rank them as lacking in dash.

Dark having fallen soon, the boys were fed with brown bread, fresh goat's milk, and curd with red pepper in it. This last was hot but good. Then, noting the lines of fatigue under their eyes, their aunt insisted that they go to bed, reserving her questions for the morrow. They found the rawhide cots smooth and springy, though a little hard, and they were twelve hours in dreamland.

They were awakened at daylight by a cheerful hammering on the door and a strong voice calling. Then Harry entered, booted as usual. It was not the New York hour for rising, and Ralph showed a disposition to remain in bed; but Donald hurled a pillow across the room, making an excellent shot, and he got up sourly. The breakfast was of eggs, mutton-chops, biscuit, and one cup each of strong coffee, the berry having been grown in Mexico. Then Harry showed them his room, which was furnished like their own, except that it had but one cot and held more books. Also it contained a handsome saddle and bridle, two rifles, a shot-gun and a Colt's revolver. In the general sitting-room was a large glass case containing beautifully mounted specimens of more than a hundred birds, and another with specimens of the smaller animals of that region. They were the work of young Downing, who was a taxidermist by natural gift.

Early morning and much of the forenoon were consumed in inspecting the outhouses, the quarters of the Mexican hands, of whom there were a dozen, and the various sheep, goat, and cattle pens, as well as in talking to their aunt, who had many questions to ask. Toward noon Harry said:

"Now I 'll show you our bathing-place, which I use all the year round."

He led them two hundred yards to the rear of the house, where, through a grassy vale, ran the plashing waters of Pendencia Creek, twenty feet across and ten feet deep in the middle. Here the banks were nearly circular, forming a pool, and over it curved the huge trunk of an oak, which, as their young host said, made an excellent thing to "dive from, or fall from." Boards were laid along the edge of the pool to insure clean feet on coming out, and its lower border was fringed by wondrous lilies. The boys saw fish darting below. They wandered down the bank a little way to where the undergrowth was thicker. Suddenly Harry, who was leading, stopped and motioned them to be still. A peculiar harsh staccato call came from some bird in their front, followed by another and another. This was accompanied by a steady

sharp humming, which reminded Ralph of the noise made by a typewriter when the carriage is dragged over the teeth in its rear. Peering cautiously through a fringe of catclaw, they saw a small open glade not ten yards across, and in its center a huge mottled rattlesnake was coiled, ring upon ring, its wicked dark head raised six inches and waving slowly to and fro. Its small eyes gleamed like carbuncles, and its tail vibrated so rapidly that the tip could not be seen. It was in an extremity of anger. Five feet away, its head lowered nearly to the grass, its bill extended, its wings half raised and sharply elbowed, a chaparral-cock hopped slowly up and down. A battle to the death was on, and the boys watched it strainingly, Harry with never-failing interest, the brothers almost in terror. They had never before seen the dreaded rattler.



THE BATTLE IN THE CHAPARRAL.

Like a flash of light, the snake launched itself forward, and its head struck the sward a good seven feet from the spot where it had been coiled; but with equal rapidity the cock had leaped a yard aside. No human eye could follow this stroke or its avoidance. One instant the reptile was bunched, and the bird nearly stationary. In half the next instant the reptile was at full length and the bird out of danger.

It is the weakness of the rattler that it must coil before it can resume the attack. It endeavored immediately to recoil, but was not fast enough. With a lightning-like spring, the paisano alighted squarely upon its neck, two inches below its head. The sharp bill descended twice. Then it hopped two yards away and uttered a squawk of triumph. The rattler threw itself into a spiral and struck blindly its full length. This it did twenty times, coiling and springing with inconceivable rapidity. Both eyes were destroyed. Its thuds were audible yards away. Always it hissed venomously. The increasing slowness of its motions showed coming exhaustion. Then, after a spring, it lay stretched for a second or two. In that time the chaparral-cock, which had not ceased to dance about and call loudly, fastened once more upon its neck, and drove its bill into the brain. There was a quiver of the long body—no more.

"That was worth looking at, eh?" asked Harry, stepping into the glade and turning over the snake with his foot. The paisano instantly vanished.

"It was," answered Ralph, who was deadly pale and breathing in gasps. "I—I must write about it to our school society."

Donald, less impressionable, shifted from one foot to the other, inspected the dead snake carefully from head to tail, looked hard at the bushes in which the chaparral-cock had disappeared, and delivered himself gravely of the highest praise of which he was capable.

"That bird," he said, "is the Champion Featherweight of the West. He is n't a thing but a wonder."

Harry inquired with polite interest:

"What is a Champion Featherweight?"

There are strange ignorances when a boy, or man for that matter, lives many miles from a post-office and therefore sees no daily paper.

## Chapter III.

### A cattle round-up on the prairie.

Two weeks later there was a marked change in the Cruger brothers. They seemed bigger. Certainly they were blacker and stronger. They wore their roughest clothing. They were booted and wide-hatted. At the heels of each jingled large spurs. About Donald's waist was a belt like Harry's, with plenty of cartridge-loops, though he had no revolver. It looked sanguinary, particularly when he filled it with emptied shells picked up from the range Harry had built for rifle practice. Ralph had gone a step further. He not only wore a belt, but under it a crimson sash, as was the custom of the Mexicans. They called it a *banda*, and after the first day he called it a banda. "Sash" sounded effete. The boys lost no time in acquiring the commoner phrases of the Mexican dialect: *buenos dias* (good day, good morning, howdy), *buenas noches* (good night), *poco, poco* (go slow), *poco tiempo* (in a little while, directly), *bastante* (enough, plenty, don't give me any more), *mañana* (no hurry about it; better put off until to-morrow what you can do to-day), *adios* (good-by), *muchas gracias* (many thanks), and so forth. The day they were able to say, "*No le vist' un caballo colorado?*" ("Have n't you seen a bay horse?") they could scarcely eat. What did Carlyle amount to, anyhow? What would the "Black Avenger" have said if he could have seen that belt with the gleaming cartridge-cases in it? They carried themselves with a freer air. They assumed a hardy, roving manner, like Micawber when he determined to emigrate. Though not muscular, they were fairly expert in boy athletics, and learned to ride with ease. Ralph's pony was a sorrel with four white feet and a blaze on its nose; Donald's a bright bay with black points. Both of the horses were smoothly gaited and swift. The saddles were heavy Texas affairs and double-girthed—"cinched" Harry termed it. The pommels and cantles were high; sitting on them was like sitting on a chair, more particularly as the stirrups of wood were five inches broad and covered nearly all of the bottom of the foot. They found this to be necessary, as in charging through the brush the

thorns would otherwise have ripped the soles from their boots. They were specially interested in the bridle-bits, which were new to them—heavy, stiff, and of steel, with long down-dropping shanks to which the reins were attached, and steel curb passing under the animal's chin. A strong man could have broken a horse's jaw with one of them. They wore, when riding, leather overalls without seats, which reached from the instep nearly to the hips, and were fastened by straps to the waist-belts. These, too, were protections against thorns. Harry said they were "chaparejos." They "rode the range" in the morning, seeing many strange and interesting things. Of afternoons they practised with the rifles, or shot quails or turkeys, or swam in the pool.

At this stage their education with the rope began. Long, light riatas were given to them, and they commenced with endeavoring to throw the loops over the heads of the chickens and ducks about the place, to the unspeakable disgust of Jocosa, the fat cook, and her maidens.

From fowls they advanced to sheep in the pen, and from sheep to goats, which were more active. It was here that, "burning with high hope," Ralph essayed to lasso a billy of venerable beard and evil temper. He beat the goat to and over the corral fence by a head, and picked himself up with his mouth full of dust. The change the life had made in him was strongly marked by the fact that he did not sulk nor resent the uncontrolled laughter of his companions. Instead, he tried to smile, walked firmly back into the pen, obtained his lariat, and came out with dignity, the goat paying him no attention. He was recompensed when Donald said: "That was game, Ralph," and Harry added very heartily: "You 're all right."

Three meals a day were served at the ranch, but the boys found they did not come often enough. They ate voraciously of beef with pepper, mutton with pepper, kid's flesh with pepper, venison with pepper, turkeys and quails with pepper. They drank quarts of goat's milk. They reveled in fresh eggs, butter, and buttermilk. They had *costias*, which are sheep's ribs roasted slowly on a stick before an open fire; they had *huevas con savollas*, which are eggs with onions and garlic; they had *tortillas*, thin unsugared cakes made from corn soaked soft in ash lye and baked between hot stones; they had *enchiladas*, which are grated cheese and chopped onions on tortillas, with spoonfuls of red-hot chile-con-carne gravy poured over the whole; they had little round home-made cheeses, dried in the sun; they had rich sweet-cakes, baked by Jocosa, covered with pink icing and whole pecans stuck into the icing. These things were not enough. As became his superior age, Ralph held himself in, but Donald developed an unbounded taste for *peloncillo*, coarse, moist brown sugar, which is made in Mexico, and comes in round dark sticks as thick as a small boy's arm. He had always a chunk of this stuff in one or another of his pockets, where it melted. When his fingers dived into this pocket in search of knife or string, they came out dripping. He got it from the Mexicans, and, in return for it, took photographs of them all, their wives, and their rolling, half-clothed babies. The three obtained a "dark room" by entering a deserted one-roomed adobe cabin which had no window, and closing the heavy door behind them. Donald made a picture of Juan, the shock-headed boy who had grinned at Harry upon their arrival. Juan did not utter a hundred words in a week, but he had the virtue of being an admirable listener to any sort of chatter. It is probable that he did not understand a tenth of what was said to him, but this fact never showed on his blank wall of face. The two became companions,—the older boys making also a pair,—and it was funny to see them trotting about, Juan always silent and two paces to the rear, Donald always talking. He had an idea that, with a crew of forty just like Juan, it would be a good thing to attack and sack the city of Cartagena, liberating imprisoned countrymen, and slaying the commandant with his own hand after a fierce combat.

One morning, about the middle of the month, Mrs. Downing sent for the two boys and said to them:

"Boys, to-day you will see a round-up. We are shipping a thousand head of cattle to Chicago. You will find it an interesting sight. You must start as soon as you have your break-

fast. Harry, be certain that they do not run into danger."

Harry said, "Yes, madre," gravely and respectfully. The horses were saddled as soon as they rose from table, and the boys, clad in full range toggery, felt, as they rode from the corral, that now indeed they were getting to be genuine cow-hands. At the pommel of each was a coiled lasso, and they sat securely, even though they lacked the swaying, easy seat of their companion, who rode, as the vaquero always rides, from the knee up, close to the saddle, practically a part of the animal. He told them that the Mexicans were already in the field under command of their overseer, and that the place of round-up was only five miles away.

They covered this distance at a canter, the sorrel, bay, and gray going hard against the bits. Swinging along, the fresh cool wind singing in their ears, they burst suddenly from the undergrowth into a level prairie two miles long by a mile wide. It was thickly dotted with cattle of all ages. Some were at full speed and bellowing, others walked sedately, but all were converging toward a common point at the center of the plain. Behind them, with wild, long-drawn cries, came the brown vaqueros, swinging loops of lariats. They tilted head downward, and snatched tufts of grass from beneath the feet of their steeds; they stood in the saddles; they rode with their faces to the rear; they crossed both legs in front of the pommels; they lay at full length upon their backs; they dropped the reins and rushed their horses, guiding them by knee-pressure. Five thousand beeves were on the plain, and as they grew more closely packed, a steady sound of trampling came from them, dust-clouds rose, and there was an incessant hoarse bellowing.

Finally, when the mass became practically solid, and was revolving slowly with lowered heads, Harry dismounted and changed his saddle to an undersized "cow-pony," deeming his American-bred gray too valuable for the work. He instructed the brothers to remain at one side, a quarter of a mile away. The lowing of the beasts had frightened them somewhat, and they obeyed willingly. Assuming charge of the men, Harry ordered them to "cut out" a thousand head of cattle three and four years old. The next instant the entire force plunged into the mass. For a few minutes the boys could see nothing except, through the vortex of dust, the shifting forms of cattle, and men on horses. Gradually the air cleared, and one of the men appeared, driving in front of him a dozen beeves of the desired ages. He took them to a point a half-mile away. He was followed by each of the others, all driving bunches of like size. Gradually the mass grew. A cow bolted from the main herd and tried to join her separated brethren. She was chased back, the ponies sticking closely at her heels without guidance from their riders. Now and then one of the segregated beeves bolted and was pursued swiftly, with the never-changing result that it was forced back into its place. Always came cries from the men: "Hoya! Hoya! Hoya!"

Nearly a thousand head had been bunched, when out of the ruck came Harry, flying behind a powerful two-year-old bent upon mixing with the wrong herd. The pair had covered a hundred yards, and the pony was forging alongside, when it stepped into a rat-hole, and went head over heels. The boy's body described a complete somersault. He landed squarely upon his feet, ran forward a few steps, stopped, and turned to the horse, which lay with its leg strained. To strip the saddle and bridle and call for a fresh mount was the work of a minute. Meanwhile one of the Mexicans had headed the steer, and another, with a peculiar expression of face, led forward a large black horse which at once riveted the attention of the Crugers, who had ridden hastily to the scene of accident.

Its mane fell half-way to its knees; its tail swept within six inches of the ground; its dark eyes were almost hidden by a tossing forelock; its sides shone like ebony. Round-bodied, deep-chested, small-limbed, iron-hoofed, with lean head, arched ribs, and powerful haunches, it stood, a thing of untainted mustang blood, heir of the vast herds that once roamed the Southwestern plains:

> Wild as the wild deer and untaught,
> With spur and bridle undefiled.

"It is the only spare horse, Señor Downing," said the man. "It reached the rancheria but

yesterday. It comes from the foot-hills of the Santa Rosas in Mexico. It shows the saddle-marks, but perhaps the señor would not like to ride it. He can have my horse, and I, José, will mount."

Harry felt the eyes of his cousins on him, and several of the employees had gathered near. His resolute chin set.

"No," he said; "I will ride him. Put on the saddle."

The horse stood quietly, which was a bad sign. So acts the confirmed bucker. He even unclosed his teeth to receive the bit. As the two girths were cinched he drew together slightly, but remained quiescent. Only his rolling dark eyes, each of them showing a half-inch of white, betrayed his temper. Gathering the reins in his left hand and pulling the slender head toward him, to block a possible kick, Harry placed his right hand on the pommel, and deftly inserted his foot in the heavy stirrup. The horse was stock-still. Next instant the boy was in the saddle, his strong knees gripping, his left hand low, his chin slightly raised, his right arm hanging loosely by his side, his brown face pale but smiling. To his right wrist hung by a thong a heavy short whip.

Throwing his head between his knees and drawing his haunches under him, so that the rider seemed set upon a pinnacle, the black sprang straight upward five feet in the clear, half whirled, and came down with his four legs wide apart and as stiff as iron bars. The jar of him shook the ground. Again he rose, and again and again, and each time he struck the earth with all the force of his great weight. Still the youth was immovable. Then, with a hoarse bellow of rage, the mustang sprang straight forward in bound after bound, whirled in swift circles, leaped once more, landing hard, then reared straight up on his hind hoofs, swayed for a moment, and fell backward with a crash. Harry had slipped both feet from the stirrups as the horse hung poised, and, as it started in the fall, leaped lightly clear. By the time the black had rolled over and staggered to his feet, the rider was once again in the saddle. He sent both spurs home, and the heavy whip began to rise and fall. Then ensued a struggle that was Homeric. The incessant bellowings of the horse, the thud of his flinty hoofs, the inconceivably rapid rise and fall, the height of the leaps, the rush of his descents, his widely tossing mane, the crimson foam upon his lips, where the savage bit had gnawed, and, over all, the pale face and swaying figure of the boy, made up a memory which will stay with the Crugers for many a year. From the assembled vaqueros rose deep shouts of "Bravo! Muy bravo!" Ralph felt sick. Donald was screaming he knew not what phrases of encouragement. Down Harry's smooth chin a scarlet stream was running, jarred from his nostrils by the fearful impacts; but still the spurs were clenched and still the muscular right arm rose and fell. With one last discordant bellow, with one last giant spring, the black stood still as if planted, trembling in every limb, sweat pouring from his scarred sides, conquered. In an instant two of the Mexicans were at his bit, and the rider climbed stiffly down. He drew a long breath, and wiped the blood from his chin.

"He 's a good horse," he said briefly, "but a child could ride him now. Get me your pony, José. You men will camp here to-night and hold the cattle. We start for the railway in the morning."

He was reticent during the ride home, but said that he felt no ill effects. He was much more impressed by what "madre" would think than by the fact that he had faced and narrowly escaped death.

## Chapter IV.

### A case of the biter bitten.

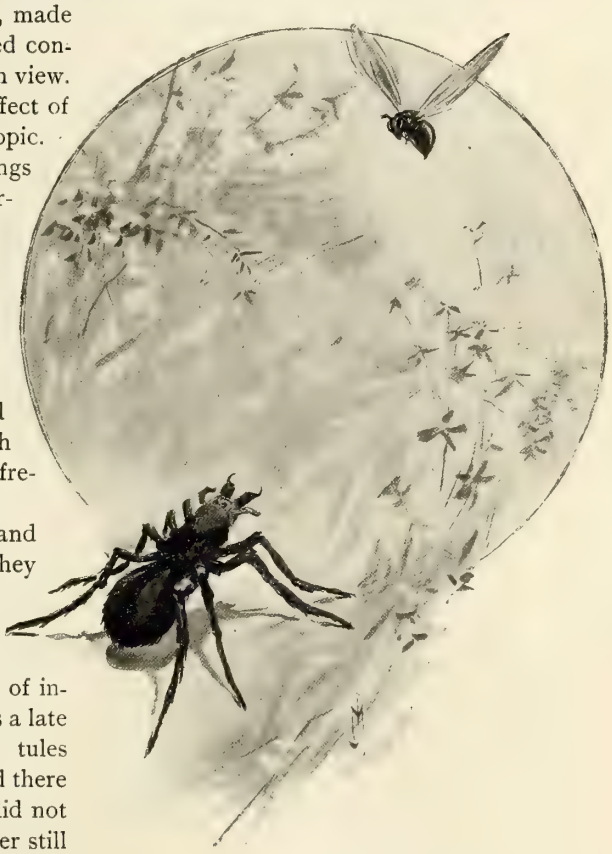
Next day the boys saw the cattle started to the railway station, the drivers commanded by the major domo. Harry concerned himself no more about them, saying that the head man would attend to the shipment and bring back the bills of lading in proper form. Returning to the ranch, the little party made a detour of five miles to the base of low hills to the southward, the young host wishing them to see Las Animas Springs. He explained that the name was common among Mexicans, who called mountains, plains, ranches, rivers, and lakes by the title. The words, in their vernacular, have the significance of ghosts or spirits, and as they

are strangely superstitious, they clap them on to many of their possessions, hoping thereby to propitiate dwellers in the other world.

Las Animas Springs were on an elevated table-land of fifty acres, which rose a hundred feet from the surrounding prairie. There were four of them, not twenty yards apart. The largest was ten yards across the top, and the water bubbled so violently that at its center it was two feet higher than at the sides. Beautifully clear, the bottoms of these basins, made of bright sands and pebbles which shifted constantly into strange figures, were in plain view. The pebbles were of all hues, and the effect of their shifting and mixing was kaleidoscopic. Not the least strange feature of the springs was that each of them formed a fair-sized creek, and these flowed in differing directions—north, south, east, and west. The streams near to their sources were shallow and narrow, but widened out farther down. Harry said that the high value of the surrounding lands was due to Las Animas Springs, which provided "permanent water," a desideratum with all stockmen who live in that country of frequent and prolonged droughts.

The boys drank of the sweet water, and found it to be of almost icy coldness. They unsaddled the horses, and permitted them to graze on the damp, rich herbage. They noticed that in the bushes round about birds were numerous, and all sorts of insects came to the springs. Though it was a late autumn month, bees hovered over the tules which grew at the edges of the basins, and there were other winged things of which they did not know the names. Donald, who was never still for long, rose directly and followed along the bank of the largest stream, which dived swiftly over the edge of the table-land and wound its way through a mesquit thicket growing below. He had been absent not more than five minutes when the others heard him call excitedly, and found him gazing in wonder and horror at an object which was stationary in the middle of a plot of sand some six feet across. Donald was two yards from the thing, and was evidently unwilling to retreat and afraid to go on. Harry chuckled and said, "Tarantula!"

The great spider, black and hairy, had all of its legs spread out and dug into the soil. Its body was slightly raised, its mouth open, and its eyes gleamed wickedly. So spread it measured, legs and all, a good eight inches, but its body proper was not more than an inch and a half in diameter. Near by was a small hole in the ground, from which it had come to enjoy the sun. It had been discovered so by the boy, and, with the pugnacity of its kind, disdained to retreat. The arrival of the other two served to anger it more deeply, and slight white froth appeared at its mouth. Harry said it was "spitting cotton" and in an extremity of rage. He cut a long, slender branch from a tree close at hand, and trimmed it of twigs. It was two yards long. With this he struck the sand sharply two feet in front of the tarantula, which instantly leaped forward, endeavoring to seize the stick. It was a grotesque object when



THE TARANTULA AND THE "TARANTULA-HAWK." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

crouching for the jump, and more grotesque when it landed eighteen inches away, with limbs all "spraddled." Again the stick struck the sand, and again it leaped. This was repeated until it had left the sand and was crouched in the grass. It grew more and more angry, and the froth came from its mouth in drops. Harry had intended to kill it, but suddenly changed his mind. He sank upon his knees, telling his companions to follow his example, and then pointed upward.

They saw, hovering in small circles by the top of a mesquit-tree, an insect which looked much like a common wasp. Its body was black, its head of a rufous tint, and its wings a bright, gauzy blue. Evidently it had a purpose in view, for it suddenly darted downward until only the height of a man above earth, and then placed itself directly over the spider. It began circling rapidly. The diameter of the circle was not more than two feet, and it made, possibly, thirty revolutions a minute. Plainly its purpose was to bewilder the tarantula, which, quite as plainly, was the object of attack. The spider, almost immediately aware of its danger, wheeled and started toward its hole. It made only a couple of leaps, however, and then determined that flight would be useless. It stopped, reared itself until its body was almost perpendicular, opened its semicircular mouth to full capacity, and, using its hind legs as a sort of pivot, turned slowly, endeavoring to keep the darting wasp in view. It was able to do this for a while, as its circle was so much smaller than that of its foeman. Harry whispered breathlessly that the wasp was a "tarantula-hawk," and that the chances were a hundred to one that it would be successful in its attack. He was almost as excited as his cousins, and said:

"I 've seen this only once before, and you never heard of anything prettier. Tarantulas kill stock for us often, and the 'hawk' is our friend. Just keep still, will you, and give the little fellow a chance."

No one had moved, but the Cruger boys thereupon became as graven images. Donald held his breath until his eyes watered; then, remembering that he must breathe in order to live, blew it out in an explosive sigh, which did not affect the combatants, though Ralph hissed impatiently:

"Oh, turn your face the other way and blow a tree down, won't you?"

Suddenly the wasp darted downward. So swift was the motion that the eye could not follow it. A moment later, however, they saw that it had missed its aim and was again hovering six feet above its target. As it swooped the tarantula had sprung two inches up to meet it, and its mouth had shut together savagely. Then the "hawk" dived and missed again, and then it shot upward to a height of twenty feet and hung motionless. It was visible, of course, to the boys, but the tarantula did not see it. That venomous one was still for half a minute, then lowered its body to earth and started for its burrow, not leaping, but rapidly crawling. It had traversed possibly a yard, and had regained the smooth yellow sand, when, like a bullet, the "hawk" was upon it. The onslaught was so swift and so unexpected that the spider had no time to rear itself. The wasp struck it fairly in the center of the back, thrust in its long sting, and was away again. The effect of the wound was almost instant paralysis. The tarantula drew together convulsively when stung, straightened out its legs, advanced feebly an inch or two, and then lay still. A moment after it was dead.

Donald started toward it, saying something about a "specimen" and an "alcohol-bottle," but Harry grasped his arm.

"Wait," he said; "the show is n't over."

The wasp had remained nearly stationary above its dead antagonist, but now it descended cautiously, and, after one or two retreats, settled upon the body. Then, its wings making a buzzing equal to that of a half-dozen bees, it began to move the spider gradually toward the burrow. Inch by inch it made its way, now stopping to rest, now recommencing its toil with added vigor. It seemed a wonderful thing that so small an insect should move so great a weight, but it was done. Arrived at the hole, it began to dig into the body, and when it had made an orifice large enough to admit half of itself it became still for a while. Then it lighted upon the sand near by, placed its head against the spider, and, striving furiously, pushed

it into the burrow, down which it fell until out of sight. The wasp flew away, its task accomplished. Harry explained briefly the ultimate purpose of the affair.

"Tarantulas," he said, "are plentiful, and would do more damage but for the wasp you have seen. This wasp is its chief enemy, and slays thousands. It kills the tarantulas, not because it hates them especially, but because it needs them for nests. You saw the wasp sitting still upon the body? Well, it was laying eggs. When these eggs hatch, the young wasps will be inside the body, which does not decompose in this dry climate. They will feed upon the tarantula until they are able to fly. Then they will go out, and the females among them will kill other tarantulas. Because they are so destructive to this spider, which sometimes slays human beings, nobody in this country ever interferes with them. A Mexican herder who killed a tarantula-hawk would be roundly abused by companions. The male wasps are distinguished from the females by being smaller, and their wings are of brighter hue. They do not hunt spiders. If you return to this hole a few days hence, and dig up the dead tarantula, you will find it to be full of little white wasps with their wings just beginning to form. You can, if you wish, watch the whole process. I have done it often, though I have seen the battle but once before."

Ralph saw another chance for a letter to the "school society," and Don remarked that the next dead tarantula he found he was going to put in alcohol whether a "hawk" wanted it or not. Remounting their ponies, the boys started homeward. They had ridden possibly three miles when across an open space in their front a jack-rabbit darted. Its long ears were laid back close to its skull, its great black eyes were bulging, it was running upon all four legs, which showed that it was hard pressed, and its leaps were short though rapid, which showed that it was fatigued. A chorus of shrill cries in its rear identified its pursuers, and a moment after three coyotes burst out of the underbrush not thirty yards behind it. Pursued and pursuers sped across the opening and disappeared upon the farther side. The drama occupied not more than five seconds in enactment. Harry shouted, "Come on!" and wheeled his horse upon the trail. The others followed, and together they breasted the wall of underbrush in their front. They ran for five hundred yards, and then suddenly their cousin checked and threw himself from the saddle. They dismounted also, and he pointed with his arm. Looking out, they saw a bit of prairie surrounded on all sides with cacti and mesquit. On its farther edge was an old tree of the poplar variety, called commonly cottonwood because of the tufts of down which it bears at certain seasons. The tree was hollow, and near its bottom was a small entrance. Sitting within a yard of this entrance, and looking at it steadily, were the three coyotes. Their red tongues were hanging out and they were panting, but there was something stolid about their posture, which seemed to say that they were willing to wait a week, if necessary, but they knew that the rabbit would be obliged to come out sometime. Evidently the "jack" had found a temporary refuge, and just as evidently they were determined to starve him out. They had been so intent upon the chase, and were now so intent upon the siege, that they had not heard the boys, though the coyote is commonly one of the most wary animals in the world. Their backs were turned to the horses, and possibly the long heat of the run had affected their ears. Harry made no movement, and the brothers had ample opportunity to observe the little wolves. They found nothing attractive about them. Meaner-looking beasts they had never seen. "Hang-dog," "sneak," "coward," "cruelty," were written large all over them. Of a dirty yellowish gray, small of stature and light of weight, with ribs showing through their hides and a generally unkempt air, they seemed a disreputable cross between a fox and a cur. Harry waited for a minute or so, and then muttered:

"Those fellows are great on young lambs. They will even tackle a small calf if its mother is a little way off. They rob turkey-nests. They kill madre's chickens when they stray into the brush. They are no good. Here goes!"

He drew a Winchester carbine from its scabbard under his right stirrup-leather, and dropped upon one knee. His left hand stole out and

grasped the barrel so far forward that the arm was almost straight. His right cheek cuddled the stock lovingly, and his brown eye glanced through the sights. The right forefinger curved gently and steadily. There was a sharp crack, and across the intervening green a coyote leaped straight up for a yard, and fell upon its back, kicking convulsively. The others were gone like a flash. They were invisible long before the emptied cartridge-case was ejected and fell upon the grass.

Each leading his horse, the boys walked to the tree and inspected the dead robber. They saw upon the side of the hole in the tree a few whitish hairs, showing that the rabbit had rubbed hard against it in the hurry of his harboring.

"The jack is a gentleman compared with this fellow," Harry said, stirring the body with his foot. "We could take a forked switch, of course, and twist him out of the tree-hollow, but it would only scare him half to death, and be of no good to us. A very hungry Mexican will sometimes eat a jack-rabbit if he can get it, but I never heard of any other sort of human being willing to dine on one. The meat is pretty nearly all sinew and has a queer taste. This fellow in the tree has made a game run for his life, and we 'll let him go, eh?"

They had traveled a mile when Ralph threw up his head and sniffed strongly. He had detected a faint but exceedingly sweet perfume in the air. He was not the sort of boy that asks questions, so he kept silence. A quarter-mile farther on they came to the cause. Here the chaparral was composed almost wholly of the shrub called the "catclaw" because of its numerous small thorns, all bent backward like a hook and sharp and tenacious. These shrubs, acres of them, were milk-white with blossoms, and from the blossoms came the strangely delicious scent. The Crugers had never smelt anything like it, and it seemed to them that not any perfume of the great establishments of the cities could compare with it in delicacy and savor. It was strange to find so delicious an aroma in that partly arid country, in which were so many repellent and semi-savage things. The flowers appeared a recompense sent by Providence to atone for much of the rudeness and meagerness of the land. They stopped and breathed, taking their lungs full and expelling the air luxuriously, feeling much comforted by this free offering of nature.

"The catclaw," Harry said, noticing their delight, "is not a pretty shrub, but it is a good thing to have around. It has no special time of year for blossoming; the blooms come whenever rain falls. You are as likely to find all this part of the chaparral white in February as in May. The cattle eat it, though I am sure I don't know how they get rid of the thorns, and the odor of the flowers is so permeating that it gets all through the flesh. Beef from an animal which has been feeding upon catclaw tastes just as these bushes smell. Some folks prefer it that way, but I can't say that I do. I want my meat plain. Madre likes the scent of the yellow huisache better, but the catclaw is my favorite. I have sometimes thought that an adventurous or speculative man could make a fortune by coming here and distilling perfume from the flowers. He would have something delightful and odd, and the raw material would n't cost him anything. Once upon a time a cousin in Philadelphia sent me a bottle containing a drop or two of attar of roses. It was fine, but not equal to this scent that we have around us now."

"I know the attar quite well," said Ralph, "but I 'll take the catclaw every time."

As they rode through the low bushes in the warm sunshine, thousands of small bees, with light yellow bands around their bodies, hovered about them. Each of them, when it had collected its bagful, shot upward ten yards or so, and then darted away on a straight line southwest. The arrivals equaled the departures, and there was a steady interchange. Harry stopped and watched them critically for a while. Then he turned in the saddle, pointed toward the Rio Grande hills, and said:

"Not a great way in that direction—maybe a mile, maybe three miles—there is a bee-tree. We can find it easily, I guess, and I vote that we go after it to-morrow."

It may be said here that the boys found the bee-tree by following the line of flight of those which went laden from the catclaws; that they built a fire in a hollow at its base and smoked



"THE BLACK SPRANG STRAIGHT UPWARD FIVE FEET IN THE CLEAR." (SEE PAGE 508.)

the bees into a state of stupor; that they robbed the industrious little workers of a good store of honey, leaving them enough, however, for the winter; and that Ralph was once stung on the nose.

He bore the pain, the swelling, and the smiles of the ranch folk with his newly acquired fortitude, and Donald told him, in their room, that he felt proud of his grit.

## CHAPTER V.

### IN CAMP AS PECAN-HUNTERS.

THEIR stay had advanced into December. The first norther rushed down on them, and a frost fell, leaving a brown tinge on the grasses. When this norther blew, the Mexicans wrapped themselves in all the blankets they could find, and their fat children hovered about the fires in

the *jacals*, as they called their cabins. Even Harry put on his warmest clothing, and said that it was "mighty cold." The thermometer showed forty-seven degrees above zero, and the Crugers laughed. Here was one thing, at least, in which they were superior. It was moderate spring weather to them, and Donald emphasized the fact by walking about in his shirt-sleeves, drawing in deep, luxurious breaths, and saying, "This is what we have in August up home," while his cousin looked on enviously.

The norther passed in twenty-four hours, as the earlier ones do, and again a slow breeze, warmed by a blazing sun, swayed the tops of the mesquits and whispered amid the branches of the cottonwoods and pecans.

The boys never tired of the luscious pecan-nuts, which grew thickly upon beautiful straight trees seventy-five feet high, and the manner of gathering them was especially attractive. A circular tarpaulin, fifty feet in diameter, with a four-foot hole in its center, was buttoned about the trunk and spread flat upon the ground. Armed with long poles, the four of them climbed the tree and hammered the branches, causing the nuts to fall in showers. Harry called this "thrashing." As pecan wood is exceedingly tough and elastic, being in this respect much like hickory, there was little danger that any branch would break. The Crugers became climbers of reasonable skill; Harry was an expert, in spite of his weight; but not any one of them could be compared with Juan, who was more like a monkey in the foliage than a boy.

The pecan grove on Pendencia Creek was small, and one day Harry proposed that they go to the head-waters of Pena arroyo, fifteen miles southwest of their home, where the nuts were in plenty.

"We will take a wagon, provisions, blankets, and a tent," he said, "and camp out for a day, or two days, or until we get tired of it. We will take our rifles also, and Juan may go along to care for the horses. We will do our own cooking, and for a while will be monarchs of all we survey—though we won't be able to see far."

That was a proposition which appealed strongly to Ralph and Donald. They had seen a little of camp life, but not much, and they felt that half a week of it would be wholly delightful. Within two hours the wagon had been brought out and packed, two stout horses had been hitched to it, Harry had taken the reins, the others had piled in anyhow, and they were on the way. After traveling five miles from the ranch-house they noticed that the country began to assume an even wilder appearance. The mesquits were larger, the cacti taller, and the chaparral more dense. Part of the route was over prairie, but most of it was a twisting, overgrown track which apparently had not been used for a year. Harry told them that they were gradually approaching the Rio Grande, and that the Pena, indeed, rose within a mile of that stream, flowing away from it.

They reached the creek about sunset, and followed its course for a mile or more, finally camping in the midst of a grove of pecan-trees which covered nearly a half-mile square. The nuts lay already thickly on the ground, and the branches were still laden. Like all the smaller streams they had encountered in the West, Pena arroyo was narrow, rapid, beautifully clear, and well stocked with perch and bass. They ate bacon and cold chicken that night, but early next morning had opportunity to try bass broiled on mesquit coals and perch rolled in corn meal and fried brown in a large iron pot half filled with boiling lard. Ralph declared for the perch, Harry preferred the bass, Donald and Juan went from one to the other with equal fervor. Don voiced their belief in the phrase: "They are both the best fish in the world."

That day they gathered three bushels of pecans, working in the trees only so long as it seemed good sport; then they returned to camp, shot at a mark, bathed, and fished. At one place they were startled by a heavy splash and the sight of a large dark body shooting under the water at great speed. Harry said that it was an otter, a most industrious and fatal fisherman, particularly to the smaller-finned things that stayed near to the bank.

In a pool they found the bodies of several perch whose heads had been neatly severed. Harry pronounced this the work of the otter, but Juan smiled as he shook his black head.

"Tor-r-tugas!" he announced.

"He means turtles," said the young ranchman, and then he asked for explanation.

Juan, after much questioning, explained that the turtle catches perch by burying itself in the mud of the bottom and projecting its long, slender red tongue, which the incautious fish believes is a worm, endeavors to seize, and is clamped by the iron jaws.

Late in the afternoon, as they were lying about the camp munching pecans, whose flavor Donald improved by the addition of semi-liquid peloncillo, Harry suddenly asked Ralph:

"Did you ever shoot a deer?"

"Why, no!" was the astonished reply. "Did you?"

"A number. Would you like to try one?"

Laughing at the absurdity of the question, Ralph admitted that he should very much.

"Well," was the matter-of-course reply, "you can in half an hour, if you care to. Get your rifle and come along."

Still incredulous, Ralph went into the tent, reappeared with the gun, and followed his young cousin, who struck off at right angles to the stream. The chaparral was fairly open, and they made good progress, though the young leader seemed in no hurry. He treated the excursion much as if he were going into the home corral to mark a fat sheep for slaughter. Meanwhile Donald, highly amused by the expedition and his brother's trustfulness in what he esteemed to be one of Harry's "jokes," though he had never known him to tell an untruth, lay flat on his back, kicked up his heels, laughed heartily, and munched pecans. Juan, stomach to the ground and his chin on his brown fingers, stared at him steadily with black eyes and said nothing. Harry explained to his companion, as they proceeded, that the killing of deer in the middle of the day was a difficult thing, because they were lying in the thickest undergrowth, and were seldom in motion.

"Early in the morning and late in the afternoon, however," he said, "they are feeding in small glades, and it is easy to get one. You travel up-wind to prevent the scent carrying, make as little noise as possible, approach within a hundred yards, and then, if your hand is steady, you have venison. They are thick about here. You find your glade, and you find your deer."

After a walk of three quarters of a mile through mixed catclaw and mesquit, Harry, who was in front and unarmed, suddenly paused, stooped, and motioned his cousin forward. Peering anxiously ahead, Ralph saw a large light spot showing between the trees.

"That is a glade," whispered Harry. "Go to it carefully, and keep your eyes open."

Bending almost double, clutching his gun spasmodically, holding his breath as long as possible, and with his blood hammering in his ears, Ralph crept forward. After going fifty yards, he stopped from sheer inability to proceed. A rest of a minute or two steadied him, however, and he went on, putting one foot before the other as softly as if he were walking on eggshells. He avoided twigs with excessive care. Twenty yards farther on, parting the branches of a low-growing mimosa and gazing through, he found that he could see one half of the glade. It was a little open place, not larger than thirty yards long by ten wide. Nearly in its center were grazing five large brown animals, which the boy knew at once were deer. They were a buck with a beautiful pair of horns for which Ralph's soul yearned, two smaller bucks, a doe, and a yearling with small knobs of horn just showing. They were not more than fifty yards away, and were feeding quietly, utterly unconscious of his presence. The buck with the splendid horns was, of course, his mark. He raised his gun and endeavored to aim correctly, but was surprised to find the muzzle jumping about in a mad manner, now sighting at the sky, now pointing at the ground a little in front of him. Lowering the weapon, he was equally surprised to find that he was trembling violently in every limb, while drops of perspiration started from his forehead and streamed down his nose. He had "buck ague," a complaint of which he had never heard, but which was caused by his long crawl through the chaparral, his excitement, and the desperation with which he had held his breath. He was in a quandary. He waited a minute, but got worse. The deer continued to feed as if there were no such thing as a New York City boy in the world. Ralph had wild thoughts of firing his gun into the air, anywhere, anyhow, and returning with the admission that he had missed,

when he heard a subdued chuckle, and, glancing back, saw his cousin within two feet of him. So quietly had the boy approached that not a grass-blade had rustled.

"Got it, have you?" whispered Harry, grinning. "Never mind. Everybody gets it at first. Give me your hand."

He took Ralph's hot, wet hand into his own cool palm, and in a moment the trembling ceased and the young hunter's breathing became regular. They stood so for a second or two.

"Now," Harry murmured, "take the buck through the shoulders—not behind the shoulders, because if hit there he may run a half-mile—straight through the shoulders, and draw a fine bead. That Winchester throws up a little."

Resting the gun upon a fork of the mesquit and sighting carefully, Ralph let drive. Almost at the crack of the gun the buck, the doe, and the two smaller bucks crashed into the undergrowth on the far side of the glade, their white tails waving like banners as they disappeared; but the yearling, which had been standing a yard to the right of the largest animal, kicked convulsively on the sward for a moment, then was still. The boys dashed forward and stood over the deer, which had been struck through the head.

"Why," said Harry, in wonder, "that was a corking good shot, and this fellow is better venison,—but I thought you were shooting at the buck."

Within two seconds Ralph fought another fight with himself, and conquered.

"I—I was," he admitted shamefacedly. "I wanted the horns. I did n't know this deer was on earth."

Harry looked at him kindly and with an added respect in his eyes.

"That 's good," he said simply. "Not every boy would own right up in that way, Ralph. You 'll shoot better next time."

It may be said here that before they left Rincon Ranch Ralph did shoot better several times.

Harry rapidly made two incisions in the animal's hind legs near the hoofs, and ran a stout stick through. Then, with his hunting-knife, he chopped a branch from a mesquit some six feet above the ground. Together they lifted the young deer and hung it to the stump of the branch by the stake through the tendons of its legs. Gralloching it was a work of five minutes. The carcass was wiped dry with large bunches of grass. Harry lifted it lightly down, brought the head back to the stake, and fastened it there with twine, making, virtually, a circle of the body. He swung this circle around his neck much as a lady wears her boa, and so trotted merrily back to camp, Ralph following him, and explaining at every other step just how the gun happened to joggle so widely at the moment the trigger was pulled, and how, when within shooting-distance of the next deer, he intended to take a long breath, close only his left eye, and become more rigid than a rock. When Donald saw them, he rose, stiffened himself from heels to head, and fell backward, giving his idea of a dead faint as he had seen it many times on the stage. Juan, instantly awake, busied himself taking off the skin. It was the unanimous verdict of the party that if there is anything in the world better than venison steak, it is venison ribs, dashed with pepper and salt and roasted before a camp-fire.

## CHAPTER VI.

### THE NOBLE SCIENCE OF WOODCRAFT.

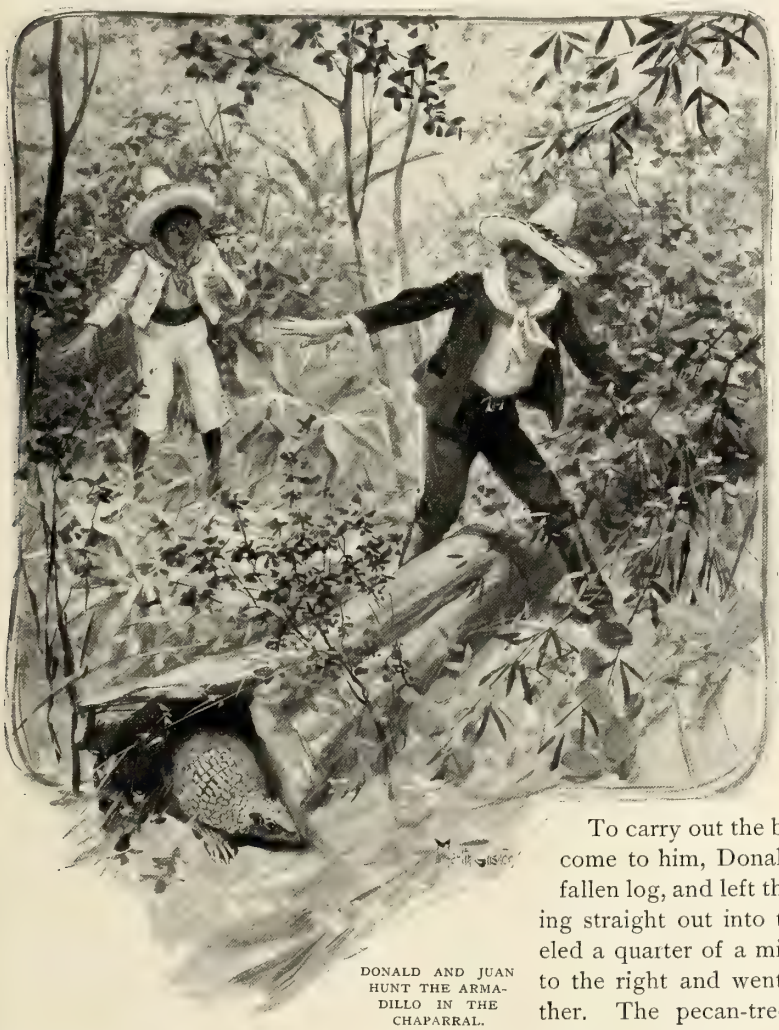
LEANING far back, with the slight remains of his breakfast before him, Donald tilted his tin coffee-cup until its rim rested upon the junction of his eyebrows. The coffee had vanished some time before, but he wanted the last few grains of wet sugar. Then he straightened up, looked at his companions, smiled widely, as was his custom when fed, and said: "Lots of pecans here. We 'll make a killing to-day."

"Right," answered Harry. "We ought to get five bushels at least."

Ralph said nothing. He was industriously rubbing the rifle, which already shone, and thinking of his future career as a hunter. He had waked a dozen times in the night with thinking about the deer. Meantime Juan, who was like an Indian in that he would eat so long as anything was within reach, continued stowing away food. Harry walked over to him, picked him up, shook him slightly,—to "settle

his breakfast," he said,—then carried him away from the wagon-cover on which the food was spread. Being set down, Juan said never a word, but blinked his black eyes slowly.

"Well," said Donald, rising and kicking first one leg and then the other, "I have n't eaten anything except a quail and some steak and



DONALD AND JUAN HUNT THE ARMADILLO IN THE CHAPARRAL.

some roasted rib and some bacon and four biscuit and a cup of coffee and two apples,—why did n't we think to bring some milk?—so I 'm light and ready to climb. Ralph, brace up! Where 's my thrashing-pole? Where 's my hat?"

He started up the creek, whistling shrilly. Juan rose instantly and followed two paces to the rear. Harry and Ralph, as became their greater age and dignity, were more leisurely. Harry rolled up the tarpaulin and slung it over his shoulder. They picked up their thrashing-poles and went slowly on the track of the two younger boys, who were a hundred yards ahead. Looking behind him and noting this fact, the spirit of mischief which abides in all small boys prompted Donald to a proposal.

"You can climb better than any of them, Juan," he said, "and we both can thrash just as well. Let 's keep away from them and beat them gathering pecans."

"Fo' w'at?" asked Juan, who lacked the Anglo-Saxon instinct of contest for contest's sake.

"Why, just to beat them, of course."

The Mexican boy could see nothing in that, but he regarded Donald as a sort of superior being whose commands or suggestions were not to be questioned, so he answered, "Hall ri'," and followed steadily.

To carry out the brilliant scheme which had come to him, Donald crossed the creek on a fallen log, and left the stream at his rear, pushing straight out into the grove. Having traveled a quarter of a mile in this way, he turned to the right and went a quarter of a mile farther. The pecan-trees were still thick about them. He halted by one of great girth, whose branches came almost to the ground, and intimated that he would take that one. Juan selected one more difficult to mount but equally fruitful, and the blows of the poles sounded through the woods. It was only when they had thrashed the trees completely and had descended that Donald remembered that they were without a tarpaulin. However, the ground

was nearly bare, and they gathered the nuts rapidly, stowing them into large bags they had brought. These bags held nearly a bushel each, and, though the two had lost many of the nuts, were nearly filled when they had gathered all they could find without extra trouble.

"We 'll have to go back to camp," said Donald, "and empty the sacks."

They were on the outer edge of the pecan grove, within twenty yards of the tangle of chaparral. As he spoke he saw a strange little animal come two feet from the underbrush, then waddle back. It had a long body, a sharp snout, and it was covered with horny ringed plates, like a coat of mail. Juan saw it at the same instant, and said simply: "Armadillo."

"Come on!" Donald said excitedly, throwing down his bag of nuts. "Let 's catch it! Ralph may kill deer, but he 's not the only pebble on the beach."

"He ees not," Juan acquiesced gravely, though he had not an idea of his friend's meaning.

Together they entered the chaparral. The animal, of course, was not in sight, but the soil was sandy and bare, and for a hundred yards the marks of its peculiar claw-like feet were plainly visible. The boys trotted hurriedly along this trail, vaulting over a low cactus here, going around a high one there, disentangling their clothing from the clinging catclaw, and expecting each moment to see the armadillo scramble away from them. Suddenly they came to a denser portion of the thicket, and the trail grew fainter. It was still discernible in places, however, and they wormed their way forward. They covered a half-mile in this way.

Donald, leading the way, was in a seventh heaven. This, indeed, was sport. All the tales of border warfare he had ever read, and their name was legion, came back to him. He remembered how "Old Shot-in-the-Eye," who never missed his Indian, used to pursue the unfortunate warriors through the forest. It was the habit of "Old Shot-in-the-Eye" to walk stealthily, and peer around tree-trunks, and listen intently to the flutter of birds and chatter of squirrels, which always betrayed the presence of the copper-colored foe. Donald imitated him as well as he knew how. He parted the tangle and glanced ahead of him. He laid his ear to the ground, and, arising, shook his head gravely. He brought his nose within two inches of the grass and glared intently. He stopped occasionally, crouched low, and waved his companion to halt. He said "Hist!" at frequent intervals. Sometimes, on sandy spots, he found the marks of claws. The tracks might have been made by the armadillo they had seen, or by leopard-cats, or by skunks. Donald did not know.

This was kept up for an hour, the indefatigable scout enjoying every moment of it. Juan viewed these antics with round eyes in which there was not a suggestion of a smile, or impatience, or wonder, or any emotion whatever. Anything which Señor Don chose to do was "hall ri'." If it amused him to creep through the brush all day, inspecting the ground and saying "Hist!" it was well. They crossed rocky stretches and grassy stretches, sandy stretches and wet stretches.

Then, perspiration in his eyes and a crick in his back, Donald straightened up with the knowledge that not only had all trail-marks disappeared, but that he had not the slightest idea of where he was, or how far it was to camp. It would never do, however, to confess this. He told himself that he would find the way back and, at the same time, avoid terrifying Juan. He climbed a little eminence that, pebble-clad, reared itself amid the undergrowth, and looked about him. On every hand was a sea of mesquit and cacti. The line of pecans and cottonwoods along the arroyo was not visible. He came down and, with a fair imitation of jauntiness, plunged into the growth, walking rapidly. Juan, unquestioning, trotted behind him. Another half-hour passed. Occasionally Donald stooped as if looking for a trail, but his heart was getting sick, and his limbs were weary. Still he went on. Now and then he endeavored to chatter, but it was too much of an effort. He sank into silence. Thick gray clouds had covered the sky and the position of the sun was hidden.

An hour went by, and he came to another small hill. He went to its summit and gazed about him. Still the same sea of mesquit met his view. Something familiar in the

appearance of the mound attracted his attention, and he examined it closely. He found the marks of his own shoe-heels. It was the little elevation he had climbed nearly two hours before. This seemed to him a strange and terrible thing. For a moment he was upon the verge of sobbing. He was not acquainted with the fixed tendency of all lost animals to travel in a circle. It was nearly the dinner-hour; his unfailing appetite told him that much. He was both weak and hungry. It was time to take his brown companion into his confidence, so he descended the mound and, with a slight tremor in his voice, he turned toward the Mexican boy and said frankly:

"Juan, we 're lost."

The Mexican boy, who in the vast wilderness seemed very small indeed, answered without emotion:

"'Ow los'?"

"We 're lost, *lost!* I can't find my way; don't know where we are. Why, I can't find the camp."

"Señor Don want fin' camp?"

"Yes, yes! Of course. I 'm hungry."

"Eat pear-apples."

This had not occurred to Donald, but he had no stomach for pear-apples, anyhow. What he wanted was Harry and Ralph and venison. He remembered that at noon they were to have had a saddle of the deer, baked in the ground. Harry had dug the hole the night before, heated it red-hot, put the meat into the little grave, and covered it over with twigs and dirt. There was nothing better on earth, he had said. Tears rose to Donald's eyes. He felt that it was noon, or later, and that by this time the saddle of venison was done to a turn.

Juan took no note of his patron's anxiety or the moisture on his lids. Being lost in the chaparral was not a matter of extreme gravity to him. It had happened to him before, and doubtless would happen again. It was all as the good God directed. He glanced up at the sky and could see no sun. He trotted to the top of the hill, stuck his forefinger into his mouth, and held it up to ascertain the direction of the wind. He came to the bottom and looked around him. There was a small open space at the base of the hill, and on the edge of the clear ground a large mesquit was growing. He went to this tree and examined it with care, noting it especially near to the ground. Then, without a word of explanation, he started into the brush.

Donald followed and carefully kept within two feet of him, being dreadfully afraid that he would lose sight of him. After a hundred yards or so, he panted:

"Where you going, Juan?"

"Goin' camp, Señor Don," was the easy reply.

They went onward for a half-mile, then came to a space upon which no grass grew. It was deeply scored by the feet of wild animals. In its center was a reddish rock two feet across and ten inches high. Juan stooped to examine this rock, straightened up, and altered his course slightly, once more entering the chaparral.

For half an hour he went steadily. He stopped upon the edge of a small prairie and looked about him. Evidently it was unfamiliar to him, but he did not seem discouraged. Indeed, he was perfectly at home. His eyes had an intent expression, and occasionally he muttered in patois. He did not know one letter from another, but he was reading a book that had been his constant companion since infancy: Nature was spreading her pages for him. He cast about for a while in the grass, covering a space of an acre in his quest. Then he stopped and pointed to a small yellow flower, a late survival that in a damp and semi-sheltered place reared its little head.

"'Sta bueno [It is well]," he said, though what he meant Donald could not imagine.

Once more he set off, threading his way through a wilderness of mesquits, huisaches, mimosas, cacti, and underbrush. He went on a straight line. When forced to diverge slightly by some clump of giant cacti, he resumed it as soon as he had half-circled the obstruction. After twenty minutes of this work he paused, bent his black head to one side, and smiled. It was not often that Juan smiled, but when his lips parted and his white teeth gleamed, his face assumed a singularly merry and child-like expression. An innocent boy-baby of three

years would look so. Donald, listening too, heard a low murmur, steady and sweet.

"Agua [water]!" said Juan.

They pressed forward, for both were thirsty.

Indeed, the erstwhile fluent tongue of the American lad was cleaving to the furry roof of his mouth. First they left the brush behind them and emerged into a grove of pecans. Then ahead of him he saw two white objects—the bags of pecans, which lay as they had been left. The boys picked them up and half ran toward the water. A moment later both were down upon their stomachs with faces half buried in the cool stream. They drank and drank and drank. Then Donald rose, sighed heavily, and asked:

"Can't you smell that dinner?"

Juan smiled again, and shook his head. Once more he resumed his submissive place in the rear. Once more Donald became chatty and masterful. They crossed the creek on the log they had found in early morning. The older boys were in camp, waiting for them and slightly anxious. Harry had not disturbed the saddle of venison, as the hour was only a little past noontime. He unearthed it while Donald was explaining, and a delicious scent was on the air. When he had administered a slight check to his hunger, Donald looked at his cousin gravely, and said:

"But how did Juan find his way back so easily? Did he know where we were?"

Harry shook his head negatively. It was not his custom to lecture. Indeed, he was at pains to avoid any display of superior knowledge, teaching his young relatives more by way of example. Now, however, he said:

"Juan found his way back because he is able to read signs. You would learn to do the same in a little while, and, as you are more intelligent, to do it better than he. Listen to what I am going to say, and if you get lost again, remember it."

Ralph coughed portentously, and said: "Hear! Hear!"

Donald, however, whose experience was fresh



THE CHASE OF THE PECCARY. (SEE PAGE 523.)

upon him, was gravely intent. He told his brother, with sternness, to "chase himself." Juan, not understanding, or caring nothing about it, continued busily eating. Harry went on:

"When you discover that you are lost, first stop and pull yourself together. Recall the direction in which you started from camp—whether you went north, south, east, or west. You can always do this, if you try. The next step is to fix the points of the compass. When that is done, you will be able to go in the general direction you wish. Find a mature tree that stands apart from its fellows. Even if it is only slightly separated it will do. The bark of this tree will be harder, drier, and lighter in color on the south side. On the north it will be darker, and often at the roots it will have a clump of mold or moss. On the south sides of all evergreen-trees, gum, which oozes from wounds or knot-holes, will be hard and amber-colored; on the north this gum is softer, gets covered with dust, and is of a dirty gray. In fall, or winter, trees which show a rough bark will have nests of insects in the crevices on their south sides. A tree which stands in the open will have its larger limbs and rougher bark on the south side. You have many evergreens in your part of the country, cone-bearing, or coniferous, trees—firs, spruce, cedars, hemlocks, pines. They ought to be good compasses. Hard-wood trees—the oak, the ash, elms, hickories, mesquits, and so forth—have moss and mold on the north. Leaves are smaller, tougher, lighter in color, and with darker veins on the south; on the north they are longer, of darker green, and with lighter veins. Spiders build on the south sides. In the South air-plants attach themselves to the north sides. Cedars bend their tips to the south. Any sawed or cut stump will give you the compass points, because the concentric rings are thicker on the south side. The heart of the stump is thus nearer to the north side. All these things are the effects of sun. Stones are bare on the south side, and if they have moss at all, it will be on the north. At best, on the sunny side only a thin covering of harsh, half-dry moss will be found. On the south side of a hill the ground is more noisy underfoot. On the north side ferns, mosses, and late flowers grow. If you are on a marsh, small bushes will give you the lesson; their leaves and limbs show the same differences. Almost all wild flowers turn their faces to the south. There are many other signs, but I reckon you will find these enough."

The boys had listened in silence. Donald said:

"That seems easy. I believe I 'll go out and get lost again just to show myself that I can't get lost."

Here, for the first and only time in his life, Juan displayed a flash of humor.

"Don' do eet, Señor Don," he said. "*Las palomitas* might bite you."

*Palomitas* are little doves the size of a man's thumb.

## Chapter VII.

### A TEARING RIDE THROUGH THE CHAPARRAL.

Riding along a narrow road which ran in an easterly direction from the ranch-house, the three boys were followed by the ranch pack of dogs. These animals were of mixed breeds, and belonged, for the most part, to the cowboys. Sharp of nose, scraggy of form, with erect ears and half-savage eyes, many of them looked more like wolves than like tame members of the canine family. This likeness was helped by their color, which, in most instances, was an undecided brindle, shading off into dirty gray. Their noses were keen, however; they were stanch runners, as they had proved upon more than one occasion; and when it came to close quarters with the giant lobo-wolf, the smaller prairie-wolf, a wild boar, a leopard-cat, or even with a wounded buck in his fourth year, they went in, regardless of hurt, and fought straight on to the end.

Harry had invited his cousins to witness a chase of the peccary, or wild hog of the Southwest. The time was near to the end of January. The boys had become thorough horsemen, and rather liked to show off their accomplishment. The prairie had lost its last hint of green, and was a gray-brown everywhere. From the pecans and other deciduous trees the leaves had fallen. The mesquits, however, were thick and shining as of old. There had been

many northers, to the discomfort of the natives and the joy of the Crugers. On one terrible night in particular, not soon to be forgotten by the Mexicans, ice had formed a quarter of an inch thick. During this night the dogs had whined pitifully, and in the morning the horses looked wilted.

As they rode along the young ranchman was explaining to them the appearance and peculiarities of the peccary.

"He is an Ishmaelite," the boy said. "His tusks are against everything, and every breathing thing is against him. He is obstinate, strong, violent, swift, enduring, and courageous. The Mexicans call this animal *javalina* (pronounced havaleener), from the resemblance between the sharp bristles of its neck and back and a javelin. The javalina runs in bands of from five to twenty-five, and subsists on herbs or roots, though it will eat flesh gladly when it can get it. It will not attack man unless in large numbers, and not then unless the blood of its kind has been shed. Then it becomes unrelenting. It has been known to stay twenty-four hours under a tree in which a man had taken refuge. There is an authenticated instance of a band of peccaries destroying a man who fell from the mesquit into which he had climbed. A drove will always attack a dog if it can reach him, and if he is surrounded, he is killed and eaten. A single full-grown boar is a match for any two dogs to be found in this country. We have a pack of eight fighters, and if we have the luck to strike the trail of an old boar to-day, you will see a battle royal."

Three miles from the house Harry struck off into the mesquit, and bunching the dogs, sent them out ahead, where they scattered, running eagerly with noses to the ground, knowing that the business of the day had begun. They struck first the trail of a wildcat, which they treed after a run of five hundred yards. Harry told Donald to shoot the animal, adding that it was very destructive to birds and chickens. Donald shot it, but saw that its skin was worthless, and let it lie where it fell. Several deer were started, but to these the pack paid no attention. Then, after nosing and opening on a peccary trail more than a day old, the dogs were called in, and, by the side of an arroyo, the boys had luncheon. So far the day had been productive of but one incident, and they felt disappointed. Their young host assured them, however, that they would have better luck in the afternoon. They were ten miles from home, and it was his purpose to try a wild part of the range, lying partly upon his mother's land and partly upon the ranch of their nearest neighbor, whom they had not seen since the spring round-up. The sun was still hot in the middle of the day, and after eating they rested until three o'clock, the dogs lying about with their red tongues lolling, and the horses hoppled and grazing peacefully. When the signal to mount was given, Ralph started to the arroyo to water his animal, but Harry stopped him.

"We are likely to have a hard run," he said, "and the sorrel will do better without water. Give him half he can drink afterward, but not before."

"That 's right, Ralph," said Donald, with a grin. "You remember when you ran in the fifty-yard race at school the trainer would n't let you have any water. You got beat, all right, all right; but you ran dry."

Six months before Ralph would have resented this. Now he only laughed, and said: "I 'll show 'em something when I get back."

The dogs, some hundred yards in front, were traversing a country which was sparsely overgrown. Tails erect and heads down, they quartered to and fro, now and then an impatient whine coming from one of them.

"We are likely to jump something at any minute," said Harry, "and a last word before the fun begins: best hold the horses in a bit; you might overrun the dogs. If you bolt into a bed of cactus, sit tight and let the horse buck out of it, which he will do right away. They are brush ponies, and they know that is the only way in which they can get out."

As he ceased speaking, the foremost dog, a huge yellow animal, gaunt, with powerful haunches and glistening fangs, threw his big head in air and uttered a short, savage yelp. The others, crowding in behind him, gave tongue also. Then they became silent and, with heads once more lowered, trotted forward swiftly.

"It is javalina, all right," said Harry, "but

the trail is not warm. They will stretch themselves when the thing begins its run."

A half-mile was covered when the leader once more opened and broke into half speed, the others sticking by him and loudly clamoring.

"He 's jumped!" Harry called excitedly. "That 's the fresh trail. Come on!"

He loosened the reins and dashed away at a free gallop, clearing a four-foot cactus within twenty yards as lightly as a bird, and sweeping forward without check of any kind. Ralph swung to the right and Donald to the left of this obstruction, because their blood was not yet up, and pulled in behind their cousin. Then a great mesquit separated them, they ran into a piece of brush, cactus-grown, through which they worked only at a trot, and when they had passed it pressed their horses in order to recover lost ground. Looking around him, Ralph could not see Harry nor his brother. He could hear the beat of the hoofs, however, and knew that they were both parallel with him and on his right. From ahead came the yelping of the dogs, which were tearing along now, close to top speed, and making the waste resound. The boy was nearly swept from the saddle by an overhanging limb, and knew that the time had come for him to follow advice and "sit tight," as well as to keep his eyes open.

Moreover, the hunter-fever was burning in him. It seemed to him a better thing that he should let out a link or two and get nearer to the dogs, incidentally heading his companions. So he spurred the sorrel, which immediately bounded a good ten feet, then settled down to more than half racing-speed. The boy ran so for a half-mile, burst through some smaller branches, and came out into an open space a hundred yards across. The tail of the last dog was disappearing into the green wall of growth on the other side. When half-way across Ralph saw his brother and cousin break out of the thicket behind him. Harry was calm and smiling, evidently enjoying himself to the uttermost, and he saluted Ralph's comfortable lead with a hearty "Good boy!"

Down Donald's face a thin stream of blood was trickling,—he had been scratched by a mesquit-thorn,—but he was hallooing at the top of his shrill voice and sending the bay along in handsome style.

Just ahead of Ralph was a small indentation in the solid front of shrubbery, and without knowing or thinking what it might be, he dashed into it, the sorrel taking to it kindly. Before covering twenty yards he saw that he had struck a goat-path, two feet wide and reasonably straight. Branches of mesquit and huisache overhung it here and there, but it was clear underfoot. It widened in places almost to wagon-road width. He overhauled the dogs rapidly, and soon noted that they were near the path and running along it. He had nothing to fear now, only a watch to keep for tree-limbs, so he sat at ease, took a strong pull upon the sorrel, and settled into a steady gallop. Bending half-way to the pommel, and looking keenly between his horse's ears, he saw suddenly a rough brown object shoot across one of the widenings of the path. The animal was over in an instant, yet not so quickly that Ralph could not see it distinctly. It was a boar of age and massive strength, standing nearly two feet high at the shoulder, its bristles erect upon its neck and back, yellowish tusks upcurving from its jaws, foam hanging to its lips. It crashed into the underbrush on the far side of the little opening. Instinctively Ralph dropped his pace to a trot. A moment afterward—there could not have been more than fifty yards between them and their quarry—the pack streamed across, a Babel of noises in their throats. Ralph generously called to his companions that the boar had turned, giving the view-halloo with all of his lungs, then half wheeled and followed. The chaparral grew thinner and the pace became terrific. Suddenly, emerging from under the low-hanging limbs of a mesquit, to avoid which the boy had thrown himself almost prone in the saddle, the sorrel plunged into a bed of cactus which bristled to a height of three feet and extended some twenty yards. The rider had barely time to sit erect and clamp his knees when down went the horse's head, up came his back, and he bucked madly and blindly straight ahead. Ralph's first thought was that he could not possibly stay on, but he stayed on. Then he thought that his head would be inevitably jerked off; but he stiffened

his spinal column, and, in some miraculous manner, his head remained on his shoulders. Then he knew that the pony was going much higher than the trees he could dimly see ahead of him. Then he wished complacently that Harry and Donald were there to see him ride. Then, with a huge, tall, last phenomenal bound, the sorrel was through, his legs filled with yellow needles, but his gallant little heart beating as gamely as ever and his stomach a foot nearer to the ground. So tremendous was the speed that Ralph was surprised when he saw a form flitting thirty yards to his left, and, looking closely between the tree intervals as they flashed past, saw that it was Harry, who lifted his hat and waved it cheerily. This was nothing to the sense of paralysis which stole over him when, glancing to the right, he made out another form which in a moment resolved itself into Donald. This young gentleman had no hat at all. His brown hair stood out from his head, and he was endeavoring frantically to yell, but his voice was all gone. Perched on the bay, with his knees drawn convulsively up, his jacket flapping, streaks of dried blood on his browned face, and his unoccupied hand wildly waving in air, he looked like an undersized maniac. There was no room in Ralph for envy, however. "Evidently," he thought, "I 'm not the only Cruger who has learned how to ride." So, in imitation of Harry's former salute, he turned in the saddle and called cheerily to his little brother, "Good boy!" Don did not hear him nor see him. His whole soul was in the chase.

Suddenly, with no lightening of the air ahead, they dashed out of the chaparral to an open plain nearly three quarters of a mile across. A dried arroyo-bed ran through its middle, and on its farther side was a range of low bare hills.

The quarry was in plain view, still fifty yards ahead of the pack, and going like a deer. The yelping of the dogs had changed to a wolfish snarling, coming from deep in their throats. Perhaps they had the memory of kindred to avenge. The big yellow leader, his black muzzle stretched far out and his tail like an iron bar, sailed straight on as mute as an Indian. The javalina dashed into the creek-bed, and was up again. The dogs followed him without losing a yard. The horses, rising into the air, cleared it at a bound. To Ralph and Donald came a sense of exultation as they were thus hoisted into space and for a moment could not hear the incessant roll of the hoofs under them.

On the far side of the stony little plain the boar turned at bay. His innate ferocity would not permit him to go another foot. He had chosen his spot well. At his back the hill, scarped by floods, rose straight as a wall and twenty feet above his head. Its sides came a little way toward his front, for the wall had been, in a measure, tunneled by the rains, forming a shallow recess. Into this recess, not more than a yard deep, he had dashed and wheeled. He had just time to brace himself for the shock when the pack streamed upon him. The yellow dog was first, and leaped for the nose-hold. The javalina raised its snout slightly, its two tusks caught its foeman squarely in the stomach, there was a rapid shifting of the head from left to right, from right to left, and the dog fell six feet away, gashed in three places, useless and bleeding, cast aside like so much rubbish. He was dead almost before he touched earth. The others fell upon the boar, however, in mass. Not a yelp came from them, not a bark, not a growl. They only sank in their fangs and endeavored to bear him to the ground. Such was his giant strength that thrice he rose under them, once standing upon his hind legs. Again he shook them off, and as they rushed in once more, the gleaming tusks played to and fro with the rapidity of lightning. For every movement there was a gash; but they were game, though mongrels, and they covered him as a blanket. Slowly the javelina yielded under the weight and the weakness caused by his wounds. One big brindled warrior worked its way behind him and grasped him by the haunch. Another worked its head below the gleaming simitars of his jaws and clenched him by the throat. A hoarse screaming call came from him. Then he toppled over on his side, endeavored feebly to rise, and lay still, his small eyes defiant even in death.

Harry sprang from his horse, and the brothers followed him. The dogs were wild with rage, but a few strokes of the whips quieted them. Not one of them was untouched. One

of them, undersized but highly courageous, was badly ripped along the side. Harry placed it across his horse and tied it behind the saddle. It was taken to the ranch and nursed back to vigor.

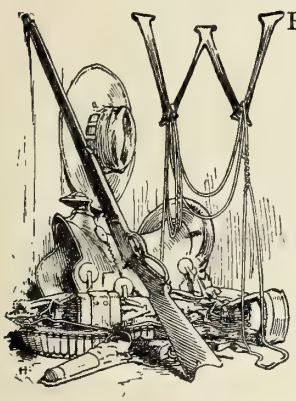
When they had examined the dead boar, and marveled at his strength and courage, Harry said:

"If you have your hunting-knives I want you to help me. I am going to bury the yellow dog where he fell. He was too brave to be left to the coyotes."

So they dug his grave in the rocky soil, just at the entrance of the recess in which the great fight was fought. They piled a mound of rocks above it, and as they rode away Donald looked back at it with a mist in his eyes. He made a good deal of noise now and then, but there was a tender heart and a strong streak of sentiment in Don.

## Chapter VIII.

### Good-by to the Ranch of the "Circle R."



WEEKS, in that almost perfect Southern clime, flew by on silver wings. Each day was marked by some new experience, some new thing learned, some step forward toward manliness and self-reliance and self-control, frankness and truth. Ralph, under the tutelage of Harry's constant example, had learned not only to stick in the saddle as if born there, to hurl the lariat with some sureness of ensnaring his target, to ride all day without appreciable fatigue at night, to estimate the profits to be expected from horses, cattle, sheep, and goats, but to know that a quick hand and ready brain and fearlessness were things of steady value, and to have driven into him, so deeply that they were never uprooted, the old, old lessons that success comes only through repeated failure, and that he is thrice brave and thrice a conqueror who conquers self. He had good stuff in him, this boy, and the semi-rough life brought it out. He was thrown from the saddle and badly jarred, but he arose with tight-shut lips and not a murmur of complaint. He suffered thirst on long journeys through arid portions of the land, and found that querulous words did not bring him any the nearer to water. His hands and face were gashed by thorns; there were times when every bone in him ached from prolonged exertion; he suffered the pangs which come to every inexperienced person in a hard country: but he had never been so happy in his life.

Donald, shepherded by Juan, lived in the chaparral about the house. He trapped blue quails, examined them tenderly, and let them go, for Harry had said that to imprison and then murder them was ungentlemanly. He came to know the sharply marked trail of the leopard-cat, the broader indentations made by the gray bobtail, the gashes of the rabbit's tooth on the younger shrubs, the destructive work of the peccaries, the curious circular depressions of rattlesnake coils in sandy spots; to watch the little shrikes, or "butcher-birds," slaying other birds, and impaling the bodies on thorns; to note the differences between the calls of a dozen songsters and the imitations of them given by the mocking-bird; to tap and drink with relish the clear warm water in the veins of the maguey plant; and to do a hundred other things so foreign to his Northern life that he sometimes doubted he was the same boy.

Through it all the brothers continued to grow, mentally and physically. Red came into their tanned cheeks, their chests stuck out, and they "trod like a buck in spring."

The change of the season was strange to them. Here was no snow to melt, no ice to grind and rend and crash its way out of the choked rivers, no late and treacherous winds of chill rushing from the east. They marked the coming of the hot months only by the increasing green of the prairies, the steadily mounting temperature, and the departure of some familiar birds for the North. The places of these were taken by other fliers which came up from the coast-lands of Mexico, and they were of a plumage to make the eyes ache. They knew, however, that all things must end, and so they

were not surprised, one day, to hear their aunt say:

"Boys, I have heard from your mother, and she has been very lonely without you. She is asking for your return. It was generous of her to lend you to me, and she held her own pain as nothing when weighed against your health. But now she wants her own again. You have been happy here?"

Harry looked grave.

"So happy, aunty," said Donald, impulsively clasping his hands, "that we can't begin to tell you how happy."

Ralph walked across the room, put both arms about her, and hugged her without speaking.

"You must see the sheep-shearing," Mrs. Downing went on, her fingers playing with Ralph's brown hair. "It begins to-day. And then I must bid you good-by."

Are the Crugers to be blamed that they felt this as a sort of reprieve? They loved their mother truly, and they loved their old home in the city; but they were only boys, after all, and for the first time in their young lives they had drunk deeply of the sweet waters of utter freedom. The sheep-feature of the ranch life was something of which they had seen little. Some of the animals were kept in a corral near the house, but solely for food purposes; nor had they encountered many of them in their excursions, because the sheep-ranges were distinct from the cattle-ranges, and lay along the Rio Grande. That evening, near sunset, they saw a large body of objects coming over the hill to the eastward, and in a half-hour a drove of a thousand sheep had reached the ranch and been penned in corrals already prepared. This flock—it was never called "herd"—was driven by a wild-looking Mexican on foot. His baggage consisted wholly of one blanket and a two-quart canteen for water. He had left his camp on the day before, and would return to it when his sheep were sheared. He was assisted by a dog, apparently the more intelligent of the two. Harry told his cousins that this man was a sample of the class of *pastores*, or shepherds. They lived lonely lives, seeing the ranch only in spring and early fall. Sometimes they almost lost the power of speech. They had no homes, nor wives and children. They became so used to their strange existence that they preferred it to all others. A man who had been a shepherd for a year or two could not often be induced to do any other kind of work. Companionship was distasteful to them. If *lombrise*, or a similar disease, got among the sheep they came in and reported it, but otherwise they continued their vocations in silence and alone. A "flock-master" drove from flock to flock, and carried provisions, receiving at the same time accounts of losses, increases, and general conditions. Their wages were six dollars a month and a bushel of meal. With each flock some goats were kept, as a protection against wolves. The men lived on corn-bread, goat's milk and flesh, and such birds and small animals as they could ensnare.

Rising at daylight, as was their custom, Ralph and Donald found that other flocks had come in during the night. Altogether not short of three thousand head were in the pens. These pens had been built close to the arroyo, and near by was a long, hastily constructed shed with a rough wooden floor, intended for the use of the shearers. The boys asked if the cow-hands were to do the work, and Harry laughed.

"A vaquero," he said, "a horseman with red sash, spurs, chaparejos, six-shooter, and silver-trimmed hat, would consider himself to be eternally disgraced if he touched a live sheep in the way of labor. His acquaintance with a sheep is confined to eating it, which he is not too proud to do. No, the vaqueros will not shear. They will not even watch the shearing. They have gone to their ranges."

Walking among the jacals, the boys found that every man was absent.

"'Ow, Señor Don," said Juan, in response to further questions, "yo' expec' mi padre soil ees 'ands wit' grease? Hit ees not so."

The family were seated at the dinner-table when a noise of a droning chant came to them. They went to the veranda, and saw a troop of some twenty Mexicans who were approaching the house.

They were swarthy, powerful fellows, with sleeves rolled to their elbows, and a mixture of blankets and cooking-utensils strapped to their backs. They were singing, in a long-drawn

nasal manner, a song to the effect that the work-time was at hand, the time of labor and prosperity, and after it would come the dance with black-eyed girls to the music of fiddles and guitars.

"These," said Harry, "are the shearers. They come from Mexico at this time of year, and go about the country in bands, taking contracts from the ranchmen."

Their leader, a tall, graceful fellow, stepped forward, bowed with an exaggeration of politeness, said "Buenos dias" to each in turn, and inquired where he might have the favor and the great pleasure to find the sheep.

Replying to him as "Señor Capitano," or Mr. Captain, Harry told him the sheep were corraled by the arroyo, and pointed the way. With another profound bow, *el Capitano* turned to his men, gave some sort of order, and they marched off. Donald followed them instantly, and was surprised by the rapidity with which they made camp. They tossed their blankets and cooking-things to the ground, threw some sticks together, started a fire, and in five minutes coffee was bubbling merrily in a dozen pots. Out of their blankets came bread, meat, and tin cups. In the center of each roll were three pairs of shining shears, ground to razor keenness. They invited him warmly to partake, and as the cold mutton looked savory, and the bread had been baked in frying-pans, and the coffee was jet-black, he sat himself down and began. Harry and Ralph, having finished their dinners in a civilized manner, found him earnestly gorging himself and listening gravely to the chatter around him, of which he comprehended one word in ten.

The rude meal ended, the captain looked at Harry, who nodded and indicated the nearest pen with a wave of the hand. A signal was given, and the slothful men were changed at once into machines of feverish activity. They grasped their shears, bounded over the corral fence, and five seconds later were crowding into the shed, each bearing a struggling sheep in his arms. Each dumped his burden upon the floor without ceremony, knelt by it, and the sharp steel began to click. The animals were not tied. As they struck the flooring and felt a hand pressing upon their heads they became quiescent, only their heaving sides showing their terror. These were "graded" sheep; that is, they were a mixture of the native strains and merinos imported from Vermont. The wool upon each of them would average four pounds weight. It was astonishing to the Cruger boys to note the swiftness of the work. The fleeces came off in solid blankets. As they fell from the bodies they were rolled, tied with cord, and cast aside. The shorn sheep struggled to its feet and ran out at the other end of the shed, where it stood for a while disconsolate, then began to crop the green grass on the creek-bank.

Many of them showed crimson marks where the eager steel had nipped them, but they did not seem to suffer at all. The twenty men accounted for two hundred sheep an hour, averaging ten apiece. There was much rivalry among them, and not a little chaff. A chorus of "Aya! Aya!" arose when a man, plunging into the pen, missed his hold. *El Capitano* was especially remarkable for his speed and accuracy, and Harry said that he had been elected leader on that account.

They worked until sunset, maintaining the same high-pressure speed, and when they quit more than a thousand fleeces were piled high in the shed. They were furnished with fresh mutton for supper, and after they had eaten, every man of them rolled a corn-shuck cigarito, lit it, squatted about the small fire, and began to sing. Their voices made pleasant harmony. Then Antonio Garza, champion story-teller of the band, gave them Mexican folklore tales until bedtime, Harry translating smoothly and rapidly for his cousins. Ralph had thoughts of writing these stories for the benefit of city companions, but found that he had forgotten them in the morning. However, he heard many others while the shearers were with them, and some of them he remembered. One in especial was dear to him. It was about a wonderfully speedy "paint-horse" of seven colors—black, white, bay, gray, sorrel, roan, and blue—which belonged to a handsome young chieftain who finally married a very beautiful young lady.

On the second day of the shearing, Harry invited his cousins to try their hands at the work. "Get off two fleeces," he said, "take them

home with you, and have them woven. You can then say that you wear clothing made of wool shorn with your own shears."

That struck them as an excellent idea. They leaped into the pen, and, after a wrestle, came out with a sheep each. In half an hour they had severed the fleeces and some bits of skin with them. It was fun. The small bundles were wrapped in paper and marked with their names. They found, on sending them to Massachusetts mills, that the wool was sufficient to provide them with two heavy suits of underclothes. Two other flocks came in from the river ranges, making more than five thousand head sheared in all. Three days were required for the work. Then *el Capitano* and his infantry went away, seeking fresh flocks to conquer.

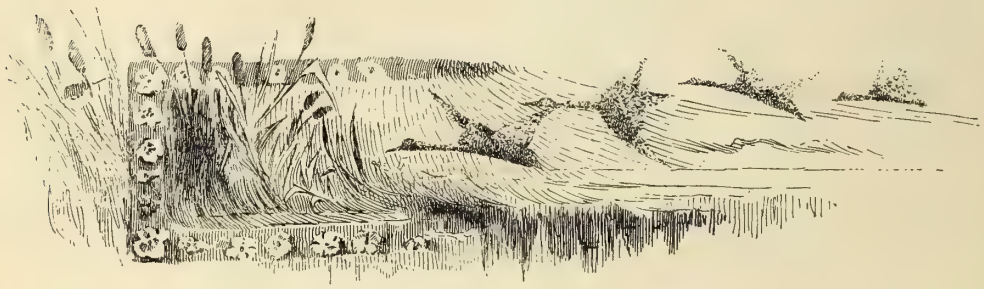
The boys assisted in "dipping" the shorn flocks. In an outhouse was a vat ten feet long, five feet wide, and six feet deep. It was filled with a strong decoction of tobacco-leaves and chemicals, steaming hot. An inclined chute led into it from a large pen. At its far end a platform sloped down, and this platform led, in turn, to the open range. For half a day the sheep were forced by twos and threes into the chute, and so into the vat. Once in, they were obliged to swim through. They emerged badly frightened and a bilious yellow from backs to hoofs. This was to prevent "scab," and it was effectual. It was fun also, and Donald distinguished himself by falling in, ruining his clothing, but luckily keeping his eyes tightly shut. The worst feature of it was that for some time afterward he had to bear in silence Ralph's many references to the fact that Donald was now surely "germ-proof."

Early in April their visit came to an end. Mrs. Downing kissed them repeatedly and tearfully, and sent a hundred loving messages to her sister. Their faces were pale and grave. They had told their horses good-by the night before, and Donald had broken down completely. All of the cow-hands and Jocosa and her maidens gathered to see them depart and ask in their liquid patois that the good God would bless them with a safe and speedy journey. At the last moment Juan broke from his mother's side, and, rushing up, begged with wonderful fluency that he might be taken along. Harry, with a smile, picked him up and tossed him into the wagon.

At noon next day they stood upon the little platform at Cotulla. They could see the locomotive smoke above the tender green of the mesquits, and in a little while it snorted to a standstill. It was a one-minute stop, and the brothers clambered on board. The three cousins shook hands convulsively through a window. Down Juan's cheeks tears were rolling. Donald reached out and threw an arm about his neck. For a moment the black and brown heads touched.

"Señor Don! Señor Don!" the little fellow sobbed.

The scream of the whistle wavered on the soft air, there was a grind of wheels, and the youth and the child on the platform looked at each other sadly as the train moved away.





THE ARTIST'S DAUGHTER.

ENGRAVED BY HENRY WOLF, FROM THE PAINTING BY WILLIAM M. CHASE.

# THE STORY OF BARNABY LEE.

By John Bennett.
(*Author of "Master Skylark."*)

[*This story was begun in the November, 1900, number.*]

## Chapter XLI.

### THE GOVERNOR HAS HIS JOKE.

Bang, bang, bang! went the brazen knocker. "What, ho! the house," cried the jolly voice. "Don't keep me kicking my heels here all night!" And bang, bang, bang! went the knocker again.

Van Sweringen arose and threw the door wide. "Who is here," he asked, "and what is wanted?"

"I want to see," was the response, "and I can't see in the dark." There was no mistaking that frank, blithe voice: it was the Governor of Maryland.

Van Sweringen lighted a candle, and motioned his inopportune guest to a seat. He would not forego his courtesy, although his heart was broken in twain.

"Why, man," cried Master Calvert, who seemed to be in a gale of humor, "what possesses ye? You 're as glum as a cellar of sour beer. Why, faith, Bermuda blue would be scarlet beside ye; you 're as melancholy as a Lincolnshire bagpiper!"

"Is it so?" said Van Sweringen. "Then I have lost my courtesy. I pray ye will excuse me a little; I am a ruined man."

"Is it true, then?" rejoined the Governor. "Well, I had heard as much; but men lie so, one cannot tell what to believe. Ruined? Well, on my word, man, that 's a merry jest!"

"A jest?" said Van Sweringen. "Bethink ye; I am a ruined man. You must know that. I have no heart for jesting."

But the Governor of Maryland sat with his hands on his knees, chuckling audibly to himself, as if he had penned up a joke in a hole, and, like a lad with a woodchuck, was minded to poke it a bit.

"No heart for jesting, eh?" said he. "Well, now, I would n't, either, if I were you."

"Master Calvert," retorted Van Sweringen, sharply, "I am not in a humorous mood this night."

Master Calvert looked at him, still smiling. "Well, I trow that I should not be, either. Broken flat? not a stuiver left? Well, upon my word of honor!" And rubbing his chin with his fingers, he smiled quizzically at Van Sweringen.

"Master Calvert," cried Van Sweringen, "be careful! This passeth the limits of reason."

"No doubt," replied the Governor of Maryland. "Ye have had reasons enough and to spare. Sure, I think ye might welcome a little folly."

"Beware, sir; this exceedeth folly; this goeth beyond a jest."

"Indeed it does," smiled Master Calvert; "it smacks of the very earnest. Little I thought, the last time we met, that I should ever have thee on the hip like this!"

Van Sweringen arose and strode across the floor. "Master Calvert," he said, "dost think this a gentleman's doing, to hunt a man home to his wife, and with smiling face to mock him with his misfortunes?"

But Master Charles Calvert looked gravely up at his quivering face. "Tut, mynheer! let me have out my jest!" said he. "Sure, ye had the joke on myself the last time we were met together. Go, sit ye down and hold your peace, and let me have my joke out. It will cost ye less than yours cost me: I shall carry your jest in my side to the grave." Then, all at once, as he looked up, his eyes filled with tears. "Dear friend!" said he, "do I look like a man who is seeking a quarrel? or as one who hath come to crow and to triumph over ye? Don't make me weep for the trouble you 're in; my heart has been aching for you all enough already! There, now, I must be mopping like a school-boy!" He dashed the tears from his eyes with his hand, and when he looked up at Van Sweringen his smile would have melted a heart of adamant. "God keep us all!" said he, with a trembling voice. "Do ye think me one to throw away friends for the quirk of a silly humor? Bob Carr is a low scoundrel; I have just told him so to his thieving face. Let me make good the wrongs he has done. Come down to Maryland, Van Swerrington, you and all that are yours. Sure, I mean exactly what I say: pack up what little we have left ye, and come to Maryland. I have a sherift's office there that cries for ye to come fill it. There 's pretty posies hanging their heads in rows for the little lass to come pick them. Mistress Van Swerrington," he said, with a sorry laugh and half a choke, "prevail with me against this dear, honest fool of thine!"

Van Sweringen had gone to the fireside and sat down again in his chair. He now arose, and turning, said simply: "My indeed true friend, I thank thee from the depths of my heart."

His face was composed, but his voice was shaking.

"I will take you at your word," he continued; "I will come to Maryland."

"Why, we all shall be as happy as bees in a hive!" cried the Governor, looking out over the candle with a genial, boyish smile. Then, dropping his bantering manner, he said in a businesslike voice: "You shall have the sheriff's office, its fees and prerogatives; you can also take up a thousand acres of land at twenty shilling the year; ye may believe as ye please, and say what ye will, so that ye be Christian and speak no treasons; and if you will but teach us to keep our own laws as you have kept those of the Dutch, you will confer a precious favor on the next Lord Baltimore."

But a troubled look had come upon Mynheer Van Sweringen's new-lit face. He looked about the room, searching.

"Master Calvert," he said earnestly, "there is a lad here to whom I am deeply beholden, I and all of us, for my life. Him ye must accept with the rest of us, or we can come to no bargain."

"Oh, father," cried our poor Dorothy, "they have taken him!"

"Taken him?" exclaimed Van Sweringen. "Who hath taken our boy?"

"The law hath taken him, father, that he should be tried before the Governor. A ship's captain, a terrible villain, has claimed him for his apprentice!"

Van Sweringen turned with conscience-stricken face.

"Forgive me for my trespasses, as I have not forgiven those who have trespassed in the least against me! The villains had never known the lad was here had I not used him as a sacrifice to save a cause which was already lost!"

But Master Calvert held up his hand, and "Stay, now; not so fast with reproaches," said he. "Perhaps we may avoid them. This boy—is his name Master Barnaby Lee? Is it he who was with you in Maryland?"

"Ay," said Van Sweringen. "Where is he? What dost thou know of him?"

"Oh, nothing much," laughed the Governor. "Still, it may prove sufficient. I think ye need worry no more for him: he is pretty well able to take care of himself, and, I trow, to take care of some others also. I have just left him hobnobbing over a green bag full of red-sealed warrants, in a quiet room at my tavern, with Master Simeon Drew, his lawyer. The lad has fallen heir to a fine estate of six thousand pound sterling the year, and therefore he sails with me for Maryland, as soon as we may be out of port, to enter into possession of his rich estate."

## CHAPTER XLII.

### COMING TO HIS OWN.

IT was a crisp October morning on which Barnaby Lee and Master Simeon Drew set out from St. Mary's town across the ferry to invest the heir to a fair domain. The sheep-bells tinkled on the hills. Everything was sharp and fresh. The haze of September was gone from the hills; clearings, meadows, tobacco-lands lay clear and fair. Here and there a quiet cow, cheerfully spotted red and white, cropped at peace in the meadows. Here and there along the way heavy oxen passed them, swaying down from the uplands with long-shafted trundles of leaf-tobacco. The roadway wound among the hills; the forests were meshed with bridle-paths, and were full of the sound of distant voices.

"It is a fair land," said Simeon Drew, "a fair land indeed; a garden-spot on the earth's face. You yourself, Master Lee, are heir to a lovely place lying beyond these woodlands, a beautiful spot and a fair estate. Yet, I pray thee, no further question! You have been kept from a right inheritance by ill-advised connivance, but restitution has been made. There is a house, a good, substantial house, furnished from cellar to ridge-pole — handsomely furnished, Master Lee; I would have ye make a note of that. There are stables and barns, bins, forge, and a paddock; horses, sheep, swine, cattle, goats; and efficient service, though I have sent the underlings packing into parts that knew not Joseph; and there is a capital factor and overseer already in charge. This is in part compensation, if there can be any compensation, for the wrongs you have endured, and not as restitution. The original lands were as wild as a fox, and as bare of tillage as this wood.



"'LET ME MAKE GOOD THE WRONGS HE HAS DONE,' SAID GOVERNOR CALVERT."
(SEE PAGE 531.)

They were taken in misapprehension by one whose name shall nevermore appear in connection with them. Ask no further, but forget; it will be much better forgotten. If you be pleased to retain me after thinking of this,

Master Lee, I shall ever be pleased to serve ye."

"I do please to retain ye, sir," answered Barnaby, with much feeling. "Ye have been mightily kind to me."

"To be sure I have," said Master Drew; "I was paid for being kind. Why should I not be kind to you when I was well paid for it?"

"Very well, sir," said Barnaby. "I will save my thanks, then, and when I am old I shall tell ye them again. Ye have been uncommonly good to me and I shall not forget it. It is good to be grateful, and not to forget those who were kind to you when you were only a wandering, poor boy; and, sir, I am not a-going to forget any one who has ever been kind to me."

"There is little profit in gratitude, lad," said Drew, with a quiet smile.

"My father said that profits were the checkers of Old Nick."

"Then the earth is Old Nick's checker-board, and the whole world 's playing a sooty game! Are ye sure that your father is dead, Master Lee?" asked the lawyer, soberly.

"Sir, I saw him fall on his face, and heard the murdering pistols shooting. Do not speak any more of it, Master Drew; I can hardly bear to think of it!" With that, Barnaby, choking, spurred on.

Over a hill they came galloping suddenly into the open. Before them stretched a property beautiful and broad, on the southward slope of a green hill, by a wood of dark, tall pine-trees: a broad, strong barn of Flemish brick, a paddock, a forge, then the great house itself, standing up against the wood like a castle on a hill.

Beyond the house the plantations ran as far as the eye could see: maize-land, tobacco, and wheat-fields; and many streams in the meadow-lands; nut-woods and a wild-rice fen; it was in truth a fair estate. The house at the top of the hill was tall, with a gallery running between its wings, and many crisscross-timbered gables, green with ivy to their ridge-poles. The chimneys, over which the ivy had grown, looked like so many needle-towers upon a castle of green. The front of the house and the portico, where it showed among the elm-trees, were garlanded with Virginia creeper, flaming red with the autumn frosts; and here and there a little window, hung with a snow-white linen curtain, sparkled and peeped like a twinkling eye through the overhanging vines.

About the rear of the house was an orchard of apple, and pear, and cherry trees, with a broad garden of roots and herbs, rosemary, sweet marjoram, sage, and thyme; nighest the house were peach-trees. Before the house lay a garden, full of brown-leaved shrubs which in the summer had been flowers — roses of Turkey, and Persian irises, with tulips and hyacinths in rows.

Between the garden and the wood, which stretched on down to the shining marshes, lay a breadth of lawn shimmering with autumn grass. Here and there was a shade-tree with a little bench beneath it. Altogether it was as fair a place as was in the colony.

"Master Drew, is this all mine?" asked Barnaby, aghast.

"Yes," said Drew, "it is."

## Chapter XLIII.

### THE STRANGE RIDERS.

It fell upon a noonday, perhaps two weeks thereafter, that Barnaby was taken by a spell of bitterest loneliness. There was no place he cared to stay, no place he cared to go; he was restless everywhere. The great house loomed about him; it seemed greater day by day, and as ghostly as a vacant inn.

He left the house, and, turning out of the leaf-strewn road, wandered aimlessly down through the tawny fields toward the river.

It was a lovely day, cool and bright. A little wind was blowing. Somewhere through the noontide stillness came a sound of women's voices, singing, by the river, a Latin hymn to the Virgin. Their song came to him, faint with the distance, yet sweet and clear. A sloop with a sail like ivory was coming down the river, and in the sky two eagles flew straight up into the sun.

Barnaby stopped beneath a little oak. This was the land where his father and he were to dwell together in peace.

"Oh, daddy!" he said, "come back to me

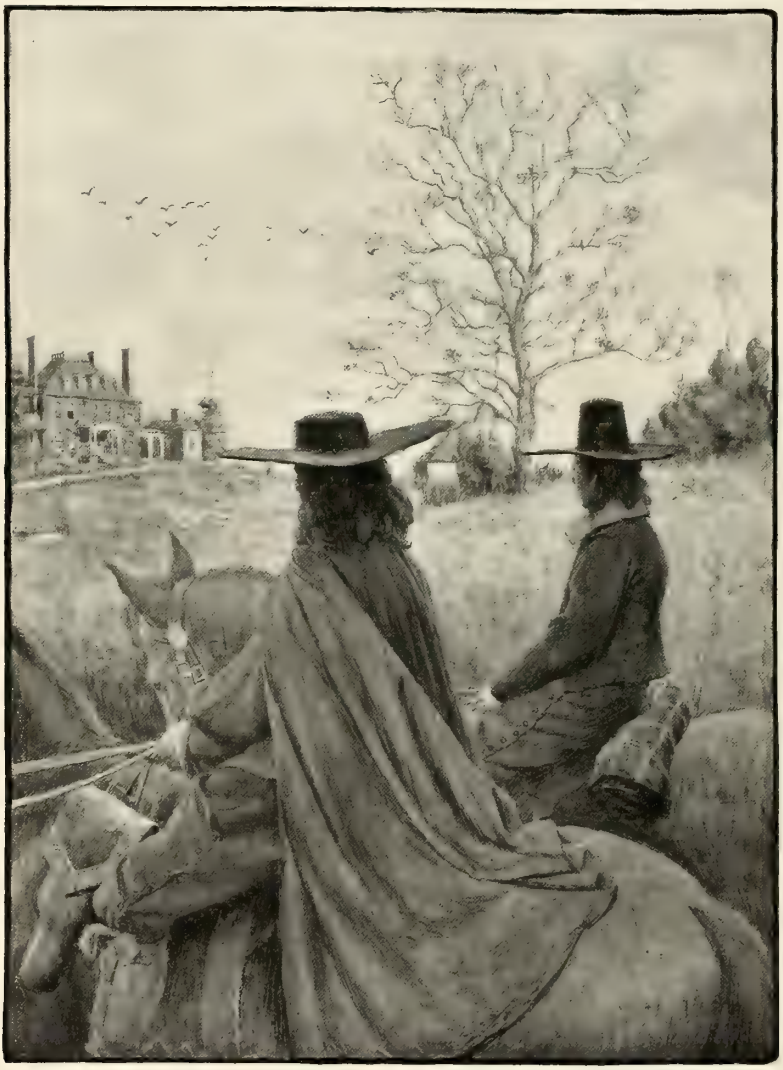
once more! There is nobody left who cares for Barnaby Lee!"

"What? Barnaby!" said a swift voice. "Hast so soon forgotten me?"

He turned, and there in the path behind him stood Dorothy Van Sweringen.

He stared at her speechlessly, being totally surprised.

"Dear lad," she said, "it is I"; and she laid her hand upon his arm. "We also have come to Maryland, and are to be English, too. We live across that little hill"—she pointed as she spoke. "Our house is thy house; and, if thou dost please, we are thy people. We have loved thee; we love thee now. We shall forever love thee for what thou didst for us; yea, for thine own self we love thee. Wilt thou not love and care for us as we love and care for thee? Then we shall all be kind together, and thou shalt never again be lonely."



"BEFORE THEM STRETCHED A PROPERTY BEAUTIFUL AND BROAD, ON THE SOUTHWARD SLOPE OF A GREEN HILL." (SEE PAGE 533.)

She paused a moment, with cheeks suffused and a little mist in her bright blue eyes. Yet still he did not look up at her face, but stood with his head hanging down on his breast.

"Dear lad," she continued, "we have all come over to dine with thee, in honor of thine heritage; for thou art lord and master here, ruler of thine hall. I saw thee going across the meadow, through the wood, and down the hill: and so, dear lad, I followed thee, and am come to call thee home."

Barnaby looked up when she was done.

"How good ye are to me," he said; "and how sweet it is to see you!" Then he paused and swept one look about the wide autumnal world before them: the river rolling down to the sea, the hills a-dream in crimson splendor, the mountains of cloud against the sky like alabaster domes. "The world *is* beautiful," he said, "and it hath been passing kind to me. It is a good world, after all, and so whatever shall befall I will not call it bad."

So they started up the hill, the bright leaves falling all about them as they walked.

All at once the crows began to rise among the trees along the hill, and to fly away across the forest, and as the two companions came through the beechwood where the brush had been cleared away, they could see the hounds running down the hill as if they were hunting a fox.

Two men upon roan horses were coming through the forest. Passing the gates at a gallop, they came thumping up the drive to the house. The hounds all trailed behind them, or ran before them, baying and springing up, yelping, and filling the woods with their clamor.

One of the men was a serving-man. He was sharply berating the hounds, calling aloud to them and lashing at them as they leaped about his horse. But the other stranger spurred on ahead as if he were in haste. The sunlight and the shadow flickered around and upon them, so that one could not distinguish their features.



"'WE LIVE ACROSS THAT LITTLE HILL'—SHE POINTED AS SHE SPOKE."

Barnaby lifted his head and stared.

"I wonder who that can be?" he said. "Come, let us hurry, Dorothy." Then all at once he put up his hands. "I am going to run," he said.

The riders had neared the edge of the wood, and all at once galloped out into the sunshine.

The man who was spurring so swiftly was tall, straight, and fair. He wore a scarlet riding-coat and a gentleman's decent sword. When Barnaby saw the way he sat his saddle, he started up the hill, running as hard as he could run.

The stranger, galloping through the grassland, seeing Barnaby running so hard, turned in his saddle and looked at him, then from looking began to stare.

Barnaby put up his hands and shouted. What he said no other could have understood. But the stranger turned his horse from the beaten road and came galloping down through the field as if he were riding for life's sake.

Barnaby's hat had fallen off. He was running as he never had run. The man loosed his feet from the stirrups as his horse came on, and before he had come to where the boy was, he sprang from his saddle and came run-

ning through the grass, crying, "Oh, is it you? Oh, Barnaby, is it you?"

All that Barnaby cried was, "Daddy, daddy!" and running even faster than he had run




BARNABY'S HOME-COMING.

before, he met the stranger in the midst of the field, and there they fell upon each other's necks.

The loosened horse went thumping on; the crows flew over the tree-tops; the hounds went baying up the hill in a white pack to the stables; but the two in the field heeded neither the crows nor the hounds, nor took notice of anything about them. They could hardly see for the tears in their eyes; they could scarcely speak for laughing and choking, yet they both were talking at once together; nor did either listen to what the other was saying, or care so much as twopence for what he was saying himself.

But Dorothy fled like a deer up the sunlit slope through the meadows, and darting in at the open door, ran along the reëchoing hall to the great, quiet room where her parents were.

"He is not dead at all!" she cried. "He rideth on a horse. He weareth a red riding-coat! He is coming up through the meadow. Barnaby is with him. Oh, happy, happy day!"

"Who rideth a horse?" asked her father.

"Barnaby's father," she answered.

"What? Nay, then, it cannot be!"

"But ay, it is; I have seen him!"

"Ach! what a happy chance," exclaimed Van Sweringen. "What a happy chance! My soul! Ach, Barbara, let us go out to meet them!" So they ran out to the porch.

## Chapter XLIV.

### THE END.

The afternoon was gone by; the moon came up while yet the sun was not down, and the rusty hills were still golden with the ruddy light.

Barnaby and his people were seated at the table. The sunlight shone through the room and lay upon Dorothy's fair hair.

"I am not dead, nor ever was," said Barnaby's father, smiling. "Poor George Levering was slain outright at the second volley; but I was only shot through the body. My time was not yet come. My life was saved, but I lingered in prison; and nothing I could say or do found me clemency with King Charles. I pleaded and petitioned; it was all of no avail until this spring, when the Earl of Southampton, who is my distant kinsman, stood my friend with his Majesty, and I was pardoned. My house in London had been sold; my friends were estranged; my English estate was flown; my wife dead; my son was gone. I had no heart left for the cruelty of war; a profligate court I could not endure; I turned my face toward the west, to follow the track of mine old investment. When I reached St. Mary's town I was met by a piece of news which made my heart swell until I thought it would burst. What that news was, need I say? Here have I found, this happy day, what passeth all investment—mine own son Barnaby."

With that he suddenly bowed his head.

"Dear God," he said, "thou hast been passing good to Captain Harry Lee. I will say grace."

All of them bowed their heads, Barnaby's by his father's, both as bright as hammered gold, though his father's was streaked with gray.

Van Sweringen was sitting between his wife and daughter, and under the falling table-cloth's edge he was holding their hands in his. On the breathless little silence there now fell a quick, sharp whisper: "Please, daddy dearest, I will love thee quite as well if thou dost not altogether crush my fingers!" It was Dorothy's whispering voice. They all laughed, for their eyes were full, and it was high time to laugh.

Captain Lee looked around him. The faces of all were glowing and bright with the sunlight and happiness.

"Doth anything lack which might add a whit to the happiness of to-day?" he asked. "Nay; there is naught. God keep it so ever."

"Amen," said Mynheer Van Sweringen.

They were quite still for a moment. Then the knives and platters began to move.

Peace came with the twilight stars at the close of the troubled day.

Thus ended the story of the life of Barnaby Lee. The days that had promised the fairest went out into mist and storm, and those which had seemed the darkest had come to the brightest end. So it may prove with the commonest lives upon this little earth.

What happens further lies beyond the province of this story. Dorothy Van Sweringen and Barnaby Lee were afterward married, met happiness and sorrow with cheerful strength born of mutual trust, were the parents of four children, were loyal, brave, and true, loving each other and their friends with a regard that was never altered by the adversity of circumstances nor diminished by the flight of time. They saw that the world is full of beauty and good to those who meet it aright; they played their small parts bravely in it, and taught their children to do so; and the world was the better for it.

Harry Lee was ever a soldier and a gentleman. You may find his lands recorded in musty files in Maryland, if so be that you care to look. His life was hard, but he lived it gal-

lantly, and found comfort in its fair and happy close. He has slept in peace for two hundred years beneath the pines of Maryland.

Van Sweringen was sheriff of Governor Calvert's county, as his friend had promised he should be, was interpreter to the Council, attained both position and wealth, and was a hot-headed, rapier-rattling fellow to the end, beloved by his friends, feared by his foes, and respected by all honest men. His descendants are scattered through many a State and many a Territory. It may be that you who peruse these pages have running in your veins the heat and fire that stirred his heart. If so, forgive the poor portrait the narrative makes of him; for he has been dead these two centuries, and his memory has grown dim. Our memories, too, shall no doubt have grown dim two hundred years from now.

And so, to every one, good night!

THE END.

# PECULIARITIES OF ARCTIC LIFE.

By Professor J. H. Gore.

Nature seems not to welcome the possession of the Arctics by birds, animals, or even fishes, and not only makes the climate severe, but has brought it about that, since each animal feeds upon some other, each can live only by evading hungry enemies. In this constant struggle to feed and avoid being fed upon, some interesting traits have been developed.

During the summer months much of the land becomes free from snow and ice under the joint action of sun and wind, and the snow that resists removal is darkened by a deposit of fine dust particles. In this season the animals wear their darker clothing, and birds have, by way of change, a less gaudy plumage. The background against which they stand would betray their presence if the white dress of winter were worn now; then, too, it makes it possible for the foxes, ducks, and other animals and birds to gratify a natural vanity by putting on, for a time at least, another coat.

In winter, white is again worn. The background is now snow and ice, and the only chance which the Arctic chicken now has to deceive the fox is to roll up like a ball and simulate a lump of ice. The ice-bear is equipped successfully to creep upon the ever-watchful seal, because he looks like the other blocks of white around him. He remembers, however, his black nose, and is said to be sharp enough to cover it with his paw while approaching his dozing prey.

The seal does not stop his search for food until he has completely satisfied his excellent appetite; then he takes a good nap, lying upon the very edge of the ice, or as close as possible to his breathing-hole. The slightest sound will awaken him, and, without waiting to find out the source or direction, he rolls into the water. He can stay under for only thirty-five minutes, but where he will come up none can tell. This no one knows better than the bear; and if the bear realizes that it is impossible to steal up on the leeward side of the seal, having his black nose covered with his paw and his bloodshot eyes closed, when the seal has his open and on the watch, he looks about for a favorable point of departure, dives under the ice, and if he rightly judges the distance and direction, he comes up at the very spot where the seal had expected to go down. The seal's fate is thus settled, and the bear's shrewdness earns its reward.

The beautiful eider-duck has often been cited as an ideal mother, and touching stories are told of her plucking the down from her own breast to make the nest in which to hatch her young. It is also said that if the hunters take

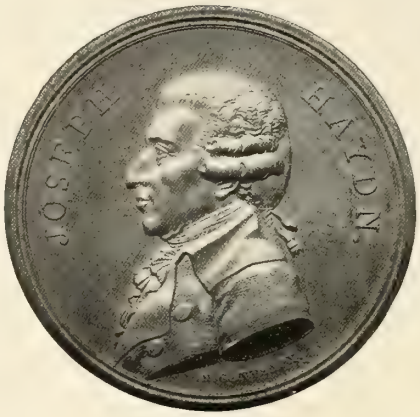
the down, she will despoil herself for the second time, not calling upon the selfish drake until she has literally stripped herself. The drake is declared to be strict in keeping his mate to her duties, insisting that she shall attend to the work of hatching. If the duck ventures upon a walk, he does not offer to take her place while she goes gadding about, but, perhaps knowing she is too fond of idleness, cruelly drives her back to her household duty. The duck lays only five eggs, and if she feels that her nest is large enough and warm enough to hold more, she boldly robs her neighbors, carrying the eggs, one at a time, under her wing, until she has seven or eight.

However, when the brood is hatched, the drake becomes the teacher to the young. Not in swimming, for that comes naturally, but in diving, which is a means of flight as well as for finding food. The little duck, coming into life above water, hesitates to risk it by going under, nor will he follow the oft-repeated example of his parents. When it becomes necessary to resort to force, the drake comes quietly near the unwilling pupil, suddenly throws a wing over him, and dives down. The little one is let go under water, and, coming to the surface unharmed, even if somewhat startled, he is ready to start diving on his own account.

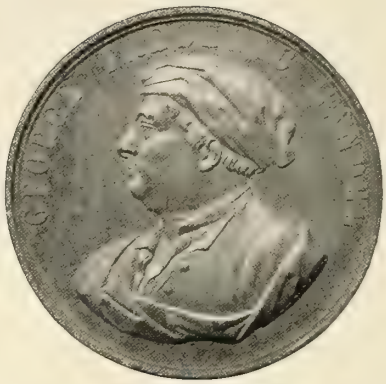
The statement, so often made, that Arctic birds become so confused by the perpetual day that they do not sing, was not verified by my experience. The few sparrows that visited us on Dane's Island were very generous with their music, and especially memorable was their merry singing one of those Arctic nights between the hours of twelve and two o'clock.



THE POLAR BEARS' HOME.




HAYDN.



HANDEL.

# BOY CHORISTERS.

By Frederic Dean.

From the days of King Solomon, when worship music was seemingly raised to the very highest point of perfection, and the large choral bodies of adult male singers were augmented from time to time with hundreds of women "and boys," the boy chorister flitted in and out of view, until the dawn of the Christian era, since when he has held almost undisputed and unbroken sway in the choir-loft and chancel. True, his services were dispensed with in the Sistine Chapel choir at Rome during the fifteenth century, but, at about the same date, boys were singing in the Chapel Royal in London, and they continue there to this day. The first recorded praise of any English singer was that paid to the choristers in the time of Henry VIII., when his royal Viennese visitor was so enchanted that he wrote home that their voices were more heavenly than human, and that they did not chant like men, but gave praise like angels. Haydn sobbed when he heard "the beautiful voices of the boys" in St. Paul's, and one of the best performances of "The Messiah" given in Handel's day was sung by a body of choristers, "boys and men fifty-five in number."

The reason for the churchly bent of most of the modern British composers is that they were brought up as choir-boys. From the time of the Restoration, when Captain Henry Cooke was appointed "master of the children," the list of English musicians is virtually the list of the Chapel Royal and St. Paul boys grown to manhood.

Henry Purcell, the father of English opera, and Thomas Tallis, the father of English cathedral music, both were graduates from the Chapel Royal choir. Richard Farrant, William Byrde, Orlando Gibbons, Thomas Morley, and all the rest of the anthem and song writers of Merrie England down to Joseph Barnby and Arthur Sullivan, studied their musical a-b-c's in cassock and cotta. Barnby and Sullivan, both knighted for their distinction in music, the one for his work for the chancel, the other for work for the stage, were noted for their voices as youngsters. Barnby charmed the listeners at York Minster by his solos, and Arthur Sullivan so captivated Thomas Helmore, the Chapel Royal choir-master, with his singing of "With Verdure Clad" that he was admitted to the choir when he was eleven years of age.

But it may well be understood that it is not only in England that famous musicians have begun their musical careers as choristers.

Musical history tells us that Sebastian Bach when a lad had so beautiful a soprano voice that his singing in the choir gave him his schooling free. Haydn says: "At the time I was six I stood up like a man and sang the masses in the church," and that nothing in his whole career was so heartbreaking as the giving up of his choir work, when his brother Michael sang the Salve Regina in his place. Gluck maintained himself as a boy chorister. Schubert was the first soprano in the Lichtenthal choir before he was eleven years old, and was noted for the beauty of his voice and the appropriate expression he gave to the music. Rossini sang solos in church, at three pauls (thirty cents) a service, when he was nine years of age, and Mendelssohn took his place among the grown people in the Singakademie when he was in his eleventh year, and "thrust his hands into the slanting pockets of his trousers as he rocked to and fro, singing a clear and true alto."

The struggle between the Germans and Italians for musical supremacy showed itself in the formation of a body of German choristers as a rival to the Sistine Chapel choir at Rome. Under orders of Frederick IV. of Prussia the Cathedral choir was formed, consisting of over fifty carefully selected voices of boys and men. Its members were most rigidly drilled in everything pertaining to their music, and the most delightful effects were produced by the perfect balance of tone and the harmonious blending of the voices.



LENT BY MR. HERBERT SULLIVAN.

THE EARLIEST KNOWN PORTRAIT OF SULLIVAN.

Sir Arthur Sullivan standing, John Henry Barnett seated. A photograph made just after entrance to Chapel Royal.

It is nearly one hundred and fifty years ago that one William Dickey, an English school-



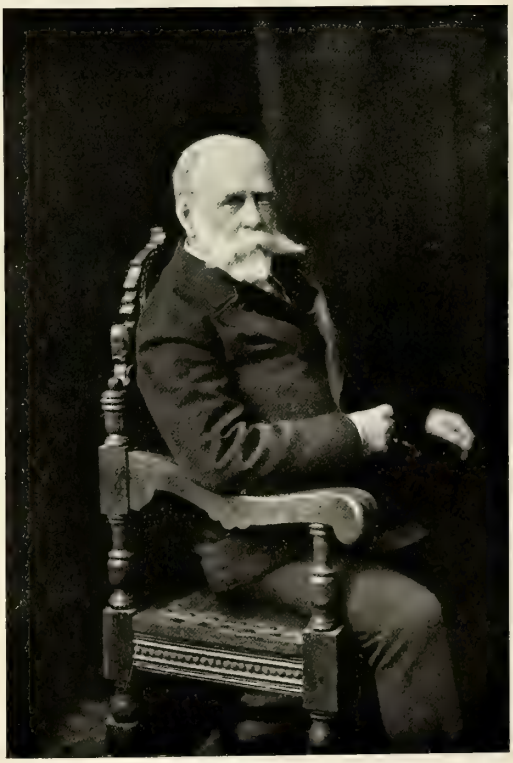
ROCKWOOD, NEW YORK.
ROCKWOOD AT NINE YEARS OF AGE.

teacher, came to this country and advertised to teach the Te Deum to those who would sing in his (old Trinity) choir; and among his choristers were "lads of ten years and upwards."

When Henry S. Cutler came to Trinity Church, New York, from the Church of the Advent in Boston (1860) he dismissed all the women singers from his choir, and substituted boys in their place, appointing as leaders of the two sides two boys who have since grown to fame in the musical world, and are known to-day as Henry Eyre Brown, of Brooklyn, and Caryll Florio, organist and composer, and at present musical director of Mr. Vanderbilt's country home, "Biltmore," at Asheville, North Carolina. There was also a Master James Little, who sang the solos in Trinity Church, New York, with a "voice of extra power and splendor," and a Master Hopkins, who was not far behind in beauty of tone and brilliancy of execution.

The first choral service in this country was sung in the Church of the Holy Cross, in the city of Troy, New York, fifty-five years ago, under Dr. John Ireland Tucker; and the oldest living American boy chorister is Mr. George G. Rockwood, who sang in this choir as a boy sixty years ago, and who is singing yet. The first choir-dress worn in this country was worn in this same church. The boys wore a uniform —the girls, poke-bonnets and purple capes. Master Rockwood sang his first concert solo when he was nine years old. His uncle, Warren B. Rockwood (the first American countertenor), had written for the lad the words and music of an aria entitled "Look Aloft and Be Firm," and it was this solo that launched young George upon his concert career. He sang it everywhere, and it always aroused his auditors to pronounced demonstrations of approval.

In 1867 there came to New York City an organization known as "Wood's Minstrels," and one of the features of the musical part of the entertainment was the singing of the "boy wonder," Master Richard Coker. His gift was too great to allow him to remain long upon the minstrel stage, however, and he was soon



ROCKWOOD, NEW YORK.
ROCKWOOD AT 69.

tempted away from his theatrical friends, and sent to England and the Continent on a concert tour. In London he had the pleasure of singing duets and trios with Sims Reeves and Mme. Sainton-Dolby. The price for his services was twenty guineas an evening, and he was fêted by royalty and petted by the common people. At a private concert given by him at Marlborough House before the royal family he was commanded to sit by Princess Mary of Cambridge while he was not singing, and he received every mark of favor that even royalty could bestow upon its favorite. The souvenir programmes of this occasion were of white satin edged with gold lace. In Birmingham he sang "Hear ye, Israel," before an audience of four thousand people, and captivated his hearers by his modest demeanor as well as his superb voice. On his return to America young Coker sang in New York, Philadelphia, and other large cities with renewed success, and was secured by Dr. Cutler for Trinity choir, New York, at the then fabulous salary of a thousand dollars a year.



MORGAN & GEMMILL, HARTFORD, CONN.

RICHARD COKER.

Theodore Toedt is the name of another remarkable boy chorister who was a graduate of Trinity choir. There is a programme in existence that records his singing at a concert in the Brooklyn Academy of Music in 1871, his principal number being "Robert, toi que j'aime," which was given with "the fire and spirit of an accomplished prima donna." Master Toedt was naturally a fine musician, could read anything at sight, and played the piano exceptionally well. When he grew to manhood he was for many years a prominent solo tenor, and was in constant demand at oratorio and other concerts, and was soloist at St. Bartholomew's, New York, for many years.

Frederick Gilbert Bourne, better known in the musical world a few years ago as the baritone soloist in the choir of the Church of St. Mary the Virgin, New York, was still a third soloist at Trinity at about the same time. At a special musical service given in the church these three boys sang the angels' trio from "Elijah," "Lift thine Eyes," and the celebrated tenor Leslie sang "Sound the Alarm."

Blatchford Kavanagh came from Chicago, and owed his start in the musical world to the drill he received in Grace Church choir of that city. His voice was of wonderful range, extending from low G to high C, and had the peculiar vibrant quality of the voice of a mature woman, with the purity of a child's. He swayed his audience at will, from smiles to tears, and from tears to amazement at his daring virtuosity. It was he whom Mme. Patti went to hear in San Francisco, and after calling "bravos" to him from her seat in the audience, hurried to the



C. D. MOSHER, CHICAGO.

BLATCHFORD KAVANAGH.

stage and, embracing him, welcomed him as a "brother artist."

When William H. Lee, the handsome baritone of the American Opera Company, made his bow at the Academy of Music, New York, fifteen years ago, with Pauline L'Allemand, Charlotte Walker, and the others in the American Opera Company, it was supposed by many that this was his first operatic appearance. But there are historic "Bills of the Play" of the Boston Museum, under date of 1879, where a

certain "Juvenile Pinafore Company" gave performances of Sullivan's opera with this cast: Ralph Rackstraw, William H. Lee; Josephine, Ida Mulle; Buttercup, Little Corinne; Hebe, Ida Conquest; Sir Joseph, Fritz Williams; Dick Deadeye, Ben Lodge. This organization gave one hundred and six performances at the Boston Museum.



FALK, WALDORF-ASTORIA, NEW YORK.

CYRIL TYLER.

Master Lee had been heard in concert and oratorio here and in Boston, and had sung in various other cities. His voice was high and clear, and he was always a good reader. At the performances of "Pinafore" he sang not only his own music but much of the Captain's as well, as the lad cast for that part was a better actor than singer. It has always been claimed that this was the "youngest operatic cast in the history of the stage." Little Corinne was only five, and sang and spoke every word in her part; and neither Lee nor Williams was yet in his teens.



KIRK, NEWARK, N. J.

WILLIAM H. LEE.

It is over a dozen years ago that Master Harry Brandon was the favorite singer among the worshipers at the Church of the Holy Spirit. "Never shall I forget," said a music-lover, "the first time I heard this wonderful boy. He was announced to sing the aria 'Jerusalem' from 'St. Paul,' and I expected the usual vain attempts of a boy to get the notes—let alone the meaning—of the music. The prelude was over, and suddenly I heard a sweet, full voice singing in most reverential tones. There was more than mere music in it—there was devotion. I looked at the singer in amazement. There he stood with eyes and face turned heavenward, and finished the aria without once glancing at the notes. Mendelssohn's music was illumined by the boy's soul."

Master Cyril Tyler inherited his remarkable voice from his father, Signor Tagliere. He was born in Naples, and grew up to boyhood with the beautiful Southern speech ever about him. He heard the best music, and knew no other. The boy had many things in his favor: a handsome face, a beautifully modeled head, and a



DANA, NEW YORK.

CHARLES MEEHAN.

charming stage-manner. He was possessed of great magnetic power, and to a voice of exquisite quality he brought rare execution. His singing of the "Shadow Song" from "Dinorah," and the "Carnival of Venice," the Schubert "Serenade," and Gounod's "Ave Maria" showed his versatility to the greatest advantage. French, German, Italian, English—all were familiar to him, and he sang in each language as naturally as if it were his own. His phrasing was good, his staccatos and runs clear and well accented, and his memory remarkable. His vogue was at its height eight years ago, when he was in his twelfth year. He was heard in concerts in all of the large cities at that time. It was always a pleasure for him to sing, and he made his audience share his pleasure.



EARL GULICK. FALK, NEW YORK.

Charles Meehan has traveled extensively in England, France, Germany, Spain, and Portugal, and everywhere received the plaudits of the lovers of song. He was for several years the soprano soloist of St. George's Episcopal Church. It was Mr. John Francis Gilder's song, "To Be Near Thee," that won for Master Meehan his most marked successes wherever he went. It mattered little of what nationality his audience was composed, this simple American ballad went to their hearts as none of his more pretentious arias did, and although they knew not the words, they guessed at their meaning, and applauded the vocal beauties and the artistic finish of the singer.

One of the best advertised boy choristers of the day is Master Earl Gulick, whose singing won the warmest encomiums from President McKinley and other dignitaries. Modjeska calls him "my dear little friend with the angel voice." "He sings like an angel," says Emma Thursby; and Franklin W. Hooper, of the Brooklyn Institute, goes so far as to say, "I know of no voice that so touches the heart." He has been known for the past few years as the "American Nightingale," and has honestly won his title. As a lad he was found to have that rare gift, absolute pitch. He very early exhibited keen musical perception and intelligence.

Three years ago there came to New York from Detroit a boy soprano by the name of Witter Peabody. He appeared in New York, and in Boston and Providence, as a professional singer. "His trill is equal to Melba's," said one critic. "His voice is as beautiful as Emma Eames's," said another.



ELMER CHICKERING, BOSTON, MASS.
WITTER PEABODY.

Master George Bagdasarion is a young Armenian who has delighted the parishioners of Grace Church, New York, with his beautiful voice. To hear him sing the simple, old-fashioned setting of Hursley to the hymn "Sun of my Soul" was a pleasure not to be missed.

He was brought to this country from Armenia when he was two years old. At the age of seven he was singing in a choir; when he was eight he sang in three choirs in Cambridge, Massachusetts—St. John's, Christ Church, and Appleton Chapel at Harvard; and when he was eleven he came to Grace Church, New York, and sang by the side of the noted Harold Yale and Harry Smith, and when Master Smith's voice changed, he took his place.

Harry Smith is one of the "thousand-dollar boys," having received that sum per annum for his services in Grace Church choir, New York. He went from All Angels Church, New York, with Mr. Helfenstein to Grace Church, where he sang for five years. Harold Yale came from Minnesota, and was one of Mr. Helfenstein's famous Grace Church boys.

The McGee brothers, Harold and Leonard,



HARRY SMITH. DANA, NEW YORK.



GEORGE BAGDASARION. ROCKWOOD, NEW YORK.

are from the Garden City Cathedral choir, where they have been noted for the purity of their voices and their good musicianly work.

One of the youngest boy choristers singing in New York to-day is Master Allen Fenno, the soloist at All Angels Church. Master Fenno has just passed his twelfth birthday. He comes from New Haven, and is a pupil of Mr. William H. Lee's. When he applied for the position at All Angels and had sung his own solo, he was asked if he could read. For answer he sang an aria which he had never seen before with such sureness of attack and intuitive expression that he was engaged on the spot. At his first service he sang the Handel aria "Angels Ever Bright and Fair" with remarkable power for one so young. "With Verdure Clad" and "There is a Green Hill" are other favorite sacred solos of his, while his secular songs range from the popular solos of Tosti to those, less frequently sung, of Liza Lehmann. For two years he was soloist in his home church, Holy Trinity of New Haven, under Mr. Harry J. Read, and to Mr. Read's careful training he is indebted for his schooling in the church service.



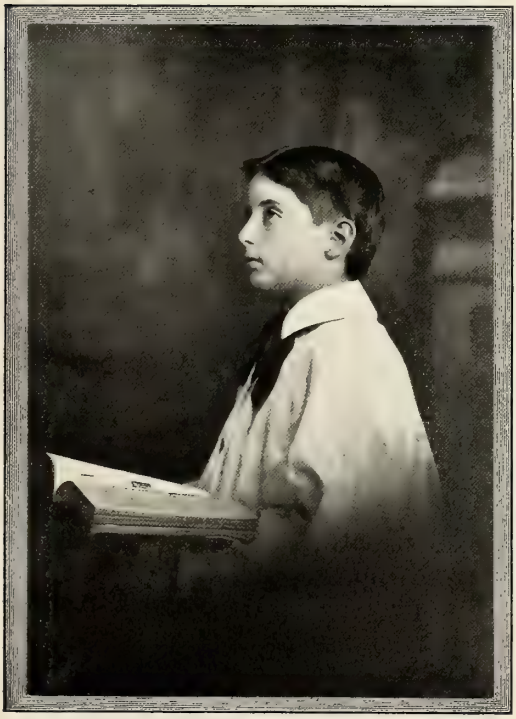
GESSFORD, UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK.

HAROLD McGEE.



GESSFORD, UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK.

LEONARD McGEE.



DANA, NEW YORK.

ALLEN FENNO.



ROCKWOOD, NEW YORK.

CHARLES ARTHUR BRADLEY.

There is still a younger chorister in New York, Charles Arthur Bradley, who was a member of Calvary Church (New York) choir when he was eight years old, but who has been taken out of active work for special voice-training. He has not yet arrived at the dignity of his tenth birthday, but sings many of the familiar sacred arias and all of the service with wonderful sureness and beauty of tone. He has already sung ballads at private musicales, and objects to the restraint from his choir work; but his teacher will permit no public appearance until he has reached a more mature age.

Many of the prominent singers of the present generation began as boy choristers, the three English tenors Edward Lloyd, Sims Reeves, and Joseph Maas being notable examples. George Sweet was first heard of as a boy chorister in Brooklyn, and Signor Novara, of the Mapleson operatic reign at the Academy of Music, and the great Lablache of a preceding era, were both choristers as boys. In fact, it would be difficult to go into any assembly of musical men and not find among the best musicians (if not the best vocalists) many who had had their early training as choristers.



ROCKWOOD, NEW YORK.

THE "VENITE."

# IN THE WOODS — APRIL.

By Rosalind Richards.

So much of April has to be taken up with rain and clouds that on a chilly, drizzling day we are apt to forget the hours of sweet, hot sunshine that are taking turns with the rain to melt the frost out of our hills and woods. But the moment the rain is over, or before,—a vigorous boy or girl is not going to be hurt by an April shower,—let us go out and look for the first spring flowers.

As far as I have seen, the race for first place in the spring pageant of flowers results in a tie. If you find a Mayflower just peeping open on the edge of a wood, you are pretty sure to see a nodding blue hepatica on the same day. The time of year varies, of course, as you go farther north, and with the particular season; but it is a good plan to be on the lookout for these two flowers, the leaders of the procession, as early as the first warm days in April.

The Mayflower (*Epigæa repens*), also called trailing arbutus and ground-laurel, belongs to the heath family, of which the rhododendron, the blueberry, and the English heather also are members. Every one knows its lovely, shell-like pink-and-white flowers, and its delicate fragrance, the first and most exquisite breath of the spring.

It is a little trailing plant with a tough, rusty stem and heart-shaped leaves very thickly netted, of a rather dull light green. The flowers grow in clusters. They are gamopetalous; that is, instead of having five petals, as one would think, there is really but one petal—a slender tube opening out into five points. They vary from pure white to a deep rose-pink.

Look first along the southern edge of a wood, on some bank or hillside facing the sun and sheltered from all the cold north winds. You will be pretty sure at last to see a little white star, and then a cluster of pink buds.

A few days later you will find them blossoming thickly through the places that they like best of all—fields of dead, dry grass, and brown hummocky pastures. Here you will probably find the pinkest ones, usually one plant by itself that for some reason has deep-rose colored flowers, while all its neighbors are in apple-blossom pink and white. The dark-pink Mayflowers are much prized, but they are hardly more beautiful than the pure white ones, which blossom deep in the woods long after their sisters in the fields have withered. These Mayflowers growing in the woods have a character of their own: the plant is usually thin and straggling, not compact like those in the open field; the leaves are large and very green, and the large white flowers are apt to come singly instead of in thick clusters.

But, wherever you try to find Mayflowers, you must know how to look for them. When you see a flower, follow the stem carefully, and you will find that it brings up with it half a dozen pink clusters that were wholly hidden. Only sometimes after a warm spring rain the little flowers seem to come out to drink, and where the day before you could scarcely find one you will see hundreds.

And a word about how to pick them. The stems are very tough. You try to break them, then to twist them; then you give a pull, and up the whole thing comes. Take two good things with you on your spring walks—patience and a penknife; and don't, because you like Mayflowers, destroy the little plants that might give so much pleasure to you and to other people year after year.

As I said, the hepatica (*Hepatica triloba*, crowfoot family) blossoms at the same time as the Mayflower. It is a beautiful little five-petaled flower (botanically speaking, what appear to be petals are really *sepals*, that is, divisions of the calyx, the hepatica having no *true* petals) set on a slim, graceful stem. It varies very much in color (the buds are of a deeper tint than the open blossoms) from white to purple and purplish pink, and sometimes to

pure blue. The leaves are evergreen, and are beautifully shaped, cut in three deep, regular lobes; the stem, buds, and calyx are covered with a gray silky down.



THE TRAILING ARBUTUS.

The hepatica grows in little separate clumps of many blossoms each, like violets. It is as common as the Mayflower, but you will never find it in such quantities. Look for it through rather open woods and in small clearings, or up the steep side of some gravelly hill, where you will see it nodding among the stones and bushes. It is of no use to pick it: the little flowers will droop before they have been ten minutes in your warm fingers.

Our next flower, the early saxifrage (*Saxifraga Virginiensis*, saxifrage family), is not quite so common, though still not at all hard to find. As its name—coming from the Latin words *saxum*, a stone, and *frango*, to break—suggests, it is fond of growing in the clefts of rocks. I have found it on the surface of a boulder where there seemed at first no crevice at all, no chance for the little roots to get nourishment. The botanical direction for finding it is, "exposed rocks and dry hillsides." You might hunt along a good many dry hillsides without seeing it, or you might pass it many times without noticing it, as it is rather a modest flower; but sooner or later you are sure to come across one, looking like a bit of white fringe seen against the rock.

The saxifrage seems to show that it is used to scanty fare, and to holding its own in hard and dry places. It is a straggling little plant, with hairy, rather clumsy, branching stems, and small, very thick, not easily seen leaves clustered at the root, the whole plant seldom growing more than five or six inches high. The small white flowers (sometimes a grayish white) have five petals, and grow in pretty little clusters, very close at first, and spreading out and becoming more feathery as the flowers open.

At this same time of year, though not quite



THE HEPATICA.



THE SAXIFRAGE.

so early as the first hepaticas and Mayflowers, you will find, in rather damp places on the side of a gully, or on a wooded bank by some brooklet, the dog's-tooth violet (*Erythronium Americanum*, lily family). It is an exceedingly "local" flower; that is, you may find a patch in a particular wood, and not again within a circle of, say, ten miles; but where you do find it you will see it covering the side of a whole valley and nodding with almost countless yellow flowers. Where it got its name it is hard to see; it resembles a locomotive quite as much as it does a dog's tooth, and it is in no sense a violet. In fact, if you turn back the flower and look into it, you will see that it is a most perfect little lily. The curving yellow petals, the shape and poise of the flower, show at once that it is a cousin of the stately Canada lily, that blossoms in July, and of our garden lilies.

The flowers grow singly on slender stems, the plants growing close together, not in separate clumps or patches, but covering the ground as with a carpet. The most striking thing about the plant is its leaf—a large, rather thick leaf, mottled with brown or purplish spots.

And now, by the time the dog's-tooth violets are in full blossom, you no longer have to hunt so carefully for your wild flowers. The brown fields where the Mayflowers opened are turning green, the woods are springing with undergrowth, and on every side little buds are opening, white petals spreading to the sun, fuller and richer every day as the spring comes on.



THE DOG'S-TOOTH VIOLET.

# NATURE and SCIENCE for YOUNG FOLKS.

Edited by Edward F. Bigelow.

## ON THE HILLS AND IN THE VALLEYS.

CLIMBING the hillside some young folks I know are always "first and foremost." Though the party number a hundred or more, there will always be two or three boys or girls (and quite as frequently the girls) foremost to reach the summit of the hill or the top of the ledge.

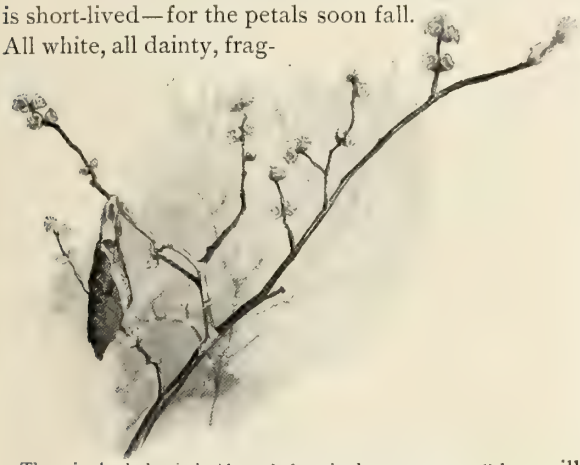
So it is with the flowers. Myriads are coming, but only a very few kinds lead the way.

Among the earliest, and often farthest up on the ledgy hillside, are the white-hearts, or Dutchman's-breeches, as they are commonly called. How dainty are the heart-shaped blossoms and lace-like leaves! Then in some crevice of the rock, also growing on a deposit of rich leaf-mold, we find the vigorous and beautiful "rock-breaker" saxifrage. Near by, or farther down on the hillside, are the bloodroots, that have been well protected in their




BLOODROOTS. SPICE-BUSH. (BEYOND THE BLOODROOTS.) SAXIFRAGE. WHITE-HEARTS.

whitish-green leaf-cloaks. They bloom in a warm spring day, but their loveliness of white is short-lived—for the petals soon fall. All white, all dainty, fragile, and beautiful. Strange, is n't it, that in the advance of the "floral army" nature puts such apparently delicate flowers in the front ranks, and often on the exposed bleak hillside, to withstand the storms and cold nights of early spring?

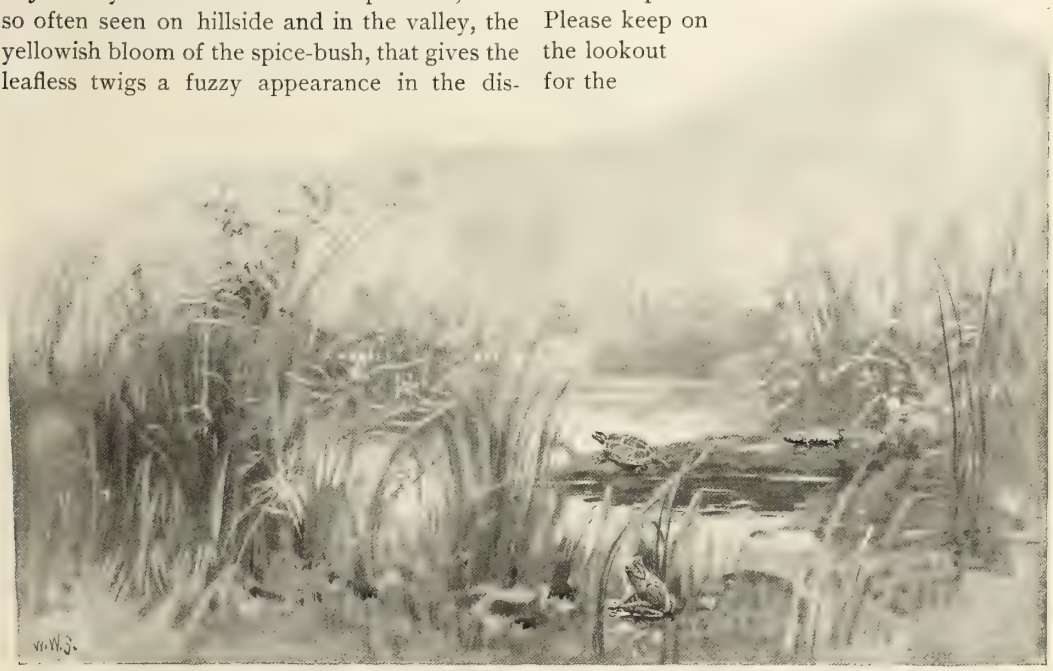


The spice-bush that is in bloom before the leaves appear—"the earliest of our floral shrubbery." Note the *Promethea* cocoon hanging to a twig. Who will tell us about this cocoon and the moth, also about an interesting butterfly larva associated with the spice-bush?

Just beyond the bloodroots is pictured, as is so often seen on hillside and in the valley, the yellowish bloom of the spice-bush, that gives the leafless twigs a fuzzy appearance in the distance, as in our illustration. It is the earliest of our floral shrubbery. Very pleasing to the sight are the beautiful flowers when all other shrubs are nearly barren of flowers or even opening buds. Equally attractive to taste and smell is the aromatic spicery of bloom and bark.

Down in the little pools of the marsh are peepers, turtles, frogs, and salamanders. In the foreground our artist has represented one of the spring peepers, that has markings on the back somewhat in the outline of an X. Will some of our young folks tell us what is the call of this one, and also of the other spring peeper, the one with a mottled back? Please to do a little sharp-eyed seeing and careful hearing. I think you will find it a greater pleasure to discover this for yourself rather than to read about it. Also note carefully the change in appearance of one of the frogs while making its call. Which one is the best climber, often seen on a withered rush far above the water? One naturalist says that he found this agile climber in a tulip-tree sixty feet from the ground

On yonder log is our beautiful painted turtle. Please keep on the lookout for the



IN THE MARSHES. THERE ARE ALWAYS MANY PEEPING FROGS, A FEW TURTLES, AND OCCASIONALLY A SALAMANDER MAY ALSO BE SEEN.

earliest appearance of turtles. Tell us which kind you find first this year, and the place where you saw it.

Spotted salamanders (one is shown on the log in the rear of the turtle) are not very plentiful, but you may find one. Some naturalists claim that the red salamander (and perhaps others) has a voice. Watch and listen. That 's the way for us to decide the question. We all want to know positively, for there are many different opinions.

### THE HERALDS OF SPRING.

You all are familiar with the story of the "midnight ride of Paul Revere," who was

> Ready to ride and spread the alarm
> Through every Middlesex village and farm,
> For the country-folk to be up and to arm.



How those people who heard his calls must have been thrilled with readiness for even war, if necessary, to meet the advance of the British. Almost equally thrilling, from a nature-lover's standpoint, are the wild cries of the "spring alarm" through midnight and daylight too.

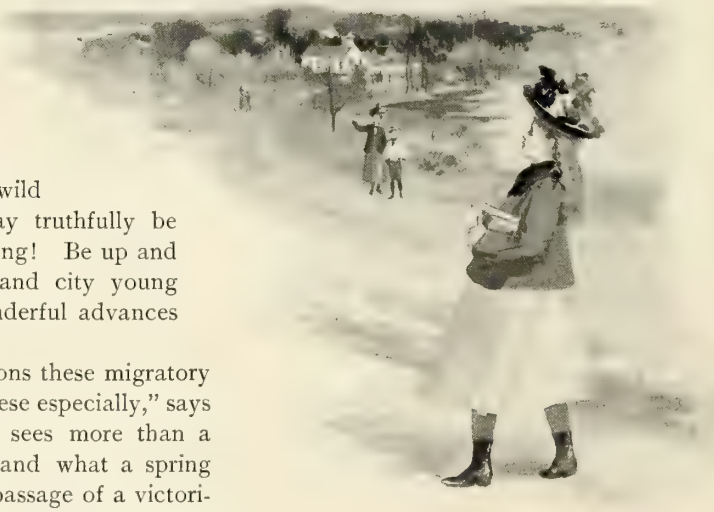
*Honk, honk, honk, honk, honk!* is the "peculiarly metallic, clangorous sound" of the wild geese, and their alarm may truthfully be translated: "Spring is coming! Be up and out, country young folks and city young folks, ready for all the wonderful advances of spring."

"I can't tell what emotions these migratory birds awaken in me—the geese especially," says Burroughs. "One seldom sees more than a flock or two in a season, and what a spring token it is! It is like the passage of a victorious army. No longer, inch by inch, does spring come, but these geese advance the standard across zones at one pull. How my desire goes with them! How something in me, wild and migratory, plumes itself and follows fast!"

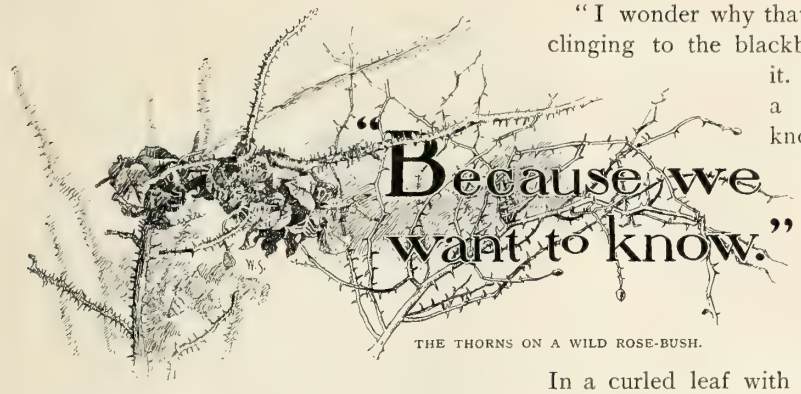
What boy or girl, hearing these strange, exciting alarms of the feathered heralds of spring, does not long to follow them? The cries are weird, mysterious, and unusual. Thoreau compares them to "a clanging chain drawn through the heavy air." He adds: "I saw through my window some children looking up, and I knew at once that the geese were in the air. It is always an exciting event. The children, instinctively aware of its importance, rushed into the house to tell their parents. . . . It is remarkable how these large objects, so plain when your vision is rightly directed, may be lost in the sky if you look away for a moment."

The wild, or Canada, geese fly northward in March and April, and return in the autumn to their winter homes, from New Jersey southward to New Mexico.

Will our young folks please make sketches of any flocks they may see, showing how they are arranged, and state the number in each broken or straight line, or, if the body of fliers is V-shaped, state the number in each side?



WATCHING THE V-SHAPED FLOCK OF WILD GEESE.




THE THORNS ON A WILD ROSE-BUSH.

CLUMP OF DEAD LEAVES ON THE BLACKBERRY BRIERS.

"I wonder why that clump of leaves is still clinging to the blackberry briers?" That 's it. The briers held you till a "because we want to know" took your attention. A moment's examination shows how the mass is bound together and to the main stalk by the silk-like threads made by some caterpillar last autumn. In a curled leaf with others bound around it we find the cocoon.

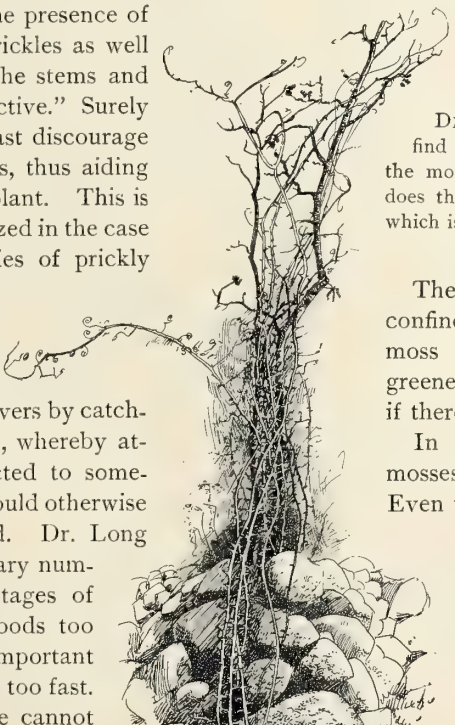
There 's a bright side even to the briers! They hold us, and the spirit of "because we want to know" causes our knowledge and interest—yes, even entertainment—to grow. Every time we see (and feel, too!) the briers, we will be reminded that we can't know to best advantage if we go too fast. Carefully *see* things, rather than carefully look at them.

## "DON'T GO TOO FAST!"

"WHAT are briers good for, anyway?" you inquire as we are struggling through a thicket, and you stop to disentangle your clothing from a mesh of smilax (or greenbrier, as it is commonly called).

From the standpoint of the plant, the botanist would tell us that "the presence of spines, thorns, and prickles as well as rough hairs upon the stems and leaves is mainly protective." Surely the sharp points at least discourage the attacks of animals, thus aiding in the growth of the plant. This is especially well recognized in the case of the various varieties of prickly cacti and other plants of the desert regions.

But the briers often render an important service to young observers by catching and holding them, whereby attention may be attracted to something of interest that would otherwise have been overlooked. Dr. Long told you, in the February number, of the disadvantages of going through the woods too noisily. It is also important that you should not go too fast. Now, let us see if we cannot find a beneficial side of the annoying briers. Let them be to you reminders of the good advice: "Don't go too fast."



THE SMILAX AS IT APPEARS IN EARLY APRIL.

### MOSS ON NORTH SIDE OF TREES.

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: People say we can find which way north is, in the woods, by the moss which grows on the trees. Why does the moss grow on that side of the tree which is toward the north?

JESSE JERICHO.

The growth of moss on trees is not confined, in all cases, to the north, but moss is usually most abundant and greenest on that side of the tree, even if there is some on the south side.

In order to grow and multiply, mosses need to be supplied with water. Even those growing on the dry soil or on rocks are wet by rains, melting snows, and moist winds. The mosses growing on tree-trunks grow best on the places where they receive the most moisture and can keep it the longest. Of course the north side of a tree-trunk, being always shaded, stays moist longer than that part of the tree which is soon dried by the sun after a rain.

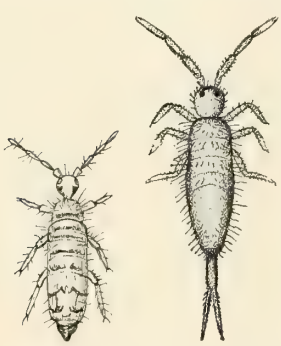
### JUMPING INSECTS ON THE SNOW.

Monterey, Mass.

Dear St. Nicholas: I noticed in the footprints and depressions in the snow little black specks that I thought were soot. But when I looked closer I saw that they were alive and squirming, and every little while one would jump. When I went on a little farther I could have gathered them up by the cupful at a time. It looked as if some one had taken a pailful of soot and thrown it out on the snow. The horse-tracks were full of them, and even the little rabbit-tracks were full. The snow just there was sprinkled with them, but down in the woods there were none. The weather had been very cold, but yesterday it was mild and the snow was thawing. We looked at the little things under the microscope, and the drawing I have made is as nearly like one of them as I can make it. We have never seen anything of the kind before, and would like to know if you can tell us what they are and how they jump. We could not find out. They seem to shrivel quickly when brought into the house. This is our first winter in the Berkshires, but the neighbors say that these little insects are common here, and they say that they came down with the snow; but that cannot be.

Sincerely yours,
Lucia K. Hicks (age 10).

These insects are evidently one of the many kinds of the family *Thysanura*, or "snow-fleas." They are quite common in the northern part of the country. They live under dead leaves, in the chinks of bark, or down in the moss, and upon a warm day, especially in the spring, they come upon the snow. They are also often seen on the surface of the pools of water. They have no wings, but can run fast or jump very far. They have a springing apparatus on the under side of the body. Of one kind Professor Comstock says, speaking of this apparatus for springing: "This, when suddenly straightened, throws the insect high in the air and several feet away. This action is like a spring-board jump, only these little fellows always carry their spring-boards with them, and have thus won the name of springtails." The right-hand figure of the accompanying illustration is a picture of the form sketched by the writer of this letter.



TWO OF THE MANY FORMS OF SNOW-FLEAS KNOWN AS SPRINGTAILS.

### BLUEBIRDS CALL US OUTDOORS.

Great Barrington, Mass.

Dear St. Nicholas: I noticed something last spring which interested me very much. In an old cherry stump in our yard there have been two little bluebirds. I have watched them flying back and forth to the stump, in which there is an old woodpecker hole. They seem to take turns in going in, for one bird goes in and the other one waits till it comes out, then he goes in. I have taken a great deal of interest in them, and I think all the young folks would be interested if they could see them.



THE BLUEBIRD.

Yours truly,
Ethel E. Selkirk (age 13½).

The coming of the bluebirds in March always creates or increases a desire to be out of doors. Even if there is a little snow here and there, on sunny days they musically tell us that *tru-al-ly*, *tru-al-ly*, *tru-al-ly* spring is here.

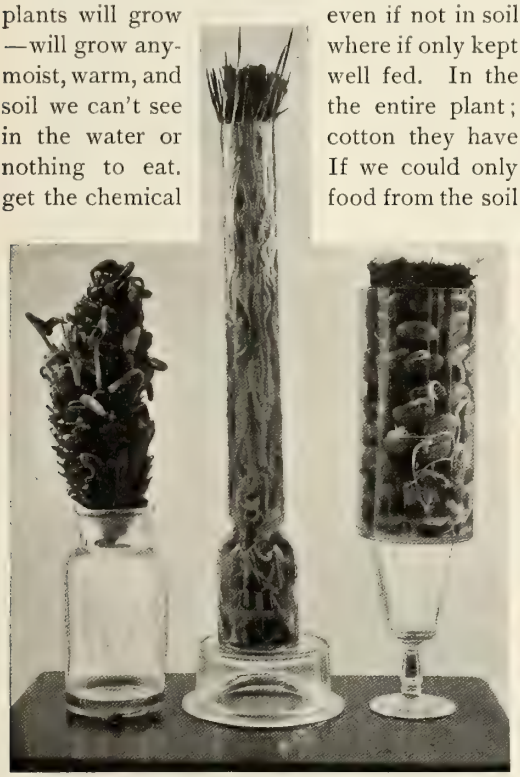
### WATCHING THE LITTLE PLANTS GROW.

A little over a year ago, several boys and girls in a school-room showed me their work in germinating seeds. By the method so familiar to all our young folks, they had put various kinds of seeds between layers of wet cotton, or in sawdust and in soil, and then set the dish, or tumbler, or flower-pot containing the little farm in a warm place.

"I wish you could have been here a day or two ago; they don't look so well now," apologetically explained one of the young folks. "They were very interesting and pretty when the little plants started to grow, but they soon died down." (And, indeed, I must admit that the tangled mass of little plants, some partly dead, some dried on the edge of the dish, some in places too wet, or decaying or moldy,—and some of the dishes even emitting a bad odor from the decay,—did not prove very attractive.)

"The little plants died as soon as they had used up all the food stored in the seeds," was explained. And then it occurred to me that what these young folks and all others need in order most conveniently to see the seeds sprout,

and the little plants grow, and continue to grow, is some method of feeding, so that the little plants will grow even if not in soil —will grow anywhere if only kept moist, warm, and well fed. In the soil we can't see the entire plant; in the water or cotton they have nothing to eat. If we could only get the chemical food from the soil



1. 2. 3.

1. Sunflower seeds germinating and growing between the scales of a spruce-cone.
2. Oats in lamp chimney, between the glass and the black cloth wound around a roll of cotton. The endeavors of the little plants to grow to the top are very interesting.
3. Beans in a glass jar arranged in same manner as the oats. All kept moist by the tablet solution.

and put it—but right here an idea came to me. In the botanical laboratories of the universities the professors and students use a mixture of chemicals dissolved in water. One such mixture, devised by Professor Sachs, of Germany, is called the "Sachs solution." But then a difficulty presented itself. It will be inconvenient for our young folks to go to a chemist and get all of these mixed in as small quantity as each will desire. And then another idea. Have a large quantity put into tablets so that two will be just right for a pint of water. Then it will be like diluting condensed milk and feeding the baby plants, and continuing till they are full grown-ups.

So, to encourage the young people in feeding and continuing the life of the young plants from the germinating seeds, I explained about these tablets on page 557 of Nature and Science for April, 1901, and made this offer:

A box containing about thirty of these tablets, with complete directions for use, will be mailed to any pupil or teacher upon receipt of six cents, the cost of preparing the tablets, box, packing, and postage.

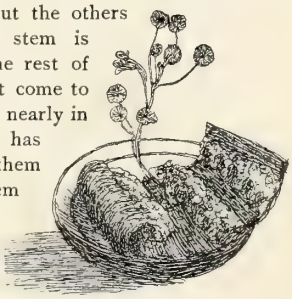
This offer still holds good, for Nature and Science will keep a supply. Please show this offer to your teacher or parent. Three prizes for best observations and descriptions were offered. In accord with these offers, about twenty thousand tablets were mailed to young folks in all parts of the country. Many excellent observations were received, and the award of prizes was made on page 81 of Nature and Science for November, 1901.

Extracts from a few of these letters, and the accompanying illustrations, show a few of the methods for convenient observation and study, or for novelty and amusement.

### LUXURIANT GROWTH ON A PIECE OF TUFA.

ANNSIDE, WESTMORELAND, ENGLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am sending you a drawing of a nasturtium growing on a piece of tufa. I have noticed a good many things about it, as follows: The first two leaves come in pairs, but the others come any way. The stem is lighter in color than the rest of the plant, and does not come to the edge of the leaf, but nearly in the middle. The leaf has nine ribs in it, all of them coming to where the stem joins the leaf, where there is a white spot. Sometimes the stems look as though one had taken a pen filled with red ink and made little scratches all the way down on the side which faces the sun. All the leaves face the sun. Some of them are outlined with a black line, the first two or three leaves generally. The roots are like a number of thick, dirty colored threads, not tapering, and all branching off the main stem. The leaves are nearly round, and have a rather peculiar odor which, I think, is refreshing.



NASTURTIUMS GROWING ON TUFA.

Your faithful reader,

GERTRUDE CROSLAND (age 15).

### NOVEL GROWTH ON TOADSTOOLS.

WORCESTER, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: After inventing my method, I began to sprout or germinate seeds. I used a member

of the fungi family commonly called a toadstool. It grows in rich soil in moist and shady places, and though some kinds are seen in the fields and pastures, they are short-lived, as they quickly wither under the hot rays of the sun. The toadstool which I used was found growing among the bushes in a swampy place, and was about the size of a twenty-five-cent piece. I placed it in a cup of water, and the next morning I was surprised to find that it had absorbed the water and increased to twice its size of the night before. I now filled a small cup with rich soil, and on top of this soil I placed a layer of moss, in which I embedded the roots of the toadstool. Then I scattered some grass and clover seed up under the roof, or cap, and on the top of the toadstool. The seeds soon commenced to swell, became green, and four days from the time the seeds were planted they began to burst open and send forth a tiny shoot of grass. Each morning and night I fed the roots with the solution made from



CORN AND BEANS ON MOSQUITO-NETTING TIED OVER A TUMBLER. THE ROOTS PASS THROUGH THE MESHES, SO THAT THE PLANTS FEED ON THE TABLET SOLUTION, WITH WHICH THE TUMBLER IS KEPT FILLED.

tablets. Occasionally I moistened the roots of the toadstool to keep its cap damp, thus making a moist bed in which the seeds could sprout. As the shoots grew, one end pointed toward the moss, and finally rooted in it, while the other end, which bore the seed, grew upward. A short time after I noticed that the little brown jacket which inclosed the seed had split, and it soon fell off, leaving two tiny leaves. The spears, which had been white, now became yellow and later green. The clover seed sprouted rather slowly, but the grass seed flourished and kept increasing in growth until the load became too heavy for the toadstool to bear.

Yours very truly,

DONALD D. SIMONDS (age 15).

In this case it seems probable that the plants may have taken some food from the toadstool itself, but they were not compelled to do so.

The grass plants, fed by the solution, would have grown luxuriantly if they had been on a mesh of fine wire, in shape of the toadstool, instead of on the toadstool itself.



OATS, CORN, BEANS, LUPINES, AND SQUASH GROWING IN SAWDUST IN A DRIPPING-PAN, AND FED BY THE TABLET SOLUTION.

### ON EXCELSIOR, AND ON CARDBOARD.

WATTITUCK, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I planted a number of sweet-peas out of doors, and at the same time I put a few seeds on some excelsior in a saucer and kept them wet. In about a week the little seeds had burst and a tiny shoot had come out. This I later found to be the stalk. In a short time the little root sprang from the opposite side. After I saw the seeds had really begun to grow I put them on cotton in a tumbler containing the tablet solution, and there they stayed for about a month. The roots seemed to grow very quickly, and they went right through the cotton. Leaves came on the stalk, and it became too big for the tumbler. I then moved them into a jar, and put up strings by a western window in my room for the growing tendrils to catch hold of. I removed the cotton when I put them in the jar, in order to see them better, and I do not think it made any difference to them.

I measured the plants to-day. I have now two growing. One measured twenty-four inches from the root



LUXURIANT GROWTH OF THE PLANTS IN THE DRIPPING-PAN, AS THEY APPEARED TWO WEEKS LATER.

up, and its root was one half as long; while the other was sixteen inches, and its roots, as in the case of the other plant, were about half of its length. Probably others who have started plants can report much better growth than this. I know that sweet-peas need plenty of water and sun, and though these always had the water, I am afraid they have not had nearly as much sun as they might have had.

Then I started some radish seed. I put a circle of stiff paper in a glass of water (on top of the water), the circle exactly fitting the glass, and placed the seeds on that. They germinated, and I removed them, paper and all, into the solution so that the roots went right through little holes that I had punched in the paper.

My sister and I enjoy your department in the ST. NICHOLAS so much. Yours very truly,

VIRGINIA C. CRAVEN (age 13).



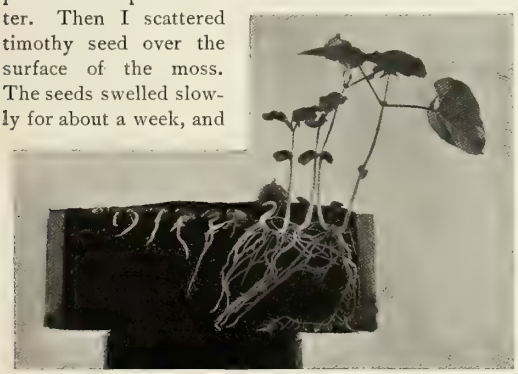
FLAX. BEGGARWEED. CLOVER.

These plants are growing in a case made of glass, cotton batting, and black cloth, as explained under previous cut.

### ON THE MOSSY LICHEN (USNEA).

LONG BRANCH, WASHINGTON.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I took a piece of the dry, gray, mosslike lichen that hangs from the limbs of trees, and placed it in a pan of water. Then I scattered timothy seed over the surface of the moss. The seeds swelled slowly for about a week, and finally burst, and out came the little plants. They looked like one green blade with a little white top. But that soon parted, and the two real blades appeared. In the meantime the roots had twined into the moss fibers.



BEANS "PLANTED" AT DIFFERENT TIMES, BETWEEN TWO STRIPS OF GLASS HELD APART BY A PIECE OF WOOD BETWEEN THE ENDS. AROUND THE BACK STRIP IS WOUND BLACK CLOTH, COVERING A LAYER OF COTTON BATTING ON THE INNER SIDE OF THE STRIP. FED BY THE SOLUTION.

KATHERINE L. BUELL (age 12).

### PERSISTENT CARE WITH NASTURTIUMS.

SCRANTON, PA.

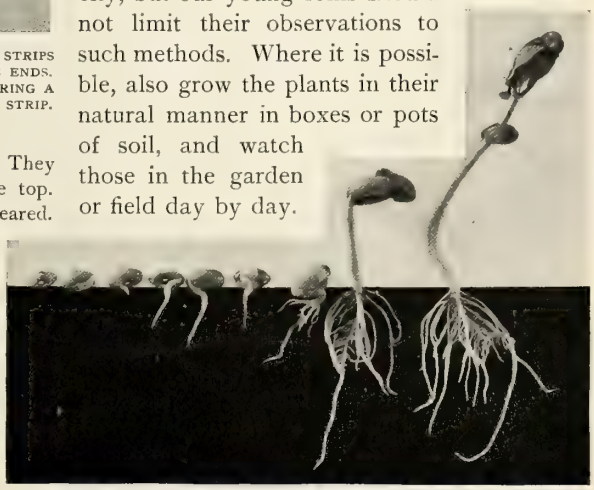
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I raised some nasturtiums. I put them in the plant food in little tins, and put blotting-paper on the bottom. Some of the roots had just begun to come out. I will tell you how it looked. First you could just see a part of the roots come out, and how they pressed the shell away. They were white and very tender and had little leaves coming out of them. You could see how, day by day, they got bigger. I kept feeding them with the food, and they were always as fresh as ever. In three days they were three and one half inches high. I then put them in a big glass, because they would fall over in the little tins.

Yours very truly,

ERNEST GLOOR (age 10).

[This is the first part of a letter of eleven pages giving careful measurements of stem and leaves day by day. Accompanying the letter were a sketch and box of specimens of the plants at various stages of growth.—ED.]

By this artificial feeding we can thus grow plants to full size, so that even the tiny root fibers are seen at any time. We also find it very entertaining to invent novel methods. So long as the roots can be kept supplied with the food, plants may be grown anywhere, even on top of a rock, from sand, shot, beads, bits of colored glass, etc. All these methods especially attract our attention on account of the novelty, but our young folks should not limit their observations to such methods. Where it is possible, also grow the plants in their natural manner in boxes or pots of soil, and watch those in the garden or field day by day.



BEANS GROWN ON MOSQUITO-NETTING OVER THE SOLUTION IN A JAR, THEN TAKEN OUT AND PHOTOGRAPHED WITH THE ROOTS AGAINST A BLACK CARD AND UPPER PART AGAINST A WHITE CARD.

# THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE FOR APRIL, 1902.




"GOING TO SCHOOL." BY ALLEN G. MILLER, AGE 16. (GOLD BADGE.)

## THE COTTAGE FIRESIDE.

BY JANET P. DANA (AGE 15).

(*Cash Prize.*)

THE sun has set; the evening shadows fall;
The darkening clouds have lost their rosy glow;
'Mid naked boughs the winds of winter blow;
And one more day is over past recall.
Within the cottage darkness covers all,
Save where the living, ruddy embers throw
Weird, moving shades upon the ceiling low,
And strange, uncertain shadows on the wall.
A burning brand falls from the glowing heap,
And twinkling clouds fly up the chimney dark;
The window-panes reflect a gleam of red
Until the gloom grows deeper and more deep.
The embers fade, and from a lingering spark
A sudden flame flares bright—the fire is dead!

Too long, both sides of the paper, no age, no name, no address, no indorsement. These are some of the reasons why some very good poems and stories do not appear, even on the roll of honor, this month. Colored ink or crayons, wrong subject, no age, name, address, or indorsement, these are reasons why certain drawings were laid aside. And there were also photographs, puzzles, and puzzle-answers that fell short in the few simple requirements that have been adopted as league rules.

It is true we have been moving along and progressing for more than two years, but we have n't got beyond the rules yet. They are printed each month on the last League page, so that whoever competes may read, and it will pay to take this trouble each month before beginning a piece of work that may mean a good deal more trouble thrown away if the rules are not followed.

We do not make and print these rules to give members added work, but to teach and to protect those who are sincere and persevering against those who are careless and who do not seek to be fair. Those who succeed and who continue to strive when their League days are over will thank us for these precautions. To prepare work properly and to see it properly printed is a long step toward art and literary success.



"IN DEEPEST WINTER." BY ISABEL H. NOBLE, AGE 17. (GOLD BADGE)

And even with all our precautions we are now and then misled. How many times must we repeat that copied work is certain of detection, though it receive the indorsement of trusting parents and passes safely through the hands of the editor, who has seen but a small part of all that has been printed in the world? Behind pa-

rents and editor there follows a mighty army of readers. The League and its work are of the greatest interest to them, and it would be just about as easy to deceive every one of this countless host as it would be to walk through a great city at noonday invisible to every eye. In the February number the drawing "Left Over from Christmas" is a copy from a drawing-book. Perhaps the young artist had not carefully read the rules and did not know that his work must not be taken from other pictures. Yet his drawing was carefully indorsed as "original," and if he did not know what that means, perhaps he will now read the rules very carefully and try to learn. Letters came from every direction two days after the magazine appeared, some containing the picture itself as it had appeared elsewhere.

Read the rules! Don't copy! Be honest. Win if you can, fail if you must, but don't give up the blessed comfort of having lived and worked and striven honestly.

## PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION No. 28.

In making the awards contributors' ages are considered.

Verse. Cash prize, Janet P. Dana (age 15), 1a Fifth Ave., New York City.

Gold badge, Gertrude L. Cannon (age 15), 176th St., near Anthony Ave., New York City.

Silver badges, Rose C. Goode (age 15), Boydton, Va., and John Herschel North (age 8), Edgerton, Wis.

Prose. Cash prize, Julia W. Williamson (age 16), 136 S. 23d St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Gold badges, Horace D. Lyon (age 13), 91 Maple St., Englewood, N. J., and Ralph Blackledge (age 9), Caney, Kan.

Silver badges, Ida B. Jelleme (age 15), 62 Webster St., West Newton, Mass., and Rufus Rhodes Bermann (age 8), 1010 I St., N. W., Washington, D. C.

Drawing. Gold badges, Allen G. Miller (age 16), 134 Maple Ave., Dallas, Tex., and Mildred Curran Smith (age 15), 4 Washington Ave., Schenectady, N. Y.

Silver badges, Rose Kinney (age 16), 23 Eagle St., Utica, N. Y., Maxwell Wheat (age 13), Geneva, N. Y., and Pearl Stockton (age 5), 169 Sumner St., Bristol, Conn.

Photography. Gold badges, Isabel H. Noble (age 17), 168 Ruthven St., Roxbury, Mass., and Fannie H. Bickford (age 15), White Hills, Shelton, Conn.

Silver badges, Cameron Squires (age 12), 19 Summit Court, St. Paul, Minn., and Mary L. French (age 11), the Victoria, Boston, Mass.

Wild-animal and Bird Photography. First prize, "Deer," by Rolland Conkey (age 15), Ft. Dodge, Iowa. Second prize, "Opossum," by Helen Lathrop (age 12), Dorranceton, Luzerne Co., Pa. Third prize, "Night Heron," by Morgan Hebard (age 14), Thomasville, Ga.

Puzzle-making. Gold badges, Fred H. Lahee (age 17), 152 Harvard St., Brookline, Mass., and Dorothy Calman (age 13), 127 West 81st St., New York City.

Silver badges, E. Tucker Sayward (age 17), 490 Columbia Road, Dorchester, Mass., and Ruth Wales (age 12), Hyde Park, N. Y.

Puzzle-answers. Gold badge, Edgar Whitlock, Jr. (age 13), 694 Putnam Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Silver badge, Allen West (age 15), Lake Mills, Wis.



"IN DEEPEST WINTER." BY FANNIE H. BICKFORD, AGE 15. (GOLD BADGE.)

## ONE RAINY DAY.

BY JULIA W. WILLIAMSON (AGE 16).

(*Cash Prize.*)

Up in the nursery were three fretful children, for, as it was a rainy day, mother had forbidden them to go out.

Jack was stretched out on the floor, trying to paint; but somehow the brush would n't go right, and the paints seemed to be bewitched, and, instead of looking bright and pretty, looked watery and horrid.

On the window-sill sat Jess and Jean, and the gloomy weather had so worked upon their feelings that they, who were usually such good friends, were now dangerously near a quarrel. They had been re-reading an old volume of St. Nicholas; but now Jean wanted to read one story, while Jess insisted upon reading a different one —in their struggles it seemed in danger of being torn.

At last Jean, who was always the peacemaker, closed the book and called upon Jack for a new game. Jack was two years older than the twins, who looked up to him with awe, for was he not "jest orful bright," and could he not make up the most delightful games?

Jack rolled over, and then got up slowly from the floor and sauntered over to his sisters. Suddenly, as he gazed at the book in Jess's lap, he had an inspiration.

"Wait a minute!" he cried, and dashed off to the library, to return in a few minutes carrying pencils, paper, and two volumes of St. Nicholas.

"Now," he explained, after he had given the two girls

pencil and paper and Jean one of the books, "open your books to the page just inside the cover. There—where all the little pictures are. Now choose your picture and write a little story about it, and we 'll try to guess which picture you were thinking of."

In an instant three heads were bent and three pencils were hurrying over the papers. Jean was the first to finish, but Jess and Jack were close seconds.



"IN DEEPEST WINTER." BY MARY L. FRENCH, AGE 11. (SILVER BADGE.)

Then the guessing was such fun. Again and again was this new game played, and so absorbed were the players that they did not notice that the rain had stopped and the sun appeared until mother came into the room and sent them out into the garden for a run before tea.

## FIRESIDE PICTURES.

BY GERTRUDE L. CANNON (AGE 15).

(*Gold Badge.*)

THE sparks fly up the chimney like elfin sprites at play,
The great logs shed a genial warmth—a light as bright as day.
The wind moans o'er the housetops, and hark! the driving rain
In fitful gusts is dashing against the window-pane.

Before the cheerful fireplace there sits a maiden fair;
The changing light is gleaming upon her golden hair.
"What see you in the dancing flames? Pray tell me what you see."
The maiden smiles, but moves not, and thus she answers me:

"First comes a gallant warrior upon his prancing steed,
And then a chieftain brave and bold, who doth an army lead;
The 'horsemen and the footmen' are filing slowly by—
Now they are gone. But look! I see a bridal train is nigh!

"The bridegroom is a noble king, the bride a stately queen;
The bravest and the fairest in their proud train are seen.
But now they, too, are fading. See how they glide away!
And not a single one is left of all that great array!"

Ah, yes, sweet maid; a precept grave from fire-folk may we draw:
All things on earth are subject to Time's unchanging law;
All things must change and pass away; all earthly ties must sever:
But do a great and noble deed, and lo, it lives forever!

## ONE RAINY DAY.

BY HORACE D. LYON (AGE 13).

(*Gold Badge.*)

I AM a little puppy, and want to tell you about the first rain I ever saw.

For two months after my birth I had never been outside of the house in which my mistress lived. On almost all dark days I would hear some one say that it was raining, but I did not know what they meant.

But one day I heard my mistress say that King Edward was reigning. I knew that a king was a man, because my mistress had read to me about kings and explained what a king was. Thus it appeared that kings reign.

Not long after this I heard the cook say that it was raining "cats and dogs." So cats and dogs reigned as well as men, and I wondered if I should ever reign, and how it would feel if I did.

One day, about a month later, I was standing by an open door when I saw some dark clouds in the west, which, I heard, meant rain, and I wondered whether it was going to rain cats, dogs, or men.

I thought I should like to be out when it was raining, so I walked out of the door. I shall not tell you how it seemed to be out for the first time. I lay down in some soft grass quite a distance from the house, and fell asleep.



"IN DEEPEST WINTER." BY CAMERON SQUIRES, AGE 12. (SILVER BADGE.)

I was awakened by something cold hitting my nose. I snapped at a leaf near by, which I supposed had struck me, but it paid no attention to me. Another cold thing hit me on my back. Pretty soon they began to hit me all over, and I kept jumping about, trying to find out who was doing it. At last I became frightened, and stuck my tail between my legs and ran for the house, the cold things hitting me as hard as ever. The house seemed a long distance off, and by the time I arrived there I felt strangely wet. At the door I met my mistress, who exclaimed: "Why, you poor little doggy, you 've been out in the pouring rain!"

I have thought a good deal about rain since, but have not yet arrived at a conclusion.



"DEER." BY ROLLAND CONKEY, AGE 15. (FIRST PRIZE, "WILD-ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPH.")

## BY THE FIRESIDE.

BY JOHN HERSCHEL NORTH (AGE 8).

(*Silver Badge.*)

I LAY amid the firelight's glow
When the sun was set, and the flakes of snow



"OPOSSUM." BY HELEN LATHROP, AGE 12. (SECOND PRIZE, "WILD-ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPH.")

Were flying through the winter air,
And the hickory-trees were black and bare.

No signs of life or spring were seen
Save the northern pines and the winter green.
I heard the north wind blow and blow
When I lay amid the firelight's glow.

I heard the hoot-owl scream and scream
As he perched above the frozen stream.
I watched the trees wave to and fro
As I lay amid the firelight's glow.

## ONE RAINY DAY.

BY RUFUS RHODES BERMANN (AGE 8).

(*Silver Badge.*)

I WAS drawing, one rainy day, at our country home, when I heard a scream from my younger brother Bastien, so I ran to see what was the matter.

"Watch," my bird-dog, had caught a little lettuce-bird that was too young to fly. Bastien was trying to rescue it, and together we, with some difficulty, freed it. We took it upstairs and put it on the floor, when the poor little thing began to quiver and stretch its tiny feet out. We thought it was dying, so we put it in a box lined with cotton, and placed the box on a balcony which opened into my room. Then we left it.

When we went to look at the little bird again we found that it was not dead. That evening we offered it some cracker-crumbs soaked in milk and put on a toothpick. To our great delight, it took some. Next day the mother-bird found out where her little baby was. She brought it some worms every day. It was such a pretty sight to see the little bird, when its mother was at all tardy in bringing its breakfast, hop out of its box and limp around, calling for her until she came. The mother-bird continued to feed her young one in this way for some weeks—until it grew strong enough to fly away with her.

When the little bird had been with us about a week it was afraid of none of us. It would sit on the backs of our rocking-chairs, when it got well, and chirp to us. I am sorry to say that its leg, where Watch had crushed it, never got entirely well.

If this little bird has not died this winter, it is still living its free and happy life. Bastien and I were very fond of our little pet, but when it got well we were glad to give it its freedom.

## OUR COZY FIRESIDE.

BY WYNONAH A. BREAZEALE (AGE 14).

"THE day is done, and darkness falls from the wings of night
As a feather is wafted downward from an eagle in its flight."
Come, Polly, put the kettle on, and draw the curtains, dear.
The world outside is robed in black; the winter evening 's drear.
Heap wood upon the brass andirons, and fill the fireplace wide.
Now that it 's dark, we 'll gather round
Our
Cozy
Fireside.



"NIGHT HERON." BY MORGAN HEBARD, AGE 14. (THIRD PRIZE, "WILD-ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPH.")

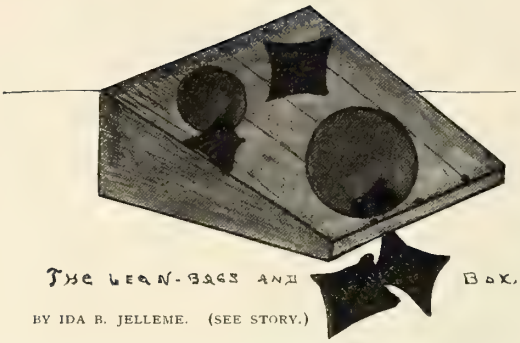
## ONE RAINY DAY.

Illustrated Sketch.

BY IDA B. JELLEME (AGE 15).

(*Silver Badge.*)

"SOME days must be dark and dreary," and this day the rain was pouring down in torrents, and the road was turned into many little muddy streamlets.




BY IDA B. JELLEME. (SEE STORY.)

After breakfast, as nothing else seemed possible, every one assembled in the sitting-room, around the log fire, with sewing, books, and games, but this proved very monotonous, so some one proposed, as the rain had subsided a little, that we go out in the barn and have a game of bean-bag. (This kind of bean-bag is played by throwing the bags in a box with a large and small hole, and keeping a score of the number thrown in, the large hole counting five and the smaller ten points.) Every one agreed, and so, with umbrellas and rubbers, we crossed the road to the barn, placed the box, and began the game.

With what wonder did "Queenie" and "Miss Rye" and "Dorcas" and "Samson" witness such undignified proceedings! How the chickens flew to a place of safety! And what brilliant throws every one did make into the holes in that box! A little boy of three years made himself useful by picking up the bags; but when one of the ladies neglected to thank him for bringing them to her, he did not neglect to say, "Thank you," meaning that if he thanked people for doing him a favor, he expected them to thank him when he did them a favor.

The score was creeping slowly up to three hundred, and the game was at its height, when (as all good things must) our pleasure ended by the loud peals of the dinner-bell.

By this time the sun was beginning to shine, and as we returned to the house it was voted that on another rainy day we would play bean-bag in the barn.

## BY THE HOME FIRESIDE.

BY FLORENCE L. BAIN (AGE 16).

(*A Gold Badge Winner.*)

THE night hath come and blotted out the world
With all its strife and struggle, all its pain,
But left one rosy spot where fame is naught,
Where only love is counted loss or gain.

Here all our little childish discontents,
The petty trials of a care-filled day,
Grow dim and distant 'neath the bright good cheer,
And, as the melting shadows, fade away.

A blessing be upon the dear home hearth,
A blessing on the evening fireside!
Its humble games, its simple tales oft told,
Its quiet joys let those who will deride.

The world's gay scenes grow dull, men's loud applause
Froths but a moment and is gone, as foam.
The sweetest hours of life are spent beneath
The calm and holy influence of home.

## AROUND THE FIRESIDE.

BY JOSIE MOELLER (AGE 12).

HO, ho, north wind, thou lusty sire!
Beat thou against the window-pane.
Thou canst blow loud, and blow in vain;
We heed thee not around the fire.

## ONE RAINY DAY.

BY RALPH BLACKLEDGE (AGE 9).

Illustrated Sketch.

(*Gold Badge.*)

THE most beautiful rainy day I ever saw was in the Yosemite Valley. We had started away at about 3:30 P.M. We had gone far up the mountain when a loud thunder-clap startled us, for it was quite clear when we left the valley, though it looked as though it might rain before night. And it was quite clear where we then were. But far below us the great pine-trees were bending and tossing in the wind, and the lightning was darting through the gray and purple clouds that filled the valley. The scene was all below me. The rain did not touch me; no, not a bit.



BY RALPH BLACKLEDGE. (SEE STORY.)

After this we could not see the beautiful falls and Merced River, and as we passed Inspiration Point, El Capitan faded from our view. And that was the last we saw of the wonderful Yosemite Valley—all hidden in clouds and falling rain.

## A FIRESIDE REVERIE.

Illustrated Poem.

BY ROSE C. GOODE (AGE 15).

(*Silver Badge.*)

THE day is done; the rosy flush
Has faded from the western sky,
And shrieking in the dark and cold,
The winter wind flies by.
What matter? A bit of the sunlight old
Is left behind in the firelight's gold.

The day is done; the rosy dreams
Which shone so fair when 't was just begun
Have taken wings and flown away;
Flown far with the setting sun.
What matter? New dreams as fairy bright
I can dream, as I sit in the red firelight.



BY ROSE C. GOODE. (SEE POEM.)

## ONE RAINY DAY.

BY ARTHUR M. FANCHER (AGE 14).

ONE hot, sultry day in July, 189–, we were camping out on one of our near-by hills. The morning had been sunny and bright, but toward noon heavy black clouds appeared in the west, and soon had overcast the sky. All this time thunder could be heard rolling overhead, and bright flashes of lightning could be seen.

Soon down came the rain in sheets. Its drumming on the canvas covering over our heads would have been very pleasant, for we were as snug and dry as if the sun was shining, had it not been for the incessant lightning and the heavy peals of thunder. Presently there was a blinding flash of lightning, and almost instantly a tremendous report. In a few minutes another flash with the accompanying crash, that seemed to make the hill tremble, and soon a third, causing me much alarm.

In about half an hour the first fury of the storm had abated, the clouds passing east over the valley. Mother now sent me out to put a pail under a convenient place of our front awning to catch some rain-water. I had hardly put my foot on the step when I saw a large ball of fire descending, but without any thunder with it. It seemed to fall at the foot of the hill, so near that I dropped my pail, not caring to see whether it was right or wrong side up.

I ran to mother, half scared and half excited. We ran out, and saw a tongue of flame shoot up through a thick smoke. The ball of fire had struck a barn, and in an instant the whole upper part was in flames. In this fire the barn, two horses, some carriages, a dray, and other vehicles were burned, though the rain was falling fast all the time.

The next day papa and I went into the grove of tall trees back of our camp. Soon we saw three large trees that had been shattered by the lightning. Then it was we understood what a fate we had escaped by less than forty rods. Though the thunder and wind storms are sometimes frightful in camp, each summer finds us in the same old place.

## BY THE FIRESIDE.

BY HAROLD R. NORRIS (AGE 9).

THE mother, by the fireside,
Is holding little Grace,
And Nellie 's sitting at her feet,
With gladness in her face.

For father 's coming home to-night
From a far-distant land,
Where he 's been with the army,
The leader of the band.

They hear a step; they run to see,
And quickly ope the door;
And there 's the father, safe at last.
He 's home, he 's home, once more!



"DEEPEST WINTER." BY BARBARA HINCKLEY, AGE 12.

## ONE RAINY DAY.

BY LOUISE FLETCHER (AGE 15).

A LITTLE spider was making her web on the window-ledge. A shower was gathering, but the small worker either did not know it or paid no heed. But as some of the drops began to fall on her web, she quickly went back over all the road she had traveled in constructing her home, gathering up all the sticky substance, which apparently went into her mouth.



"DEEPEST WINTER IN CALIFORNIA." BY KENNETH G. DARLING, AGE 11.

At last, when there was no sign of her web left, she went into a corner, and must have gone fast asleep, for after the shower had passed, all efforts on my part to arouse her failed. At any rate, she was either asleep or angry at the rain for disturbing her work. If I had had a microscope I might have discovered whether she was pouting or had her eyes closed.

## FIRESIDE STORIES.

BY MARION PRINCE (AGE 11).

IT was a stormy April night,
When by the fire sat
The father of the family with
His children, wife, and cat.

Two boys with rosy cheeks, and eyes
That glistened blue and bright
At the stories told by the father
As they sat in the firelight.

And story succeeded story,
Till Teddy's curly head
Drooped low on his father's shoulder,
And the boys went off to bed.

## ONE RAINY DAY.

BY FLORENCE ELEANOR FLETCHER (AGE 12).

IT was a rainy and dismal day. Cousin Tom and I were camping with relatives at a place called "Devil's Tower" in Wyoming.

This tower is all rock, is nine hundred feet high, and about a mile around its base.

There are pine forests around it, and in them roamed many wild animals.

It was not at all safe for children to go far alone; but Tom and I did not know this, and we decided to go fishing.

A creek flowed along the place where our camp was,



"DEEPEST WINTER." BY M. F. LAWTON, AGE 17.

and we followed this down until we came to a good fishing-place. When we found it we fished until noon, and then started back; but instead of following the creek back, as we should have done, we decided to take a short cut through the forests, and of course we got lost.

We wandered around and around, but could not find our camp. At last we built huge bonfires, in the hopes that some one would be looking for us and see them; but it was all in vain, and we wandered around again.

We were both sopping wet, our cheeks were as brown as coffee, my hair-ribbon was lost, my hair dangling, and altogether we looked more like wild Indians than common American children.

Suddenly we heard a noise. What could it be? Was it some wild animal?

Soon we saw a clearing in a forest, and running to it, what should meet our eyes but the ponies which had brought us to camp! They were the prettiest sight to our eyes in the world, for had we not come with the men to picket them, and did we not know the way back to camp? To be sure we did, and you may be certain we were soon started to it, each on a pony.

We arrived there safely, and you would have to hunt a long time to find a happier couple of children. We found the men just starting in different directions to hunt us.

They had become about as much alarmed as our parents, who had worried not a little.

After all, we got out of the scrape very easily, but we did not go fishing again for some time.

## BY THE FIRESIDE.

BY ELEANOR MYERS (AGE 11).

TEDDY and I by the fireside sat,
Sociably having a little chat.
It was growing dusk, and the shades were down,
And mother had gone with father to town;
When, after a silence, Teddy said:
"When I was out playing to-day with Ned,
We both decided what we should be
When we were grown to be men, you see."
And then Ted said: "When I 'm of age
I 'm going to drive a 'normous stage,
And cross the prairie on wintry nights,
And race with cow-boys, and have some fights."



"DEEPEST WINTER." BY JOHN LANGHORNE, AGE 14.

Then I said: "I 'll be an artist fair,
With pencils and brushes everywhere."
When mother came in and heard the news,
She laughingly said: "You 'll change your views
From painting pictures and driving a stage
To something quite different when you 're of age."



"GOING TO SCHOOL." BY ROGER K. LANE, AGE 10.

## THOUGHTS OF THE FIRESIDE.

BY WILLIAM NEWTON COUPLAND (AGE 14).

WHO has not known the joy of winter nights
Spent in the homely, cheerful firelight's glow?
Who does not cherish happy memories
Of pleasant fireside hours spent long ago?

The sailor wintering 'midst the Arctic ice,
In awful silence, desolation drear,
Still can recall the crackling of the logs,
The old familiar voices seems to hear.

## OUR RAINY-DAY GOOSE.

BY MARGUERITE HOPE FORD (AGE 10).

Now, Mollie and I were not only chums, but near neighbors as well. It was a cold, rainy day in November, and she had come to play with me all day, it being Saturday. Finally grandma came in to us, and said: "Who will go to the butcher and get my meat for Sunday dinner?"

Of course we were both anxious to go, and were soon ready with mackintosh and umbrellas.

She told us to get a nice roast, or a fine goose if we saw one ready dressed.

As I was especially fond of goose, I went directly to the butcher she



"GOING TO SCHOOL." BY MILDRED CURRAN SMITH, AGE 15. (GOLD BADGE.)

dealt with, and asked to buy a goose, but was informed that they did n't have any. Well, we proceeded on to the next meat-shop, and the next, until we had gone to nearly all. Then, at last, we came to a very dirty shop, and went in, hoping to find a goose, and there it was I found it. I ordered the goose wrapped up, regardless of price, and told the man to charge it to my papa. Whether he knew me or papa I did n't stop to consider.

Well, he tied it up, and we trudged home with a six-pound goose in our basket, which made it heavy and almost unmanageable with our umbrellas. The goose proved too much for us, and when we were in the central part of the main street, that goose slid out of the basket, paper and all, and rolled out on the ground.

Some dogs saw it, and started for the meat. Shrieking with laughter, we soon succeeded in chasing them off, and landed the goose safely once more, and were home again.

Grandma was delighted with our purchase, but shocked at the idea of asking credit at a place where she had never dealt.

And when questioned as to where we bought it, we could neither of us tell. We decided to wait until the man sent in the bill, as neither of the butchers that papa went to pay remembered of selling me the goose.

We had a grand Sunday feast, and to this day remains the mystery as to where the goose came from.



"AT HOME." AND "GOING TO SCHOOL." BY ROSE KINNEY, AGE 16. (SILVER BADGE.)

## BY THE FIRESIDE.

BY DOROTHY POSEGATE (AGE 17).

Outside the rain is dripping sad and slow,
So come and rest before the firelight's glow.
These logs once stood as trees with branches wide,
And heard the rushing river by their side.
So, when ye look within the fire's red heart
Think not it is thy fancy makes thee start;
'T is but the lives, the dreams of grand old trees,
Of years long buried, of the wind's full breeze,
The wailing of the rains of other days,
Told in the crimson blaze.

## FIRESIDE.

BY ROBERT STRAIN (AGE 9).

As I sit by the fireside at night,
With flames so warm and rosy,
With sparkling embers and cheery light,
I feel so warm and cozy.

## NOT TO SLEEP ON.

(*A True Story.*)

BY LORNA INGALLS (AGE 15).

"No more cheese to go to bed on."
Mama shook her head.
Little Lois looked up quickly;
Hopefully she said:
"But I just want to eat it, please;
I would n't *sleep* upon the cheese."

### NOTICE.

New badges may be had upon application.

## HOPE.

BY ALMA JEAN WING (AGE 17).

(*Winner of Gold and Silver Badges.*)

'T is but exquisite thought of what might be,
A longing for what seems beyond our ken,
The daring child of fickle fantasy,
Who sleeps and wakens in the hearts of men!
With timid Expectation at her knee,
And dull and dark Suspense still in the rear,
Ah, Hope, what are you? Longing? Fantasy?
Or something true that sweeps my soul to fear?

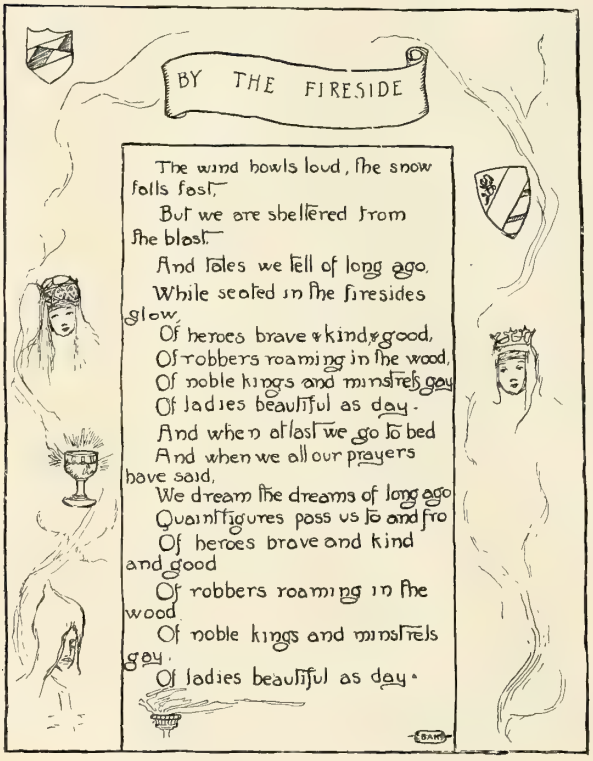
## HOPE.

BY G. THEODORE KELLNER (AGE 13).

When fair Pandora, long ago,
Affliction's box did ope,
There poured out swiftly many a woe
The seeds of pain and strife to sow.
Yet with them all came Hope.

And since that day, when men in vain
With sorrow strive to cope,
When hearts are sad and filled with pain,
And grim Despair asserts his reign,
Then to their aid comes Hope.

What though the night be dark and drear,
And vain we blindly grope?
The dawn is coming, morn is near;
Until its welcome light appear,
Our guiding star is Hope.




ILLUSTRATED POEM. BY BETH HOWARD, AGE 14.

## BY THE FIRESIDE.

Illustrated Poem.

BY MADGE FALCON (AGE 16).



The nicest time of all the day,
Or so it seems to me,
Is when we all sit round the fire
After we 've had our tea,
And mother comes and tells us tales,
With baby on her knee.

But what we do not like at all
Is when we hear a tread
Outside the door, for then we know
That good night must be said;
For nurse has come to take us off
And put us all to bed.

## ROLL OF HONOR.

A LIST of those whose work, though not used, has been found worthy of honorable mention and encouragement.

### VERSE.

Pauline Wolf Bancroft
Elizabeth T. Cunningham
Harlow Frances Pease
Saidee E. Kennedy
Bertha Forbes Bennett
Sidonia Deutsch
Graham Hawley
Helen Macleish
Mary C. Metherell
Mabel Stark
Karl F. Adams
Caroline Clinton Everett
Lenore Mittelbach
Carl Bramer
Clifford M. Ulp
Leon Bonnell
June E. Paris
Tina Gray
Lesley M. Storye
Doris Francklyn
Dorothy P. Taylor
Winifred Hemming
Marguerite Stuart
Charlotte Waugh
Agnes Churchill Lacy
Enola A. Ward
Cecilia Ritchie
Jacqueline Overton
Madeleine Stith
Clarence W. Rodman
Maude L. King
Helen Madeleine Hogg
Dinah Daniels
Edith J. Ballou
Elsie N. Gutman
Alice S. Gilman
Mary Alice Allen
Julia Mumford
Ethel Kaurin
Anna Skidmore
Roberta Haslett
Helen H. Crandall
Margaret E. Gifford
Miriam Allen De Ford
Fay Marie Hartley
Clarence Royon
Elizabeth Keeler
Lois J. Bell
Charles A. Clinton
Nelly Jewett
Miriam Gay Daniels
Millie Hess
Ruth E. Pett
Wallace Topping
Marie Armstrong
Lucy Bruggerhof
Henriette E. Romeike
Elizabeth Billings
Mary M. B. Arbuckle
Katherine Grout
Eleanor S. Wilson
Katherine Bates Singleton
Marie Myers
Robert Graeme Phelps
Stephen Bonsal White

### PROSE.

Theresa Chalmers
Alida N. Nelson
M. H. Durand
Mignonne Lincoln
Gladys Knight
Elizabeth Parker
Lucie A. Dolan




"GOING TO SCHOOL." BY MAXWELL WHEAT, AGE 13.
(SILVER BADGE.)

Florence Herrick
Lynn Webster Meekins
Nancy Barnhart
Yvonne Jequier
Reinhold Palenski
Margaret C. Coggin
Besse Jenkins
Flintoff B. Wright
Anna B. Carolan
Clare Currier
Elizabeth Agnes Rose
Edward C. Day
Daniel J. Ball
Will Timlin
Joshua W. Brady
Louis Moen
Pauline Croll
Edgar Pearce
Robert Gastrell Barton
Essa M. Starkweather
Fred H. Minor
Caroline van Deinse
Jean Paul Slusser
Clifford Ostler

Lydia E. Bucknell
Roscoe Brinton
Florence Gordon
David A. Wasson
Richard M. Hoe
Ruth Forbes Eliot
Helen Louise Wilson
Virginia Graves
Mary Williams Bliss
Mary H. Shier
Sheila A. St. John
Bessie Grammer
Gertrude Browne
Frances Rhoades
Helen O. Chandler
Wentworth Glyn Cavenagh
Emmeline Bradshaw
Virginia Worthington
Linda Dallett
Lois M. Pett
Edwin W. Whitmarsh
William E. Pritchett
Fred Salziger
Harlow B. Raymond
George J. Schoenfeld
Ruth M. Peters
Janet Ritchie
Gordon H. Graves
Helen Vallette
Helen Collins
Edith S. Gibbs
James C. Chapman
Camille Du Bose
Spencer Strauss
Louis Edwards
Delia Farley Dana
Danforth Greer, Jr.
Elsa Hildenbrand
Roscoe Adams
Marion D. Smith
Beulah H. Ridgeway
Mary A. M. Bayne
Jean O. Harris
Edith Louise Brundage
Virginia S. Grint
J. H. Simon
Ellen Skinner
Catherine D. Brown
Eugenie O'Niell
Sallie Underhill
Lawrence Evans
Emma Bugbee
Doris G. Ripley
Margaret Sturgis
Francis Wright
Helen Almy
Raymond Foster Marshall
Mary Cromer
Margaret Cushing

Elsie Houghton
Edna Heller
Helen Jelliffe
Cecil Mathews
Alice L. Hammatt
Marguerite Brown
Ernest Boas
Abe Stromhberg
Arthur M. Atkinson
Ruth B. Maurice
Kathleen C. Burnett
Mildred S. Rives
Potter Remington
Andrew W. Stuart
Edith Florence Wells
Elsie A. Turner
Katherine Howard
Marjorie Sibyl Heck
Florence Hamm
Maude Fulmore
Gladys Crockett
Emma D. Miller
Mary Ellen Derr
Virginia Jones
William B. Campbell

## DRAWINGS.

Elizabeth Fuller
C. Alfred Klinker
Theodore M. Chambers
Addie Wright
Emily C. Stetson
Anna Cook
Paul J. Woodward
Calvin Favorite
Emma G. Lane
Viola Cushman
Richard Ashman
Donald H. Stuart
Bettie Stockett
Augustus Camprubi Aymar
Elizabeth Stockton
Julia M. Yale
Marian Herrick
Dorids L. Nash

Mildred Wheat
Virginia Lyman
William G. Whitford
Walter E. Werner
Denys Wortman, Jr.
Arthur De Cant Johnson
R. M. Cameron
Jamie Chapin
Helen M. Aldrich
Nellie Sellers
Frances E. Hays
Rosalie Olin Warner
Earl D. Van Deman
Helen de Veer
Harry Todd
Victor Sherman
Catherine Thistle
Honora P. Russell
Sidney W. Hyde
Mary Woodman
Hilda Van Emster
Fannie Storer
Daisy Pitcher
Sarah Mcdavitt
Harriet Park
Theodora Kimball
Chester Ivers Garde
Mildred B. Copeland
Margaret Jane Russell
Elsie Macdonald
Helen E. Jacoby
Hazel Chadwick



"GOING TO SCHOOL." BY PEARL STOCKTON, AGE 5.
(SILVER BADGE.)

Delmar G. Cooke
J. Bertram Hills
Helen Ruff
Helen Barnes
Helen Frances Wood
Katherine F. Liddell
Ernest Pringle
Herbert Jackson
Ruth Colby
Ethel Brand
Sara Marshall
Addie Ruff
Walter Palenske
Samuel Davis Otis
Albert Bruce Izor
Rudolf Weber
Lois D. Wilcox
Gladys Swift Butler
W. J. Adams
Harriet Welliver
Harvey Osgood
Margaret Peckham
Margaret Winthrop Peck
Ruth E. Frost
Helen Rose
Margaret E. Conklin
Everett Williamson
Charles R. Stratton
Emily W. Browne
Julia Kurtz
Elva Woodson
Marjorie Betts
Margaret McKeon
Russell S. Walcott
Charlotte E. Pennington
Alfrida Crowell
Rachel L. McKnight
Donald Ross
Arthur D. Fuller
Vernon Radcliffe
Edith G. Daggett
Ethel Smith Watkins
Rose Chandler
Laura E. Hadley
Hugh Montgomery
Edna Phillips
George Delano
Eleanor C. De Remer
Evelyn Stevens
James Montgomery
Janet Fraser
Mabelle Williams
Elisabeth B. Tennis
Ellen W. Peckham
Ernestine Peabody
Carlotte Stark
Elvira Kranich
Henry Emerson Tuttle
Margaret F. Upton
Winifred E. Wilson
Ralph L. Bugbee
Lawrence L. Wolfe
Margaret Lentz Daniell
Majel Buckstaff
Florence Dudley
Edith Van Horn
Alice Helm
Leila I. Haven
Charles G. Goetz
Jessie Hewitt
Aileen Gundelfinger
Harold Shear
Anna Dake McCague
Eleanor V. Jacob
Marvin E. Miner
Louis M. Cruttenden
Viva Marie Fisher
Joseph McGurk
Mildred Gretchen Phillips

May Lewis Close
Dorothea Seeberger
William P. Russell

## PHOTOGRAPHS.

Fredericka Going
Martha M. Eliot
Eleanor Shepard
Mary Gray Runkle
Winifred F. Jones
E. Crosland
Gertrude Weinacht
Eveline Weeks
Alick Wetmore
Stephen Royce
W. F. Harold Braun.
R. G. Halter
C. B. Andrews
John K. Branner
Ellen Dunwoody
Floyd Godfrey
Ruth Elliott
Marion D. Freeman
Irene F. Wetmore
Alice Bushnell
John W. Seley
Edith Lambert
Francis G. Fabian
Richard S. Bicknell
Frederic Eager
Julius E. Krantz, Jr.
Marjorie Whitin
Hugh Oakley
Harry W. Kirby
Grace R. Jones
Archie Eadie
Juanita Stahn
Kendall Bushnell
Herbert Allen Boas
Philip H. Suter
J. H. Storer, Jr.
Martin Smith
Anna B. McFadon
Charlotte Hodge
Madelaine Dixon
Yvonne Stoddard
John L. Hopper
Roger Sherman Hoar
B. F. Hill
Samuel D. Robbins

## PUZZLES.

Madge Smith
Gertrude H. Schirmer
Robert D. Sherwood
Bruce R. Ware, Jr.
Lorna Ingalls
Freda Phillips
Anne Taggard Piper
Josephine Howes
Eleanor Clifton
Basil Aubrey Bailey
Harold Bird
May, Will, and James Neill
Ethel Abbott
George Fish Parsons, Jr.
Florence Murdoch
Agnes Mary King
William Ellis Keysor
Helen E. Werner
Rilla Caffee
Blanche H. Allen
Lucy Rogers
Vera May Kahn
Elsie Fisher Steinheimer
Marion Senn
Gladys Dudgeon
Marion Pond
Benjamin L. Miller
Ray Barnes
Samuel P. Haldenstein
Alice Pratt Allcutt
Eunice Chandler
Violet Pakenham
Abby A. Eliot
Earl Putnam
Margaret L. Wildman
Frederic White
Robert C. Dewar
William C. Hood
Phebe E. Titus



"GOING TO SCHOOL." BY RUTH E. CROMBIE, AGE 13.

## LEAGUE NOTES AND LETTERS.

WINIFRED HEMMING, Richmond Hill, Long Island, would like to know Alice Paret's address.

Florence Hoyt, of Nottingham, England, says: "I am very patriotic and will hardly ever own American things to be better than English, but I must say that ST. NICHOLAS is far better than any English magazine. We all like you very much, and father and mother read you, too."

Mrs. C. H. Ashman, of Dover, Del., says of the League: "It seems to me the best idea ever presented by any magazine."

Freda Muriel Harrison, The Wilderness, St. Helens, Hastings, England, will be glad to exchange English stamps for American. Some new English stamps are now ready.

Helen Emerson sends a little story and wishes to join the League, but she sends no address.

Minton M. Warren says that it injures unmounted photographs to write on the backs of them with a pencil. If Minton will put the print on a hard, smooth surface and use a soft pencil no injury will be done.

NEW YORK.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My gold badge came yesterday. In saying that no one could feel otherwise than delighted with so beautiful a prize, I only repeat the sentiments of many another League member and of all my friends who have seen it.

I often wonder if you realize what such an encouragement means to one who stands in that trying position of doubt as to whether it is "worth while to keep on." It is a case where the slightest opposition, the slightest success, may forever turn the scales, and I thank you that you have shown me that it may be "worth while" and confirmed me in my determination to "keep on."

As I am very busy with college work, I seldom find time, during the winter months, to even read my ST. NICHOLAS through; but I always make time to do something for the League. I certainly seem to be living to learn, and sincerely hope that I may, in time, learn to live.

Thanking you again, and with best wishes to the League and all its members, I remain, Your friend,

FLORENCE L. BAIN.

ALPENA, MICH.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have taken you ever since I can remember, and mama says we have taken you for about twenty years. You are so full of such beautiful stories and your League is fine.

I will tell you a story of a cat we had when I was a little baby. Mama has told me about it, and I thought I would tell it to you.

When I was a little baby we had a very large cat. He had a very peculiar mark on his head of an eagle with wings that spread out like those on a silver quarter. He weighed twelve pounds. He purred so loudly that we called him "Buzz."

When I took my nap he would come and peek up to see if I was there on the couch; then he would jump up and lie just in front of me, so I could not possibly roll off. And if I was in my crib he would get in there too, as if he thought I was his special care, and sing me to sleep.

We thought a good deal of him; he was such a beautiful cat that when we went to our summer home we could not leave him behind. So we put him in a basket and took him in our sail-boat "Bessie" to the island. We shut him up in a room; but by and by, when we let him out, he went into the woods, and we never saw him again.

We all felt badly, because we loved him so much. A man who lived on the island saw him and shot him for a wildcat. He was seven years old when he died.

Your constant reader,
LAURA MAUDE BULKLEY (age 13).

THE following clever rhyme by a girl of nine had a pretty picture with it, but the ink was too pale for reproduction.

### HOLLYHOCKS.

BY ELIZABETH OTIS.

I STOOD alone on the garden gate
And measured myself by the hollyhocks tall;
Only a year ago—just think!
Why, I was ever so small.

Why, I 'm six years old to-day,
Almost as big as the sky!
The beautiful blue, blue sky—
I guess I 'm ever so high.

Mama calls me a little girl,
But I guess I 'm almost a lady—
Almost as tall as the hollyhocks,
Almost as tall as Sadie.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Before I received ST. NICHOLAS for January, I came in one evening, and my sister said that I had a splendid New Year's present.

I tried to think what it was, and thought over several things that I wanted, never dreaming that I had won a *gold badge*.

When I was told, I must have presented a really awkward appearance, for I could n't utter a word.

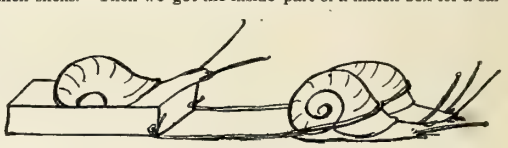
I hope the League will continue to remain the best organization, for children's work, in the world. I remain,

Very sincerely yours,
MELTON R. OWEN.

### SNAILS AS HORSES.

MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I wonder if you have ever seen or heard of a little carriage drawn by two snails, with one inside for a coachman? I shall tell you how it came about. One day my sister and I did not know what to play at. We were just going to pick some flowers when we saw several snails. We got them and put them in a box, and fed them regularly; they knew when feeding-time came. One day we got them all out and had a race, and chose two of the fastest ones for a carriage pair, and tied soft wool for harness round their shells. Then we got the inside part of a match-box for a car-



riage, and we harnessed the two snails to the carriage, and put the other one in the carriage, and every day we used to make them drive out. I am sending you a sketch so that you may understand better what they are like.

These poor snail horses had a very sad ending. One day we forgot to put the lid on their box, and our favorite rooster came along and swallowed them all up. JOAN BAGOT (age 10).

PROCTOR, VT.

### A POEM ABOUT "JEPPY."

I HAVE a cat named "Jep," but I call him "Jeppy." I made some poetry about him.

Oh, Jeppy; oh, Jeppy,
Oh, what a good cat!
He runs and he jumps
And he catches a rat.
He runs and he jumps,
And he makes us laugh so!
You ought to have seen him
'Way out in the snow.

BERNICE L. BEATTY.

Other appreciative and interesting letters have been received from Ernest Bechdolt, Lydia Caroline Gibson, Marjorie Marion Macgregor, Samuel Davis Otis, Gladys Ralston Britton, Marion Avery, John A. Fisher, Elsie Williams, Paul Wick Cobb, Monica Peirson Turner, Dorothy Buckingham, Clifford H. Pangburn, Agnes E. Stuart, Francis Marion Miller, Mary A. M. Bayne, James S. Wroth, Ruth A. Halsey, Seymour Blair, Ernest Gregory, Frank L. MacDonald, Wilkie Gilholm, Charlotte Waugh, Ivy A. M., Varian Walshe, Ella T. Husted, Gertrude Schirmer, Joseph A. Allen, J. W. Mikell, Lily C. Worthington, Therese H. McDonell, Marjory Anne Harrison, Lucile W. Rogers, Elaine Ingersoll, Gertrude Winans, Eleanor Girouard, Hugo Graf, Alonzo White, Dorothy Stephenson, Ivy W. Tilley, Seymour A. Woolner, Katherine Brush, Georgia F. Bloxam, Esther Cullen, Mae Sheldon, Evelyn Oliver Foster, and with pic-

tures, etc., Walter L. Smith, Anna Fulton, Carl Gerstenberg, Carrie Heath, Irene Hickok, Helen N. De Haven, Winthrop C. Swain, and Clinton Brown.

## CHAPTERS.

Now that the Chapter Competition is over we have two months to wait before we shall know how it turned out and who wins the book prizes. Meantime those who have competed would do well to get a Century Co.'s price-list and make out a list of what they would like to have in case they should happen to win. That will save time and trouble when the announcement comes, and if it does n't turn out as you hoped, never mind. Perhaps it will next time, and you have at least had the pleasure of trying, and of doing good.

Chapter work has been very active this winter, and many new ones have formed. We are rapidly nearing the 500 mark, and the chapters that are formed are nearly all increasing in number, some very rapidly.

Floyd Godfrey, president of 355, suggests that chapters should give the average age of their members, so that those desiring to correspond may select others of suitable ages. This seems a good idea, and if members in future will give their ages, we will make the proper mention.

In writing to the League, chapters should always put their numbers on the letter-head, so that identification may be an easy matter.

No. 145 reports a very busy winter, with entertainments galore, and in the preparation of gifts for poor families.

No. 302 has reorganized, and calls for six new badges. Name changed to the "Roosevelt Club." "We meet every Tuesday afternoon and have fine times."

No. 319 is prospering.

No. 324 is doing nicely, and taking great interest in the League and its work. Irene N. Mack is secretary, and says they would like to correspond with other chapters. Address, Palace Hotel, San Francisco, Cal.

No. 347 has changed its meetings from Saturdays to Wednesdays.

No. 348 has elected new officers for 1902. "At Christmas we sent things to a poor family, that they might have a merry one. We hope to do better this year than last."

No. 350 is now the "Busy Workers"— a good, suggestive name. Dues, five cents.

No. 366 has doubled its membership.

No. 370 publishes a paper called the "Oriole" (of course 370 is in Baltimore). One of the big newspapers printed an article about it and called 370 the "future literary and artistic circle of Baltimore." And that is likely, for M. Letitia Stockett, whose fine poems have appeared in the League, is the secretary of this chapter.

No. 392 has changed its name to "The Cozy Club." The secretary asks if chapters should report every month. No; only when there is something of special interest to the League as a whole.

No. 408 reports that each meeting is more successful than the one preceding.

## NEW CHAPTERS.

No. 417. "Half a Dozen Chums." Nora Brainard, President; Laura Dean, Secretary; six members. Address, 321 E. 20th St., Baltimore, Md. "Our chapter has been a great source of pleasure as well as profit. The League is a fine thing."

No. 418. "Excelsior." Randall Decker, President; Geddes Smith, Secretary; four members. Address, 18 N. Essex Ave., Orange, N. J.

No. 419. G. B. Keffer, President; Goldie Stiles, Secretary; twenty members. Address, Deep Valley, Pa.

No. 420. Nine members. Address, Helm, 724 Broad St., Beloit, Wis.

No. 421. Rupert Baker, President; Nellie Furlong, Secretary; ten members. Address, Pomfret Center, Conn.

No. 422. Charles Yerkes, President; Robert Adams, Secretary; nine members. Address, 402 North Grove Ave., Oak Park, Ill.

No. 423. "Bainbridge." Leslie Williams, Secretary; six members. Address, 19 Williamson Ave., Bloomfield, N. J. Meetings every Monday.

No. 424. "Pens and Papers." Margaret Chambers, President; Katherine Halsey, Secretary; two members. Address, Crow's Nest, Bronxville, N. Y. "We are few, but we hope to do good work."

No. 425. "Busy Bees." Meta Walther, President; six members. Address, 236 East 76th St., New York City. Colors, blue and gold like the button, "which we think beautiful. We are all determined to work with a will."

No. 426. Robert Grinnell, President; Alice Heydenburk, Secretary; six members. Address, 1606 9th St., Bay City, Mich.

No. 427. Annie Dunn, President; Florence Fletcher, Secretary; eleven members. Address, Williamsburg, Iowa.

No. 428. Harry Minich, President; Edward Holloway, Secretary; five members. Address, 2320 North Penn St., Indianapolis, Ind.

No. 429. "Columbia." E. Tucker Sayward, President; Laurence Hemmenway, Secretary; seven members. Address, 41 Monadnock St., Dorchester, Mass.

No. 430. Lena Armstrong, President; Blanche Allen, Secretary; twenty-two members. Address, 229 Chapel St., Norfolk, Va.

No. 431. "Hill and Plain." Roger Briggs, President; Howard Curtis, Secretary; five members. Address, Box 146, Stratford, Conn. "We would like to communicate with other chapters. Our colors are red and green."

No. 432. "Busy Bee." E. H. Porter, President; J. N. Du Bary, Jr., Secretary; three members. Address, 2105 Delancey Place, Philadelphia, Pa.

No. 433. Henry Tuttle, President; Katharine Farwell, Secretary; six members. Address, Lake Forest, Ill. Meetings Wednesday, every other week, to draw, write, and take photographs.

No. 434. "Big Four." H. H. Kynett, Secretary; four members. Address, 618 South 48th St., Philadelphia, Pa. "We are having fine times. We like the magazine very much."

## PRIZE COMPETITION No. 31.

THE St. Nicholas League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle-answers.

A SPECIAL CASH PRIZE. To any League member who has won a gold badge for any of the above-named achievements, and shall again win first place, *a cash prize of five dollars* will be awarded, *instead of another gold badge.*

*Competition No. 31* will close April 20 (for foreign members April 25). The awards will be announced and prize contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for July.

VERSE. To contain not more than twenty-four lines, and may be illustrated, if desired, with not more than two drawings or photographs by the author. Subject, "School 's Out."

PROSE. Story, article, or play of not more than four hundred words. It may be illustrated, if desired, with not more than two drawings by the author. Subject, "Jack's Fourth of July." May be humorous or serious.

PHOTOGRAPH. Any size, mounted or unmounted, but no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "Early Spring."

DRAWING. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash (not color). Subject, "A Heading for July."

PUZZLE. Any sort, the answer to contain some word or words relating to the season.

PUZZLE-ANSWERS. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS.

WILD-ANIMAL OR BIRD PHOTOGRAPH. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of a gun. For the best photograph of a wild animal or bird, taken *in its natural home: First Prize*, five dollars and League gold badge. *Second Prize*, three dollars and League gold badge. *Third Prize*, League gold badge.

## ADVERTISING COMPETITION No. 10.

THE advertising competition in no way interferes with regular League competitions. Members may compete in both. See advertising page 9.

## RULES FOR REGULAR COMPETITIONS.

EVERY contribution of whatever kind *must* bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, *who must be convinced beyond doubt that the contribution is not copied*, but wholly the work of the sender. If prose, the number of words should also be added. These things must not be on a separate sheet, but *on the contribution itself*— if a manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, on the *margin or back.* Write or draw on *one side of the paper only.* A contributor may send but one contribution a month — not one of each kind, but one only. Members are not obliged to contribute every month. Address all communications: THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE,
Union Square, New York.



"GOING TO SCHOOL." BY WILLIAM T. HENDERSON, AGE 16.

# BOOKS AND READING.

READING ALOUD AND LISTENING IN SILENCE.

Some persons like to listen to reading and others prefer to read to themselves. At times, in the same family, we find children belonging to each of these classes. This paragraph is meant to help both. If you like to listen to reading it is well to help the reader, and the reader can be helped if you will follow a few simple rules—some *don'ts* and some *do's*—while you are acting as audience:

Don't keep moving; it distracts the reader, and prevents you from giving full attention.

Don't ask questions in such a way as to stop the reading every few moments. In prose this is trying, but in poetry it is inexcusable.

Don't exclaim and make comments that take the attention of others from the book.

Don't tell "just what is coming," in order to show your cleverness or the stupidity of the author. You will not reach the author (unless he happens to be the reader also), and you may make other listeners feel slower-witted than yourself — not a pleasant experience to them.

Do be patient; the author is likely to make himself understood if you give him time.

Do be interested, if you can; and at all events do be polite to the reader.

Do rise quietly and go out, if you do not care to listen.

In brief, act as a polite girl or boy would act when eager to please the whole company.

THE NEW WORLD OF BOOKS.

It is not so many, many years ago that large portions of the world were unknown to civilized mankind, but to-day comparatively little is entirely unexplored. At the same time with the widening of our knowledge of the earth's surface there has been a great increase in the imaginary world into which books carry us as ships carried old explorers. Only those men and women whose business it is to know the world of books understand the extent of our new possessions. If you wished to become acquainted with the lands of the earth, you would go to the geographer or to the traveler so that he might make for you a chart directing your journey; and in the same way you need guidance in order to visit the book world. Young folks do not fully know the great variety of reading that is open to them to-day, and many spend their reading hours among volumes that bring them little delight, whereas they might instead find books exactly to their taste; for young folks differ widely in their likings.

BOOK-PILOTS.

Many grown people are ready and eager to help you to find the reading you will most enjoy. Many of you are wasting time upon poor books when better books *of the same* sort are ready to your hands. There is hardly a kind of reading in which excellent books are not to be found. Do not read the second-rate or third-rate books because you think there are none better. If you like adventure, find out the best books of adventure; if you care for history or the lives of great men or women, go to some older reader and tell him or her the sort of books you like best.

There is nothing in the poorly written books that has not been much better done by greater writers; and there are parents, teachers, librarians, clergymen, lawyers, editors, or men of science who will tell you how to reach the best reading.

And the best reading is the wisest investment. A great book can never be used up; there is always in it new food for the mind, new pleasure. The best books are called "best" because they have been most enjoyed. There is no sense in wasting time on inferior books when there are so many more good books than you will ever find time to read.

Many letters come to this department telling of books children own and have read; and their lists are, for the most part, well chosen. But very few of our readers write for advice as to books on certain subjects or of certain kinds. Let us know what sort of books you prefer,—giving a few examples, perhaps,— and we will ask our older readers to act as your guides into this great new world of books modern days and modern ways have made for us all.

**LETTERS FROM READERS.** A BROTHER and sister write from Stamford, Connecticut, to send a list of their favorite score of books. Here is their list, a very good one:

Master Skylark, Bennett.
The Mohicans, Cooper.
Hans Brinker, Dodge.
Three Musketeers, Dumas.
Iliad (stories from it).
Tom Brown, Hughes.
Jungle Books, Kipling.
Prince and Pauper, Twain.
Scottish Chiefs, Porter.
The Merry Adventures of Robin Hood, Pyle.
Splendid Spur, "Q."
Quentin Durward, Scott.
Wild Animals I Have Known, Seton.
Black Beauty, Sewell.
Plays, Shakspere.
Puritans in Captivity, Smith.
The Swordmaker's Son, Stoddard.
Kidnapped and Treasure Island, Stevenson.
Green Mountain Boys, Thompson.

The brother also writes, in reply to an inquiry made in this department, that information about Captain Kidd may be found in Washington Irving's "Tales of a Traveler," Part IV., and he sends, besides, an excellent list of humorous books, though a short one:

Yankee in King Arthur's Court, Twain.
Happy Thoughts, Burnand.
Works of "Artemus Ward."
Writings of "Mr. Dooley," Dunne.

And for younger readers:

Alice in Wonderland, and Through the Looking-Glass.
Here They Are! J. F. Sullivan.

To these may be added:

Vice Versa, Anstey.
Inside Our Gate, Brush.
The Colonel's Opera-Cloak, Brush.
Rudder Grange, The Ting-a-Ling Tales, A Jolly Fellowship, Stockton.
Phaeton Rogers, R. Johnson.
William Henry Letters, Mrs. Diaz.

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DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My library comprises two hundred volumes, all of which I have read and enjoyed. Having tried several different systems of arrangement, I have finally concluded that the most satisfactory one is to range them in alphabetical order on the shelves. Thus Miss Alcott's books come first, closely followed by Elbridge Brooks's and Frank Chapman's; at the end Barbara Yechton's and Miss Yonge's works are seen. Probably the method of grouping books on one subject together is more convenient for extensive libraries, but I have so few books on one subject that the first-mentioned way is more satisfactory.

All of my own especial books are placed in a book-case, with four movable shelves, in my room. The books are protected by a glass door from the dust, which keeps them looking fresher and newer.

Your sincere friend,
RUTH FORBES ELIOT (age 13).

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I was reading your article about humorous books, and although I cannot give you a list of them, I know of two which I consider very good.

One of them is "The Hoosier Schoolmaster," which gives in a very thrilling manner the experiences of a young man who went in a back-country town to teach the district school.

The other one is "Being a Boy," by Charles Dudley Warner, and gives so well the life of a New England boy on the farm.

Perhaps some of your other readers can tell of some more books like these which they have enjoyed as I have these two.

Some of my favorite authors are: Laura Richards, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, Louisa May Alcott, Martha Finley, Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney, L. Meade, Sir Walter Scott, and Henry W. Longfellow.

I enjoy the ST. NICHOLAS very much, but especially the Books and Reading department.

Your friend and reader,
PHEBE E. TITUS (age 14).

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**CORRESPONDENTS.** MANY excellent letters have been received in this department, and await mention, comment, or printing. Even if your letter is not printed, you will often find that it has suggested items for the department. All the letters are carefully read and considered, but of course only a very few can be shown to other readers. Of book-lists, in particular, many more are received than can be printed; but these lists inform us continually of the tastes and likings of our readers. We wish to mention in this department only books that are thoroughly good and of permanent value.

**FAVORITE ILLUSTRATORS.** WHO are your favorite picture-makers for books? We have seen many lists of favorite authors, but there has been almost no mention of the artists who make your story-books so much more alive. If you have never noticed the names signed to the pictures (some young, and old, readers overlook these!), look at them now, and let us know your favorite illustrators.

**THE MEMORY LIBRARY.** WE have not received enough suggestions of poems best fitted to be learned by heart — poems worth the trouble of learning, and containing enough to warrant repetition. May we not add to those already named in this department for October, 1901, "Casabianca," "John Gilpin," "Barbara Frietchie," "Paul Revere's Ride," and "Young Lochinvar"? These are recommended by a writer in a recent number of "Babyhood."

# THE LETTER-BOX.

JOLO, SULU ISLAND, P. I.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My father is an army officer. We are stationed here among a very curious people, so I thought that your readers would like to know a little about their manners and customs.

The island of Sulu is in the Sulu Sea, and the town of Jolo is on the sea-shore. It has a white wall around it, with loopholes in it, and at every corner are blockhouses. Before the Americans came, these were very necessary, for the Moros and the Spaniards were always fighting; but they are friendly to us, and we can go all over the island without any danger.

About half a mile outside the walls there are four blockhouses, which, in Spanish days, were full of men; but now there are only a few men in each, to see that Moros do not steal government property.

There are five hundred soldiers in Jolo, about as many Chinese, some East Indians, quite a few Filipinos, and some Moros; but most of them live in villages outside the walls.

The houses of Jolo are very funny. The lower floor is used as a store, and the second story is where the people live.

We live above the commissary. Our house is nice. The sides are made of sliding shutters, which can be pushed back so that the house looks like a large veranda.

Only one house in Jolo has glass window-panes; but some have a milky-white shell which lets in a little light, though you cannot see through it.

The streets are wide and made of white coral sand, and along the sides are great cocoanut, mango, and jackfruit trees.

The Plaza de España is right under our windows.

There are three parks in Jolo; in one of them is a birdhouse, in which are many different kinds of pigeons and parrots. All the parks are filled with sweet-smelling shrubs, among which are jasmine and frangipani.

The Moros live in huts, built upon piles which often extend into the sea quite a distance.

The men wear very tight trousers, an open jacket, and a bright-colored turban and sash, in the folds of which they carry a betel-nut box made of brass, and thrust through at one side a big barong or creese, a kind of sword.

The women wear loose trousers, a tight jacket, and a bright-colored sarong over all.

The Sultan lives at Maibung, about twelve miles from here. His name is Hadji Mohamed Jamalul Kiram. He has two brothers, one Dato Atec and the other Rajah Mudah, which is a title meaning Unripe King. Rajah Mudah will be the next Sultan, as the Sultan has no children.

When the Sultan comes here on an official visit, he wears very fine clothes — white broadcloth trousers with a gold stripe at the side, a black broadcloth coat trimmed with gold lace, and a gold belt and valuable sword. I saw him once. Pinned on his coat were large pearl and diamond ornaments, and on the front of his gold-embroidered cap were five diamond stars and a big aigret of diamonds, rubies, and emeralds. He has lots of attendants; one carries an umbrella, another his barong, and a third a silver box.

The Sultana is the Sultan's mother, and is a very important person. Her name is Inchi Jamela.

When she comes to Jolo she rides on the shoulders of a Moro, and another with a long-handled green umbrella protects her from the sun, and her women follow behind. It is a very curious sight to see her and her attendants, with their bright and funny clothes, come into Jolo.

Your affectionate reader,

NATHANIEL MCLEAN SAGE.

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1345 COMOX STREET, VANCOUVER, B. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been taking you for seven years.

I have been in bed twenty-one weeks. I hurt my leg some way and have had to lie on my back all that time. I do a great deal of reading and enjoy you very much. I collect post-cards. I only started last year and have about forty. If any of your readers would like to trade I would gladly do so. If any of them will send me an American one I will give them a Canadian one. Of course any other of any country will be gratefully accepted or traded.

Hoping to see this in print soon,

I remain, your sincere friend,

HELENA ROSS.

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FAIRBURY, NEB.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am fourteen years old, and have taken your magazine for about six years.

The stories I like best are "The Story of Betty," "Denise and Ned Toodles," "Quicksilver Sue," "Pretty Polly Perkins," and "The Frigate's Namesake."

I know that all those that have read "Denise and Ned Toodles" would like to hear about my little Shetland pony.

A year ago last fall, one evening in September, father told me to come to the door and see what was there. I jumped up — for father is always surprising me — and ran to the door, and there was a little black Shetland pony and buggy. His mane is very white and thick, and his tail is very long. There is a white star on each side of his neck.

As quick as I saw him I thought of "Ned Toodles," for he resembles him so much, and when father asked me what I was going to name him, I said, "Ned Toodles," so he has gone by that name ever since.

He is very strong, and one time he tried to run away with me, but I held on, and of course I thought of Ned Toodles when he ran away with Denise.

Hoping you will publish my letter, I am,

Your loving reader,

BRETA BILLS.

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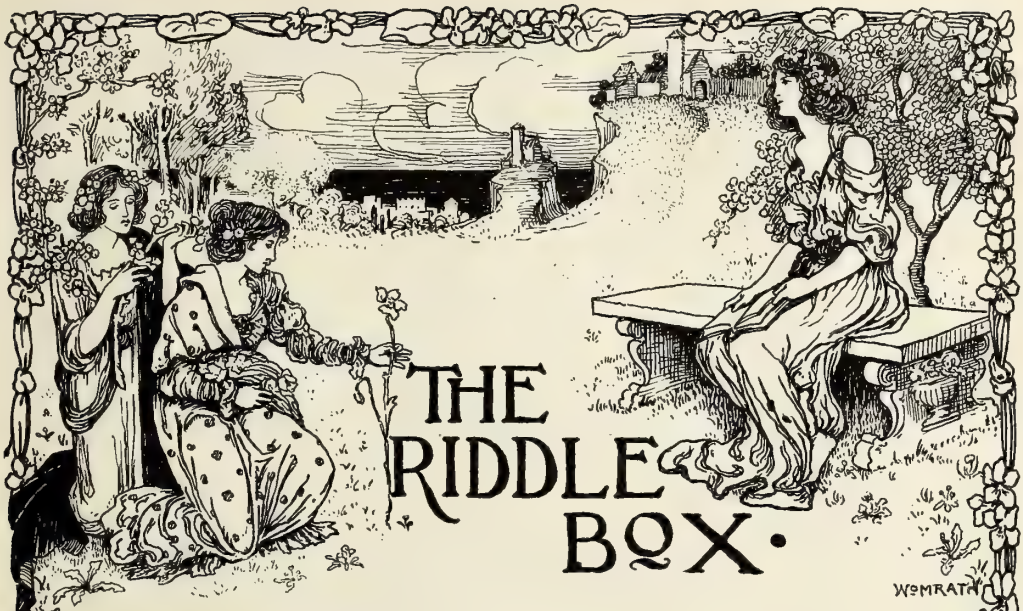
MALABAR, FLA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This is my first letter and I hope to see it printed.

I was much interested in Edith Knowles's letter, and I thought some of your readers might like to know about my home. I live on a peninsula; on one side is the Atlantic Ocean, and on the other is the Indian River. We go across the river in a boat. It does not get very cold down here.

I live on a pineapple plantation. I am twelve years old. I remain, your devoted reader,

CAROLENA W. STARCK.




## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MARCH NUMBER.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA. March comes in like a lion and goes out like a lamb.

DOUBLE ZIGZAG. From 1 to 5, March; 6 to 10, winds. Cross-words: 1. Marrow. 2. Maggie. 3. Cornet. 4. Scolds. 5. Hedges.

A BEHEADED ZIGZAG. "Beware the ides of March." Cross-words: 1. O-bit. 2. O-pen. 3. S-cow. 4. G-nat. 5. D-ram. 6. O-gee. 7. C-hat. 8. H-aha. 9. L-ear. 10. A-cid. 11. C-lad. 12. E-den. 13. E-spy. 14. B-lot. 15. D-off. 16. L-amb. 17. W-and. 18. P-ore. 19. E-pic. 20. A-shy.

A CHIMNEY PUZZLE. From 1 to 13, St. Patrick's Day. Cross-words: 1. Christmas. 2. Chastised. 3. Culprit. 4. Panacea. 5. Cantata. 6. Comrade. 7. Infidel. 8. Precede. 9. Pickaxe. 10. Obesity. 11. Curdled. 12. Treason. 13. Players.

ILLUSTRATED PRIMAL ACROSTIC. Automobile. 1. Ash-cart. 2. Unicorn. 3. Tally-ho. 4. Omnibus. 5. Monitor. 6. Ox-cart. 7. Bicycle. 8. Ice-cart. 9. Landau. 10. Eland.

CHANGED INITIALS. 1. Alliterate, illiterate. 2. Mitre, nitre. 3. Effected, affected. 4. Amber, umber. 5. Sable, gable. 6. Otter, utter. 7. Cattle, rattle. 8. Object, abject. 9. Fraction, traction. 10. Odes, ides. 11. Taken, oaken. 12. Rotary, notary. Inauguration.

BEHEADINGS AND CURTAILINGS. Beheaded letters, Andrew Jackson; curtailed letters, Daniel Webster. Cross-words: 1. A-muse-d. 2. N-in-a. 3. D-raw-n. 4. R-abb-i. 5. E-ducat-e. 6. W-hir-l. 7. J-a-w. 8. A-cut-e. 9. C-rum-b. 10. K-is-s. 11. S-wee-t. 12. O-pin-e. 13. N-eve-r.

TWO CHARADES. I. Bed-lam. II. Night-in-gale.

CENTRAL ACROSTIC. March winds. 1. Nomad. 2. Trade. 3. Tarry. 4. Niche. 5. Ether. 6. Vowel. 7. Baize. 8. Banjo. 9. Olden. 10. Music.

CONCEALED CENTRAL ACROSTIC. March winds. 1. Comet. 2. Beast. 3. Arrow. 4. Pacer. 5. Other. 6. Alway. 7. Joint. 8. Cynic. 9. Ardor. 10. Paste.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS Riddle-box, care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE JANUARY NUMBER were received, before January 15th, from Grace C. Norton — "Allil and Adi" — Joe Carlada — Edgar Whitlock, Jr. — Florence Votey and Howard Smith — Helen D. Harris — Mabel, George, and Henri — Olive R. T. Griffin — M. Wilkie Gilholm.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JANUARY NUMBER were received, before January 15th, from "S., L., and B.," 6 — Louise Manny, 2 — Willie Naeseth, 2 — Agnes R. Lane, 4 — Florence and Edna, 6 — Alice Hunnewell, L. E. M., and E. L. H., 8 — Allen West, 9 — Eleanor R. McClees, 9 — Lowell Walcutt, 3 — Theodore W. Gibson, 1 — J. L. McLennan, 1 — Esther Margaret Hill, 1 — Marjorie Doremus, 1 — Helen M. Gaston, 1 — Edward Knight, 1 — Bessie Dowling, 1.

### PHONETIC ADDITIONS.

EXAMPLE: To a common instrument for summoning add an exclamation, and make a kind of roar. Answer, Bell-ow.

1. To a loud cry add an exclamation, and make a color. 2. To a common verb add an exclamation, and make superficial. 3. To a swift descent add an exclamation, and make uncultivated. 4. To a visit add an exclamation, and make immature. 5. To ruthless add an exclamation, and make a young man. 6. To the whole amount add an exclamation, and make to permit. 7. To a masculine nickname add an exclamation, and make a common tree. 8. To a medical preparation add an exclamation, and make a rest for the head. 9. To a masculine nickname add an exclamation, and make a wave.

HERBERT I. PRIESTLEY.

### DOUBLE BEHEADINGS.

(*Gold Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

WHEN the following words have been rightly guessed, and then doubly beheaded, the initials of the remaining words will spell the name of a holiday that usually comes in April.

Cross-words: 1. Doubly behead a hard substance, and leave a snake-like fish. 2. Doubly behead aside, and leave dexterity. 3. Doubly behead a presumptuous person, and leave to begin. 4. Doubly behead complete, and leave part of a wheel. 5. Doubly behead to gratify, and leave comfort. 6. Doubly behead to err, and leave a beam. DOROTHY CALMAN.

### POSITIVES AND COMPARATIVES.

(*Silver Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

EXAMPLE: Positive, a conjunction; comparative, churned cream. Answer, but, butter.

1. Positive, an exclamation; comparative, a conflagration.

2. Positive, the mother of a lamb; comparative, a pitcher.

3. Positive, a very black substance; comparative, one of a baseball nine.

4. Positive, to pull; comparative, part of a bureau.

5. Positive, to glide along smoothly; comparative, a bloom.

6. Positive, vapor; comparative, a boat.

7. Positive, a gown; comparative, a set of shelves.

8. Positive, an insect; comparative, a parent.

9. Positive, a small animal; comparative, to beat with successive blows.

10. Positive, soup; comparative, a near relative.

11. Positive, neat; comparative, part of a gun.

12. Positive, to place; comparative, a golf club.

13. Positive, a kind of fat; comparative, a place where food is kept. RUTH WALES.

### BEHEADINGS AND CURTAILINGS.

(*Silver Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

EXAMPLE: Behead and curtail slow-moving creatures, and leave part of the hand. Answer, s-nail-s.

1. Behead and curtail gaudy, and leave part of a whip. 2. Behead and curtail objects seen in many school-rooms, and leave tardy. 3. Behead and curtail a game bird, and leave affection. 4. Behead and curtail pointed weapons, and leave a fruit. 5. Behead and curtail certain contrivances used by boys for making themselves very tall, and leave to incline. 6. Behead and curtail avaricious, and leave a coarse grass. 7. Behead and curtail certain tools used by carpenters, and leave a leafy path. 8. Behead and curtail rubs harshly, and leave to estimate. 9. Behead and curtail educates, and leave to fall in drops. 10. Behead and curtail fetches, and leave a circle. 11. Behead and curtail things which lift, and leave always. 12. Behead and curtail summits, and leave pause.

When the twelve four-letter words are rightly guessed and written one below another, one of the rows of letters, reading downward, will spell the name of a certain day. E. TUCKER SAYWARD.

### DOUBLE SYNCOPATIONS.

(*Gold Badge*, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

EXAMPLE: Doubly diminish wet, and transpose to make an imitation. Answer, ma-r-sh-y, sham.

1. Doubly diminish a German coin worth about seventy-three cents, and transpose to make a title of English nobility.

2. Doubly diminish slides downhill, and make kilns to dry hops.

3. Doubly diminish disjoins, and make a prophet.

4. Doubly diminish beats, and transpose to make a mathematical word meaning the opposite of minus.

5. Doubly diminish a commission, and transpose to make a feminine name.

6. Doubly diminish muscular, and transpose to make a sailor's story.

1 2 . .
. 3 4 .
. . 5 6
. . 8 7
. 10 9 .
12 11 . .

When the six four-letter words have been guessed and placed one below another, the letters corresponding to the figures in the diagram will spell the name of a certain day that comes in March. FRED H. LAHEE.




THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK.

# Back of Every Good Complexion




# Pears' Soap

*All rights secured.*
**Apr. 1902.**

# ST. NICHOLAS STAMP PAGE.

THE auction sales this season show that the values of stamps are maintained fully. The prices that have been realized at recent sales have been remarkably good for all high-class issues. The market is strong for all British colonials on account of the new issues made and those expected to be made soon. The only stamps that sell low are those of what are known as "neglected" countries.

There are always stamps from a number of these which are not desired by the majority of collectors. Such countries, at the present time, are Colombian Republic, Mexico, and Turkey. We may also add to these United States locals and private proprietary stamps. The number of countries neglected at the present time is much less than at any former period, and there are some indications that those which are unpopular will have their turn before long.

A few years ago the stamps of the British West Indies were exceedingly popular, and for a time prices advanced rapidly. Later, however, there was a decline, because many had purchased the stamps to hold for an advance rather than because they were desired for their collections. These little lots, it seems, have become distributed, and the demand for the fine series which have been issued for many of these western islands is absorbing all of the best specimens. The Leeward Islands, which originally issued stamps of many different kinds for the separate islands, and which later adopted a single issue for all of the group, has arranged so that there will be, in future, different issues for each island or separate group of small islands. This will make many more varieties which collectors will be glad to secure as soon as the new issues appear.

The stamps of Danish West Indies continue to increase in value, as the supplies of them which can be secured are very limited, and the addition of the islands to the United States will create a still greater demand, which will mean advance in prices. The acquisition of these islands at the entrance to the West Indies is one which will naturally bring under the dominion of the United States other islands which are of considerable, although of perhaps less, value to us. There is a strong feeling among the inhabitants of many of the British islands in favor of annexation to the United States, because of the commercial advantages to be obtained. It is said that in many of the islands, if a vote of the white people were taken on the question of annexation, there would be an overwhelming majority in favor of it. The blacks, as a rule, know little of the advantages of commercial relations with the United States. A good general rule to follow is to collect all the stamps which can be secured from the West Indies, as they are likely, with few exceptions, to advance in value.

United States revenue-stamps of all issues are continually being found, and the scarcer varieties do not seem to be, on the whole, as rare at the present time as they were a few years ago.

The best stamps are the high values, and these are continually coming into the market on account of the taking of them from old documents. It is not advisable for collectors to spend much money for late issues of revenues. In all probability there are none of them which will be worth more a few years hence than they are at present.

The high values have not begun to be removed from the more permanent documents, and it is only after this becomes a fact that any real estimate of value for collectors' purposes can be made. The only stamps that do not seem to grow more common are those of the second issues, printed in blue and black. The use of these, at the close of the period for which the Civil War revenues were issued, was quite limited, so that they seem to hold their own, and even make some slight advance in price.



A NEW BULGARIAN STAMP.

A new type of unpaid letter-stamp has been issued for Bulgaria. It differs from the usual style of unpaid stamps in having the arms of the country at the center in place of the numeral of value.

### ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS.

The variations in the dies of United States envelopes can be learned only by examination and comparison of the stamps themselves. The descriptions which are given in the Standard Catalogue notes what those differences are. French colonial surcharges are not always genuine. It is necessary that one who would have his collection free from counterfeits should have his stamps examined by competent experts. It is not a guaranty of the genuineness of a stamp that it has been in a collection for thirty years or more. There were fully as many counterfeits made to deceive collectors in 1870 and the years immediately following as there are at the present time, and very many more in proportion to the number of stamps then issued. The sheets of stamps which come from Japan and profess to give specimens of all the issues that have been made are largely made up of counterfeits or facsimiles. They are sold for a small price, and since complete issues are exceedingly rare, particularly in Japan, this should show any collector to whom they are offered that they are not good. The early stamps of Switzerland are also counterfeited in Switzerland, and some of these are even finer than those of the Japanese stamps made in Japan.

## "YOUNG COLLECTORS"

Have we your name on our mailing list to receive our 1902 84-page price-list of Packets, Sets, etc.?

Would you like to try our Approval Sheets at 50% discount? **Acme** imported hinge, the best, 20c. per 1,000.

**Scott Stamp & Coin Co.,** 18 East 23d Street, New York, N. Y.

## 5 PHILIPPINE STAMPS, 2 CENTS

Different, unused, genuine. Catalogue value, 15c. **152 different foreign,** including Servia, etc., 10c. Fine approval sheets, 50% commission. Immense stock. Price list free.
**NEW ENGLAND STAMP CO., 21-27 Bromfield St., Boston, Mass.**

**109** var. very fine India, Egypt, hinges, etc., and Chinese coin, only 10c. Finest sheets 50%. Catalog free. 4 var. Soudan, 15c. **SAMUEL P. HUGHES, Omaha, Neb.**

STAMP MENAGERIE—"The birds and the beasts are there." 10 diff. animal stamps 10c. 20 diff. 40c. 20 Paris Exp. stamps 10c. Postage 2c. Lists free. **Toledo Stamp Co., Toledo, O.**

**BIG DIME BUDGET** 50 Var. Foreign, many unused, Cuba, Turkey, Tunis, etc., 1 set Japan, 10 var., 20 var. U. S., a pocket album, hinges and price-list, all for 10c.
**W. W. MacLaren, Box 133, Cleveland, O.**

**STAMPS,** 103, no two alike and GENUINE, Mauritius, Natal, Cape of G. H., Cuba, Costa Rica, Honduras, Mexico, etc., and an ALBUM, for **10c.** only—a splendid bargain. New list free! Agents wanted, 50% com. **L. B. DOVER & CO., St. Louis, Mo.**

**PREMIUM GIFTS** In rare stamps (besides 50 per cent. com.) to all who sell 25c. or more from our approval sheets. Collections bought. Highest price paid for used Buffalo stamps.
**Northwestern Stamp Co., Freeport, Ill.**

**STAMPS** in album and cata. *free.* Agts. 50%. 105 In.-China, a U.S. worth 25c., W. I., etc., 5c. BULLARD, STA. A, Boston, Mass.

**JAPAN,** big wedding stamp FREE to all who apply for sheets at 50% com. **W. T. McKAY, 673 Broad St., Newark, N.J.**

**25** large U.S. cents, different dates, $1.00; postage, 14c. 5 foreign coins, 20c. U. S. and foreign stamps at 50% disc.
R. M. LANGZETTEL, 92 Crown St., New Haven, Conn.

**111** different stamps, China, etc., 6c.; 1000 mixed, 25c. 10 diff. picture stamps, Tigers, etc., unused, 15c. 40 diff. U. S., 10c. **Omaha Stamp & Coin Co., Omaha, Neb.**

**SWEDEN,** 30 var. for 12 cts., postpaid. Price list free. App. sheets 50%. GEO. M. FISK, 2015 Vermont Ave., Toledo, O.

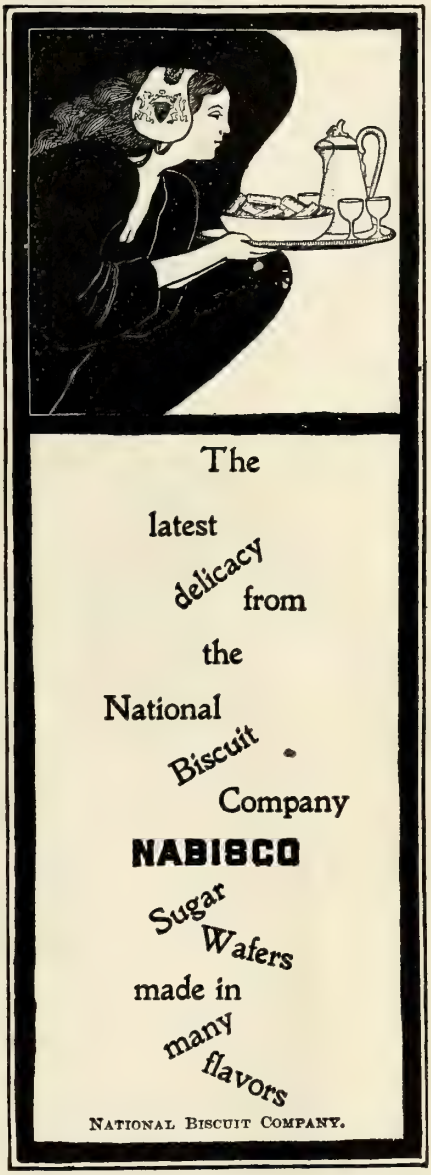
**500** Foreign stamps, **10c.** **104**—all different—from Malta, Bulgaria, India, etc. Album, **10c.** **15** different unused, **10c.** **40** different U.S., **10c.** **9** different Cuba, **10c.** 24-page list **free.** Agents wanted. 50% commission. **D. CROWELL STAMP CO., 143 Euclid Ave., Cleveland, O.**

**500** STAMPS finely mixed, only 10c. 50 all diff., 5c. 100 diff. Corea, Mexico, etc., 10c. 1000 hinges (union), 10c. 40 diff. U.S. and Canada, 10c. Agts. wanted, 50%. LIST FREE. *Old stamps bought.* **Union Stamp Co., Dept. D, St. Louis, Mo.**

**$7** **FOR ONLY 4 CENTS.** $1 green, $1 gray, $1 olive, $2 gray and $2 olive, U. S. Documentaries, the entire lot for 4 cents, postage extra. New list free.
**KOLONA STAMP CO., DEPT. N, DAYTON, OHIO**




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**G. HUSSMAN STAMP CO., St. Louis, Mo.**

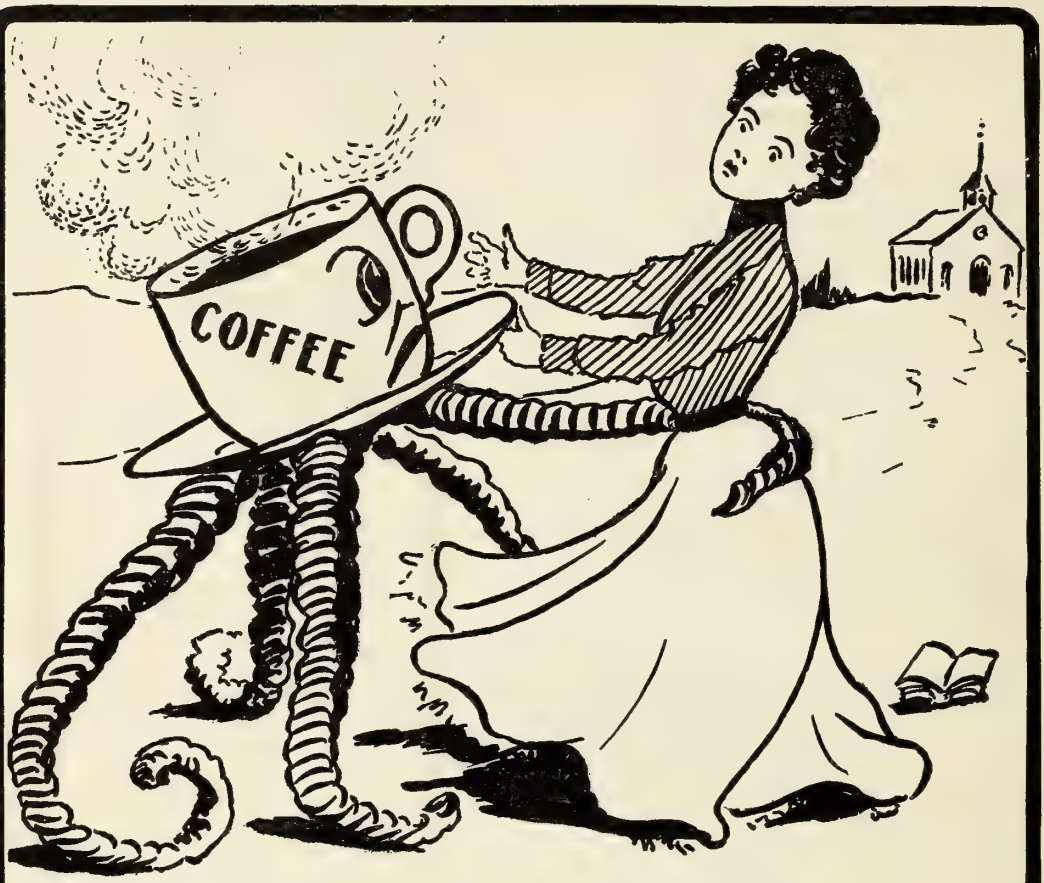
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**THEIR GRADES NEVER VARY**

Ask for them at your dealer's. If not obtainable, mention ST. NICHOLAS, and send 16 cents for samples worth double.

**JOSEPH DIXON CRUCIBLE CO., Jersey City, N. J.**




# SCHOOL TEACHER

## Pulled Down Hill.

"I relied on coffee so much to keep me up, having been told that it was a 'mild stimulant,' that I hardly knew what to do when I found it was really pulling me down hill. My sleep was badly broken at night and I was all unstrung, exceedingly nervous, and breaking down fast. My work is teaching school.

"When it became evident that I was in a very bad condition, I was induced to leave off coffee and try Postum Food Coffee. Mother made it first, but none of us could endure it, it was so flat and tasteless. She proposed to throw the package away, but I said, 'Suspend judgment until we have made it strictly according to directions.' It seems she had made the Postum like she always made coffee, taking it off the stove as soon as it began to boil. I got sister to make the Postum next morning strictly according to directions, that is, allow it to boil full fifteen minutes after the boiling begins.

"We were all amazed at the difference. Sister said it was better coffee, to her taste, than the old, and father, who is an elderly gentleman and had used coffee all his life, appeared to relish the Postum as well as my little brother, who took to it from the first. We were all greatly improved in health and are now strong advocates of Postum Food Coffee. Please omit my name from publication." Flagler, Col. Name can be given by Postum Cereal Co. Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich.

## *Report upon Advertising Competition No. 10.*

The Tenth Competition was a contest in answering certain questions based upon illustrated advertisements in the January number of ST. NICHOLAS. The questions called for some exercise of judgment, reasoning and shrewdness, and in judging the answers the plan adopted was to allow every reasonable answer, marking as errors only positive mistakes. There were so many answers that the close examination required was exceedingly laborious, but the great mass of answers were all examined one by one and duly marked. The 20 prizes of Five Dollars each are awarded to the following competitors:

1. Elizabeth Parker, age 15, Vaughtsville, Tenn.
2. Gordon K. Miller, age 16, Montreal, Canada.
3. Dorothy W. Caldwell, age 12, Woonsocket, R. I.
4. Ruth P. Getchell, age 14, Worcester, Mass.
5. Florence R. Beck, age 11, New York City.
6. Genevieve Bertolacci, age 11, Berkeley, Cal.
7. Frederick C. F. Randolph, age 15, New York City.
8. R. Allen Castleman, Jr., age 10, Bel Air, Md.
9. E. Sidney Marks, age 12, Arlington, N. J.
10. Elizabeth B. Ballard, age 16, Pittsfield, Mass.
11. Edith Rogers, age 14, Lovingston, Va.
12. Florence M. Patrick, age 12, Oak Park, Ills.
13. Russell Bruce Rankin, age 12, Newark, N. J.
14. Eugene F. Bradford, age 12, Bangor, Me.
15. Howard V. Smith, age 14, Pittsford, Vt.
16. Mary Bohn, age 10, St. Paul, Minn.
17. Grace M. Buzby, age 14, So. Bend, Ind.
18. John Gilman Paul, age 14, Baltimore, Md.
19. John Reddick, age 11, Highland Park, Ills.
20. Eoline Spearman, age 14, Sharon, Pa.

HONORABLE MENTION must be awarded to the following, who pressed closely on the prize-winners:

Norman Kimball, Harriet Jones, Atlee V. Kirtland, Emery Sherwood, M. Wilkie Gilholm, Roger Sherman Hoar, Edith Blain, Mary Bennett Lord, Orville H. Sampson, Mortimer F. Sayre, Dorothy Stronach.

### *Answers of Elizabeth Parker (age 15), a Prize Winner.*

A.—PEARS' SOAP.

1. In the advertisement "greeting" is used to express good will, but the Scotch meaning of the word is "weeping."

The five objects used to express rejoicing and mourning are the bells shown at the top of the advertisement. Wedding bells are sometimes rung at a marriage, and we all know the merry peal of the sleigh bells. Quite different from these is the dismal tolling of the bells which are rung when any one dies.

There is a scythe in the picture and the name "Pears" transposed to "reaps" tells what the instrument does.

2. The same name, "Pears," transposed again is "spear," a weapon; transposed again it is "spare," an appeal.

The two lines "that refer to yourself" are the double lines underscoring the word "you" in the sentence, "Have you used Pears' Soap?"

The holly leaves and the book leaves are the two kinds of leaves shown in the picture.

In the sentence, "Have you used Pears' Soap?" the apostrophe in "Pears'" is placed before the s instead of after it, as it should be.

3. "Greeting," "morning," "increasing," "bring," and "growing" all end in the same three letters—ing.

In the word "increasing" a capital G is put in the place of a small one at the end of the word.

4. "Pears" is the word containing a vegetable, a fruit, and an organ. The vegetable is "pea," the fruit, "pear," and the organ, "ear."

Five bells is an hour on shipboard. The hours on land it corresponds to are half-past two, half-past six, and half-past ten a.m.; and half-past two, half-past six, and half-past ten p.m.

5. An old-fashioned means of measuring time was by the hour-glass.

Instead of the tongue, in each of the five bells there is a cake of soap. The name of the soap, Pears, is also the name of something good to eat, and the tongue is something used in eating.

### B.—Sorosis Shoes.

1. "Jersey" is a garment named after the island of Jersey, and there is also a breed of cattle called Jerseys. The second name applying to all three is "Guernsey."

2. The scene is probably in a city park because of the iron benches and handsome stone stairway. Still, if it were in the city, it seems that lanterns would not be used for light and there would be some houses and more people in sight.

The people must be skilled in skating, for they don't seem to be having any trouble at all, and nobody has fallen down, but they glide along as easily as if walking on the ground.

3. The iron piece resting against the arm of the bench is useless and does not belong there.

4. The flowers in the lady's hand and in the man's button-hole both suggest a warmer climate than is shown by the nature of the sport. In such cold weather the tree in the foreground would not be likely to have leaves on it either.

5. Robert Blake is the distinguished British Admiral whose last name, Blake, occurs in the advertisement. The full name of the American Commodore who had the same surname is George Smith Blake.

"Sorosis" was the name of the first women's club in this country, and is derived from the Latin "soror," meaning sister. The Sorosis Shoes are made only for women and children and they take their name from this women's club.

### C.—Lifebuoy Soap.

1. The tarpaulin hat the man has on is called a sou'wester and is named for a gale.

The lifebuoy is thrown overboard just when it is most useful.

2. The pipe in the man's mouth suggests a unit of liquid measure, for in the United States and Great Britain the pipe is used in measuring some liquids and is equal to two hogsheads or one half a tun.

The badge, worn by the man on the right side, is generally worn on the left side.

3. Meerschaum pipes are made from a compact, soft, white, hydrous, magnesium silicate which will float in water if dry. There was an old notion that this meerschaum was only petrified sea-foam, hence its name from the German—meer meaning sea, and schaum, foam.

4. The vessel shown in the picture is a full-rigged ship. The birds are sea-gulls.

5. When a solid is immersed in a liquid it loses as much weight as an equal bulk of the liquid weighs. If a cubic foot of each weigh the same the solid will lose all its weight and remain in the liquid where it is put; if a cubic foot of the liquid weigh more than one of the solid, the solid will lose its weight and rise up with a force equal to the difference; but if a cubic foot of the solid weigh more than one of the liquid the solid will lose its weight, but sink, with a force equal to the difference.

The heaviest substance may be made to float by shaping it so as to make it displace more than its own weight of water. A thin, flat plate of iron will sink, but the same piece, made concave like a boat, will float. It is on this principle that iron ships are made to float.

### D. Nabisco Sugar Wafers.

1. The baseball player shown in this advertisement is the pitcher. The circus performers are the two tumblers.

2. The chair and table are not set straight with each other because the chair is set straight with the walls of the room, and the table is placed diagonally to them.

3. The name of the wafers, "Nabisco," is made by abbreviating the name of the company that makes them—the National Biscuit Company—and joining the abbreviations together in the order in which they come.

4. The fourth word in the advertisement, "surprise," is not the best that could be used there, for it has not the meaning the advertiser wishes to convey. He intends it as complimentary to the wafers, but a person can be disagreeably surprised as well as agreeably surprised. Therefore "please" is a much better word.

5. The top of the table is on a level with the eye, or the line connecting the three corners could not be straight. Then the dishes are above the level of the eye, and, instead of being straight across on the top like the tumblers, or curved downward like the fruit dish, they should curve upward.

The words in the advertisement are set crooked because it is out of the ordinary and catches the reader's attention, and then he is likely to read it.

### E. The California Limited.

1. The golf-sticks, I think, are the brassie, the putter, the driver, the mashie, and the niblick.

2. A box for holding tea is called a caddy, and is suggested by the caddie in the picture.

3. The reason California has such an even temperature and fine climate is because the warm Japan current flows by its shores, and the prevailing winds blow the warm air to the shores. This current is to the Pacific what the Gulf current is to the Atlantic.

4. Five kinds of time are used in setting a watch in crossing the American continent. They are, beginning at the east and going west, Colonial, Eastern, Central, Mountain, and Pacific.

5. Santa Fé, New Mexico, is thought by some to be the oldest city in the United States. When it was first visited by the Spaniards in 1542, it was an Indian settlement, but it was not made the capital of New Mexico until 1640—seventy-five years after St. Augustine, Florida, was founded. Menendez de Aviles arrived off the coast of Florida on the twenty-eighth of August, 1565 (St. Augustine's Day), and accordingly he gave the name of that saint to the city, which he shortly afterwards founded. St. Augustine, therefore, is the oldest city, built by Europeans, in the United States.

There are a few remarks to be made upon the answers given in this excellent list, rather in addition than as corrections. These "notes" are numbered to correspond with the answers above.

A. 2. Another error in punctuation is the use of a reversed apostrophe in the word "Year's."

4. A number of correspondents have stated that five bells are not struck in the dog-watches.

5. The clappers are both "cakes" and "pears."

B. 2. The skaters are using the "outside edge" or "Dutch roll," which unskilled skaters would not do.

3. The slats of the bench-back are on the wrong side of the uprights.

4. The lion of the trademark also suggests a warmer climate.

5. There seems to be a difference of opinion among the solvers about the American. Some give his name as Homer Blake.

"Sorosis" is a botanical term, in use long before the famous society, and means such a product as a pineapple—your botany or dictionary will explain the exact meaning. Its connection with the Latin "soror" is not direct.

C. 4. The vessel and birds are not distinct, and so no reasonable answer has been marked wrong.

E. 1. The golf-sticks also allow of a difference of opinion, and in marking answers any fair statement has been allowed.

3. The climate of California is, according to the best authorities, due to many causes besides the current, and all reasonable answers have been allowed.

4. "Colonial Time" is said to be a Canadian standard. In the answers to this question some freedom has been allowed. If a watch was right at the beginning of a journey, it would of course be set once less than if it were not right at the beginning.

5. Both Santa Fé and St. Augustine have been marked correct, since there are good authorities in each case. The object of the question was to bring out this fact.

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## *Advertising Competition No. 12.*

For the next competition—the Twelfth Advertising Competition—to be conducted under the same conditions (for which see the League circulars), One Hundred prizes of One Dollar each are offered to the One Hundred competitors who shall submit the best illustrated rebuses for any five firms advertising in ST. NICHOLAS this month.

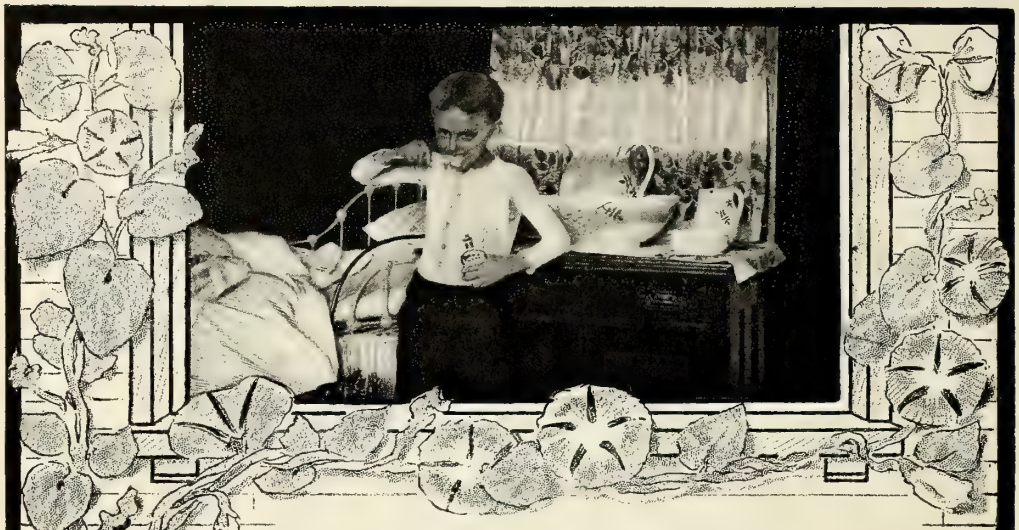
The rebuses may be in any form the puzzlers choose—based either on sound or sense, and expressed in one or in more pictures. The idea is to make picture puzzles concealing an answer that refers directly to the advertisement of some firms in this number of ST. NICHOLAS.

Thus a boy teaching his sister to row, might stand for "So row, Sis!" (Sorosis) an idea already used by some competitors in former work. A pig riding a bicycle at full speed might mean "Swift Bacon."

In other words, we wish to give our puzzlers the fullest freedom, so long as they present picture puzzles suitable for advertising.

The rebuses may be based upon the firm name, the articles advertised by those business houses, or an advertisement of their business. For instance, "Baker's Chocolate" might be translated into the sounds, "Bay, Curs, Chalk, O late," and pictures (rough sketches will do) made representing a gulf, some dogs, a chalk crayon, and the letter O coming too late to catch a train or a boat. The prizes will be awarded for the most ingenious, amusing, and well-constructed rebuses. Answers must be received by April 30th. Address:

Advertising Competition No. 12,
ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE,
Union Square, New York.



*"For doing this each day and night,*
*I get a penny new and bright;*
*But s'pose they ever guessed 'twas play*
*With RUBIFOAM to brush away,*
*Then I would never get my pay."*

**RUBIFOAM** sells everywhere for 25c. a bottle.
A sample of the Dentifrice sent for 2c. in stamps.

E. W. HOYT & CO.,
LOWELL, MASS.

---



**Express Prepaid $1**

# Cannon's Toy Blocks

will build **BIG** Freight, Stock, Coal, or Flat Cars; Station, Merry-Go-Round, and lots of other things. Highly endorsed by leading kindergarten authorities as an ideal toy.

**Indestructible—Helpful—Amusing**

Not a cheap affair, but **BIG** solid value. Freight car 9½ in. long, 4 in. wide, 5 in. high. Other sets ready. New things preparing. Send for illustrated circular.

**CANNON TOY COMPANY**
**Lock Box 751, Casco, Wis.**

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**Don't let your children acquire the Coffee Habit.**

**Get out of the rut yourself!**

**All doctors recommend COCOA & CHOCOLATE in preference to coffee. Why not get the Best?**

*Huyler's*

**UNEQUALLED FOR QUALITY, PURITY & FLAVOR.**

**GROCERS EVERYWHERE.**

If not handled by your grocer, send his name and address and receive Free Sample and Booklet. Huyler's, 863 Broadway, N. Y.

# The Secret of Cinderella's Beauty



Copyright by The Walter M. Lowney Co., 1902.

You will doubtless remember that one thing which caused her step-mother and step-sisters to treat Cinderella so badly was the fact that she was very beautiful. The secret of her beauty is not precisely known, but some such delicious and wholesome confections as

**LOWNEY'S CHOCOLATE BON-BONS**

may have been the cause. The very sight of these delightful, pure and dainty sweets has been known to make a countenance beaming and attractive that before was quite the reverse. Eight millions of packages sold annually! How many happy smiles and lovely looks they must create every year!

**THE WALTER M. LOWNEY COMPANY, Dept. Z, BOSTON, MASS.**

*THE BEST GASLIGHT PAPER*

CYKO
PRINTS AT NIGHT

*Made in three surfaces, two speeds.*

Send 20 cents for trial dozen, 4 x 5 size, with developer.

**IF you are open to conviction and would like to get better photo paper for less money than you now pay, try these papers, or if your dealer cannot supply you, send for prices and information to**

***The* ANTHONY & SCOVILL CO.**
**122 & 124 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK**

*THE BEST SUNLIGHT PAPER*

MONARCH
TRADE MARK

# CARMEL SOAP



Keeps the Skin Soft and Smooth.

CARMEL

MADE IN PALESTINE, SYRIA.

AN ABSOLUTELY PURE OLIVE OIL SOAP FOR Nursery, Toilet and Bath.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS & GROCERS. IMPORTED BY A. KLIPSTEIN & CO., 122 PEARL ST., NEW YORK.



# *The* American Boy

**Biggest, Brightest, Best Boys' Paper in the World.**

Hezekiah Butterworth says, It enters into their life

**Trial: 3 months for 10c**
**Regular: $1.00 a year**

Boys are enthusiastic over it. Clean, inspiring stories. Information, encouragement, advice. Games, Sports, Animals, Stamps, Printing, Photography, Debating, Science, Puzzles. How to make boats, traps, etc. How to make and save money. How to succeed. Meets universal approval. The only successful attempt ever made to lead a boy in right directions, and at the same time chain his interest. One hundred pictures each month. See it and be surprised at the feast of good things for that boy.

**Address SPRAGUE PUBLISHING COMPANY**
**266 Majestic Building, Detroit, Michigan**



**TEN DAYS FREE TRIAL** allowed on our bicycles. We ship on approval *without a cent deposit.*

**1902 MODELS, $9 to $15**

1900 & 1901 Models, best makes, $7 to $11

***500 Second-Hand Wheels*** all makes and models, good as new $3 to $8. Great *Factory Clearing Sale.*

***RIDER AGENTS WANTED*** to ride & exhibit sample. Earn a bicycle & make money distributing catalogs. Write at once for prices & special offer.

***MEAD CYCLE CO.*** Dept. 225 B. CHICAGO, ILL.



# A Flying Machine at Last

Scientific kite-flying within the reach of all. A marvel of simplicity. Any boy or girl can fly it. Tandems delight both young and old.

**Special Introductory Size by mail, 10c., 3 for 25c.**

*Agents wanted everywhere.*

**ZIMMERMAN FLYING MACHINE CO.,**
7 Wood St., Fremont, Ohio.

# COSMOS PICTURES

9 x 15 and 10 x 13 ins. 4 for 25 cents, 20 for $1
6 x 8⅝ inches, 10 for 25 cents, 50 for $1



Cosmos Pictures interest and instruct children and fascinate their elders.

Box of 50 pictures of animals or children for $1.00.

Four large wall pictures for children, including "Four Little Scamps," sent for 25 cents. Children pore over our new Catalog 7, mailed with sample picture for two 2-cent stamps.

**Cosmos Pictures Co., 296 Broadway, New York**

# An Index to the Volumes OF ST. NICHOLAS.

**A complete, comprehensive index to the first twenty-seven volumes of ST. NICHOLAS, containing 20,000 references arranged analytically, alphabetically and classified — now ready. Invaluable to every owner of the bound volumes of ST. NICHOLAS. Cloth bound, price $4.00. Address**

**THE CENTURY CO.,**
**Union Square, New York**

# WONDERLAND
## -1902-

***Fresh, new, and varied is ready for mailing***

ROUTE OF "NORTH COAST LIMITED"

NORTHERN PACIFIC
YELLOWSTONE PARK LINE

YELLOWSTONE PARK
JUNE 1 — SEPT 15.



Many readers of ST. NICHOLAS have previous numbers of this popular Annual and this number will certainly prove intensely interesting.

IT WILL BE SENT UPON RECEIPT OF SIX CENTS, BY CHAS. S. FEE, ST. PAUL, MINN.

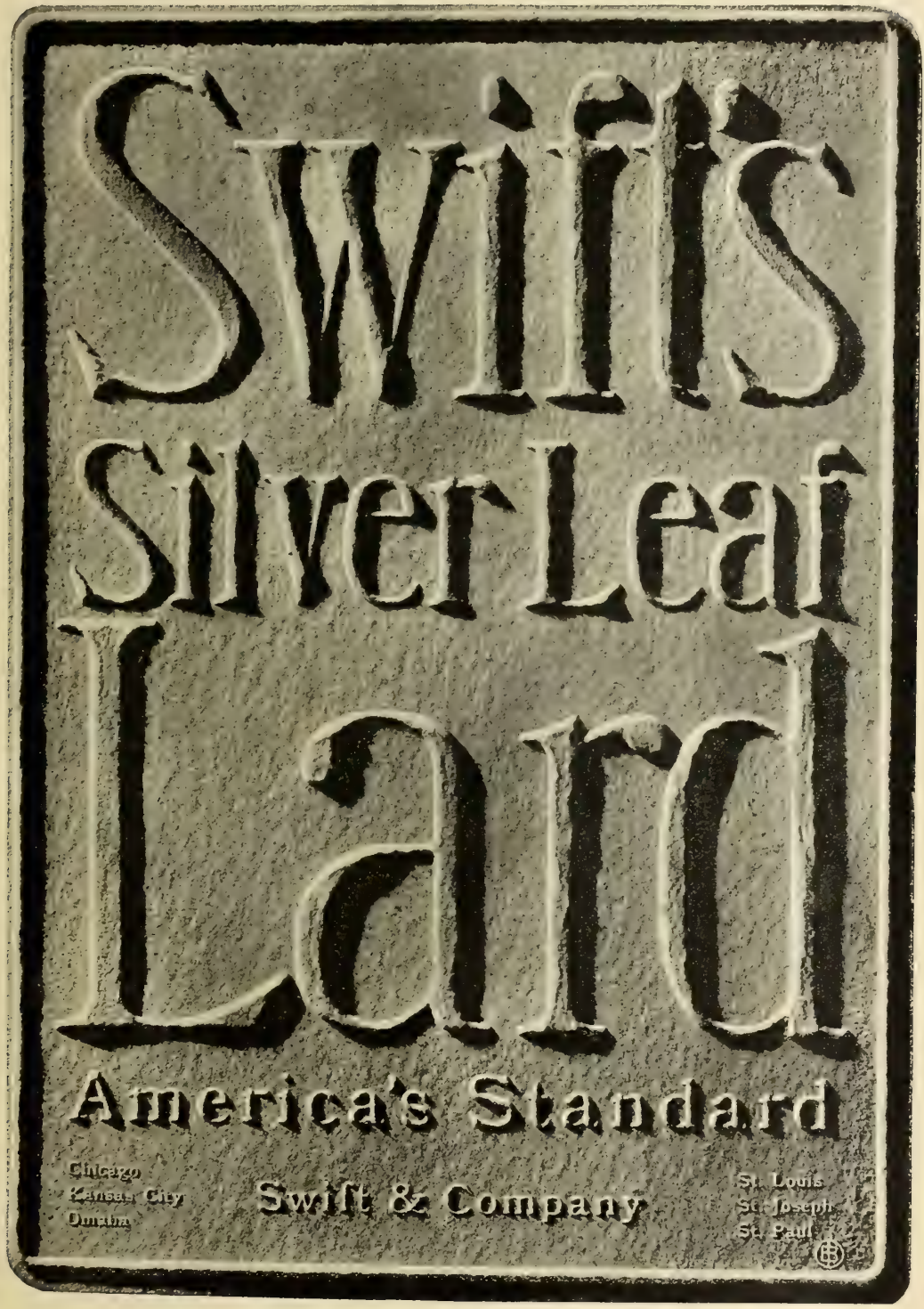
"CLIMBING MT. RAINIER" OR "YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK" will be sent for 25 cents.



COPYRIGHT 1902 BY THE PROCTER & GAMBLE CO CINCINNATI

THERE are many white soaps, each represented to be just as good as the Ivory; they are not, but like all counterfeits, they lack the peculiar and remarkable qualities of the genuine. Ask for Ivory Soap and insist upon getting it.

The drawing by Fanny Y. Cory, reproduced above, was awarded third prize of Three Hundred Dollars in a recent artists' competition conducted by The Procter & Gamble Co.


Swift's
Silver Leaf
Lard
America's Standard
Chicago
Kansas City
Omaha
Swift & Company
St. Louis
St. Joseph
St. Paul



# Grape-Nuts

## A DAINTY DISH.

**With the Delicate Sweet of Grape-Sugar.**

The meat eater and the vegetarian alike are charmed with the Grape-Nuts Breakfast Food. It has the delicate flavor of Grape-Sugar, and is entirely ready for the table without necessity for cooking.

Made by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

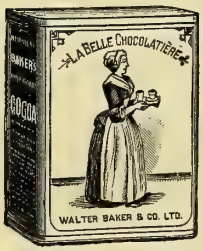
This furnishes one of the daintiest dishes ever placed upon a breakfast table. Can be served hot instantly by pouring hot milk or cream over the Grape-Nuts. Many prefer the food dry with cream on the side.

A distinct gain in mental force follows its use. There's a reason.

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# DELICIOUS DRINKS and DAINTY DISHES are made from

# BAKER'S BREAKFAST COCOA




**ABSOLUTELY PURE**

**Unequaled for smoothness, delicacy, and flavor**

Our Choice Recipe Book will tell you how to make Fudge, and a great variety of dainty dishes, from our Cocoa and Chocolate. Sent FREE to any address

**WALTER BAKER & CO. Limited**

ESTABLISHED 1780 **DORCHESTER, MASS.**

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# Royal

## BAKING POWDER

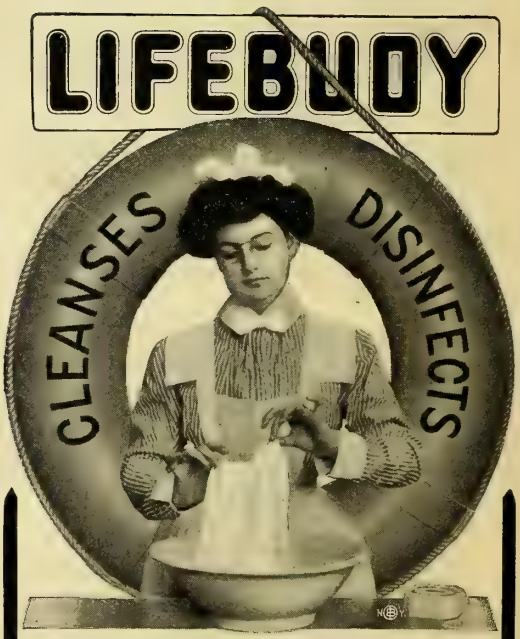
**Absolutely Pure**

Nothing can be substituted for the Royal Baking Powder and give as good results. No other leavening agent will make such light, sweet, delicious, wholesome food.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 100 WILLIAM ST., NEW YORK.

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# LIFEBUOY




*Carton of two cakes of Lifebuoy Soap by mail 10 cents, if dealer can not supply you. Costs us 13 cents alone for postage, hence soap free. Money refunded to any one finding cause for complaint. Valuable booklet free for the asking.*

LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, NEW YORK OFFICES: 111 6TH AV